

Sleeping on Route 110

by Carl Santoro

They really had no clue
of the impact their deaths
would have on either
the drivers or their parents.

Sleeping on Route 110
in the deep dark of
a 2 a.m. atmosphere
afforded their two bodies
no chance of being seen.

Charlie rested his beer bottle
next to him, upright,
ready and available
for another slug.
Karla lay across his chest,
her head taking in the sound
of his beating heart, possible
because all traffic had seemed
to stop somewhere, adding to the
eerie stillness.

She looked up
into his closed eyes.
"Charlie, are we gonna
be safe here?"
He mumbled without opening
his eyes,
"Just go to sleep. Stay fearless. I love you."

"I'm so tired Charlie."

