

How will I tell my children?

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This is a fictional poem but sadly it's reality for many people.

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A filthy drunk driver hit my wife's car head on.
How will I tell my children that their mother is gone?
My three children thought the world of their mother.
We were a close family and we sure did love her.

There is no cure for four hearts that are breaking.
I'm so tore up that I can't stop my hands from shaking.
That drunken bastard will probably get a slap on the wrist.
I want him to burn, you're looking at a man who is pissed.

I can't bear to see my kids faces or to see their hearts break.
This will surely destroy their lives, it's too much for me to take.
Something needs to be done about people who drink and drive.
If it wasn't for that drunk, the love of my life would still be alive.

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