Hurry

Samuel D. Harrison
Gettysburg College, harrsa02@cnav.gettysburg.edu
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Author Bio
When Samuel Harrison is not living in Gettysburg, he is a resident of Fayetteville, New York. He is an English major and Writing minor in the Gettysburg College class of 2010, and is contemplating another major in Mathematics. He enjoys writing, reading and considers himself a master player of Scrabble (though there are those who would disagree).

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Racing faster,
his whiskey breath perforated the cold;
the neon clock begged him to lose his sense;
the very same sense that would have slowed him down.

Racing faster,
his heart beat frantic rhythms through his chest;
the car gripped the moist asphalt of the road;
his cold sweat ripped pin sized holes to freedom.

Racing faster,
the night fog thickened into a white net;
the weak net would not hold back his hurry;
his breaths pierced the cold air in quick, sharp bursts.

Racing faster,
his years of driving couldn’t undo fate;
his studded rubber tires prayed for friction;
the road could not honor the tires’ prayer.

The guard rail shredded;
shredded like paper.