

DOWN WITH THE BLUES

MY STRUGGLE WITH ADDICTION



ZINE BY ANGEL

NATIONAL SUBSTANCE ABUSE

HOTLINE

1-800-662-4357

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

RESOURCES

[HTTPS:// /M.NA.ORG](https://m.na.org)

YOU ARE NOT ALONE, HELP IS

AVAILABLE

IN AMERICA, OPIOID OVERDOSES ARE
ONE OF THE LEADING CAUSES OF
DEATH.

BIG PHARMACEUTICAL
COMPANIES PUSHED DOCTORS
TO OVER PRESCRIBE OPIOIDS

THE CRIMINALIZATION OF
DRUGS LEADS TO ADDICTS
GOING TO JAIL INSTEAD OF
GETTING HELP

FENTANYL IS LACED INTO
MANY STREET DRUGS,
LEADING TO DEATHS

REHAB COSTS THOUSANDS OF
DOLLAR, MAKING IT DIFFICULT
TO AFFORD FOR A MAJORITY OF
PEOPLE

ANGEL'S STORY



I WAS 12 WHEN I FIRST GOT ADDICTED TO PHARMACEUTICAL DRUGS. THE SON OF A FAMILY FRIEND DRUGGED ME WITH XANAX. I THEN BECAME ADDICTED TO THAT FEELING, THE FEELING THAT WOULD SEND ME ON A DOWNWARD SPIRAL.

BY THE TIME I WAS 14 I WAS ADDICTED TO OXY. THIS ADDICTION WAS WHAT WOULD LEAD ME TO HEROIN AND FENTANYL. IN A WEIRD WAY, I'M GRATEFUL FOR MY HEROIN ADDICTION. WITHOUT THAT SPECIFIC ADDICTION I NEVER WOULD'VE GOTTEN SOBER, HOWEVER I WOULDN'T WISH IT ON ANYONE WHEN I WAS 15, I OVERDOSED ON HEROIN THAT HAD BEEN MIXED WITH FENTANYL. EVERYDAY I AM GRATEFUL FOR MY FRIEND WHO GAVE ME NARCAN AND CALLED FIRST RESPONDERS.

AFTER MY OVERDOSE, I WAS SENT TO REHAB FOR THE FIRST TIME. I WAS RELUCTANT TO GO AND REFUSED TO PARTICIPATE IN TREATMENT. NOT EVEN 3 MONTHS AFTER I CAME HOME, I WAS SENT TO A JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY. I WAS RELEASED FROM JUVIE AFTER ABOUT A MONTH AND I WAS SENT STRAIGHT TO A TREATMENT CENTER. IT WAS THIS TREATMENT CENTER THAT SAVED MY LIFE.

WHILE IN TREATMENT, I REALIZED I HAD TO CHANGE. I TURNED 16 WHILE IN REHAB AND WHILE IT WAS SAD, THERE'S NO WHERE ELSE I SHOULD'VE BEEN. EVER SINCE THEN I HAVE WORKED MY ASS OFF TO STAY SOBER.

I STARTED WRITING POETRY WHILE IN REHAB. IT HELPED ME PROCESS MY EMOTIONS. I ALSO STARTED MAKING ART FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS. I AM NOW 17 AND OVER A YEAR SOBER.

