

on your urine test, you'll go back to prison."
 I got high.
 When I went back to prison for a dirty urine
 I got high.
 When it was time to go to school
 I got high.
 When I was kicked out of school
 I got high.
 When I felt sad
 I got high.
 When I was happy
 I got high.
 When I couldn't tell how I felt
 I got high.
 When I didn't want to get high
 I got high.
 When I got married
 I got high.
 When I got divorced
 I got high.
 When I moved to the the country to get away
 from drugs
 I got high.
 When I moved back to the city so I could get
 drugs
 I got high.
 When I found out that I was losing entire days
 in memory
 I got high.
 When I remembered what it was that I had
 done while I was high
 I got high.

In the beginning I got high because I liked it.
 In the end I got high because it was all I had
 left.
 In the beginning I got high because I could fuck
 for hours.
 In the end I got high because I could not fuck
 at all.
 In the beginning I got high with my friends.
 In the end I got high alone.
 In the beginning I got high so I could dance.
 In the end I got high and thought I would
 never dance again.
 In the beginning it was dancing dreams on the
 walls of my mind.

In the end the rooms were dark and lonely; the
 dreams were dead.
 In the beginning I thought I had found a better
 way of life.
 In the end I got high and had no life at all.
 In the beginning I got high because I was
 searching for the way.
 In the end I got high because I was searching
 for the way out.
 In the beginning I got high because I wanted to
 open up.
 In the end I got high because I wanted to shut
 down.
 In the beginning I would get high to get closer
 to you.
 In the end I was afraid of you and you wanted
 nothing to do with me.

In the end it was like this.
 If I was to approach the devil to sell my soul for
 a fix,
 (I would have done this had I known how)
 old Lucifer would have laughed at me and said,
 "How can you sell me what you have already
 lost to heroin?"

I am convinced of this.
 If Lucifer was to shoot heroin
 he would trade all the provinces of hell for one
 more fix.

I won't get hooked.
 I can stop any time I want to.
 This will be the last time.
 God, if you get me out of this I'll never do it
 again.
 I promise.
 No, no, this time I really mean it.
 Honest.

"What would you do for a fix?" she asked.
 I looked at her, smiled, and said, "For a fix-
 I would do anything."

—Mark D. Goldfinger,
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