

April  
2022  
Issue #1

Cover Art By Benjamin

# Inland Empire Harm Reduction Zine

April 2022 Issue #1

This is the first of many issues of IEHR's zine. All original work was submitted by folks throughout the Inland Empire. Enjoy!



Marker drawing by Jeffrey

## Goodbye Letter To My Addiction!

I was 13 years of age when I first heard of you. I looked for you for over a year and a half, but I was told you would ruin my life. At that young of an age, you don't really think about tomorrow or how consequences could really affect you. I would ditch school or go to certain areas where I knew where you were at and finally I met you.

When I was introduced to you, they slapped me around pretty good and told me you would use me. It ruined my life, but I didn't listen and for 35 years I lied, I cheated, and I stole anything to keep you next to me. Nothing in this world was more important than having you in my hand.

During that time in my life, school and family never mattered too much. I never knew what a friend was. I was in and out of institutions for 30 years, the baby of 10. After meeting you, I was no longer their baby. I became a ghost. I no longer have veins because I ruined them. I ruined my feet, my legs, and my arms for 35 years.

I never thought I would let go of you today, but I want to tell you that I hate you and you make me sick, but I can look in the mirror today and know that it is not too late to become what I might have been 35 years ago. I have the strength and the knowledge to say no to you. With the help of good friends, I'll never touch you again. This is my farewell to my addiction.

Juan

## Lonely

*(written for my mother when she was  
in prison) You told me you were lonely,  
You said you needed me.  
You told me you would hold me,  
You said this, and pleaded me.*

*And I tell you I am lonely,  
And that I needed you too.  
But all you do is scold me,  
When all I want you to do is hold me.*

*You tell me you are alone,  
While I'm stuck here at our home.  
You want me to come see you,  
But now, I don't even need you.*

*Will you just hurry and forget,  
All the days that we have spent.  
I don't need you anymore,  
I can live on my own.*

*You tell me that you're lonely,  
And you need someone to stay,  
You tell me that you want me,  
To never go away.*

*I tell you that I'm lonely,  
And that I don't want to stay,  
I used to want to be with you,  
But now I'm running away.*

*You told me that this was a cold world,  
And now I'm here to say,  
You were right about this world,  
And the start begins today.*

*You told me you didn't want me to  
leave,  
But your actions make me believe,  
That you never needed me,  
You're just trying to make me stay.*

*You told me you were lonely,  
But yet you told me to go away.  
You told me that you hated me,  
And you hope I soon die.*

*You told me you are sorry,  
And you promised you would change.  
But now I begin to worry,  
That you're nothing but the same.*

*You said that you were lonely,  
And I am sorry to say,  
That I am going to leave you,  
Simply, 'cause I don't believe you.*

*-Eve Thompson*

## Native to My Mind

*My mind speaks to me  
in its own tongue,  
native to nowhere, native to no one.  
Even when I was young  
shitty growing in the city  
the titty is to what I clung  
before I begun  
to get tangled in this web  
that these spiders spun.  
Right or wrong  
under the moon or sun  
eventually these webs will come  
undone & ruin their fun  
then they switch like a bipolar  
patient and become the moody one.*

*The friendlier a new friend  
pretends to befriend you,  
lends you anything,  
quick to defined you  
and careful not to offend you.  
But the second they get to slit  
your throat & strip you naked  
they will take it  
and that's murder she wrote.*

*-Jeffrey Jazwiec*



*You know what I realize if you die,  
the world might cry for a day but the next day they will forget about  
you & keep going. So why worry about someone who doesn't care  
Worry for those who really worry about you.  
So when you are gone  
They have something good to remember you by.*

Gus Apolinar

## **MOVIE REVIEW: A THOUSAND JUNKIES (2018)**

**By Mateo Samora**

*This is the most honest and important drug movie since *Trainspotting* or *Drugstore Cowboy*—only grittier and more confined to a day-in-the-life-of three addicts. A road movie for junkies, and a hilariously dark niche comedy. Personally, I dug every minute of it, and I hope more people check it out.*

