

Four Types of Intoxication
by D.E. Morgan
--A 4pagezine--

I. Cannabis

Cannabis sativa, indica, whatever,
plant reknowned for its ability to dull generations,
make victims oblivious to their surroundings,
and lure the enemy into their doom.

Not so bad by itself,
with a mind prone to madness
it intensifies the paranoia,
placing one in some conspiratorial spy movie.

Who are you buying it from?
Whether its legal or not,
do you trust the people who sell it to you?
Are you sure they won't become vicious foes?

It makes music sound good, yes,
makes music more important than it is
(although it is important!)
Some say its the tree of life.

No witch is complete without cannabis,
no gangster is without his blunt,
no wannabe intellectual is primed for chaos
until he takes his first puff of weed.

Whether bowl or blunt,
joint or chillum,
the smoke wafts its way
through society unfettered.

II. Amphetamines

They make you feel great,
pep you up for killing.
They erase your morals
and leave your mind burning.

Focusing on thought after genius thought
that in retrospect don't seem like good ideas,
you create chaotic messes
and laugh at the blinding sun.

Your heart pounds dangerously,
your brain cells profusely die.
Dopamine floods your cells,
makes your teeth grind.

Your life burns out quickly,
your attention is not distracted
by this most unfortunate,
unfortunate fact.

You age faster, your ribs show,
you lose weight,
and then when you burn out
you're a squirrly paranoid nut.

Does anyone want to stare at the sun?
Does anyone want a drug
that would make dropping a nuclear bomb
sound like a lot of fun?

Amphetamines will send you burning
into the fiery, fiery haze.

III. Opiates

Most remember a brief encounter
with these strangulating chemicals:
a brief walk in the clouds
during a hospital visit.

They make the pain of life go away,
but cause it to return in spades.
Everyone wants some relief
and it seems that relief wants to choke them.

I remember heroin,
I took it and promptly nearly died,
waking in an ambulance
that brought me back from the edge of death.

I don't know what its like to be addicted;
I don't know what its like to need these.
But every addict I meet
is a singularity of need.

Everyone talks about the opioid epidemic;
about thousands and thousands dead,
about fentanyl and heroin,
hydrocodone and oxycodone.

Addicts steal, addicts bring enmity
upon the house they live in.
Nothing satisfies
unless its stuck in their opiate receptors.

Opioids crucify the victims
of a society that runs from life.

IV. Benzodiazepines

Who wants their fear taken away?
That eye-bulging anxiety of modern life,
that terrible fear taken away
with a pill and a woosh?

Everyone does, but it won't let go.
It'll demand you obey it,
it'll demand your adherence
to its impossible spiderweb.

It's so hard to quit!
Doctors hand them out like candy
to those who can't stop taking them
because even quitting can be fatal!

Laying on couches in eternal sleep,
motivation sapped, eyes glazed
the fears gone for several hours
even as they conspire to return.

Valium, Xanax, Ativan, Clonopin:
how do you remove yourself
from their treacherous grasp
that takes one over with an army of molecules?

This couch steals from life,
this couch without fear
where even the dread fear that returns
has been still for a few hours.

Email: demorgan@protonmail.com

Website: <https://demorgan.site>

Etsy: <https://dryeyes61.etsy.com>