



Snow Patrol  
"Chasing Cars"

*Eyes Open*

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# 2007

## on stars & snow patrol & feeling alive

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the year my mom's boyfriend ended his life. the year before i was molested by a teacher. the year i saw my first therapist. the year of developing breasts and clinical depression and reading a lot of ellen hopkins and longing to be as hot as gaby from desperate housewives. i remember the night my dad, who has always lived a handful of hours away, drove his honda goldwing to pick me up. it was his weekend to take me, he was late, they fought about him driving me to his house on a motorcycle, i slipped my sparkly red helmet onto my twelve-year-old head. the stars were unlike any night sky i've seen since. flares for stars. we didn't talk. mourning pockets of light. the speedometer's crimson hand hovered over 90. i leaned my head back. the constellations all i see and this is what it means to be a sailor when there's no land in sight. my feral loneliness, myself a vessel. he turns on the radio. *forget what we're told before we get too old show me a garden that's bursting into life* i can only see in orbs through plum fog, weighted breath, everyone around me, vacant vases, and i am nowhere at all times, for a moment i felt something resembling hope or at least acceptance that this life was my own. my unknowns a therapeutic ooze. *if i lay here if i just lay here would you lie with me and just forget the world* i don't remember getting to his house or taking off my helmet or what we did or didn't do that weekend. i didn't yet know that, seven years later, that same motorcycle's breaks would give out on black ice and send him into multiple surgeries and months in a nursing home. i didn't yet know that we would have to put our dog down, the day after his accident, because he had been needing to do it but couldn't bring himself to do it because he was everything to him. i didn't know that i would kiss his forehead and sob in the car instead of going in with my mom. he didn't respond to the shot, he wouldn't die, my dad couldn't do it. he couldn't be there as he drowsily tried to escape the room. he wouldn't die. i was in the car, my mom, inside, forming irreparable trauma, in a situation she shouldn't have had to endure. i didn't yet know that i would soon meet my best friend and she would tell me how she was suicidal and the only thing that made her feel better was the song that played that night on the road with my dad. sometimes, all i have is the sky, and i know too well that cloud shifts are sped up when you're empty.