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**"All In Your Mind"**

Hold your breath don't let anybody see you cry.  
Hide your scars, lest everyone sees you as weak.  
Surrender you most prized possession for just a single high.  
Inject your body with Meth, the possession for which you seek.  
Forfeit you spiritual freedom, or just last in the game.  
If you win, you lose, you're even worse than dead.  
Such an evil drug can make you sell your very name.  
Anything for the next fix, never mind being sheltered or fed.

Hmm, "Fix"

The very nature of this word is a clue to how it lies.  
So very tired, but you can't find enough strength to just rest.  
I feel that I'm becoming an animal, a thought that I despise.  
How can anyone enjoy this life, so far from being blessed?  
Is it really even worth it all, the pain, the tears and the prices you pay?  
Don't let the addiction answer that; its lonely voice of treason.  
It's the burden on your conscience, a parasite in the worst way.  
You get so scatter brained after a while, no more sense of reason.  
So strange that your best friend, is also your biggest foe.  
Meth maybe yellow, sometimes white, but it stain's your insides JET-BLACK.  
You can run from the addiction all you want, but there's nowhere left to run.  
The demon-dust is inside your head, stabbing you in your back.

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