

He Never Knew a Thing

By Averie Basch

He won't ever be dangerous,
tell our parents it's "just a game,"
he won't come see me later
because I took the blame.

He won't play varsity baseball,
he won't ever go to high school.
He won't dress like an idiot
because he thinks it's cool.

He won't ever kiss a girl,
she'll never break his heart,
he won't come to me for comfort
when his world falls apart.

What others may see as comfort
I see as a curse.
Compared to everything else,
I think this part's the worst.

He won't tell me I was stupid,
but—oh!—he wouldn't be lying.
I looked down at a message,
I should have been busy driving.

It was instant, they said,
he never knew a thing.
But I will know forever
that he died because of me.