

## The Root of Addiction

I embarked on a mission  
To find the root of Addiction  
And it took me all over the Earth  
Why does it come  
And affect only some  
And are they addicted from birth?  
Why all the thefts and overdose deaths  
Endless arrests and positive tests  
The habitual rituals and constant visuals  
Insane amounts of pain  
Buckets of guilt and a side of shame  
The rules of the game and the people to blame  
The thirsty binges and dirty syringes  
Flower power and whiskey sours  
And the need to devour any mountain of powder  
I went from city to city and state to state  
From the shores of Maine to the Golden Gate  
I spoke to sellers of slate and to pushers of freight  
I met with city slickers and guitar pickers  
Old country folk and cats that are woke  
From offshore fishers to diner dishers  
I rapped to apartment building doormen  
And warehouse foremen  
Engine mechanics and gals in spandex  
I connected dots with astronauts  
And filled in blanks with owners of banks  
I interviewed employers and argued with lawyers  
I went deep with divers and picked up bus drivers  
I broke bread with bakers and questioned survey takers  
I consulted doctors and dentists and with Olympic gold medalists  
Just to get their depiction on this awful addiction  
I spoke to the young and the old, the shy and the bold  
The short and the tall, i spoke to them all  
To the rich and the poor, to soldiers of war  
The healthy, the sick, the clever, the slick  
I talked to men and women and to those in transition  
I spoke to ma's and pa's, to ex's and in laws  
I found tribesmen living in shantys and went to mansions to talk to nannies  
Some papas and Nana's and more than one santa  
Aunts and uncs, old peeps and young punks  
Kindergarten teachers and inner city preachers  
Basement dwellers and folks of all colors

Directors on boards and patients on wards  
The willfully malicious and the highly ambitious  
The jaded, the berated and the emotionally insulated  
The easily persuaded plus the uneducated  
I even debated with the heavy sedated  
I knocked upon every door and stopped on every floor  
I looked under every rock and behind every lock  
I went to houses and homes and Stadiums and domes  
I went to cathedrals and churches and sat on porches and perches  
I rode up elevators and down escalators  
To the basement and penthouse of all the skyscrapers  
I visited farms and dorms in thunderous storms  
I walked alleys and streets in the blistering heat  
To separate all fact from fiction  
About the human affliction known as addiction  
I went to Alaska and Boston, Nebraska and Austin  
Took a plane from Milwaukee straight to Nagasaki  
Asked about addiction in Aruba  
And about chemicals in Cuba  
I saw all in Montreal  
And had my fill in Brazil  
I did research in Reno and took notes in Toledo  
I dug up dirt in Pompeii and interrogated the UK  
I searched for facts in Iraq and filled my plate in Kuwait  
I collected old traces from all of those places  
In search of the basis of addictions many faces  
I may have spoken to you about the damage drugs do  
Or perhaps to your brother about the feelings drugs cover  
I talked about dealers and buying  
Overdosing and dying  
Needles and crack, cocaine and smack  
PCP and GHB, ecstasy and LSD  
Using DMT for spirituality  
And every other method of rapid drug delivery  
It's inside every dollar and in every bad father  
Its soaked in the soil and inside folded foil  
It's in every drawer and behind every war  
It's always the answer, even for cancer  
Its inside every rave and within every grave  
We drink and shoot, snort and toot  
We blow and booth the cold ugly truth  
We trade our cash and hide our stash  
We bogart and hoard more than we can afford  
We front and steal, anything not to feel

We occupy every jail cell and testify to daily real hell  
Steady facing the floor we come back wanting more  
So with all my research and notes  
My interviews and quotes  
All the facts found and leads tracked down  
The dug up facts and paperwork stacks  
All the buried treasures and precautionary measures  
All the forbidden pleasures and hidden endeavors  
All the overflowing file cabinets and the cemetery inhabitants  
The prayers closing meetings and the dirt covered seedlings  
All the Narcan doses and blood crusted noses  
I took it all and retreated and came back defeated  
After days of deliberation i emerged with frustration  
I cross checked my conclusion hoping for collusion  
I dotted my I's and crossed my T's but the weight of it buckled my knees  
The ultimate equation is for more devastation  
For the solution we require is dependent on desire  
That desire only comes with many many runs  
Those runs often fail ending with coffins and jail  
Those that remain who had enough of the pain  
Comprise the small number of those that recover  
There's no way to replace the journey addicts face  
No alternative simulation for recovery stimulation  
No amount of consoling or population polling  
No therapeutic equivalent for the addict predicament  
No measure of love is ever enough  
It just doesn't matter, their world has to shatter  
And of course even then they may go at it again  
There just is no telling, despite what you're selling  
Nobody's buying, they're overdosing and dying  
Love and prayer won't get them there  
They can't just wing it and Santa Claus can't bring it  
Amazon don't sell it and miss cleo can't tell it  
Your Congressman cant help ya and it's not in the supplements they're selling ya  
We cant fight it with ballistics or with scratch off lottery tickets  
There's no miracle pill or a shot and it doesn't matter what phone plan you got  
Its the same in Spain as it is in Maine  
It'll be the same on Mars and when we're flying in cars  
Addiction is a disease of the brain  
The only way to treat it is pain  
Those that pull through  
Are the very lucky few

By Craig Laffey