

My Last Pain

© Monica Joyce Published: June 2007

*Another spill down the drain,
one more pill to drown my pain.
Is it a cover up or a disguise
I don't think I'll ever stop and realize.*

*More hurt and dissatisfying tears.
One more bad picture, then I face my fears.
I'll always be scared deep down inside
But yet I still continue to deny.*

*I feel there is no one to turn to in my time of need.
So I light up a big one, and smoke some weed.
To me, my life is just one big joke.
A life of heroine, alcohol, not to mention coke.*

*These are substitutes to make me fly.
I feel I have nothing to worry about when I am high.
Some of the drugs hit so fast
Then I say to myself, "This will be the last."*

*But more pain and anger builds up in my heart.
I know what I need to numb my parts.
Suddenly I feel that high again.
I don't care who I hurt or the sin within.*

*I start thinking I just want to die.
There is no one who cares or questions why?
I decide to take that last shot once more.
Then I am gone, there is nothing to live for.*

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/my-last-pain>