

## Letter to...

*By: Kiera Sneedden*

The petrified little girl hiding in the closet,  
hoping that her sister won't find her cowering under her plush animals,  
her only intention was for her sisters smoking redemption,  
but now she questions how hard the big mean sister,  
will have to work for her much needed comprehension,  
that the smog monster would kill her

You hear her run to your door,  
but don't worry little girl,  
you locked the door to your bedroom fortress.

1 knock, 2 bangs, 3 punches,  
1 newly brandished hole in your door,  
hope she won't find you little girl,  
hold your breath now, stomping...  
that's what you heard, just stay quiet little girl,  
the closet door swung open.

Little girl your leg is sticking out! Run little girl run!  
Your little legs couldn't compare to her long fit ones,  
she caught you... She shook you're tiny body till you saw stars,  
she was screaming for those smog sticks,  
"WHERE DID YOU PUT 'EM" she yelled "WHERE!".  
You would never tell, that's what the smog wanted,  
she left you with a bloody nose and a hurt leg,  
you were brave little girl.

You thought after your big baby blue eyed brother brother died,  
she might stop the lies, and put the smog sticks away for life,  
she didn't, she beckoned to the smog monster more and more often.

But don't fear little girl when you're older  
you'll find that big scary sister is 5 feet tall ,  
and you can easily tower over her,  
you can finally find the words to stop this habit,  
and you'll learn a new word,  
Cigarette.  
Little girl, you're gonna be just like me.

Little girl- repetition