

A Letter to You
By Kate Gilbert

Dear friend,
I don't drink,
I don't smoke,
I don't lie-
I don't cover for people,
and I don't take excuses.
Alcohol has ruined this friendship for me.
It has taken away our happiness and love.
It is used as an escape,
but you can never escape the consequences.
I am fortunate to have never lost a friend's life to alcohol,
but you were still taken away from mine.
I'm sick of being outcasted.
Why am I the one to get punished,
to get set aside,
to be ignored,
to not be invited,
when I am the one making the decision
that will keep me alive?
I'm sick of hearing the stories.
Of when she was on the ground unconscious,
bilious with alcohol poisoning,
and no one called the ambulance,
because they knew they would get in trouble too.
But what happens when
she dies,
and the blood is on your hands too?
I'm sick of being the one,
who cleans up your mess,
of being the one you blame,
for all of your mistakes.
It's time you realize what you're doing.
How your lies and mistakes hurt,
hurt your family, hurt your friends,
and hurt me.
Don't you hear the stories?
Of the ones we've lost to drunk driving,
or the ones who end up in the hospital
with no excuses and only life support?
But yet you still get in the car,

with a high and drunk driver,
forgetting that lives actually matter.
You're lucky to have not been hurt,
you're lucky to have me fighting for you,
but yet I'm still the one left hurting.
Alcohol doesn't just take lives,
it ruins them too.
I wish you would listen to me,
I wish you would open your eyes.
All you want to do is ruin us,
you ruined me and you.
And now I'm left alone,
writing this,
a helpless, pleading, wishful letter,
to you.

Love,

The One Who Still Cares