Drugs Suck

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Futile attempts
To be perfect
Thinned the skin

Bones protruded
Every fucking bone
Bovine

Curse the day
Blood entered my veins
Preventing porcelain perfection

Women equal when broken
Glass shattered
Ribs still

Drugs Suck
Kimberly Kaoh

Drugs are an asshole. You think that trying things once can’t hurt, but it can quickly grab a hold of you and suck you in. Like when you’re curious about a guy, you’re not sure, but you think, “What the hell, I’ll give it a shot,” and next thing you know, you’re in a relationship that you’re pretty sure you don’t want to be in, but you’re bored and it keeps you entertained.

The first drug that I ever tried was acid, and I was 15. Most people start with weed and then the whole “gateway drug” thing gets them started on harder drugs. Not me, I jumped right in the middle. That night was a crazy night of hallucinations. Everything was moving, carpets turned into flowing water, people in pictures were moving around and talking to each other, there were little clowns running on the couch, and my friend was freaking out because he thought I moved his stove. I was convinced that the stove moved on its own. But this wasn’t the moment when I got hooked into my crazy relationship with drugs. That happened while I was working at Chuck’s Steak House.

Chuck’s Steak House is in Waikiki. I think this is probably the most interesting place I have ever worked at. When you walked into the restaurant, you could instantly smell the charcoal-like smoke and the steaks on the grill. It was so dimly lit in there; the only light that enables you to see comes from candles that are on the table and a few lights in the back for bigger parties. The bar was made to look like a tiki hut; there is bamboo on the bar and a little brown, grass-like roof above it.

Our boss was almost never there, which made it so much more fun! I don’t think I have had any other job where my best friends all worked with me. There was Tara, Tiff, and Sheena, who rotated between hostess and cocktail waitress; Aunty Jess and Uncle Julio were the waiters; and the cooks, who would always send food to the bar when they knew I came
to work stoned and in return I would send them a beer back. I was the bartender, so being at work stoned didn't take too much effort.

Most of our customers were tourists. The majority of them were either in the military or they were Japanese and didn't speak English. This meant that they didn't know about leaving tips or that it was rude to snap your fingers at your waiter. Aunty Jess was very quick to let them know that this was rude. She would walk up to their table, glare, snap her fingers to them and say "NO!", like they were puppies that needed to be taught a lesson.

Aunty Jess is crazy. Seriously crazy. But she is beautiful. She is tall, with the longest, skinniest legs in the world that seem to go on forever, and curly brown hair that falls a little past her shoulders. She has big brown eyes and a petite, pointy nose. Tourists would ask her to take a picture of them at the table and she would give them her sparkling smile and hand the camera to either me or Tara. Then she would jump in back of them and flip off the camera. This was before everyone had digital cameras, so if you were ever in Oahu and had a crazy waitress ruin your picture ...

One night I was bartending and doing what I do to entertain myself, taking shots of tequila with Sheena, topping off ALL drinks with Bacardi 151 for fun, and running back and forth to Tara to just talk. Nothing really interesting was going on, but then Aunty Jess tells me to meet her in the bathroom. Since the restaurant is in a hotel, we have to use the bathroom that's by the pool. It always smells like chlorine and has a muggy kind of feel to it. I get in the bathroom and Aunty Jess is there looking at herself in the mirror.

Me: "What?"
Aunty Jess: "Come here, in the bathroom stall."
Me: "No! You weirdo! Why?"
Aunty Jess: "Just get in here!"
I go in the bathroom stall with her. It's cramped, and it's hot. I'm starting to get irritated.

Me: "Whhhhaaaaaaaaaatttttttt?????"
Aunty Jess: "Sniff this"
She pulls out a key and digs into a tiny bag filled with white powder and holds the key up to my face, which I'm trying not to move.

Me: "Shutthefuckup"
Aunty Jess: "Just SNIFF IT!"
I really don't want to, but I'm afraid I'll be trapped in the bathroom stall forever with Aunty Jess.

Me: "Fine"
I sniff it, but it quickly falls out of my nose. Oops.
Aunty Jess: "Damn it! You need to close your other nostril, then tilt your head back. Here try again."

Really?!! I feel like we've been in the bathroom stall WAY to long for two people to be in a stall together. I try once more. This time nothing falls out, and then I get the "drip." That slow, chemical drip that oozes down your nose and coats your throat and fills your mouth with that chemical taste. I don't get it. Is that it? Gross.

Aunty Jess: "Yay!"
Me: "Can we get the fuck out of here now?"
She finally lets me leave my temporary prison and we go back to work. About half way back to the restaurant it hits me. HARD. Oh my geezy. I am hyper, but extremely happy. I get back to the bar and I'm talking up a storm with everyone, and I mean everyone. If you were within hearing distance of me I was either saying "HI!" or talking to you about whatever was popping into my head. I was REALLY happy and having A LOT of fun.