*The premise is simple: Three desperate heroin addicts drive around Los Angeles in a beat up Volvo, on a mission to score drugs before the pained desperation of dope sickness takes over.*

*The film is written, directed, and acted by recovering addicts (director/star Tommy Swerdlow is a veteran Hollywood screenwriter who met the other guys in rehab), which gives the characters and situations an unfiltered authenticity. Sure, there's exaggeration for entertainment's sake, but the brilliant thing about this movie is how it uses humor to portray the 9-5 job of being an addict without glamorizing or trivializing the life. It's the drug movie America doesn't know it needs right now.*

*The film was shot guerrilla style on the streets of LA; busy avenues, rugged alleyways, and indoor swap meets, where real-life extras stand in the background of the shot, intrigued by the cameras. This kind of filming is a testament to the indie spirit, and gives the scenes an appealing real-world grit. The score's comprised of acoustic Mexican folk tunes and instrumental jams that compliment the urban landscape beautifully.*

*The cast is brilliant. Most of the action is confined to the Volvo, but the chemistry between the three leads makes whatever's happening (or not happening) entertaining to watch. The trio (Tommy, Moshe, and Blake) are obsessed with getting money to score drugs, and that necessity is the glue that keeps them together. The subject matter may be darker than Mexican tar but the witty banter and irrational antics keep things moving at a swift pace.*

*There are more than a few clever moments of character development as well, where each character slips beyond the surface to unveil their deeper dimension.*

*At a time when our nation is in the grips of an opioid epidemic, when hundreds of people die of overdoses each day, it's still taboo to be a drug user. It's still taboo to talk about addiction in an honest way. We can't sweep this reality under the flag any longer, and whether you believe in the power of cinema or not, it takes guts and heart to make a movie like this. Kudos to *The Orchard* for putting this movie out, and to the filmmakers for making it.*



## Methamphetamine

*The day we met  
You introduced yourself as*

*Methamphetamine*

*At 1st I kept you a secret*

*I loved you so much to shame As  
our relationship progressed You  
taught me not to care*

*I thought you were so special But  
the more we were together But the  
more I gave you, the More you  
seemed to take from Me*

*Staying awake for weeks  
My life is slipping away  
You kept telling that tomorrow  
Would be great  
How could you do this to me*

-  
Brittany



Pen Drawing by Anonymous



-Juan

## Crystal

*Crystal was once my friend  
She was always there for me  
whenever I was in need,*

*She helped me thru my ups & downs  
and whenever I wore a frown*

*I thought we would always be friends  
until one day I realized my life was  
getting BAD.*

*She tore me apart  
She took everything I had  
She put me on the streets  
with nothing but a garbage bag*

*She turned my family away  
from me when I was w/ her  
I felt like I was free.*

*She made me believe she was all  
I have  
I didn't realize my life was getting  
That bad*

*She promised me I was good in her  
hands  
She took all my hope  
and now she is what I need to cope.*

*She made me feel loved  
Then one day I could not find  
Her*



Painting on Canvas by Jeffrey

*That's when I realized she was a liar  
And I was so stupid to believe her.*

*All she promised me was that  
she would one day ruin my life*

*She took my family  
And now I'm all alone  
And I guess own my own*

*She left me an empty glass pipe*

*Now I live in poverty w/ no one in my sight.*

*I think to myself, will I ever get my family back.  
Or would I ever get my life back?*

*Crystal is no longer my friend  
She is my worst enemy  
And now you know about my  
Relationship w/ an ex-friend*

-Brittany

## Workin' Nod to 5 by Mateo Samora

*you can call me junkie  
just don't call me lazy  
we're some of the hardest working  
people in your city  
don't believe me?*

