

KRACK ADDICT

The first time it seems like its no big deal!
You enjoy the way it feels
It causes some to peer through blinds
And others search see what they find.

Then there are those who hear strange sounds
Worried 'bout who will come around
Some people like to sit and talk
While others just sit and rock

But that urgent need "for just one more"
Sends mothers hooking out the door
They've pawned their goods and sold their car
They still don't know they've gone too far.

The saying goes "I'm in control"
They deny the sad tragic toll
You'll lie, you'll cheat, you'll whore, you'll sell
And with each toke, you'll live your hell.

Loss of family, friends, and things
You'll steal from your mother, pawn wedding rings
The one who used to laugh and talk
Now blows the dealer for one more rock.

The husband who used to protect and provide
Now lets his wife whore while he sits inside
With your kids you would play and laugh
All you want now is one more half.

I know this first hand, cause that's the fact
I've lost my life, my world, my pride
Truth is...I hurt in side.

And with each hoot, further gone I'm lost
But I still want more at any cost
I need to stop this killing game
If only so I know my name.

Maybe tomorrow I'll start to change
My life I'll start to rearrange
Now's the time I should start
To heal my mind, my soul, my heart.

Throw out the push, the pipe, the rock
Kneel down and begin to pray
"Lord please help me to be strong,
Help keep me safe and don't do wrong
Please fill my head with thoughts of love
Of blessings given from above."

Just one more thing before I go
You think I'm someone you don't know
But I'm your doctor, your lawyer, your teacher, your friend
I live next door and around the bend.

I might be your brother or sister
Not just the bum you'd rather forget
Nope, not just a bum, or a thief, or a whore
I'm all around, more and more.

Now I've shared the hell I've live each day
Just thought you should know
We're people too; sad and lonely, sick and scared
We'd gladly change if someone dared.

Lend a kind word, a handshake, or hug
Meet the scared lonely one you view as a thug
I beg you please stop and share
Instead of sitting with an awful stare.

You know as children we didn't say
We wanted to be drug addicts, thieves, or whores
Don't you see
Maybe there's hope for lost soles like me.

Maybe.....we'll see.

Jennifer Raposo
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