

Mommy, Do You Have Your Medicine?

by Jessica Poorman

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I wake up in the morning trying to will myself back to sleep with no luck. Another bad night: hot then cold; up then down; aching body; racing thoughts of the wasted time; and the things I swore I'd never do, I've done.

I look to my side at my children sleeping, body's so innocent, still so loving but robbed of the person they call mom –the body of that person still present but mind so twisted and far gone. As tears stream down my face, I get enough strength to drag my body, which is now 30 pounds lighter, and walked pass the mirror and catch a glimpse of this. This woman's features are familiar, but her eyes filled with hurt and agony –a stranger indeed. I ask myself, *who is this person looking back at me? Where did I lose my smile? My goals? My dreams? My self-respect? How did I allow a drug to rule every piece of me –my mind, body and soul? How can it consume my every thought? How can I be more loyal to a substance than to my own flesh and blood?*

Days and nights consumed with wanting, needing and getting more of the thing that's the reason behind me becoming this stranger. I'm so angry, hurt, broken and yelling at the reflection, reminding it of all the bad things it has done to everyone around it. How selfish, disgusting and terrible my behavior has been. Begging God to please take me or give me the strength to stop getting high, as I snap

back into reality to the voice of my beautiful son saying, "Mom."

I look to the left at the big blue eyes and little arms reaching out to me. I smile and say, "Yes?" And he says, "Are you gonna be happy today? Do you have your medicine? And instead of stopping and being the mom he deserves, I call my dealer to drop me off stuff then turn and say to my son, "Yeah, mommy won't be sick today. It will be a good day!"