Jenna Bartow

Mrs. Rutan

AP Literature and Composition

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A Thank You Letter

1. You were my first exposure to consciousness;

Once I discovered you, there was no going back.

 You helped me through the horror of first teeth

 And endless bubbling tears.

You were comforting; you helped me fall asleep.

You guided me into sweet dreams and kept the nightmares at bay.

My parents also thanked you for that;

A queen sized bed was not big enough for three.

1. I discovered your full potential shortly after my fourth year,

As my siblings began to pick on me

And I had to fend for myself when they got me into trouble.

I pointed you toward them and held in my screams –

Tried to remain civil, but did not deny my anger.

1. As I came upon my fifteenth year, you become more and more pronounced to me.

I didn’t use you in anger

Or to symbolize any rebellion.

You didn’t encourage me to be a stereotype –

To get angry and shout at the people I love.

I didn’t need to use you;

It was just knowing you were there.

I thought about you a lot and the moments in which I would be justified to use you.

1. After I have had some time on my own,

In the real world,

I will stop feeling the need to be fully independent.

When there is a ring, cold metal pressed against my flesh,

It will feel warm.

It will be the right person and the right time;

It will be the right house and the right city.

You will let the promise wrap you up and hold you in a tight embrace.

1. You were the second bone I broke.

Frail; fragile; weak.

I refused to get help.

I was tough.

This was my second broken bone and I was older.

There were many times throughout the years when I could be weak

And let others take care of me.

That becomes less and less acceptable after you have lived so long.

They handed me ice;

They offered to take me to get an X-ray, to get you fixed.

I turned them down.

I let you heal – crooked and cracked –

And you remind me every day that I can handle myself just fine.

I am stubborn; older; stronger.