

In Custody

by Glenn Currier

I sit here on a metal chair
hunched over, my head in my hands
I feel incredulous unable to wrap my mind
around being in this chamber of fools
with the others who came here as slaves
of a monster master.

But each of us came with a captor within
who led us here in chains.

So here I am hiding my head
under a hood of shame.
I gave up my freedom
with each seemingly harmless fix
and step by step I led myself into the custody
of this man across from me.
Just this little bit won't hurt,
I told myself.

And before long that trickle
became a roaring ravine -
me in the middle desperate
to keep my head above water.

The counselor sat there silently
with a look on his face that said
"Man, this is serious as a heart attack."

But I'm not a heroin addict like the rest of these guys,
I thought to myself.
I shouldn't be here.

And still he sat there, silent,
watching me cry, sniveling like a baby.
This is not me
I thought
but here I am in my body
without the comfort or warmth
of a caring arm around my shoulders.
Alone.
Humiliated.

Author's Note: This is from a dream, but it felt so real and the images and feelings still are with me. And still I am a food and sugar addict, soon to go in to the hospital for yet another heart procedure.

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