Hurry

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Class of 2010

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Keywords
creative writing, poetry

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This poetry is available in The Mercury: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2007/iss1/26
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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.