

An Addict Talks About Getting High

I'm your child, or spouse, or friend.
But I've changed.
I don't belong to you anymore.
I don't care about you.
Not in the way you want me too.
I care about getting high.
I WANT to get high.
I will do ANYTHING to get high.
I LOVE getting high.
I NEED to get high & will step over you to do it
When I look at you, I don't see YOU.
I see a means to an end.
You have money.
I want it.
End of story.
I don't care if you can't pay the rent.
I don't care if you need groceries.
I don't care if you promised not to give me money again.
I don't care if you lie to Dad.
I don't care if you're broke.
Sell your rings, take a loan, sell your electronics, max out your credit cards, borrow the money from someone else, because if you don't, I will STEAL it.
I WILL find a way to get HIGH.
You think you can CHANGE me or SAVE me.
But you're WRONG!
Something cold and dead slithers in me.
You can CRY all you want.
Your tears won't change anything.
I have no integrity or values.
My morals are a thing of the past.
I will say anything, do anything, hurt anyone, to get my next FIX.
Although I play the game with you, make no mistake.
I don't play it because I care, I play it because I want my DOPE.
I'll tell you what you want to hear,
I'll promise you the world,
I'll look you in the eyes, and I'll break your heart. Over and over again.

I don't have a heart. I have a HUNGER.
It's calculating and manipulative, and it OWNS me.
In a strange way, you're thankful for this.
For when I need something, I find you, quick!
Then when I've gotten what I want from you, I leave.
You're anxious without me.
You offer to buy my food or pay my rent.
By now, your NEED is almost as great as mine.
I can't stay SICK without you.
You can't breathe without ME.
You think you're helping me.
You believe you're making a difference, but what you're really helping... is my ADDICTION.
I won't tell you this, but you know it, deep down.
If we keep going like this, one or both of us will die.
Me from an overdose, that you paid for, and you from a heart attack, or stroke.
You'll wait YEARS for me to change or see the light.
You keep my secrets and protect my lies.
You clean up my messes and bail me out.
You love me to the exclusion of EVERYONE else.
But I'm not the only one who changed
You're bitter and resentful.
You hide from your friends and isolate.
Your world revolves around one thing only, ME.
But will your LOVE ever become greater than your FEAR? Would you be strong enough to reach out for help?
Will you learn to say NO?
Will you allow me to experience the consequences of my actions?
Will you LOVE me enough to feel your guilt and stop enabling my addiction?
I lay trapped within the confines of this cold dark, serpent – addiction, and I am... dying.