

SIX FEET UNDER BY: MELISA LLOYD

Mel that's what they usually call me

A teen I am

Being popular meant going to parties

Parties meant indulging in Cannabis

Street name for this is weed

A draw of you

Made me felt at ease with the world

And giggly I might add

Now, that put me on a another level of high

Even though my angel cells were battling with my demon cells

I did whatever makes me happy

Next stage was getting my license

I surely took advantage of my card

Doing speed chases with my friends was so fun

And it made me felt in control.

Towards graduating high school I began taking school seriously

And I taking anything serious don't come often

Bidding my friends goodbye,
It didn't felt like any other day for some reason
That night for my graduation party
Living it up, I surely did that
Ethanol you're too sweet
My low key name for you was sauce
My speech became slurred cause of you
Getting a hit of you gave me double vision
Felt like I could see clearly now
Sipping a little of Mr. Joe on the side
Surely sped up my Central Nerve
Hitting the "love drug" I felt ineffable
Danced with my minions
Felt nausea, dehydrated and overheated
But that didn't stop me from partying
After the party I wasn't even thinking straight
Got into my car with the companions
Not wearing my seatbelt
Did the speed chase again
Swerving the car out of control

Got a text this time looked down for a split second
A Ford truck decided to collide with me
My Honda flipped out of control
Throwing me so hard my cervical spine decided to break
Just at the posterior of my neck
All I could do was just lay there
With tears in my eyes
Watching them go up into flames.

And as for me I'm laying six feet under
Hoping I could make a difference on the other side.