

To Die on a Saturday Night  
Austin Morreale

If we were going to die on a Saturday night,  
it was going to be behind the wheel of a '93 Saturn swerving off the road,  
not barricaded behind a bathroom door texting our last words home.  
If we were going to die on a Saturday night,  
it was going to be an overly dramatic, drawn-out death from a broken heart,  
not the immediate execution of an assault rifle's staccato pop-pop-pop.  
If we were going to die on a Saturday night,  
it was going to be feeling the lingering lips of a stranger as they took our breath  
away,  
not growing numb as a friend's palms pumped our crimson chests,  
trying to keep life from slipping away forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine times.  
If we were going to die on a Saturday night,  
it was going to be from love.