WE DO RECOVER

HERE IS SOME OF THE POETRY I WROTE IN REHAB

IM EATING MY OWN BONES
AND DRINKING MY OWN BLOOD
MY BRAIN IS SLOWLY DYING
WHILE MY SOUL BEGS TO BE LOVED

I FEEL MY FEET BENEATH ME
THEY'RE WEAK AND TIRED AND WORN
I'M WAITING FOR MY HEART TO STOP
AND FOR ME TO BE REBORN

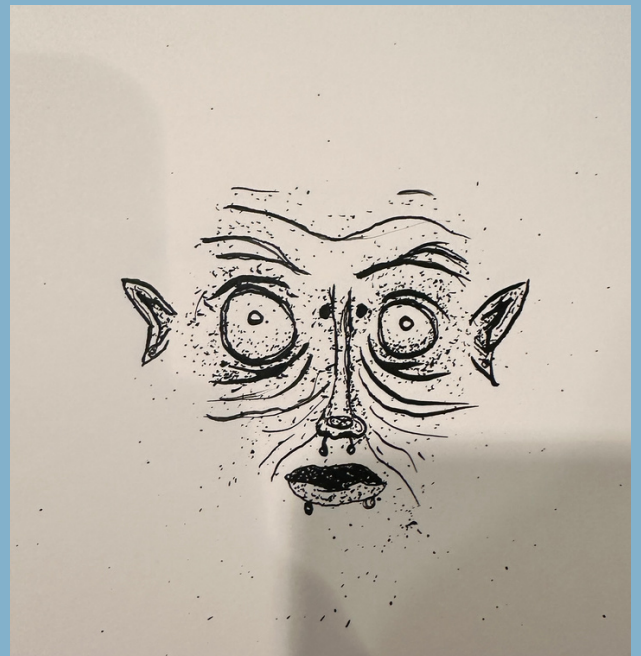
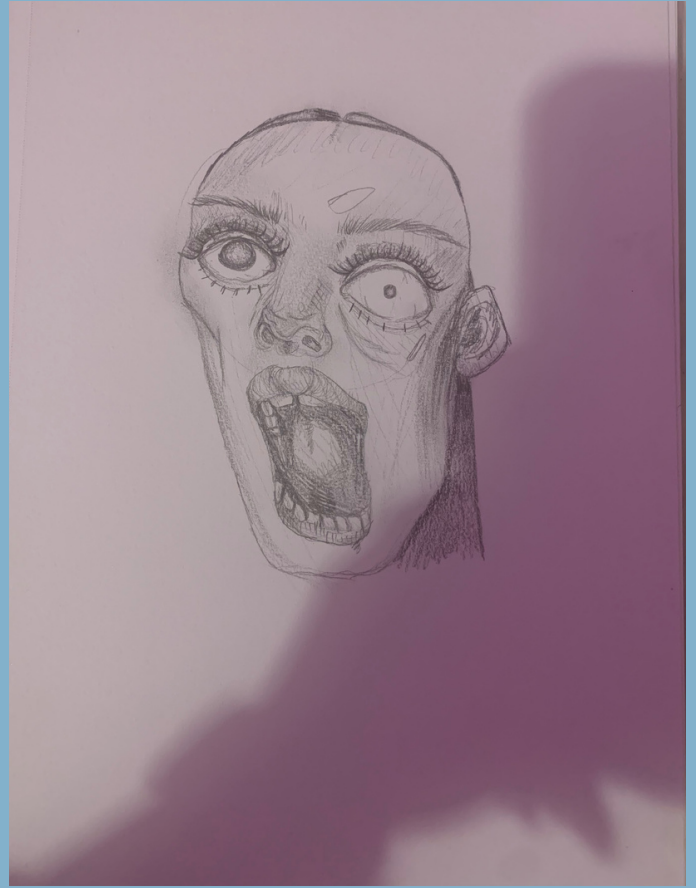
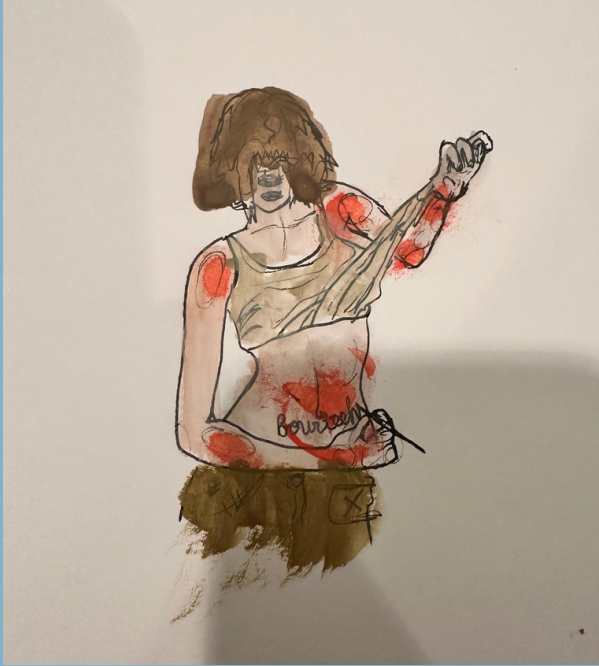
THIS JOURNEY IS NEVER ENDING
I'LL WALK ALONE TILL I COLLAPSE
STRIVING FOR SOMETHING I'LL NEVER
REACH
MY BODY IS MY TRAP

MY BRAIN IS BLUE AND ROTTING
MY HANDS AND FEET ARE NUMB
MY VEINS ARE COLLAPSING
I'M WAITING FOR DEATH TO COME

NOTHING IS EVER EASY
BUT I WOULDN'T SAY IT'S HARD
I MADE IT ALL SO COMPLICATED
AND NOW MY ARMS ARE SCARRED

I'M SITTING IN THIS EMPTY ROOM
PUKING AND COVERED IN SWEAT
NEEDLES ALL AROUND ME
BUT I'M STILL NOT DEAD YET

THE ART I MADE IN REHAB



WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THOSE STRUGGLING WITH ADDICTION

CARRY NARCAN WITH YOU AND LEARN HOW
TO USE IT

BE A LISTENING EAR IF YOU'RE EMOTIONALLY
AVAILABLE TO DO SO

BE PATIENT. ADDICTION IS A DISEASE AND IT
IS NOT CURED OVERNIGHT