

Ben (name changed) wrote these poems whilst reflecting upon his heroin addiction, spanning more than twenty years. He was living in a homeless hostel, awaiting acceptance to a residential rehab centre.

An ode 2 Bow

As his body aches, he writhes in pain,
For without this pain he will not gain,
His body adapts to its natural self,
For it has been quite some time since he felt this clear,
Foreign bodies and ghastly chemicals have not passed these lips for sometime now,
Other more natural buzzes have gladly taken over the urge for synthetic rushes,
The artistic and poetic sides have been unveiled, discovered, he has no need to
enter a drug related world,
Supposedly 'controlled' – but by whom? The dealers? The barons?
These are the ones, the pushers who peddle their deadly powders and pills.
Once young, now slightly aged, vivid memories of experimentation,
Some bad, but many good. If only his willpower had been stronger.
Once I tried this, then I tried that! It will only lead from this to much more potent
inhibitors.

Now gladly he's as free as a bird in full flight.
Nothing, no nothing can stop him now.

R.I.P.
26-6-76 – to – 24-11-02

Bad boy from Wales

I'm a bad boy from Wales with plenty of tales of sick shit I've done in the past, but a life of crime, drugs and guns is never made to last – the time has come for me to be the adult I need to be to last or otherwise my life on earth is over – it's all in the past

Now for me to grow I need to be reborn as I've never been an adult in the head, 38 going on 18 and that's been my life instead
Never felt like giving up, growing up or simply just giving a fuck
Stuck to be being an outlaw instead of growing up inside this fucked up head

Well it seems to me I'm waking up out of a crazy dream but where the fuck is my future at
all I can do is scream at myself for being so good at being so bad as now I got fuck all left or at least so it seems.

I know I need help but I just don't know how to ask for it
don't know how to take it or what to do with it if and when I get it.
So used to doing shit all alone on my own but at least I realise I need it the rest should follow along, at least I hope it does.

You see there's this crazy bone holding my brain in my skull but after my son gave it a whack it shook my head.
Killed my brain dead and stopped me smoking that crack.

Thank you son now put down that shot-gun, cos I'm done and I promise to go get the help to rearrange my brain so that finally I will be sane.
Try so hard to regain your love so you can be proud of me once again.

OK, bye bye now
See you in hell for part two,

I love you son,
Always have, always will,
Death-row

Two of me

Mind expansion and memories explode like a meteor entering our earthly atmosphere; Thoughts turn into discussion, but how?

One person alone cannot discuss, no, not by themselves. There must be two of me!

Number one on the outside, number 2 stuck, unable to be freed, for my outer soul will not allow such beauty to take over.

Beauty, what is beauty? All I can imagine it to be!

It could be luscious; it could be a dream, but, for I will never discover its true meaning by being locked away inside this outside of me. I need only one at this present time... For I could be the key! Key? What key? The key of me! I could be the one, the one who owns the lock, the lock to my soul. Just one quick rotation and I shall be freed, but now to learn of how to turn, turn the key and I shall at last shall be me.