

LETTER TO A LITTLE FRIEND

John Alexander Guzman

Written After Two Shots of Tequila

I write this mainly because I cannot come to express myself with audible words.

First and foremost, please allow me to give you my sincerest apologies for the events which have occurred. If these events, by any means, did annoy or agitate, please forgive me. Those were not my intentions. Please also forgive the dramatic nature in which this is being presented.

Secondly, the more pressing matter at hand. In my state of mind, I told you the one thing I did not intend on telling you quite yet. It is in my own self fear that I prevented myself from telling you to begin with. I did not want to lose the friendship that we had established, but I also needed you to know how I felt. It was selfish of me to tell you at such an hour or in such a way. I do not mean to sound cliché, but I would have preferred to have told you in person. I do not intend to be dramatic over this ordeal, but you must understand the content of my character to see how grievous a mistake I have made in my mind. I have already told you I am a coward, and you have thus seen the products of my being. These are not excuses. I have no excuse for how I acted, but this is all my reasoning. All things being said, I cannot undo what was said.

I like you. I have liked you since the last day of class. If I came off as cold

and distant that day, it is because I knew that I could not like you. I have twice suffered the slain of misfortune that another has taken away from me, so I could not do that to another person, not least one to who you held closely. I knew that if turned around, I would need to kiss you and I could not compromise you or myself.

Then you two broke up, and I saw fair chance. While I tried to ignore the feeling of that day, it eventually found its way back into my mind and heart. As you already know, my fear consumes me and renders me motionless. I am terrified of getting hurt, so I do not act. I did not act on my feelings. Instead, I tried to suppress them since I did not know how you

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felt. I still do not know how you feel. Fear is a lonely man. Then I found my wanton spirits rise after consuming temporary courage and as the adage goes, only drunks and children tell the truth. I told you the truth that morning.

If shame had a face, it would look like mine. I am sorry that the event happened, but now that all is out in the open I must live with my actions.

Inconsequently, without knowing, you have also given me the great gift of finding my written word, but an even greater gift you gave me; you taught me that my heart had not grown hard. While this may sound odd, considering my inexperience, I had long been a broken shell of a man. In some cases I still am. Should we never come to exchange again, I at least want to leave you my deepest gratitude. Merçi.

I close this letter with my apologies,

J. Alfred