



## Waushara County Methamphetamine Task Force MINTA (Meth Is Not the Answer)

---

### My Name: "Is Meth"

I destroy homes, I tear families apart,  
take your children, and that's just the start.  
I'm more costly than diamonds, more precious than gold  
The sorrow I bring is a sight to behold.

If you need me, remember I'm easily found,  
I live all around you - in schools and in town.  
I live with the rich, I live with the poor,  
I live down the street, and maybe next door.

I'm made in a lab, but not like you think,  
I can be made under the kitchen sink.  
In your Childs closet, and even in the woods,  
If this scares you to death, well it certainly should.

I have many names, but there's one you know best  
I'm sure you've heard of me, my name is crystal meth.

My power is awesome, try me you'll see,  
but if you do, you may never break free.  
Just try me once and I might let you go,  
but try me twice, and I'll own your soul.

When I possess you, you'll steal and you'll lie,  
You do what you have to -- Just to get high.  
The crimes you'll commit for my narcotic charms,  
Will be worth the pleasure you'll feel in your arms.

You'll lie to your mother, you'll steal from your dad,  
When you see their tears, you should feel sad.  
But you'll forget your morals and how you were raised,  
I'll be your conscience, I'll teach you my ways.

I take kids from parents, and parents from kids,  
I turn people from God, and separate friends.  
I'll take everything from you, your looks and your pride,  
I'll be with you always -- right by your side.

You'll give up everything -- your family, your home,  
Your friends, your money, then you'll be alone.  
I'll take and take, till you have nothing more to give  
When I'm finished with you, you'll be lucky to live.

If you try me be warned - this is no game,  
If given the chance, I'll drive you insane.  
I'll ravish your body, I'll control your mind  
I'll own you completely, your soul will be mine.

The nightmares I'll give you while lying in bed,  
The voices you'll hear, from inside your head.  
The sweats, the shakes, the visions you'll see,  
I want you to know, these are all gifts from me.

But then it's too late, you'll know in your heart,  
That you are mine, and we shall not part.  
You'll regret that you tried me, they always do,  
but you came to me, not I to you.

You knew this would happen, many times you were told,  
But you challenged my power, and chose to be bold.  
You could have said no, and just walked away,  
If you could live that day over, now what would you say?

I'll be your master, you will be my slave,  
I'll even go with you, when you go to your grave.  
Now that you have met me, what will you do?  
Will you try me or not? It's all up to you.

I can bring you more misery than words can tell,  
Come take my hand, let me lead you to hell.

Written by a young Indian girl who was in jail for drug charges, and was addicted to meth. She wrote this while in jail. As you have just read, she fully grasped the horrors of the drug, as she tells in this simple, yet profound poem. She was released from jail, but, true to her story, the drug owned her. They found her dead not long after, with the needle still in her arm.

---

Department of Human Services  
PO Box 1230 , Wautoma, WI 54982-1230  
920/787-6550

Sheriff's Department  
430 E. Division St., Wautoma, WI 54982  
920/787-3321