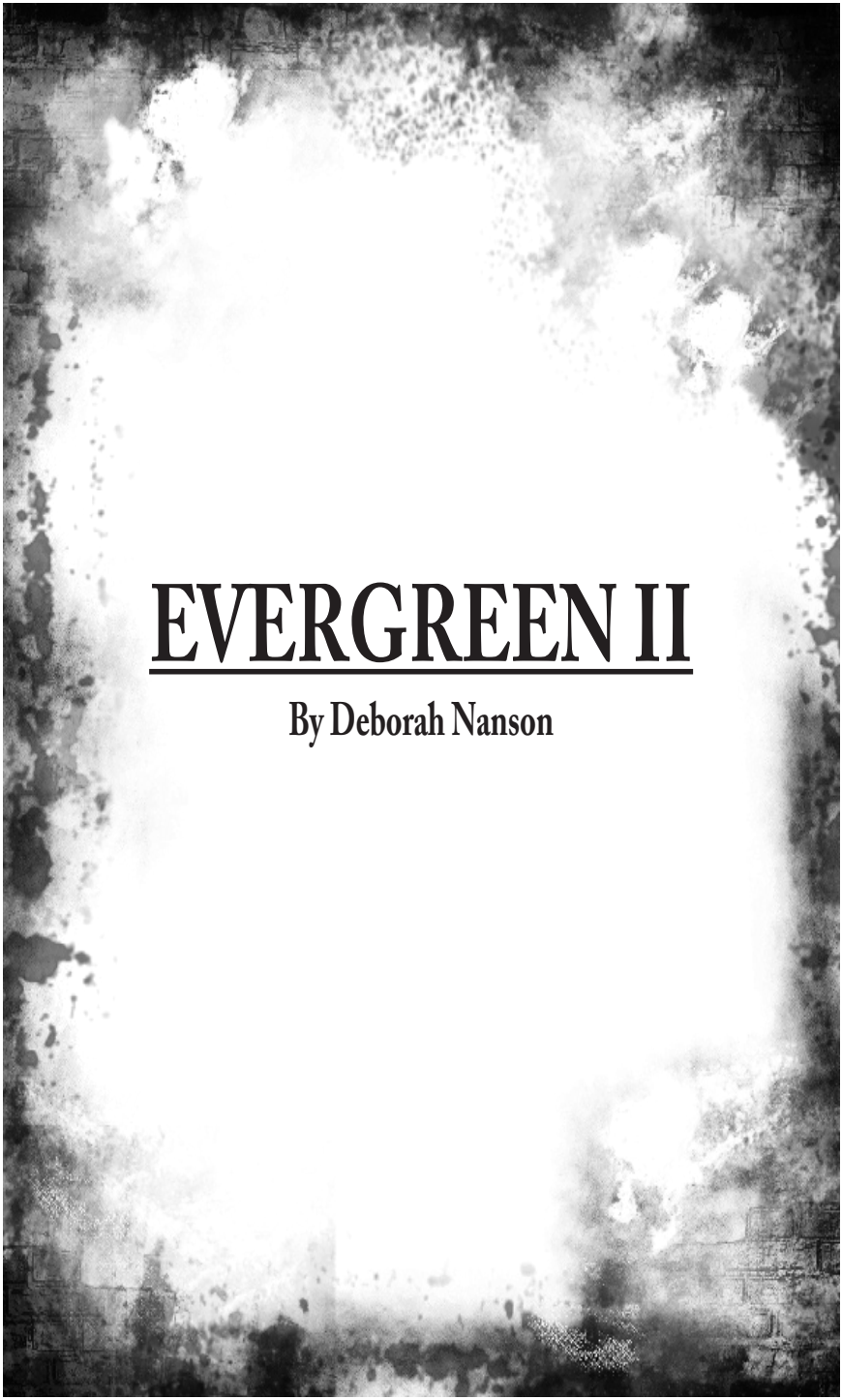
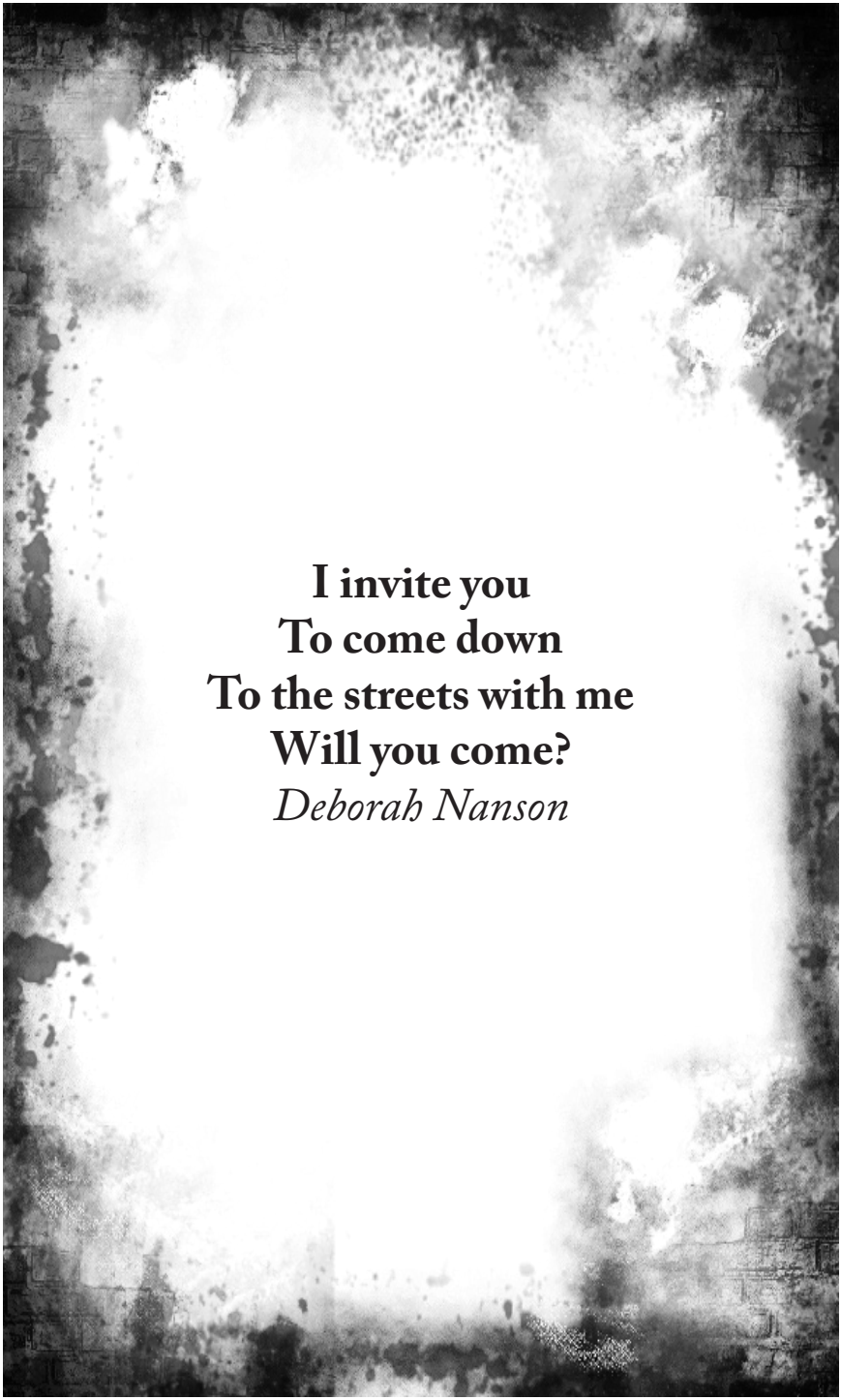

