

Ok Muther F'er!! So I am supposed to write this letter saying goodbye to you. And yet I find myself having thoughts of you now. How you were my escape for so many years. You helped me to be numb and forget. Forget my aunt's death, my grandma, my shitty childhood, my inability to have a healthy relationship, my lost jobs, my failed attempts at friendship. There was always something I was running from. And you were always what I ran to.

My first experience with you was going to bingo with grandma. She would go once a week. That was her time to socialize. Then Mom would take me to the casino every once in a while. I was always so shocked how much she would spend. I remember getting freaked out when she would hit full bet on the machines.

And then something changed. I remember the day so well. My aunt passed way and Mom had gotten some money from her passing. She took me to Sycuan, gave me a bunch of money and said, "Here, go spend this in honor of GG." And that was it. It was over. I then realized as long as I fed you, I could look at the machines and feel nothing. Empty. That was 17 years ago...

I have given up and lost everything for you. I have become the mother I never wanted to be. The mother that made addiction priority before her children, missed appointments, late pickups and intentional missed calls.

I have made the man that loved and adored me look at me with disgust, dead eyes and broken from the choices I have made. Just to be with you.

I have sat day in and day out feeling as though I was the lowest of the low – terrible Mom, terrible Wife, no existence. I had even come to a place where I planned my death, thought it out with precision because of how I felt when you exhausted all my resources.

I know it's time for change. I know if I don't do it now, you will be the end of me – the death of me!

I don't know how and I am so lost, but am trying. I put one foot forward every day. I struggle so much, but I just keep outing one foot forward, hoping that I will find relief soon, from the pain you have caused.

Though I feel beaten down, I don't feel beat. I don't feel hopeless. I do see light at the end of the tunnel.

I look at my children and how kind and loving they are, how much they love me no matter what. I hang onto that and pray with all my heart that this will be our last dance and you will never take my soul again.

Goodbye you son of a bitch, piece of poo-poo, m f'er.

Anonymous