*who else do you know  
who starts everyday  
battling bowels  
hackin' and hurtin'  
battling bowels  
broke, sick, and jobless  
hustles so hard  
they bank one hundred from zero*

*while you sip your six dollar  
caffeine concoction  
we fish in vein  
for a red line to main  
or subcutaneous miss  
we shed blood for bliss  
occupational hazards:  
ripped off  
stigmatized  
abscess'd  
undercovers  
fatal error in judgment*

*HR department? Harm Reduction  
you got your elbow grease  
we spike the elbow crease  
what's your work schedule?  
mine is I, II, and III*


*we wait, wait, wait  
and we wait even more  
we bake between  
concrete and sunshine scorch  
bag piles of plastics  
tread miles for metals  
no 401K, zero pension  
only CA redemption*

*who else do you know  
who stays bettin' on black  
and still beats the odds  
cheats death thrice a day  
and sleeps like oblivion*

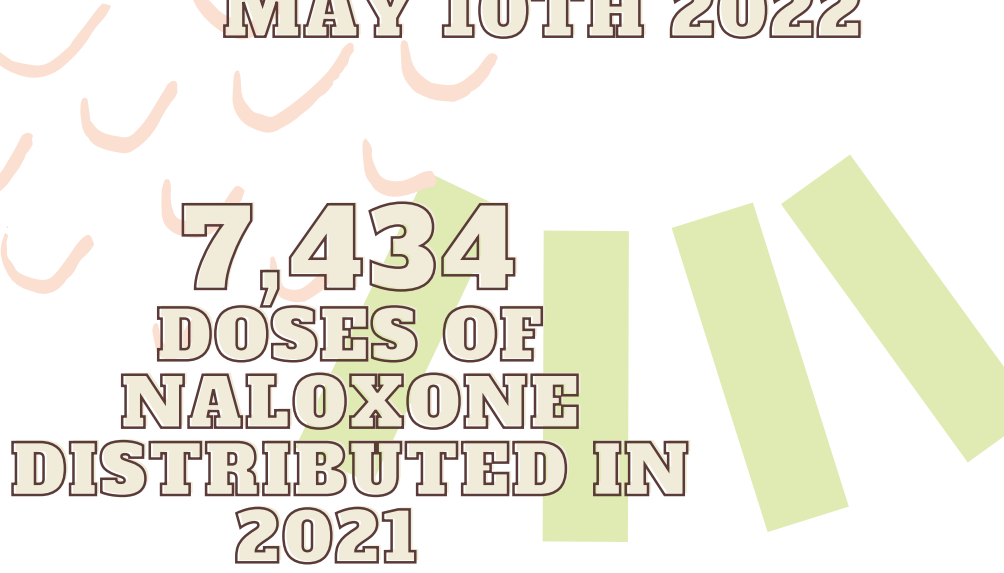
*you can call me junkie  
just don't call me lazy  
we grind like everyone else  
but we don't wait for the weekend  
to take time away*

*bitches that meant the most to me, were suppose to be the closest to me, openly  
pushed me into the most misery, over dosing hopelessly, feroshlessly cutting my  
arteries openly, this isn't what love is suppose to be, holding tight to my roller  
coaster seat, every instrumental my heart beats, these harpies eat up like raw  
meats, it's no great feat to descretly deplete the blood my heart sacrets, until my  
deceit, or my incompleteness, my kindness is not weakness, do not live amongst the  
leaches, and other bottom dwelling creatures, how many preachers fail to reach us,  
because we are to busy being funny and fasicous, but it's no joke that we need  
Jesus, to cope with all the heathens that breath in  
the same, a loud be his name, allowed me to gain,*





**163**  
**REPORTED**  
**OVERDOSE**  
**REVERSALS FROM**  
**JANUARY 1ST TO**  
**MAY 10TH 2022**



**7,434**  
**DOSES OF**  
**NALOXONE**  
**DISTRIBUTED IN**  
**2021**