

Hugh Cook

If Your Friends

Followed lightless ambulances,
With friends who OD'd
Sometimes on purpose,
Sometimes not, maybe always
In Between, maybe always both.

Only die if you have too.
So many ambulances, wards,
Bureaucracies, too much
To die inside.

Why can I see we've headed,
One way or the other?
Must be the constant, cocaine.
Why am I afraid?
Between the lines I see the Mirror.

Hugh Cook attends University of Santa Barbara, California, studying Writing and Literature. His poetry has been published in *The Catalyst* literary arts magazine.