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“To Whom It May Concern”

It's not of your concern
Whether or not I live or die.
You haven't earned that right.
You haven't even asked for it.

So while I lie here dying,
You cannot shed a tear.
You cannot pretend that you care
Because you don't.

It's not my problem
That you bear too much guilt
Because you were never there
Or because you didn't want to be.

How can you stand there now,
Coming into my life
Just as my life is leaving me?
You don't have the right to care.

So don't load off your guilt onto me.
Don't try to act like you know
Because you don't.
You don't care.

And because you don't care
You're not allowed to tell me
That you're here for me
Because it's pointless .

If you're here for me
For the five minutes that I lay dying
Why should you care?
Why should I let you?

Where have you been all my life?
What have you been doing
That is more important
Than being here when I needed you?

So why should I care?
Why should I care
That you want me now?
Why should I want you to want me?

Inspiration,
Why must you wait until
I lay dying to care for me,
To give me what I need?

Why must you wait until
I am lying in a deep,
Black hole of writers block and petty angst
To hand me down a rope?

So now you care.
Now that I am near death,
Now you care if I live or die
And now you save me.

Inspiration,
I hate how you wait
Until the very last minute, the very last breath
To give me new life.

Inspiration,
I love how you save me
From the pit of turmoil and death
That you put me in.

Inspiration,
I love how you put me there,
In that pit of writers block and teen angst
Because when I emerge, I am stronger.

Inspiration,
I love you for saving me
After bringing me close to death.
Because what doesn't kill me
Makes me stronger.