

Youth

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Poem about a family members habit and the effect it has on the rest of the family

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/youth.aspx>

Vision of youth (before things go to shit): me and you, and you're swinging me on your shoulder as if you'd love me forever...you'd never let me go...slip...break a bone...scar flesh My mother's brother...my uncle...my role model...drug addict. We'd play frisbee while Nanny and Poppy cooked in the kitchen with smiles little did I know all those times you went to the bathroom you were doing more than just "smoking a cigarette"---denial on my part?....or yours? Flashback: 20 years old with the bathroom door closed got water, fill up the needle find a vein it gets harder and harder with each prick stick drip drip drip and floats away your troubles.... oh shit wrong spot hit and blood squirts on the sink guess who walks in my mom, your sister, sixteen how's that for a youth-smashing vision: brother on the toilet blood on the mirror mom's reflection lost under the river of ruby Now it's on to meth...the doctors consolation shit works so well I havent gotten a birthday card from you since I was twelve oh well I guess I can get over the loss the loss of somebody who could have made my mom happy and me Flashback: Me--16 years old....visiting grandma and dad in hospital... cancer...god's greatest fucking gift: thanks a lot Guess who doesn't exist? guess who's so high and depressed that he can't witness this Role Model Sits back with his high and lets his sister and nephews take care of it.. nice bullshit excuse: 'too depressing' So I guess seeing my mother's mother slowly decay made me and all of us happy really the highlights of our day we loved it we looked forward to it the highlight of my goddamn 11th grade six hours of studying and 18 hours of sadness---made me fucking ecstatic Yet...when I see you once every other month I say hi and I hug you anyway I get high too it's in the bloodstream and I'm too weak to fight these things but Ill be fucked if I turn out like you a selfish lazy terrible sibling and uncle and son with no intentions of ever remorseing and apologizing no attempt to go through emotions, a motion a lift of your arm followed by tears and a hug and an "I'm sorry" None of that from Uncle May 18th, 2009: My 21st birthday Look in the mailbox, no card from you today... big fucking surprise I wipe my sleeve on my eyes say 'fuck you' and carry on with my fucking day