

## Wayward Children: The Perpetual Drug Epidemic

Post-war, post-pandemic

We are the true lost generation;

Searching for the eye of the storm and  
abandoning ship

Glittering litter cheaper than candy,  
cheaper than happiness

Handed a platter of spoiled food and expected to revitalize it  
into an all-you-can-eat-buffet.

“Heroin chic,” the 90s invasion reimagined

Why do we romanticize needles and the sunken eyes of someone  
clinging to life?

A perpetual game of hide and seek

Seeking to hide your brush with death  
from your friends,  
from yourself.

Surely something so fulfilling as love could never fill

the emptiness in your body; a gaping cavity

Drugs poised to consume every portion of you,  
any shred of dignity left

Until you’re nothing but a birthday card in a drawer

or a Polaroid picture

or a grave

or a distant memory

In the sea of wayward children.