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16-years-old
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**My sisters and I, we watch and we weep
As people stumble, laugh, and fall in the street.
We watched people enter the bars nearby.
We watched people drink, wishing they'd die.
We watched people scream, hit, and shout.
We watched as everyone finally found out.
We watched people come to stay.
We watched them drink and decay.
We have seen so much over the years
And we can't help but shed all our tears.
For those who have the burden of drink,
For those who cannot help but think
Of how they could've avoided this
And again receive their lover's kiss.
Oh the sorrow I feel for those who cannot see
That the one they should look to is right next to them: me!
I offer everyone a drink that is pure;
A drink that is everywhere and sure to cure.
I offer you water so please drink a bit,
Make it the drink that'll replace those tempting sips.
For why drink a drink that could bring you pain
When you could drink a drink that gives you gain.
Many may say that the drink helps to deal
With the terrible emotions that they feel.**

And yes, it may be true

But how can nothing bad happen too?

What most don't know is that the drink is an unfair deal

That gives temporary bliss for the right to take what it feels.

And as you seek more blissful sips, the drink takes more

Soon taking the job, house, and people you adore.

So I beg you, *please*, those sitting alone

I only want to get you home!

I've lost my sister once so I know how it feels

To be depressed and think of no way to deal

With the sadness and depression of my pain

But do you see me drinking to forget it in vain?

I'm only asking you to change and beat your strife

So you can go back to your old, happy life.

I hope this reaches you through my cold, dead eyes.

If it doesn't once again, I'm still here for your cries.