

### **My Box**

I keep the box hidden beneath my bed. Covered in dead hair and skin cells accrued from years of dwelling in its hiding place. Adorned with plastic rhinestones from arts and crafts that day in kindergarten; the box is the epitome of my thoughts that hide themselves in the dark corners of my mind. I hide the imprint of childhood dog's paw that I found sleeping eternally in the garage one morning. I hide humiliating photos from my first crush. I hide my naïve mind. The box is home to the sticky note that used to track the homecoming of my father. He never came. The box is home to the wine corks that I stole from my mother tracking her consumption each evening. It never stopped. I hide my candy wrappers from binge eating episodes. My box. Hiding my secrets and afflictions. I refuse to acknowledge the agony from my past. I just exile it to my box.

## **Addiction**

I don't understand addiction.  
And yet I have been surrounded by it all my life.  
I don't understand how someone who wants to desperately to be clean  
Can succumb to temptation after doing so well.

I don't understand  
How someone can deny their problem  
Even though they can see the destruction they cause.  
Why don't they want help?

How can a substance  
have such control over someone?  
My friend, clean and sober,  
Slipped and fell off the wagon.  
My mother, submerged in a drunken stupor  
Has no desire to live without her drug.

I don't understand addiction, but I wish I did.

## Sober

It begins when the waiter delivers the wine list:  
Bordeaux, Cabernet, Pinot Noir, Merlot  
My mouth waters  
I definitely wont be choosing just one.

My first selection a dry cabernet  
Strong tart scents waft from the glass to my nose  
Smooth oak finished with a bite of cherry gracing my taste buds  
Hooked. I need more of the warming sensation.  
Before I know it, the bottle is empty.

My vision is blurry, eyelids sagging to hide the bloodshot experience beneath them  
A glaring crimson shade stains my warm cheeks  
I have attained the sensation my body needs  
And yet my judgment tells me I need more.

One more glass wont hurt.  
I command my waiter to give me another pour.  
Sipping away my pain,  
Transforming into a numb slouching shape barely resembling life

Emotionless eyes, my body numb to my pain.  
I could sit here forever to avoid the struggle that awaits me outside  
My night only ends  
By clock signaling the top of the hour

Drudgingly, I make my way towards the valet  
Fumbled for my keys, before finally settling into the drivers seat  
Two and a half bottles in,  
but only three miles to drive.

Attempting to focus on the road ahead  
But suddenly distracted by the flashing blue and red lights behind me  
I reek of the evening, my body hot with booze and fear  
This should be a wake up call, but its not.

I need to be numb. I won't choose to be sober.

## My Serenity

In my paradise, there are no dogwood blossoms.  
Only palm trees and Birds of Paradise lining the coastal shore.  
Matilija poppies scatter amongst the rocks  
Just past the rocky points at Strands Beach  
I rest submerged in the oceans  
As a fiery sun descends beneath the horizon line  
Raging waters to begin to swell  
As nighttime blankets the tranquil shore  
Just to the west Downtown Laguna awakens  
With the harmonies of tonight's live performers  
With the twangy acoustics and heartfelt vocals  
Creating the perfect setting for blissfully riding the evening current

## Murder

I am a killer.

Mindlessly taking life because I am too distracted by my dysphoria.

I snuffed out the last breath of another living creature. Clean and quick. An immediate silencing of energy. Tears rolled down my face, not out of sorrow for my deadly deed, but out of anguish from my phone call that preceded the slaying. Id like to apologize to that poor bunny lying lifeless on the road, I wish I could have hit the breaks quicker. but life must go on, no point in lamenting on the past. Lets focus on the future, hopefully with no prospective victims.