

At War

At war with my addictions today. Well, every day I suppose, I just seem to find myself on the frontlines on mornings like this. What are “mornings like this”? I couldn’t exactly tell you, you don’t really know yourself until you’re in them, waking up with that “feeling”. Funk. Just funk. That’s the best way I can try to describe it. It’s a war with my decisions, my will slipping slowly across into enemy lines, a double agent with less allegiance than the drugs themselves. Oh well, I guess all I can do is watch them scurry away, observing the betrayal with each step they take. I say “them” because it’s more than just my will, piggybacking across the battleground, perched upon the spine of my demons—it’s a part of me myself. What part I’m not sure, the greater part? I hope not. Perhaps it’s the whole thing? All I know is that I’m there. It’s me. As I stand in the mud, stuck inside the sludge-filled trenches I’ve dug for myself, I am at the same time sprinting directly towards enemy fire, no white flags to mark surrender. It is not peace I am looking for. I do not wish to cease the fire, only to join the other side. I stand there, staring out at myself, helplessly watching me do it, my legs carrying me further away in the distance. I wait for the sound of gun shots but all that surfaces is the sound of my watch beeping on the hour. It’s 13:00. Where has the morning gone? Time to start my day.

I drink coffee. I didn’t for a long time but I do now. One more fix to add to the collection. I prefer mine lukewarm, even on cold mornings. It makes it easier to skull it down. Not that I don’t enjoy the taste, I do. I just enjoy the warm flow of fervor rolling through my body and the smack of three sugars hitting my tongue even more. Listen to how I idolize my desires. Trapped. In a Stockholm syndromed state of oblivion, worshipping one of my captors more than it blasphemes me. But that’s only where it starts—only the beginning. I couldn’t tell you the end of it, even if I tried. It doesn’t exist.

There's a knock on my door. But it's only in my head. It would be nice to tell you that someone came to visit me right about now. That way I could talk on a bit, possibly even tell you a story. But they didn't. They don't. I live alone, and I don't just mean in my apartment. I live alone, in general. I *exist* alone. Well not entirely. I have lots of little friends. Enemies disguised as such, but friends nonetheless. And today I'm at war with them. Did I mention that already? Well, we're at war every day I suppose, today I just seem to find myself on the frontlines. What does that mean? I couldn't really tell you, I'm usually not sure of it myself until I'm there, standing on the battlefield on both sides at once. Funk. Just funk. That's probably the best I could do to describe it.