

CONFESSION

I snatched a purse
I robbed people
I burned more than a few.
I sold my Jordan's-
All of em.
Something I thought I'd never do.
I quit being a Father altogether,
An employee and a son.
I left rehab multiple times
To get high and live on the run.
I sold my fridge
I sold my stove.
I sold my very soul.
I sold a bunch of stuff
That wasn't mine.
And a ton of stuff I stole.
I held a sign on the street
Preying on people's pity.
I walked miles and miles
To cop my dope,
In every corner of the city.
I bought presents
Then, took them back
Telling myself the kids didn't need
them.
Every penny went to dope
I couldn't even clothe
Or feed them.
I've been to jail,
I've been to prison.
I've been committed against my will.
I've been disrespected
By countless dealers
Just to cop that powder or that pill.
I've broken promises
To my kids
And, of course, to myself.
I've put my life in constant danger

And, I've compromised my health.
I dropped out of school,
Not once, but twice.
I never earned a diploma.
I've buried at least
A dozen friends
And seen a few go in to a coma.
I've shared needles,
I've stayed up for days.
I drove my car completely trashed.
I've lost drugs several times
Forgetting where I had it stashed.
I've lied
And I've manipulated.
I've taken advantage of the system.
I've done so much dirt
In the name of drugs
It would take forever for me to list
them.
I've even tried to kill myself
While blanketed by depression.
But all of that is over now
This is my confession.
It's not about what I've done
In the name of my obsession.
I need to remember
Where drugs take me
If I want to learn my lesson.
I'm sure our lists
Are much the same.
We've all done similar shit.
But the madness ends
Just like that,
The moment that we quit.

Craig Laffey