Let me go down easy

Did you hear? Last night a young man was hit by a truck. I heard on the news this morning. Horrible, ain’t it.

I heard that the driver said he never saw the boy. That the only way he knew he done hit someone at all was because he heard the impact. That was the only way he knew.

I heard he had been drinking. The driver, I mean. I don’t know if he was or not cause I sure don’t know of no drink strong enough to make me miss a boy runnin at my truck like a damn lunatic.

You think that boy was suicidal.

Other folks say he was runnin from sumthin. But imagine this. Yous a boy, born to a wonderful mother, a smart father. Make good grades. A future ahead of you. And one day you get out of your warm bed and you run. No shoes. You run until you meet an obstacle and that obstacle is two tons of steel and rubber and then everything goes black. Crazy talk if you ask me. Havin it all, then leaving at eight at night with a death wish and no shoes. Didn’t even close the door behind him.

And how do you figure that.

I don’t. I don’t know what the hell he was runnin from and I sure don’t know what would make him so damn scared. I don’t know if I even want to know.

Well don’t hold your breath, waitin for this thing, whatever it is. Whatever got that boy ain’t gonna come get you.

Yeah, I know. Just rubs me the wrong way is all.

Me too. But what I know is that maybe that boy had reason for what he did. Maybe what he was runnin from was gonna end him anyways. No cup of coffee, no belated birthday wish could save him from whatever ghost was hauntin him. Maybe is all im sayin, though I wish someone coulda done somethin. I know I woulda jumped in front of the truck myself.