

I do not find it hard to be drug free,
So, I do not write for me.

I write for my classmate who seized.
He did not know what he was smoking,
But it was definitely more than weed.
Now the class is left coping.

As the ambulance leaves.
We all ask ourselves
“What if that was me”
But we’re just left to replace the books on the shelves.

I write for the girl with brown hair.
“One pill won't hurt right?”
Except the one time is unforgiving and unfair.
She was gone by the end of the night.

There is no warning they will listen to.
At least not until their lips are blue.
Will curiosity be the death of you?
Will you be another person I once knew.

Jadin Tolbert

Grade 12

Walter E Stebbins High School

Brittany Mason