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## The Truth -- Bone Dry

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## The Truth – Bone Dry

Mark Eiseman

I have nothing to hide; nothing I can deny. I can tell the truth, now, bone-dry  
my road to hell started with one simple question

“Hey, have you ever tried X?” i am the cat curiosity killed  
i was too young; with a poison thirst to experience unlimited freedom,  
i was unstoppable

a dare - an offer - an invitation  
how do i answer – friend or foe

and so i gave in - it was really that easy – though i new better;  
Mother always taught,

“JUST SAY NO”

it was a momentous occasion; good or bad, i will never forget. this was the  
beginning of my end. i was vulnerable; scared; alone;  
surrounded by friends – or foes? i could list the drugs by name, by order of  
introduction, by preference, even by severity of side effects -  
but details are not necessary

in the end, i had 13 new leaders of my life they controlled my every thought.  
i could not escape.

these things they call drugs, i love them.

it's said they “free the mind.” in reality they capture and kill.  
i was trapped in a slowly rotting life. i didn't recognize the empty gaze  
staring back in the mirror; unfamiliar; ugly; frightening. best described – a zombie.

to justify, morals are run through the shredder thoughts only focus  
on the next rush the next pill the next line the next injection  
i feel replenished, but how long will it last

i am comforted, but only for a moment.

i live for the moment i have no future  
do you know what it's like to have no future to question, every minute, your  
very existence to believe, truly, that you are, and forever will be a waste  
of space

i am tired weary confused my soul yearns for relief. i want to  
escape from my own carcass how can i end it  
thoughts of death cloud my mind and so i give up but i do it the right way  
I confess; more importantly, I realize and believe my addiction  
it has been 10 months now, but it seems like only yesterday  
the desire hasn't faded – it will NEVER fade I must not forget

my nose still itches and tingles at every thought of “coke”

drugs will always have a strong hold on my life  
I miss those times, I cannot lie whenever I feel stressed, alone, or depressed,  
I want to return to my strong devil-friends  
but I know better I AM better I have a future  
a vision, hope; a sense of purpose I am important

so this is my story, bone-dry, with nothing to hide.