

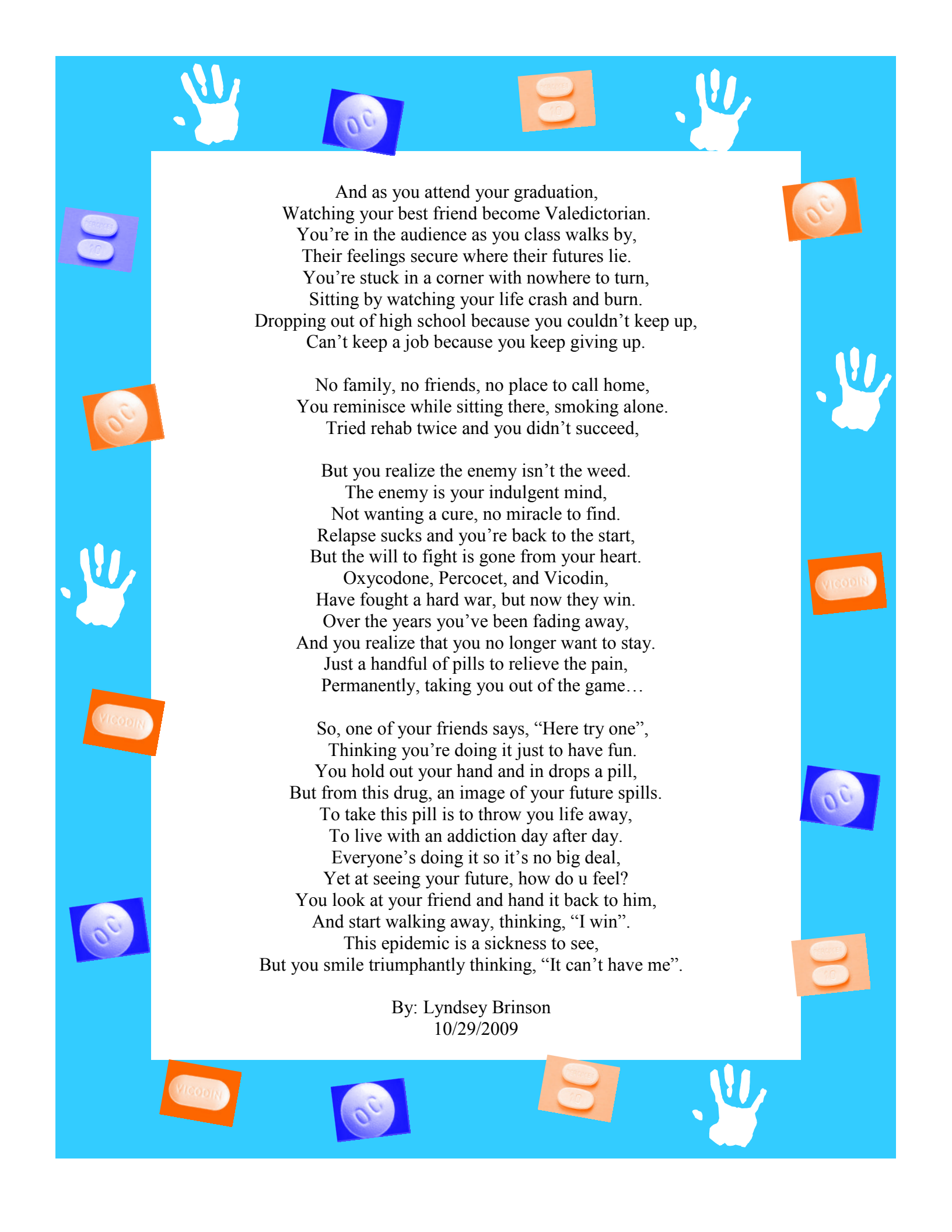
The page features a vibrant blue border decorated with white handprints and various pills. The pills include purple ones with '00', orange ones with 'VICODIN', and white ones with '10'.

Sensation of Temptation

White pills, pink pills, yellow and blue.
When taken for pain, they're meant to subdue.
The temptation is there,
Teenagers cant bare.
It's how they get by,
Known as a quick high.

From pharmacy counters to medicine cabinets,
These little tubes are dangerous magnets.
Something that's meant to take away pain,
Can end up leaving you out of the game.
One of your friends says, "Here try one",
So you take on thinking it's just to have fun.
You hold out your hand and in drops a pill,
So you take it thinking that you're so strong willed.
After all, getting hooked is only for the weak,
But before long your minds on a constant high streak.

Family and friends may not notice the change,
Not see you getting fidgety or acting strange.
With you mind not focused, your grades will drop,
And with you body rebelling, sports will stop.
Time speeds up and life proceeds,
While your focus is on feeding your addictive needs.
You start stealing from relatives and stealing from friends,
Your desperate greed knows no ends.
And over the years,
Your mothers' tears.
Your fathers' yells,
And all the warning bells.
Seem to brush right over you.

The page features a bright blue border decorated with white handprints and various pills. At the top, there are two white handprints, a blue pill with '00', and an orange pill with '10'. On the left side, there is a purple pill with '10', a white handprint, and an orange pill with 'VICODIN'. On the right side, there is an orange pill with '00', a white handprint, and an orange pill with 'VICODIN'. At the bottom, there is a white handprint, a blue pill with '00', an orange pill with 'VICODIN', and a white handprint.

And as you attend your graduation,
Watching your best friend become Valedictorian.
You're in the audience as you class walks by,
Their feelings secure where their futures lie.
You're stuck in a corner with nowhere to turn,
Sitting by watching your life crash and burn.
Dropping out of high school because you couldn't keep up,
Can't keep a job because you keep giving up.

No family, no friends, no place to call home,
You reminisce while sitting there, smoking alone.
Tried rehab twice and you didn't succeed,

But you realize the enemy isn't the weed.
The enemy is your indulgent mind,
Not wanting a cure, no miracle to find.
Relapse sucks and you're back to the start,
But the will to fight is gone from your heart.
Oxycodone, Percocet, and Vicodin,
Have fought a hard war, but now they win.
Over the years you've been fading away,
And you realize that you no longer want to stay.
Just a handful of pills to relieve the pain,
Permanently, taking you out of the game...

So, one of your friends says, "Here try one",
Thinking you're doing it just to have fun.
You hold out your hand and in drops a pill,
But from this drug, an image of your future spills.
To take this pill is to throw you life away,
To live with an addiction day after day.
Everyone's doing it so it's no big deal,
Yet at seeing your future, how do u feel?
You look at your friend and hand it back to him,
And start walking away, thinking, "I win".
This epidemic is a sickness to see,
But you smile triumphantly thinking, "It can't have me".

By: Lyndsey Brinson
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