

#1

Poem: No Relapsing

Swallowing Drine, With A Slice Of Humble-  
Pie, Is Truly Addictive.

An Annex, That's Not Connected To  
Derivatives OR Intoxicants.

No Opions Could Match The Rush Of  
Revenge.

When Completely Violated, But Not  
Reacting In The Moment, Yet Am Still  
Plotting.

Thoughts Of Having The Upper-Hand, In  
The Near Future, Is Considered Correlating,  
In My Field Of Criminal Psychiatry.

Turning That Violence Button Off Equals  
Longevity, And A Legacy Worth Following.

The Idea Morphs Into A Blueprint, A  
Mental Rough-Draft.

Yearning For A Taste Of Sovereignty,  
The High Is Astonishing.

Weighing My Volitions On Triple-Beams,

The Scales Of Justice, Are  
Blind To The Poor, Uninformed  
And Disfranchised.

My Chances Of Becoming An  
Entrepreneur, Are Stronger Than  
Fentanyl.

2 - Violent, And 2 - Non-Violent  
felonies, & 1 Relapse, That's  
Life In Prison, Reality Is My  
Intervention.

I Rather Be Judged By  
12 - Steps, Than Carried By 6.

I Stopped Using Vanity, I  
Cleaned - Up My Act, Viewing  
Life With A Sober Mind.

I Kicked The Habit Cold-Turkey,  
In A Prison Cell, Surrounded  
By Pure Savagery.

Poems Are Aggression - Batches,  
For Anyone Looking For Smoke.

#2

Poem: No Relapsing

Use My Verses In Treatment-Facilities,  
To Cure Black-On-Black Crime, Poetry  
Stimulate Minds.

Juvenile Centers Are The Gateway Drug,  
Than There Is The State, And Finally  
The Feds, No Your Limits.

The First Step, Was Admitting I  
Was Powerless, The Government Holds  
Sine.

False Images Of An American Dream, And  
Man-Made Poisons, Are Overly Tempting.

Being A Recovering Aficionado, It's No  
Indulging, And Definitely No Relapsing.

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By: Desmen Best