

When the Devil Knocks

Don't do drugs; I know how you think.
"It's just one line. It's just one drink."
But sooner or later you'll start to sink
To a deep dark place where the sun doesn't shine
And all the time you think you're fine
But the Devil keeps getting inside your head
Waking you up, dragging you out of bed
Saying, "Get up, start your day. Your habit must be fed."
And no matter how bad you want to stay asleep
Your using has increased, way too steep
And you may never find inner peace
With the Devil dragging you back out to the streets.
He'll help you lie. He'll help you steal.
He'll help you forget what it's like to feel
Remorse or guilt toward the people you've used.
You're not the only one who feels abused.
It affects you and all the people you love.
They all just want to see you live above
The influence that brought you to hell and back.
Who knows if you'll ever be back on track?
Once you're hooked, there's no second guess,
You've already turned into a fucking mess.
So maybe when the Devil knocks on your door,
Tell him you've got other plans in store.
You don't need him telling you what to do.
All you need is faith.
The rest is up to you.
Molly Ina O'Donnell

Institutionalized

White blankets and white walls
The ceilings are white as well as the halls.
This isn't how I should be living my life.
I'm not even allowed to use a knife.
I should be out there living my dream,
but my life is on hold. I'm trying to get clean.
It seems so impossible, staying sober.
It's hard to say that the high life is over.
No more heroin and no more crack.
It's time to take my old life back.
I was once happy, fun and free.
I recently believed that that could never be.
I had given up. I threw my hands in the air.
I said, "Why me god? this just isn't fair."
He's testing me.", making me stronger,
pushing me to fight just a little bit longer.
I'm destined to do greater things,
to help other addicts and give them their wings,
to teach them to fly without getting high,
to teach them to live and how to forgive.
There's more to life than everything white.
There's a difference between brightness and seeing the light. 🍃
-Molly Salad O'Donnell

Raw

So here's a story of a girl who was an addict.
I won't sugar coat it. It's all very tragic.
She left her parents and became nomadic.
Always moving around, never static.
Selling, tricking, lying and stealing
Never worried about her own or anyone's feelings.
All the time she was wheeling and dealing,
She didn't realize that she needed healing.
One day, her friend asked her on their way to cop
If tomorrow or the next day, maybe they should stop.
Stop shooting dope and smoking crack rocks?
Give up the high life? Surely she would not.
She loved the high and she loved having fun,
Not realizing the harm it caused everyone,
But mostly the harm she was causing herself,
And that one day she would just be a picture on a shelf,
And that picture would display a pretty girl
Who once has everything she needed in the world.
She had talent, friends, and a loving family,
But none of them could restore her back to sanity.
Her beautiful life had turned into a calamity,
And her poor mom and dad were left with a tragedy.
She was found in her car shortly after she overdose,
Just laying there limp, completely comatose.
They did all they could to try to revive her,
But it was too late. This one wasn't a survivor.
An innocent life taken far too soon
By the drugs she had taken that cold afternoon.
-Molly Ina O'Donnell

Short Cut ~ Molly Ina O'Donnell

The night was cold and the air was still
a handwritten note on the windowsill
read, "tell mom and dad that I apologize
for stealing, cheating and telling them lies.
I couldn't say it and look them in the eyes.
I'm also not good at saying goodbyes.
I can't believe I've acted so dumb.
I should have listened to everyone.
this life I've been living is not very fun.
so goodbye cruel world. it looks like I'm done.
I will never again see the sun."
next to the letter was a young girl
who once had everything she needed in this world.
she had too much trouble finding her place.
she'd rather be drifting off in space.
but she didn't have enough money to float forever
and she didn't like the road that was ahead of her.
she was headed down the highway to hell.
she was cursed by heroin's spell.
she couldn't live another day
knowing that her habit wasn't going away
so she found a way to end her life,
to put an end to all the pain and strife.
she wouldn't live like a junkie anymore
so she found her solution through heavens doors.
rather than dance with the devil on the ground,
she disappeared to a place she would never be found,
with the other lost souls, safe and sound