Addiction

Robert Popielarz
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/22
I am being influenced
By elements of life unnatural
It gives me a voice, but it is my own lateral
You may not hear me too clearly, for my voice is circumvented

My judgment is compromised
Internal dialogue cloudy
Judgment is hazy
Conscience misguided

I fear without I cannot go on
Grinding my teeth, biting my nails
The paths are two distinct trails
Until a compromise is made, agony will prolong

Sober society will reject
I cannot function as an entity alone
My companion must follow all the way home
I realize this choice may cost me some respect

Off on my journey, no time to look back
Life is a breeze, a glowing ember
My senses thank me, for their patience has grown slender
At the peak I stop and gaze knowing the warm comfort will not last

Upon freefall, disappointment endures
Cruel reality smacks me upside the face
Another poor choice, another bad mistake
Upstanding on wobbling feet, my sense of reason I try to procure

Regret stands before me, a nagging pain
Yet my mind turns to one thing
I turn to walk away, my will I hope to bring
With a stabbing shame, I know the cycle will remain the same