

The Last Plateau

On my first morning after the end of my using dxm, they were playing drinking songs on the classical music station on the radio. How long have I been bellowing out these elixirs! The morning of birth from a night of terror, and with my wife in a delusional upheaval; these are the remnants of psychosis; all the madness and mood from a single substance. I wondered what I would miss most about the inebriation, and without my vice what would I be. I cannot imagine that I would be wholly emancipated. But what freedom is it that it is given then taken away, only to be given it again, not ever fully recovered of the toxins. Now what to do? It seems easier to abstain to begin with, with intermittent temptations over the course of a month, which I had given in to, only to abstain again. It's not over until it's over, but when is it over. I say it's over after a month, then somewhat over after 2 months, and again after three and six months and then finally to an end after nine and then twelve months. But it is simpler on the inside, knowing that it's over after the paranoid critical moment of my last purchase of the dxm. What I have discovered is that I am the God of my own understanding. And what I gather from this is that I am the will and I am the power; I can recover myself from this state, and I am not powerless.