

[Home](#) » [Poetry](#) » [The Fix](#)



## The Fix



By [Roger Keays](#), 11 July 2016

The ground is rocky, hard, and barren  
just like my thoughts  
The sun is hot, dry, and empty  
just like my soul

It's painful; uncomfortable  
each step regret  
It's scratching; sharp  
each stone a cut

I need a fix; I need an out  
anywhere will do  
Crystal liquid, cold as ice  
anaesthetise

Do I want this now?  
it cramps me up  
this goddamned habit  
it thins me down

I want it; I need it  
don't care what price  
my medicine; my cure  
don't stop me here

I need those chemicals in my brain  
to make me fly  
I need to float, and not to sink  
to soar up high

So I inch to the edge  
and take a breath  
Look at the liquid, then dive  
and swim... swim... swim...



### About Roger Keays



Roger Keays is an artist, an engineer, and a student of life. Since he left Australia in 2009, he has been living as a digital nomad in over 40 different countries around the world. Roger is addicted to surfing. His other interests are music, psychology, languages, and finding good food.

