Crossing Over The Lines

I remember the outer darkness.
The twin beams casting over the stretch of asphalt.
The streak of gold down the middle of the black road. It arched and stretched like a woken cat. The swivel of it rushed by so quickly, I couldn’t what it was trying to tell me.

I noticed a bright light ahead and quickly averted my eyes; they went back to the strip. It was still there. And at last it was close enough that I could see the two separate lines, running side by side.
Then they were gone.
Passed under me.
Confused I looked around, but couldn’t find them. When my eyes looked back up the light blinded me again; then everything was gone.
I had crossed over

Sitting on the side of the road, I couldn’t feel the heat left over from the hot Arizona day still left in it. I was numb. my body gave into violent shivers as I tried to hide from the bright twirling lights of the Cop cars near the wreckage.
My car was turned upside down, crushed. Floor touched ceiling.
The mini van just off from it was close to the same order. It was mangled and warped.
Like a young tree teased by flames. just enough that it would still die, but not as quickly as those of its kind that had been quickly consumed.

I tried to cry. With all of my heart I tried to cry. But I was no longer myself. it was as if I still lived, but I had no control.
the ambulance came and the paramedics ran out. I was trying to see what was going on as they rushed behind the van. The police officers had already done their work with pulling the people from the vehicles, but that was all I knew.

I wanted to get up and see what was happening with the other people, but I couldn’t move. Instead I buried my face against my knees and chest., but I could still see.
I tried to remember something good about life.
It was just a short while ago… I had been out with my friends. my latest love interest had been there as well. We were dancing…singing…drinking…

How long ago had that been?
I managed to stand, then walked over the dark road. I crossed over the two golden lines. A memory flashed through my mind…

I walked over to the other side of the van. Four stretched figures lay on the ground. I screamed and looked away. my eyes met with another white covered figure, lying just off from my crushed car.

“Yes we are at the scene and need a bit of backup…we need help with traffic…” A man from behind called into a radio. “Yeah, seems there was a drunk, jumped lanes and had a head on with a van…..” A long blast of fuzz. At the speeds of this highway?

No. The family of four, and the drunk are dead.”

Wandering this world with a silent mouth.
Watching people suffer the same mistake as I. Wanting to scream at them! Beg them to stop and learn from me. I took five lives. A father’s. A mother’s. Their two small childrens’. My own.

I never knew how easy it was to be unknowingly selfish.

I am now left to rot in the deepest of hells. I have been left within my own mind and conscience. To forever contemplate and what, instead, I could have done.

But now…it is too late.

I already crossed over the two lines.