

A Goodbye Letter to Alcohol



By Dan S

You have become the unwelcome guest. You are the piece of meat in the refrigerator that has turned green; the rancid butter; the sour milk; in all, that which I find unwelcome; and know that if consumed, will make me ill.

I have seen this in myself and in others. When we accept you, we witness your absolute control over logic and reason. I have witnessed the way you consume us like gasoline thrown on a fire. You induce us to manic mayhem or horrid despair. Our limbs no longer function as they should until we are completely without control. You try to steal our memory and usually do but the clues and observations of others roots us in our reality.

My only cure is complete abstinence and separation. Like a kid in a plastic bubble, that which ordinary individuals find harmless, will kill me given the chance. You may try to tempt me by pairing with fine meals or tasty appetizers but will not be welcome. I will instead make a lasting and satisfying relationship with them without you.

I will rise daily without your aid and assistance. My sleep will be deep and refreshing as it was before we met. My liver has told me how greedy and rapacious you were. He has said that you demanded all of his attention and had become the major part of his job. I have spoken to all of the toilets to let them know that you will not use my head as a battering ram as I stumble in stupor. I will not purge my stomach in attempt to void poisons.

I know that we will see each other from time to time but will not have contact. Social contacts may try to put us back together but our relationship is over. I am certain you will exist longer than I but am equally sure that by removing you from my life that I have lengthened and improved it. My wife will smile, my health will improve, my wallet will fatten and I will smile also.

Dan S is a retired electrician from a medium sized town near Chicago, Illinois. He lives with his wife and a cat named after Teddy Roosevelt. He enjoys experiencing nature with sobriety and is a "damn good cook". Dan expects to enjoy spoiling his grandson and all of the other fruits of his "best damn job ever"... retirement. "It doesn't matter where you've been... it matters where you are".
