Overdose Awareness Day

Walking at night down a lonely street,
Insomnia won’t let me fall asleep.
Dry mouth, dizziness, skin rash from my head to my feet.
Self esteem too low to quit, too high to go to sweep.

DMT, GHB, Cocaine and Meth.
PCP, LSD, Nicotine and Ket.
What will I indulge in next?
I look through my wallet but there’s nothing left.
I can’t think, I can’t even move.
Unless it’s to get my next hit and then.
I enter my apartment again.
Asking strangers, family, close friends.
For a dollar, a dime, even a cent.
All of that for the feeling of sure gain.
Noises so loud in my head it feels like wedding bells.

I stop walking, I look at my arms full of holes.
Thinking about life people I’ve hurt and the money I owe.
Suddenly I get this pain in my stomach.
As my high reaches its summit.
My pleasure of addiction has caused me to plumb.
My nose bleeds as my knees get weak.
My love for crack and weed has led me flat out on the street.
My life dimmed as I feel the light drain from my eyes.
The chances are slim to live, I’ve surely met my demise.

But you have to wake up, don’t let your life go astray.
You have to get up, don’t let your mind fade away.
If you can’t get that work, if you can’t walk then crawl or pray.
That only for a second, only for a moment, just for today.
Your eyes open all the way.
Your hands rise up to move objects out the way.
And your legs have enough strength to run you away.

Get up before it’s too late.
To negotiate and set your life straight.
Addiction was the trap and drugs were the bait.
Don’t let it control you again and dictate.
How you make and create.
Your new life, one without the pain and strife.
With the indomitable values you’ve instilled inside.

August 31st save the date.
Whether your here or abroad.
For a topic which holds so much weight.
Seek help and you’ll be met with applause.
It doesn’t matter if your shoes are worn.
And your clothes are rotted up, threadbare or torn.
We’ll wrap that silver ribbon around you like a warm winter’s coat.
And pitch in to keep you off, all because you had the courage to approach.
And revolt against the challenges that lay.
And caused you to throw you life away.
So whoever reads this, no matter what they say.
Whether your suffering from addiction or have a friend missing.
It’s never a drug that has turned your life into absolute disaster.
Just remember August 31st, Overdose Awareness Day.

Kiran Bhagirath

Chesty Banay
Overdose Awareness Day Poem
Type of Poem: Acrostic Poem

One in three Americans will have a friend die of an overdose
Victims of substance abuse and opioid overdose surround us
Even those closest to us
Rapid effects consume those who partake in drug use
Dozens addicted and trapped
Opioid addiction takes over one’s ability to understand and resist
Synthetic opioids create an even quicker problem
Everyday is an ongoing battle against the opioid crisis

Acknowledge the problem
Work towards a solution, even if it will take a while for drastic results
Avoid generalizing and looking down on those who partake in drug use
Realize the signs in the people around you
Educate those about the dangers of opioids and substance abuse
Never feel alone in this battle
Extend a helping hand to those who are suffering
Several sources and services available to help
Step by step we will get through this opioid epidemic

Poetry and Artwork by: ECPO 2021 High School Summer Interns Session 1
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Self esteem too low to quit, too high to go to sleep.

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PCP, LSD, Nicotine and Ket.
What will I indulge in next?
I look through my wallet but there's nothing left.
I can't think straight my minds a wreck.
Unless its to get my next hit and then.
I scour my apartment again.
Asking strangers, family, close friends.
For a dollar, a dime, even a cent.
All of that for the feeling of instant zen.
Noises so loud in my head it feels like wedding bells.

I stop walking, I look at my arms full of holes.
Thinking about the people i've hurt and the money I owe.
Suddenly I get this pain in my stomach.
As my high reaches its summit.
My pleasure of addiction has caused me to plummet.
My nose bleeds as my knees get weak.
My love for crack and weed has laid me flat out on the street.

My life dims, as I feel the light drain from my eyes.
The chances are slim to live, I've surely met my demise.

But you have to wake up, don't let your life go astray.
You have to get up, don't let your mind fade away.
If you can't run then walk if you can't walk then crawl or pray.
That only for a second, only for a moment, just for today.
Your eyes open all the way.
Your hands rise up to move objects out the way.
And your legs have enough strength to run you away.

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Addiction was the trap and drugs were the bait.
Don't let it control you again and dictate.
How you make and create.
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Whether your here or abroad.
For a topic which holds so much weight.
Seek help and you'll be met with applause.
It doesn't matter if your shoes are worn.
And your clothes are tattered, shredded or torn.
We'll wrap that silver ribbon around you like a warm winter's coat.
And pitch in to keep you afloat, all because you had the courage to approach.
And revolt against the challenges that lay.
And caused you to throw your life away.

So to whoever reads this, no matter what they say.
Whether your suffering from addiction or have a clean life underway.
If there's a drug that has turned your life into absolute disarray.
Just remember August 31st, Overdose Awareness Day.

Kiran Bhagirath
Chelsy Bunay
Overdose Awareness Day Poem
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STOP OPIED ABUSE

Kaleema James

Aditya Jain