

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# Meth, My Life, My Soul, My Addiction

HOW did it ever get this bad? HOW did I let it?  
I just wanted to have a little fun, but it HOOKED me.  
That first CLOUD i blew out had my soul trapped in the smoke  
Now my LIFE is all about the 'next HIT.'  
How do I get it? Where do I get it? Will it be good? Will it last?  
These are all QUESTIONS that constantly RUN through my head.  
I've FORGOTTEN about the beautiful things in LIFE like  
Watching the sunset,  
Enjoying a good man BASHING with my mom or best friend,  
Or the way a CHILDS laughter warms my HEART.  
I can no longer SLEEP until I have been up so long that it is  
Physically IMPOSSIBLE to keep my EYES open  
I FEEL nothing anymore  
NO PAIN  
NO SADNESS  
NO HUNGER  
NO JOY  
NOTHING  
I realize the EFFECTS my addiction has on myself and those who CARE for me  
And yet i STILL feel nothing  
But WHY  
WHY cant i feel  
This isn't ME at all  
This ISN'T who I am  
I am a loving, careing, GIVING person  
Who would take a BULLET for just about any one I know  
But this person from in the GLASS that has taken over my body and soul  
Would be to busy with the QUESTIONS  
To even realize the gun or here the SCREAMS  
I BLAME nobody but myself for my PROBLEM  
That is WHY I call it  
MY ADDICTION  
This is my life and my SOUL  
I NEED to find it  
I will FIND it  
But WHEN  
How long will it take to BREAK through the SMOKE filled glass  
I will WONT I?  
CAN I?

WORDS FROM ANOTHER....

I destroy homes.. I tear families apart.. Take your children..

And that's just the start...

I'll ravish your body.. I'll control your mind.. I'll own you completely...

Your soul will be mine

I have many names.. But there's one you know best.. I'm sure you've heard of me..

My name is Crystal Meth..

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