Someone should have told me that cocaine is an expensive drug. Well, at least in Hawaii it's expensive. Six months after my cocaine virginity was taken in that bathroom stall, most of my paychecks go to blow. The fact that my drug dealer has a crush on me doesn't help either, just means I'm getting more for free. When I meet up with him to pick up, he always leaves a little "present" for me. The dumb thing is that I actually have to look for it. He doesn't leave it in obvious places, which I guess is smart, but I don't like randomly finding bags of blow in my car. LET ME TELL YOU! It is quite shocking to pick your mother up, and right before she gets into your car, you find a baggie tucked under your passenger floor mat.
My little affair with cocaine has now turned into a full on relationship. I have turned almost all of my friends on to it and most of our nights are spent at the beach, in my car, watching the waves crash on the shore, chopping lines on a cd cover. I love this drug so much because I can actually express my feelings! Finally! I don't keep things in anymore; if a thought runs through my head it comes out of my mouth like uncontrollable vomit. If I don't like you I'll tell you in the nicest way why I don't like you.

One night I am high, and I mean SUPER high. My nose is dripping and I keep sniffing to keep it all up there. My head is buzzing with thoughts and my eyeballs feel like they're dried out 'cause I keep forgetting to blink. I am at the park with my friends, just smoking cigarettes, doing blow and talking. It's another warm night; it's dark but everything is coated in a dark yellow light from the streets. There are a few guys here that I've hung out with before but have absolutely no interest in. One of these guys comes up to me and we're talking: the whole time I have a tissue with me because my damn nose is running like a leaky pipe.

Strange Boy: “You're so pretty, but I think it's so unattractive when I see you like this.”

Me: “Well you're NOT pretty, and I think you're always unattractive when I see you. So I guess we're even.”

Oops, word vomit again. I give him the biggest, fakest, coked-out-of-my-mind smile. Now my head is running: Oh shit. Was that mean? Noo. I don't think it was. Was it? Where's Tara? I should ask her. Is that her? No that's a garbage bag. HAHA! Where the fuck is she? It is awkward after my vicious word vomit, so I quickly turn around and walk away looking for Tara.

About two years into my cocaine habit, my friend Amanda tells me that she thinks I have a problem. I've known Amanda since I was in 6th grade. She's half Japanese and half White. In Hawaii we call that "hapa haole." She's a bit on the chunky side, but has long blondish-brownish hair and beautifully deep green eyes. Her mouth always looks like she just ate something sour, and when she's upset she screams. Not like she's yelling, she actually lets out this scream that makes you think someone is being murdered. I hate it when she does that.

Me: “Whaaat?? What makes you think that?”
Amanda: “Hello??! The other night me and GJ were at your house and you were so tweaked out we couldn't even watch T.V.!”

Oh yeah, I forgot to apologize to her about that night. A few nights ago Amanda and GJ came over to my place and as usual, by the time they got to my house I was already high. Really high. We were sitting in the living room, they were watching t.v. and I was doing lines on my table. Eventually it got later and I got higher.

Me: “Amanda can you turn down the volume? It's super loud.”
Amanda: “Ok.”
Five minutes pass by.
Me: “Can you turn it down some more?”
Amanda: “Oook.”
A few more minutes pass by.
Me: “Um.....turn it down more. I think my neighbors can hear it. I don't want them coming over here pissed.”
Amanda: “KYM! If I turn it down anymore we can't hear anything!”

Me: “Welllll! Then put it on mute and turn on the subtitles!” (Another coked out smile)
Amanda: “Really?!!”
Me: “Yah” (Smile)

Ok, so I'll admit that I might have a drug problem. My solution to this is to move away. Away from here and away from the drugs and the friends who I do the drugs with. Sounds good to me. Where should I move to? California isn't my favorite place, plus I have family there that I would eventually end up punching out. Everyone says that Washington has a lot of rain. Don't really want to go there. But I also want to be as close to Hawaii as I can; I hate plane rides so the shorter, the better. Oregon? Never been there before. I guess it's Oregon!

I get to Oregon late one night in January. My dad flies in from Taiwan with his girlfriend to help me settle in, since I don't know anyone up here. They're staying at a hotel in downtown Portland and I'm in my new apartment.
in Beaverton. The air is COLD! I have never felt air this cold before! I can actually see my breath! I instantly think of that movie *Cool Runnings*. I stand out on my lanai and look at the sky. It's cloudy, but I like it, and I like how the air feels clean and crisp. I brought my dog Meelo, and my cats Leo and Kittay up with me. We're all a bit freaked out. We settle on the mattress my dad bought and cuddle up. Fuck. I wish I had some blow right now.

The first three days are spent looking for a car, getting my room set up, and buying stuff for the kitchen. On the fourth day, my dad tells me that this weather has made his girlfriend suicidal. Shut the fuck up. So the fifth day is spent getting the car because my dad and his girlfriend are leaving that night. I end up getting a used, white, Volkswagen Buggy. At least it runs. I miss my GTI. I'm not sure how I make it through the first few days driving around Beaverton without a GPS. I get lost. A LOT. Eventually I go on Craigslist and find a job with Cirque Du Soleil working in the VIP tent. I love this job. I love the people I work with. I have no clue that my addiction to drugs is about to get much, much worse.

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**If the Personality is Housed in the Stomach**

Benjamin Miller

~If the personality is housed in the stomach~

-And not just if-

*you are what you eat*

(BUT IF YOUR MOOD SWINGS ONE WAY WHEN FULL)

...or the other way if...

<thenwhatcanyousayabout>

"Fat People"?