

“My friend: The Addict”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

We escaped
Intrusion
As the dark folded
Down around us
Buoyed together
for a while
the lakeside sheltered
a brief respite
from the wider world

our hearts bleeding
from the self inflicted beat
of our intentions
trivialized by the status quo
we ran from our woes

we'd arrived at an intersection
the red lights blinking with angst
we blew through
ignoring cautionary tales
in search of relief

exploding
with delicious anticipation
waiting for the Sandman
his trade measured in grams and broken promises

sell the soul
sell the heart
sell out
for a white powdered illusion
for a little while

numb

until

empty vials and empty pockets
confined us to a meaningless void
our existence had become
the same old sad song
and the sandman had stopped fronting

Memories of the past are receding
Leaving behind the less fortunate
I've re-awakened to another day
On this occasion
a thousand stars paint the sky
their blue hued light
as sharp and clear as a summer day

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