

Kaleena Deshawn

Dear "Friend",

I don't know if it was ever right to call you that, or what I'm supposed to call you now, but I have some things I'd like to clear up. For the record, I don't hate you, I never did and I never will. I just don't want to allow anyone who makes me feel so unimportant to be a part of my life and for whatever reason I let you be that person for longer than I have anyone else. I've never been one to put up with anyone's bullshit, but I guess I believed in you because even when you showed me just how little I meant to you I kept tricking myself into thinking that I was wrong about you until I couldn't deny it anymore. I guess I just wanted to believe I was wrong not to trust anyone, to cut people out of my life at the first sign of disloyalty, but I guess I was right all along or at least that's what you got me thinking.

I don't know if you'll ever understand this because every time I've explained it to you before your only response has been not to change a damn thing. I don't know if that's because you seriously still don't get it or because you just don't give a shit about me, but I've convinced myself it's mostly the later and that's why I left. There isn't anything you could have done in just a single day to bring me to this conclusion, so if that's what you're thinking and what you've been telling people, you're wrong. After months of you ignoring me every time I told you something you'd done was bothering me or screaming at me like your feelings were always so much more important, I just couldn't deal anymore. It's like this, once you'd gotten me to a point where I thought my feelings didn't matter to you, it wasn't a far stretch until I felt like I didn't matter and then I thought if I didn't matter then what the hell was the point. Who wants to feel completely alone in a place where no one really cares for them? Not me, and not in my own home or in a place that I was supposed to be surrounded by friends.

It's like our freshman year here, when my great aunt was dying. I sat around with you for hours, crying my eyes out and telling you more than I'd ever felt comfortable telling anyone; you just sat there, but I didn't mind that as long as I felt like you were listening, but that feeling didn't last and neither did my great aunt. A few days later we sat in your apartment, somebody said something that reminded me of her and I just started to cry. Again you just sat there, but this time you didn't even look at me and eventually you all just walked out the door and left me alone, in your apartment with my tears. I was so mad, I ran up and down my apartment that entire weekend, cursing as loud as I could so you'd hear through the floorboards. I never told you this, but even though I was angry with everyone in the moment, after I'd had sometime to think about it, I was the most disappointed in you because you knew everything I was going through, how hurt I was, and you choose to just walk away from me, like none of that mattered to you, like I didn't matter to you. You might have apologized later, more than once, but I never felt like you meant it because all of those apologies were about you, about making yourself feel better, just like everything is with you.

I don't ask much of my friends I just want to be important to the people who are important to me, to know that they try as hard and care as much about our relationship as I do; That they listen when I'm sad and they care about what I'm saying, just like I listen when you told me about how you couldn't watch *The Prestige* because it was the movie you were watching at the drive in when your dog died or that you got that paw print tattooed on the back of your neck for him, or even when you talked about that one time you wanted to run your car off the road no matter what anyone else was talking about or how many times you repeated it. You were important to me so I listened and I remembered all those things and I tried my best to be there for you whether I was always right or not; I never felt like you repaid the favor. I wanted to be someone you choose to connect with personally, but I only ever felt like I was holding an empty space that was only labeled "friend" because you were never the outgoing popular girl

who talked to everyone, went to all the parties or always having some place to be, so being surrounded by a certain number of “close friends” made you feel cooler. It was like it didn’t matter if a was me or not as long as someone was physical there.

I acknowledge that all of these things are merely my feelings, that feelings aren’t always true, but they’re always real when there with you and you never acknowledged mine. I told you that I was hurt, that I didn’t feel like you cared... and nothing ever changed. I know I’m no where close to being perfect that I hurt you too, so I’m not trying to point any fingers or to make you feel bad, I just want to be completely honesty about what happened to our friendship, because I don’t ever think I told you. So now that’s it’s clear I hope you understand why we don’t talk anymore, or why when you come to visit friends at my apartment I stay as far away as I can get, why I don’t look you in the eye or why the sound of your voice makes my breath hitch in my throat; it’s all because that just reminds me of how worthless it feels when you put everything you have into showing someone you care and it doesn’t mean a thing to them.

It took me a very long time to be important to myself, to feel like i was really worth something and I just can’t let anyone take that from me because then I’d have nothing; people take that for granted all the time, but what’s that point of doing anything if it doesn’t make a difference if you’re even alive. So if anyone asks you what happened I guess you’ll just keep telling them whatever you want, but I hope at least deep down you know that it’s because I never felt like I was anything to you and I just wanted to be somewhere were I mattered. I don’t think I’ll ever know if my feelings are true, but what’s real to me, is that no matter what you’ve told me, you’ve never showed me anything that’s proved me wrong and that’s all it really comes down to. It seems silly writing so much to explain a sentiment that is so simply to me, but I wanted to make sure it was clear to you too.

Sincerely,

K