EVERGREEN II
By Deborah Nanson



I invite you
To come down
To the streets with me
Will you come?
Deborah Nanson

Who Am I?

I am the crack addict standing on the corner, waiting for the car to stop. I am the person with the dirty clothes, as crack means more. I am the one who changed her clothes from someone else's laundry basket. Right down to the underwear, not caring who the previous wearer was, nor if it was clean.

Who am I? I am the addict that could be your child. I am the addict who could be your grandchild. I am the addict who could have preformed sex acts for money with your husband, your son, your daughter. I am the the addict who stole from you so that I could buy more crack. I am the addict that told you I loved you so that you would believe my lies. Despite that, I am the addict that lived next door and smiled at you daily.

Do you know who I am? I am the person who as a child played in the driveway and dreamed of being a lawyer. Do you understand? I am addicted and life is passing me by. To get through it, all I do is lie. I am the addict that one day may die. Do you know who I am? I am she, she is me, we are one another.

Untitled

The long dirty alleyway I walk into

To exchange sex for money

Is the last place I walked

Will me family cry as I am gone?

Will justice be done?

A long dirty alleyway and a body bag is how I left.

Will anyone notice?

I Saw

I saw my addiction in another's eyes
I saw the pain dancing in the flames of rage
A silent sort of rage that pushes beyond the limits
The pain is accepted as part of life
I saw my addiction in her eyes
Running from the causes
I saw my addiction in someone elses eyes
Looking at the reflection, not knowing, in all that rage
The other person is me

Come Down To the Streets With Me

Come down to the streets with me
As I see what I see
Look through my eyes at these streets
The pain you see
Shall make you cry
Come down to the streets with me
Walk beside me
Share the night
Borrow a condom
Come down to the streets with me
Share a cigarette with me
Turn a trick with me... We shall split the money
Then go get crack. Then start over.
Can you walk down to these streets with me
Night time is the best out on the corner
Early morning a quick forty is all I need
And you get a breakfast blow job
I've been here a few days and the streets all look the same

I bought some clothes on the corner
From the second-hand shop
Didn't steal them as the lady was nice
She works on these streets in a store, smiles, not sneers
So come down to the streets with me
And learn what I've learned
Standing on the corner as the money drives by
Up too long, maybe
Too cracked out for his tastes
Wrong colour
Wait, there's one, and she likes women
Come down to the streets with me
A different shade of colour in an addicts world
A different shade of colour every time I exhale
Through my eyes all I see is sex to feed addiction
Or to trade for a place to sleep
I invite you to come down to the streets with me
Will you come?

