**Olivia Stephens**

I opened my eyes,

and all I could see

were the paramedics

staring back at me.

With blood on my face,

I try to stand.

The love of my life…

I hold out my hand.

I reach for her,

but she doesn’t nudge.

How could this happen?

I loved her so much.

Driving too fast,

the fault is mine.

to you with love,

my Bloody Valentine.

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Cold,

Bitter,

Blank,

And Empty.

She lies there in her bed.

On her back, hands folded over.

The pillow holding up her head.

Cold,

Bitter,

Blank,

And Empty.

She lies there in her bed.

Feet crossed, her eyes sewn shut,

The blankets cover up the dead.