

The Monster

A poem on the beginnings and ends of addiction.

Sugar, spice, everything nice
There's a price to every vice
Be your family, health, or friends
One or more will meet their ends

The beginning is pure bliss
It's a feeling you will miss
Leave your world and mind behind
Find joy of a different kind

Perhaps the monster was always there
Watching you with great care
Waiting until your first toke
When you trade your life for smoke

The monster is hungry, and it's patient
It will return when you're complacent
It feeds on pain and loss and fear
When you're alone, it draws near

That first toke unlocked the door
The monster is hungry; it wants more
The second toke beacons it inside
Once it's there, you cannot hide

Your closest friend, your deepest love
No one will ever come above
Not your children, life, or spouse
You'll even give that guy your house

I wish I could return to the beginning
When life without the monster had some meaning
When my deepest love and closest friend
Was a book with a happy end

I can hear the monster roar
Scratch outside the bedroom door
It will be there till I'm dead
But hopefully, not in my bed