Through The Haze

Casting off the thoughts I find are of yesterday
Holding tight to the vision I have heart-held

Scream

Scream

Scream

And yet, no sound comes out

Plagued by addiction
Bondage of chains that hold me down
Deeper into the haze of crack cocaine
Turnabout can I?
How do I?
Just a passing thought.....

Last

As I stand on the corner cars go by
Six inch heels, short skirt, dreaming
And praying for a car to stop
Sisters on the corner, dealers, a phone call away
The car stops, we talk, a transaction is made
We agree to meet in the alleyway behind me
Long dirty alleyway, I am walking towards the money
Thoughts of so many things as I walk
My most precious thought is a piece of crack
Melted in my pipe
Will this trick be quick or take his time?
The transaction is made, the money is mine
Now I think, should I run, steal his wallet
Or simply do what I am paid to do
The long dirty alleyway has me in its grips
The condom comes out and the zipper goes down
If I could only do a puff, my mind screams
Does he have a wife I wonder, children?
Perhaps, who knows, I have his money
Zipper opens as my head goes down
His hands slide so quickly around my throat
As they tighten I can not scream, but thoughts of my life
My mother, father, siblings, childhood memories
Life on the street memories
Will anyone miss me?
Does my mother know I love her?
Do you think I shall be able to some the crack in my pipe?
Will I get out of this car alive?
He tightens
No room to scream
Cannot do my last toke

A Thought

From a prison window my thoughts race
In every direction
So fast at times all I can do is close my eyes
Hug myself for comfort
Wondering
Why
Soon the door will open to this court appointed prison
I shall walk out
Only to enter the life and the prison I am comfortable in
The one in my mind
Still thinking....

As the night falls

Comes the rearing of my other side
Out of the blue
With the thought of a faded memory
A tear of something that once was and may never be again
Falling to my knees
Screaming out my fears
Embracing the darkness I am working to release from
From bondage
Fallen grace
Here I find myself without a direction
Embracing ones seems
Seems
Like something I should do
So
I shall

A Story From The Heart of An Addict

Is you ask me why, I have no reason that I can explain
The line I crossed over
The line that no one ever sees
And certainly always trips over, I did
I tripped and fell flat on my face
Flat down for men and women
Money and crack
I loved crack
And my marriage to the drug was one I cherished
My prison life – the drug was faithful it was always there
No matter what
Upon my release it was there
As soon as I came home
When I dress I dress so beautifully, as I stroll the corner
Pleasing my pimp, my crack cocaine

The walk
The talk
The sway of the hips
Preforming fellatio on men or women
So I can soon suck my devils dick
A union that shall kill me one day
Do you understand where I am?
Do you care your husband picks me up for money?
Do I care that you care?
No.
You see all I care about is the money so I can smoke my lover
I need crack to preform the trick
To stay in this marriage of crack and sex
In a world that some die brutal deaths
Go to jail
Murder
Be murdered
At times no real reason
Only that you were a street girl
The marriage made ion hell
A kiss of death and a love that can only be one sided

In The Light Of Day

In the light of day I can see the tasks at hand
In the light of day I have learned to say good morning
A smile to a stranger
The gentle caress of a hand

Look to the sky and praise the Sunday
Look to the sky and become lost in the clouds
As I kneel
As I pray
As I learn to appreciate the scenery around me
In the morning I can say god bless this light of day

The flowing motion that carries me through
Through the day that brought me to the night
In the light of night
I look and pray thanking god for the lessons of today
Blessings that are a joy to receive
Blessings are the morning as I awake clean

Today is the day I entered recovery
In the light of day I can see the tasks at hand
I can see me

Untitled

Love
Laugh
Sin
Tears
Acts
Fears
Where do these thoughts come from?
Think these lonely thoughts
Imagination goes a long way

Run

Run to the center of my mind and be afraid
Afraid of life
Afraid of self
And being in my own skin
Abuse is the rule to live by and I did that well
Tears form at the corner of my eyes
And the ache that fills my heart
Is for a life of lost living
In a drug filled haze I know how not to deal with reality
There is no real in this world
Only lies and deception
Loss of self
As overwhelming as the addiction itself
So I now look for a solution and I'm learning to live
Daily without drugs and lies
Run to the center of my mind and I am very afraid
Afraid of staying straight
Afraid of life with dreams and goals
For you see I've lived in a world without any borders
For such a long time being afraid is part of my every breath
Mannerisms from yesterday
I try not to preform today
I stand erect yet afraid
As learning to live ones life on lifes terms
Takes more courage than being addicted

Evergreen II
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$10 CAN

ISBN 978-1-897180-60-0

Online Edition 2020
Second Printing January 2017
50 Copies

Published by
Grey Borders Books
Edited By Priscilla Brett
www.greyborders.com
editors@greyborders.com