

At age thirteen I started playing with drugs, and was ignorant to the effects it would have on my life. It was as if a new entity took over my being. My mind & body entered into some kind of a possession by the demon of addiction. The only thing that I could reflect my behavior in this addiction would be the equivalent of a demonic possession, losing all identification with my species and have now become enslaved by my drug use. A swift transformation of consciousness got swirled around in my new thought process that lead to a trance like state. I am no longer dwelling on positive things but I have become a dark entity. It is if I've entered into another realm. A shift of reality has taken place and earth has suddenly become my personal hell. My flesh becomes tormented with cravings, urges, and sickness. I must feed these cravings. All focus on giving them their satisfactions. I am no longer a rational being but have become an entity that's only conscious of the desires that keep rising. I'm at the mercy of the thing which dwells inside of me. I'm being led like a dog on a leash to whatever destination it has for me. I'm trying to reenter into the society of normal human behavior but have been cast out by its citizens. I am no longer accepted by the civilized and find refuge with like minded hell hounds. The criminal mind is now starting to build itself in my mind. Survival instincts keep rising and links itself to the criminal world. Crimes I use to think I'd never commit have now become a daily ritual. All moral life inside of me has vanished. My own soul is urging to escape this body it's in. But it's as if my body has become my soul's prison. It's only conscious of these forces that keeps it in darkness. Soon a new demon dwells within me named "paranoia". It deploys the voices of mistrust in relationships and links up all misfortunes with a companion. Whatever faulty cause that may have happened has now attached itself to a face. Belief soon sets in and now everyone around you becomes a suspect for being a snitch. Your mind is doing its own investigation. Every single factor that has played itself out is now evaluated as having ill intentions from your new paranoid state of reality. Your mind has become a cesspool of demonic voices. Now you're saturated in their remains. Extreme effort in trying to insert reason back into your being, but now you're met with the

demon of insecurity. It is your new companion and you spend every second with each other. As you respond to insanity, you've lost consciousness of your cognitive insight and start responding verbally.

People soon start staring. You have now caused a strange environment but not aware that you were the cause of it. A new perception is now shifting itself into another realm. Your vision of friends is losing sight and a new entity is upon your old friends. You no longer know who they are, cause you in a confused state and only see enemies with a familiar face. Insanity has now deployed the demon of fear and it's racing through your body with swift currents of emotions which is now the driving forces behind your war-like mentality. You've now been deployed behind enemy lines and vacations are now becoming sketchy plots for your own death. The only thing that is functioning is your human intellect. All spiritual insight has vanished into darkness. My spirit has left me because I was like a pig wallowing in my own vices. Trying to find my old self but no longer so him. It is as if that was a memory that didn't belong to me. I have become a lost soul. Trying to find itself on the path of life.

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