

My Late Alcohol:

When I first laid eyes on you I was confused. I was so naïve and innocent. I caught fleeting glimpses of you and even heard a few mystical rumors. I never realized you would later become my lover and my hangman in the same being. Mostly I was scared of you, because of the stories I had heard how you would limit my dreams and stunt my potential, so I vowed never to surrender my control to you. Once, in a vain attempt to show my bravery and maturity, I dared to meet you face to face, with disastrous results. That young experience was enough to cement my fear of you for a long time.

Eventually, my fear of you dissolved, as I became more and more exposed to your allure and beauty all around me. With the fear of a child braving a stroll in a cemetery in the moonlight, I made my introduction to you. How amazing you were! My inhibitions, fears and discomfort with myself washed away, as if a fresh rain had fallen in the fields. Intrusive memories and nightmares no longer! You were so loyal to me, I thought. You were always there when I needed you, which at first was not very often, so I dared no concern. You taught me the ways of my elders, the path to manhood, the pursuit of recognition and a life of audacity and action. I know now that it was a ruse.

Your insidious plan was invisible to me for the longest time – as we honeymooned my life away. Like a parasite, you began to degrade my moral fabric and my spiritual foundation with your abilities to make me feel important and grand in an immediate sense, while I snowplowed the pain piling up in my heart and the wreckage in my life. You were once fun and exciting, but eventually I relied on you to make me functional. Eventually, I devolved into complete dysfunction. From fun, to functional, to dysfunction. I should have seen the path . . .

You knew all along the espionage you were conducting. You were stealing my secrets and selling them for the simple cost of that pink warm glow you made me feel as you stared into my eyes. I genuinely met my most basic need; I felt loved! I had forsaken my family to be with you, the ones that truly love me. I changed my entire value system to be with you. My patience and tolerance was dashed in the bubbles of your foam of thievery. I denigrated all that I care about so I could have you to myself, though I knew you had a twelve pack of lovers on the side. I threw away friendships to have you alone. My passions dissolved, and my only interest became you. Eventually I could not do without you, even when I made a solemn oath to separate from you. I needed you, and you let me down. Why did you demand so much from me? Were these your needs from me as I needed you in the beginning – to feel loved?

You turned on me like a rabid dog when I questioned our relationship. We battled then, and we still do now. Your attack is a subtle stab in the back. I suffered the pain of defeat over and over again. The only way I could even survive is to back myself into a corner, where my back would no longer be exposed to your constant thrusts of agony. I cried out to my God and my family and my few remaining friends for help, so we could outflank and defeat you together, my once passionate lover. Backed into a corner, I can only focus on one thing – removing you from my life. I am as a paraplegic, focused only on those core functions to keep me alive without you. Physically, mentally, morally and spiritually I stand humiliated, defeated and broken.

I've lost who I am because I chose you, but I am beginning to see a bright light of the future as I work to regain my moral compass and foundation as a decent husband and father. For certain, all the times I had with you were not bad, but almost all of my bad times included you. I could not see my powerlessness in your hands before, but now, with the grace of my God and the gift of desperation, I have found out a way to grow and improve without you. I will think of you often, for the rest of my life. I cannot be allured to your beauty again, as I struggle to piece together the wreckage of my past. Your beautiful exterior has been stripped and your black heart is exposed to me forever. I never want to be that man I was with you again, so reliant on you to guide every facet of my life, so dependent on your false comfort. I have a new found freedom and happiness without you that I will continue to nurture. As for you, I am certain that you are off to bigger and better things with your powerful and seductive reach, and I assure you, so am I.

With respect,

Your once obedient servant