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Addiction

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Addiction

Jenna Fleming

Just one time I injected your sweet scent into the blue veins
traced electric against the pale white of the inside of my elbow.
I huffed up the fumes that trailed where your hair or your hands
had rested, even after you'd long deserted your chair.
I cut you up into little neon-colored paper stamps
and held them dissolving on my tongue,
waiting to hear the whisper of your voice on the inside of my eyelids
watching as my reflection in the looking-glass slowly became tinted
with the intense mossy flavor of your gaze.

I got so used to shooting up on you.
I couldn't sleep without a bubbly glass or two
of that sweet-dry-tart swirling liquid, white and red and blush.
I drank you shaken, stirred, salted—
I gulped you warm and stagnant, icily on the rocks,
forever savoring the daggers you tore down my throat
the searing flame you lit somewhere behind my left lung.

I locked you up in my pocket, packed tightly into a gilt bejewelled snuffbox
and stole pinches quickly and quietly around corners when I thought no
one was looking.
I found it hard to leave the soft confines of my bed without
a handful of the poppyseed smoke harvested from those sick fantastical
blossoms.
I loved nothing better than to feel time stretch out beneath my fingertips,
to listen as the letters of your name were softly carved out into tracks on
my bones.

I smoked up and blissed out on big sparkly crystal rocks of you,
crushed into tiny pieces and jammed tight
to fill up my paper pipe, then lit aflame
with the inky end of my volatile pen.
I used to blow big clouds of you up onto the ceiling
and watch you gather there,
fascinated with the way my eyesight became fuzzy

even while colors grew into motion and space itself gained shapes.

I should have known that the lurid ecstasies you offered were temporary,
that the deafening wildness of a high on you could only last so long.

But it was always too hard to care after that first deep heady drag,
after just one tiny fiery rapturous drop—

because on you I could hold stars in my hands.

When I could feel that slow pulsing light echo through my fingernails,
when I could see my flesh glow blinding, and just nearly hear its sizzle-
song of joy,

moderation wasn't possible, restraint wasn't conceivable, sensibility wasn't
necessary.

You were my stimulant and depressant, teaching me when to rise and fall
regardless of the distant, desperate, loving appeals made by the sun and the
moon.

You were my narcotic, my methamphetamine, racing through my arteries
more essential than the blood that pumped through my ever-weakening
heart.

You were my hallucinogen and my deliriant, my aphrodisiac and my opiate.

I would have sold myself away for one more hit, one more sip—

I would have done anything in my power for just one more dose of you.

But now I have nothing left to give

and I'm terrified of withdrawal.