

WHO AM I?

Some days I just don't know
Who I am anymore.

But I do know
I ain't that junkie chick
With a needle in her arm.

I'm not that ignorant girl
Who dropped out of school
And ran away from home,
Believing she could make it on her own.

I'm not that raging monster
Who tore apart a cheap motel room
In a meth-fueled fury.

I'm no longer the notorious "tweaky"
Who cooked meth and forged checks,
Who was a whore that kicked down doors.

I'm no longer me.

– *Natasha T.*