

"Down the Drain"
by Scott A. Madoulet

My Dear Brother-in-Insanity,

OH YES, I remember...

Hanging onto civility by my broken, burnt, and bleeding fingernails...

FINALLY saying "Fuck it!"...

Graduating from pills to weed to booze to shooting coke and heroin, and eventually to shooting large amounts of Meth...

Relieved of absolutely all inhibitions...

Throwing off the sticky, sweat-soaked sheets of responsibility...

The fully exhilarating feeling of total freedom...

Being who I want and doing what I want whenever the fuck I want...

Living my life like a Hunter S. Thompson novel...

Rapidly, rabidly running 'round downtown Kent...

B + E and burglary becoming my bread and butter...

Morphing from "Scott the Painter" into "The asshole in the red truck"...

Hanging around the homeless and fucking toothless bag-hoes...

Police raids, handcuffs, detoxing in dirty holding tanks...

Losing everything I own...

Living in my dad's tool shed with a mountain bike and a back pack...

Then losing my freedom...

Up until the point I became "The Asshole in the Red Truck" the scale still tipped toward fun,

toward exciting. And that exciting, that wild-man persona, the 100% freedom with zero inhibitions guy, well, he was mostly able to cover up the shame - oh, there were a few times when the shame broke through regardless. - I tried to overdose myself a handful of times - but mostly I could drown it with the drinking, dope it with the drugs, and derail it with the danger.

But in the end I couldn't hold back, I couldn't stop, I couldn't return to "Scott the Painter" because I hated myself for molesting my kids and for the emotional trauma I inflicted on them and my ex-wife.

I heard in an AA meeting once that we are only as sick as our secrets. Well, maybe, if my secret wasn't so sick, I could have turned things around. Who knows?

If all is understood, is all really forgiven?

END