

## ON GIVING UP DRUGS or JUST SAY NO

# 2219 Ides of Mar/88

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### NICOTINE

They never told me not to smoke.  
They didn't have to.  
I was ten and couldn't sit up in bed  
because of something behind the shed.  
And the doctor said "It's a disease--  
we don't have a name for it--  
that afflicts only small boys  
and never keeps them in bed  
more than two days  
with an ache in the head  
and a pain in the belly."  
Then, when nobody was looking,  
he winked at me.  
I was ten and John was ten  
and he still claims he saw it first,  
right there in the road  
as we were walking home from school.  
A pack of cigarettes. Unopened!  
We were ten,  
and ten was the number each smoked  
behind the shed  
before supper.

### CAFFEINE

They came and took away my cup.  
The doctors came and took away my cup.  
No chocolate. Tough.  
No tea. Too bad.  
No coffee. No coffee!  
Well, anyway, I still had my bottle.  
I preferred my cup, but a still had my bottle.

### ALCOHOL

Then they came and took away my bottle.  
The doctors came and took away my bottle.  
No beer. Too bad.  
No strong drinks. Tough.  
No wine. NO WINE!

But it's all nothing, really.  
They haven't come for ME yet.  
They haven't taken ME away yet.  
That, too, will be nothing, really.  
Or at least not much.  
Something, though.  
Worth Jesus' dying for.