



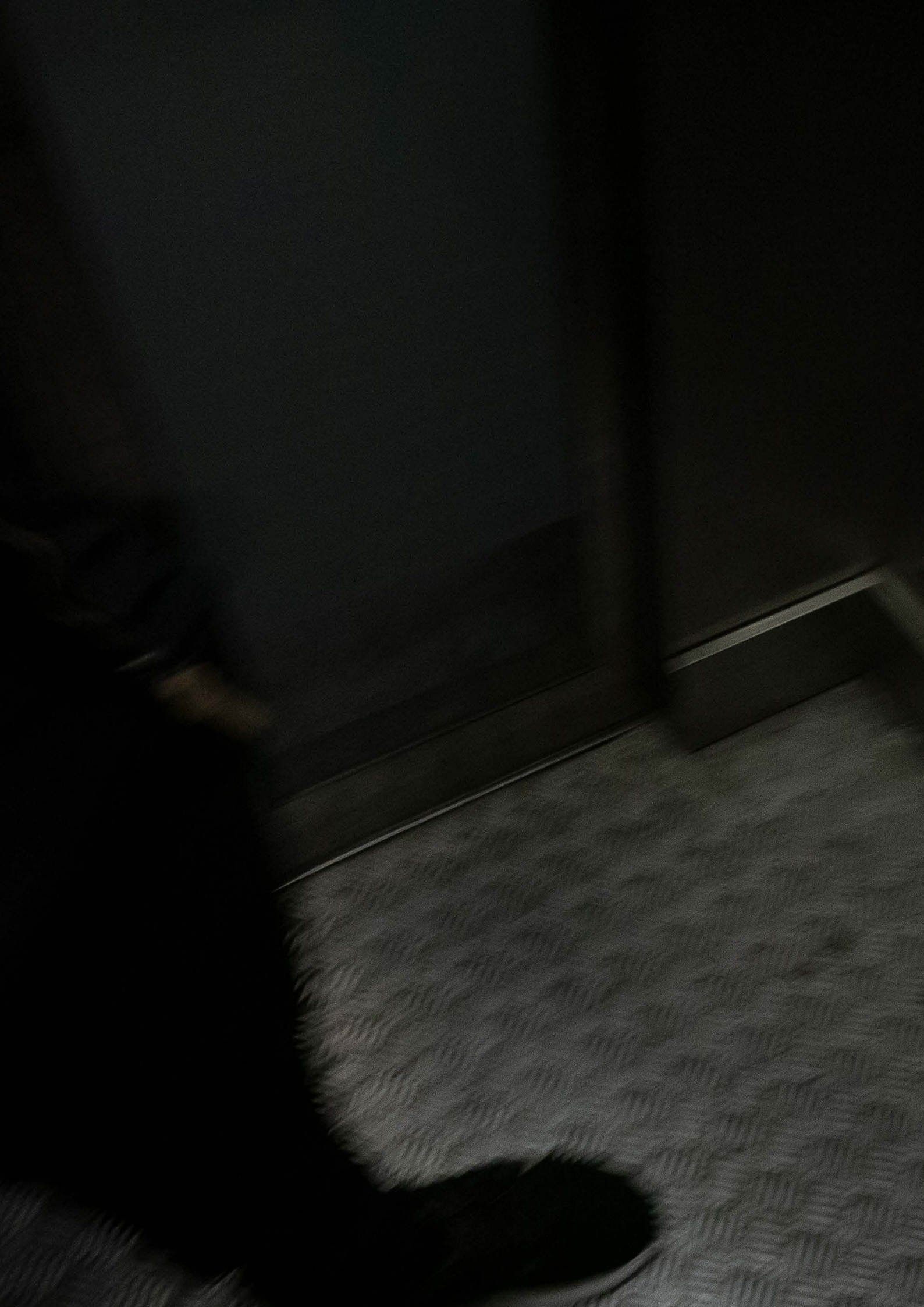


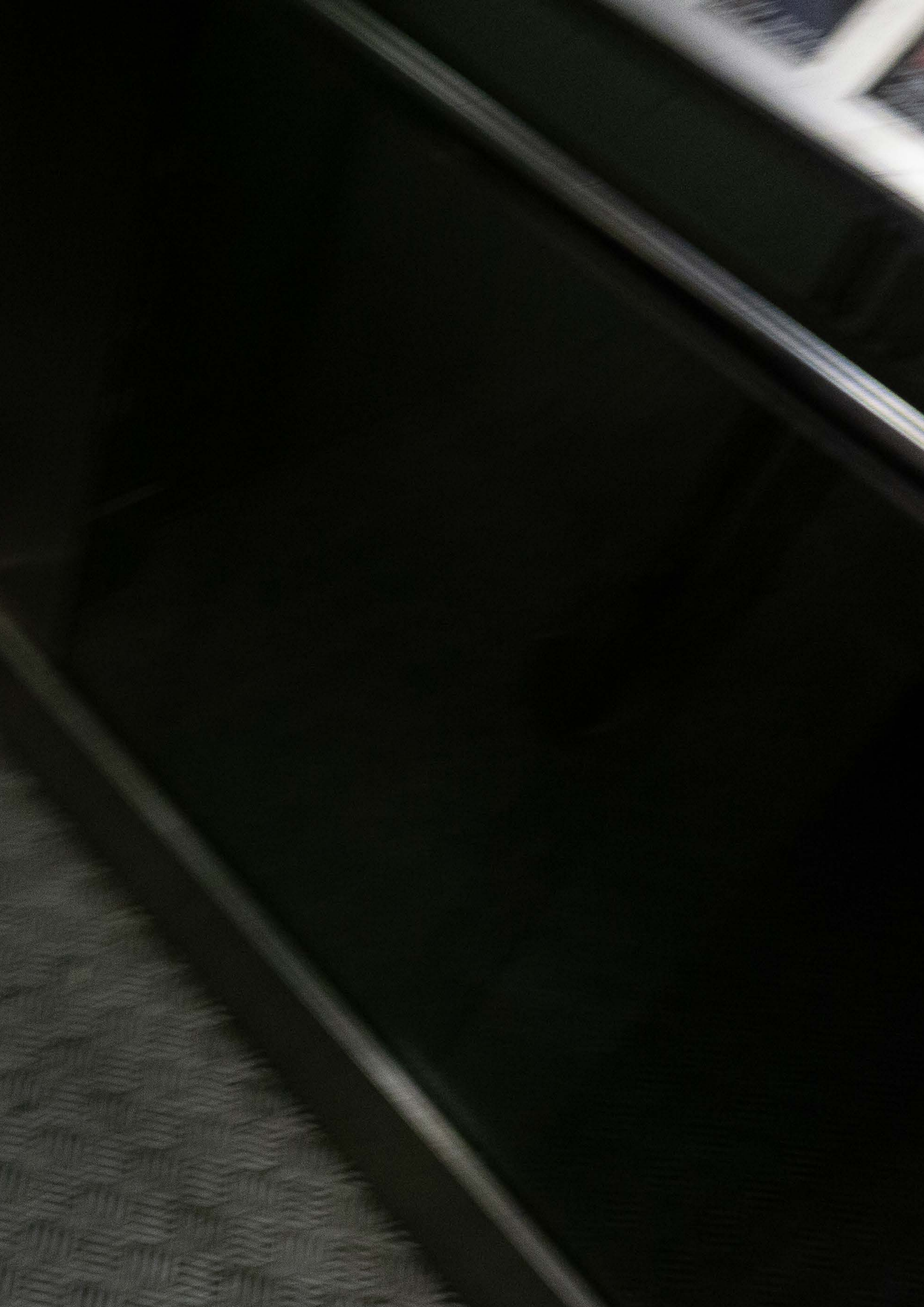
This work serves as an image essay on addiction and the act of getting high. Writings written from the perspective of a person afflicted with addiction are also featured.

*Baile Átha Cliath 2021- Barcelona 2022*

























If I had listened, would anything have changed?

I just want to know, if I had listened, would things have been any different? Would I still be here, cold, not certain I am alive. not minding too much about that.

She is here now. Squeezing my hand. I don't quite know what it is she wants. Her expression is blank, as if she is never quite locking eyes with me. She seems to be always staring just beyond me. Nevertheless, I am the one she has chosen.

I acquiesce, looking through her too. We don't care for each other. But there we are holding hands.









