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## Addiction

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## **Cover Page Footnote**

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# ADDICTION

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poem by  
NICK PICARIELLO

I watch the rain dissolve the clouds  
I watch and smile as people ask how  
The sky slowly turns into the color music  
Colors, like Jazz, different names, so you can't confuse it  
No confusion, just acceptance, but I ask questions  
For example, "In a perfect world would there still be confessions?"  
Would there be a God to watch the world live?  
Would there be less fortunate, so good people could give?  
Would fire burn only wood or human flesh as well?  
Would you still be a good person without a fear of hell?

The people stare at me with blank eyes of hate  
"Why do you want to live another way, why do you want to escape?"  
Fist-sized boulders cool me down as often as rain  
My soul and shadow have left me, but I don't feel pain  
My arm erect, resembles the tallest tree, shows rebellion  
They grab constraining jackets, white and cold, to stop my motion  
But my devotion to calling out wanna be truths serve me a purpose  
Even if the rest of the world sees my life and purpose as worthless  
When I finally come down, off my high horse, I guess  
I re-enter reality where the world is darker, yet people still jest

Shrug off important issues, love or their inevitable death  
I address every issue with the truth, you can smell it on my breath  
I'll attack the opinions of everyone that speaks  
I need the truth, so much that from your faith I leap  
Onto the next kingdom that has blinded you all  
Dethrone the emperor of ignorance and lead the kingdom to fall  
Not a hero or a savior, just a man with altitude too high for a number  
Yet, strong enough lungs that when I blow my horn, I awaken those from their slumber

Again I leap into real reality, where no one questions my questions  
I'll get answers, I'll get the truth, I'll finally feed my addiction