

Libbie Merrill

Arrive Alive

Dear Brain,

Hello, it's me again. We've been talking more than normal lately, with the break up and everything. I know we try to stay separate because we both keep this whole system working, but we need to go through your thought process. This time you have gone too far. You control everything but me. You made the hands swivel left, the eyes shut, and the right foot press down as hard as it could to the floor. It was like you saw the tree and it had a sign on it that said "I will bring you to Wonderland!" The body needs your help, get stable, and do not drive again until you know you will not hurt us.

You control almost everything inside of her, but not me. I have to work on my own and beat my own pace. The rules you create are mostly amazing. The lips are not allowed to sip the beer because they are underage and driving. The lungs know they are not allowed to smoke because it will destroy the sweet breaths they make. You made a can not drive list inside yourself just in case. We should not need it because we can work together to get through everything, hard and scary, if we just talk.

I am hurting, pounding, sobbing trying to figure out what happened between her lovers heart and me, but when you decide it is too much make the legs walk to the car, make the fingers grab the keys and make the wrist turn to make the engine whirl I knew this was not going to end well. I tried to stop you, tried to over power you, tried to make you hear me. I knew you did not do any of your "can not drive" list but we need to add a new point to it. We do not get in the car and start to drive if we are feeling worthless or used.

That is what got us here, we got our heart broken and you, our brain, went dark. You took all of our sad thoughts and made them into anger and rage. If you had stopped for a second to think about what we can do to help instead of what could have been, we would not be lying here. I had to hold everything back because feelings are supposed to be my job, my purpose. I have helped her through everything for you to wreck it by getting into that car.

Well at least I have the smallest bit of control, because if I did not I would not be able to write this letter letting you know that you messed up. She has her feelings but because you got so worked up she got into that car, drove down the road, hit the gas, and turned right into a tree. I kept going, beating, trying to keep her alive trying to not leave the family in a world of pain. She is going to be left damaged and hurt, physically and emotionally, but at least she will be alive.

Sincerely,

Heart