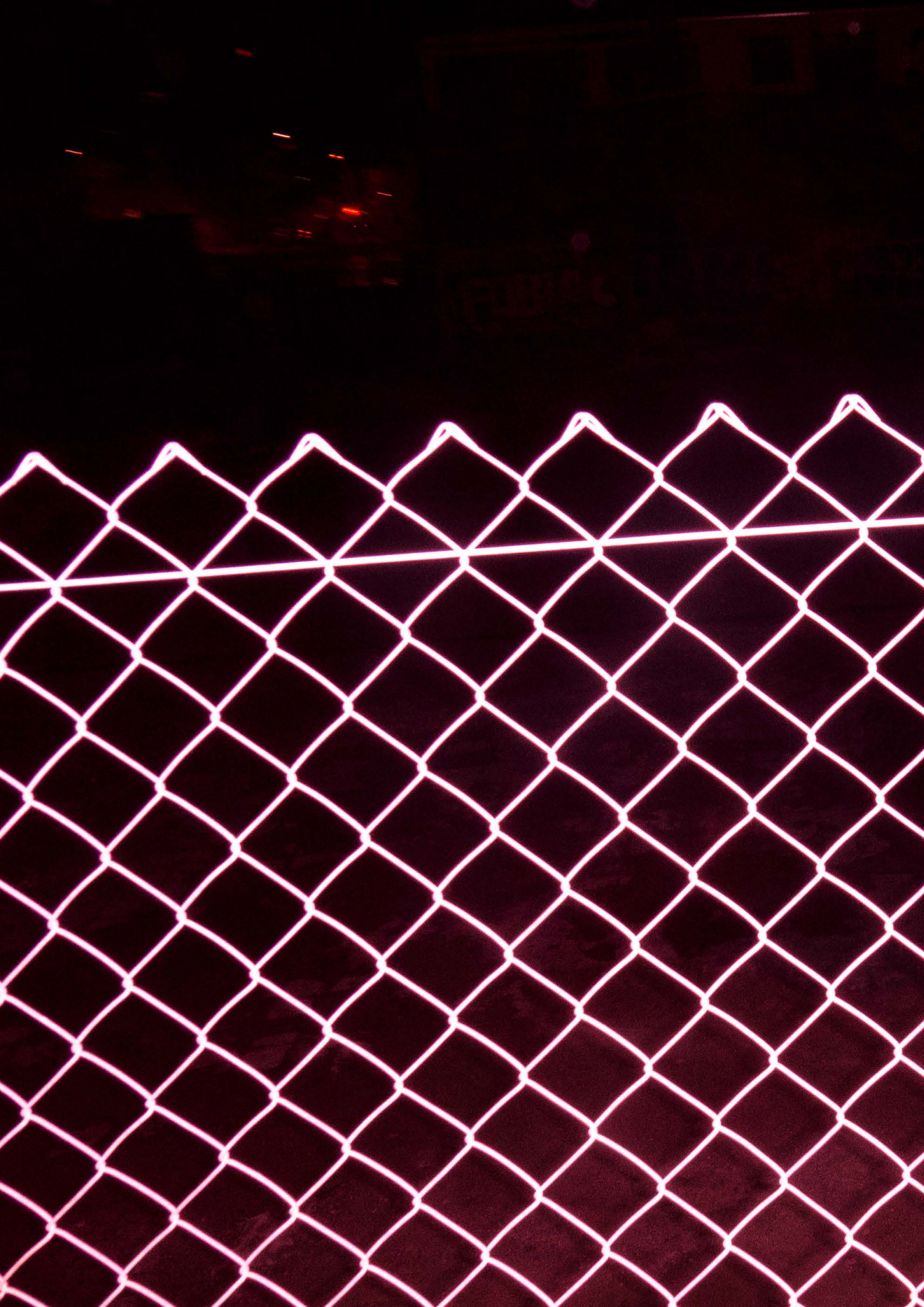




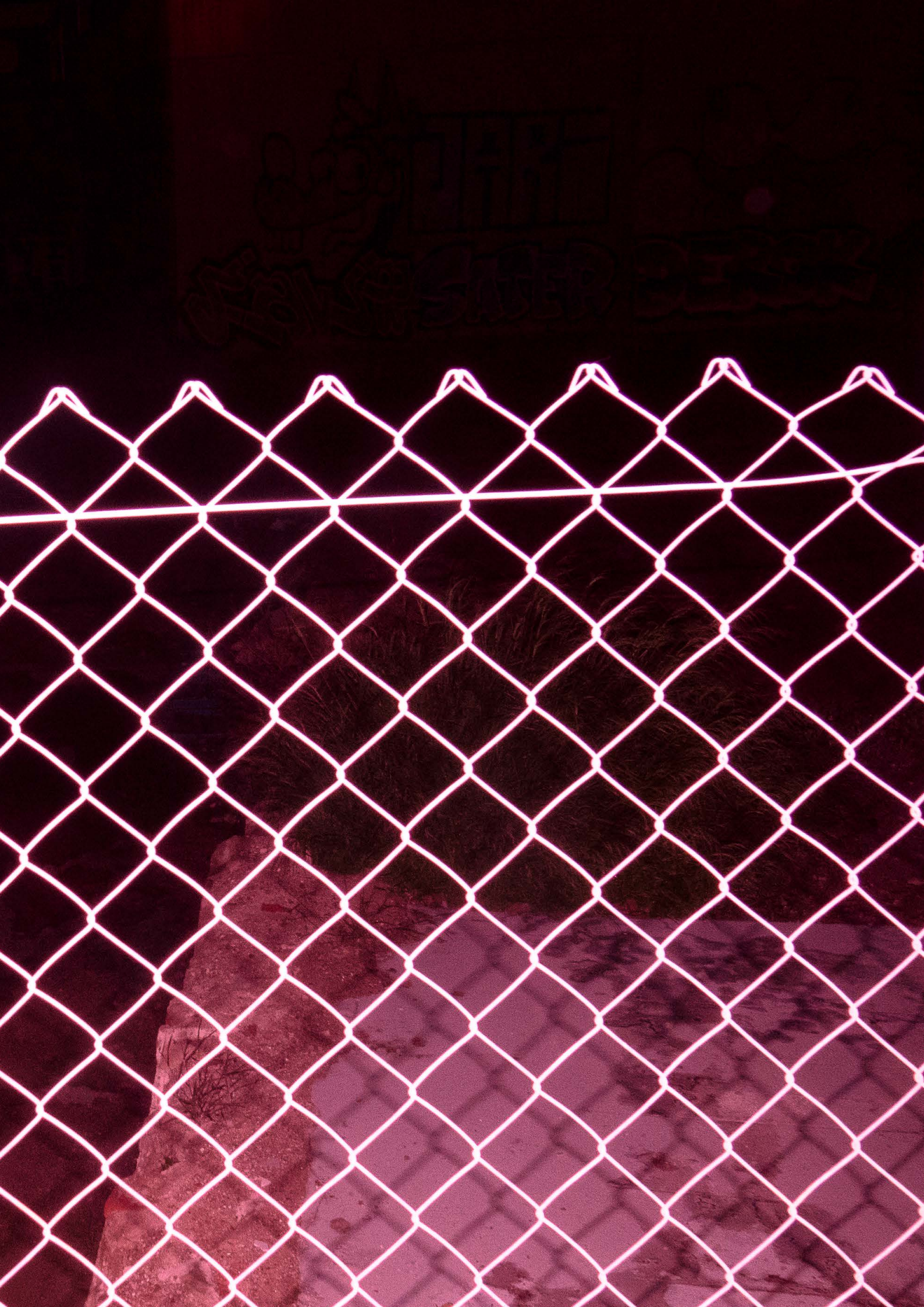






















“Can we just stop for a second?”

“ ”

She just stared back at me with the same blank expression. Her grip tightened on my hand and our pace picked up.

In the blur, I saw a railing. It lay by itself. I felt sorry for it. How lonely it must have felt.













I decided to leave, eventually. I had always meant to. but she said that we were almost there.

I think at some point we had forgotten where we were going. I did not know what time it was. The night had been unabating.

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I could feel myself awaking. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't open my eyes. There was a wet cloth, suffocating me. I didn't mind that too much. I felt so relaxed for the first time, since my last time. The sounds dampened, my mind submerged in her. I started to remember why we kept each other around.