

Lucky

The One AM Radio

parked in your car, you're safe, you're saved. and though your hands shake and your lungs ache and the belt chafes, somehow you're still safe. four feet up, the road just stops at a forty-foot drop, where your high beams catch the last seam before the air sinks over the black brink. you must have dozed. you came so close with your eyes closed. but somehow, you're alive now, and wide awake. your foot's still on the break.

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