

Mark wrote this poem in preparation for his graduation from the RAPt (Rehabilitation of Addicted Prisoners Trust), 12-step drug rehabilitation programme in Bullingdon prison, Oxford. It reflects upon the journey on which he has been and, thanks to his faith in God and the availability of the RAPt programme, how things have now changed for him.

I've been searching for answers, trying to change my game
Getting sucked back in, things remain the same
Locked in a jail cell – for my sins
Wantin' to break down – be strong – suck it in
Blockin' out my feelings – getting' high
Watching days, weeks, even years, pass me by
Years behind bars, what's it all for?
I'm sick of this madness, breakin' the law
Building lines, stuck on the endz
Chasing dragons and P's with fake ass friends
Drivin' up and down, shooting bags for scores
Hidin' from the police whilst they're kickin' off doors
Never catching no zed's, always on the phone
Makin' empty promises, never goin' home
A slave to the street, motivated by greed
I'm sick of this sh**, it's not the life I could lead
Livin' my life like I don't give a toss
Mixed up emotions got me at a loss
Failed relationships, a daughter I don't see
Pushin' those away that get close to me
A selfish existence, no give 'n' take
Blamin' myself for other people's mistakes
Stick in this cycle, when will it break
I'm sick of this pain, how much more can I take?
When I surrendered, started to pray
Grace led me to the RAPt, where I found N.A.
Got in touch with my feelin's, cried some tears
Let go of resentments, faced up to my fears
Found love in my heart for God and my fam
Who helped set me free an' made me into this man
Today I am clean, now tomorrow there's hope
I'm still a sick man, but now I can cope

M Drewett '06