

# Stephen King

It always happens when he's alone in the car;  
He swears the wheel shakes in his hands,  
That the cars behind him honk at his driving.  
He swears it only happens after the night shift,  
That the long nights drive his tired mind  
Close, too close, to insanity.  
It always happens when he's alone in the car;  
The vehicle behind him crashes,  
His own car swerves into oncoming traffic  
Crashing and killing the people he hit.  
He snaps awake after the surreal scene  
His forehead slick with sweat  
And the steering wheel shaking in his hands.  
It always happens when he's alone in the car;  
The radio switches on and his favorite comedian tells jokes,  
Funny at first, slowly becoming cruel and harsh, telling him  
To hit the pedestrian on the side of the road.  
When he refuses, he swears the power goes out in his car  
But every time he checks the battery, everything is fine  
Everything is fine.  
He repeats this until he gets home.  
Anyways, it always happens when he's alone in the car;  
He tells his wife and kids about the problems every time  
No one seems to hear him.  
Is it happening outside the car? In his own home?  
He can't believe the sight in front of him as he talks  
About the steering wheel shaking as his wife begs him to put the gun down,  
How he hit and killed a family of four because of the night shift  
He tells her it always happens when he's alone in the car  
As he drags her body into the trunk of the car.  
Streaks of crimson block his vision as he drives,  
Drives away from the hit and run scene,  
Turning his favorite comedian's voice all the way up,  
Giving in to the car.  
It always happens when he's alone in the car.

— *Kyler Goebbel*