

JUSTIN ANGELES

Some Words
Before I
Relapse

Poems from my first recovery

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Justin Angeles

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This book includes drug use, suicide, and grief. If you are struggling, you can call or text 988 in the US.

For anyone going through a dark time.

*For anyone who has fought this battle
again and again, and is still fighting.*

*And for anyone at the bottom,
or at the very beginning of recovery,
when everything hurts the most.*

You are not alone.

Don't Feel Good, Mask My Pain

I do not feel good
But how could anyone tell
I hide it so well

A smile on my face
A happy tone in my voice
I compliment you

But do not feel good
I have anxiety bad
But I'm used to it

Had it forever
I am used to the sickness
My stomach upset

For me it's normal
Faking a smile while I hurt
Only God could tell

I do not feel good
Distract myself from sadness
I try not to think

I distract myself
With books, work, others' problems
Others do not know

I do not feel good
They think I'm all fun and games
But they just don't know

My mask is so real
I worked on this mask for years
Perfected my smile

Make my laughs seem real
But I am hurting inside
Always overthink

Since I was a child
But wish no one this pain
Don't want them to see

How bad this pain is
So I crafted this mask well
So comfortable

It never comes off
Sometimes believe it myself
I grew up like this

Not feeling so good
It's natural hiding the pain
So you don't see it

You just see a smile
You just hear a compliment
My obnoxious laugh

Beautiful disguise
The mask that I hide behind
When I take it off

Make sure I'm alone
The world does not need to see
This amount of pain

I handle my own
I've learned to manage it well
No medication

I've found when I smile
That others often smile back
That is some relief

When I work real hard
It makes others real happy
That makes me happy

Lose myself learning
A good distraction from my pain
It distracts my mind

Others' happiness
Is something I love to see
And I do my best

Check under their mask
Make sure they don't feel like me
Help you feel better

Empty

I'm sitting at my table
My phone doesn't ring these days
Deleted all my contacts

Keep all temptations away
How am I supposed to feel?
Spent 5 years on ups and downs

I just feel so empty now
Fill up with conversations
That all slowly fade away

Try not to get negative
But that's all that surrounds me
Everybody complaining

Try not to let it drown me
My mental health in question
Feel strangers all around me

Feel better when I'm alone
I just need some room to think
These thoughts getting depressing

But let me turn them around
I know I'm better than that
Maybe empty isn't bad

Maybe a chance to refill
Fill up with new ideas
Make a new dream become real

Learn from my daily failures
And do better tomorrow
Still holding on to the past

How do I let go of that
It follows me everywhere
Should I be okay with that?

Demons around the corner
I can sense them everywhere
But this time I'm not hiding

I'm standing tall and fighting
Don't need anyone's support
Don't need gratification

Don't need to solve your problems
And don't need to help the world
Just need to do what I can

Just need to be what I am
And right now I am empty
And I think that's quite alright

There's peace in the emptiness
Serenity in the darkness
Melody in the chaos

Happiness in the sadness
Good moments in the worst times
Yeah I'm feeling so empty

But everything will be alright

Words

I write these words
Please tell me if you relate
Write some of your own

Let these words escape
All the thoughts inside my head
Are they reaching you?

Can you understand?
All the things that I've been through?
Well of course you can't

Still articulate
So maybe one day I speak
To a younger me

Hold your head up high
These troubles will pass you by
What doesn't kill you

Will make you stronger
So stick out all your struggles
Bear through all the pain

Time does heal all wounds
Fake that smile until it's real
Change for nobody

Except for yourself
Be unique, original
Lead, never follow

You know yourself the best
Only take your own advice
Listen to others

But cautiously
Humans can be so selfish
It can be good though

It can be healthy
But to a certain extent
For to love others

First must love yourself
Can't pour from an empty glass
Learned that the hard way

But I sure did try
Listen to these words I say
Read the words I write

Write some of your own
Your own are the most truthful
Thank You, I Love You

From *Some Words Before I Relapse* by Justin Angeles.