DRUGS & A CAMERA Vol I. The Beginning

Written By

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Drug

[druhg] noun 1.

Pharmacology. a chemical substance used in the treatment, cure, prevention, or diagnosis of disease or used to otherwise enhance physical or mental well-being.

The Art of Photography

Photography is the art of capturing a moment in time where both the image itself and its message meet to create art and engage the viewer into a desired storyline that the photographer wishes to create.

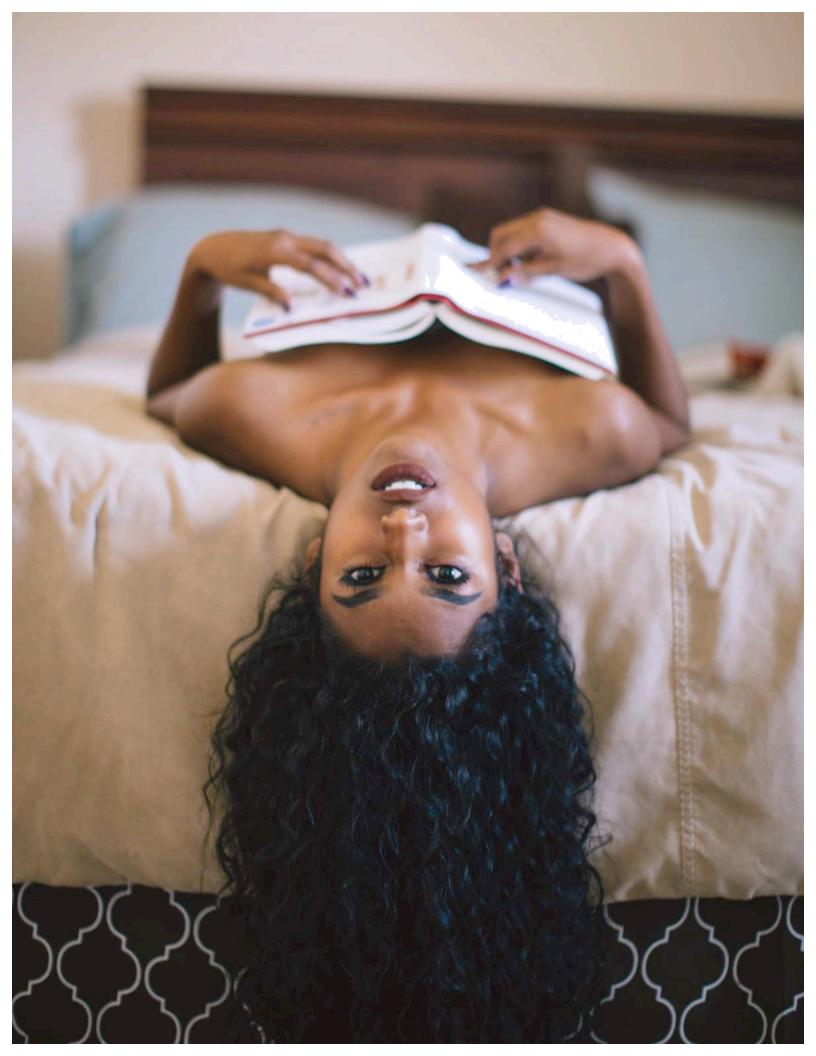
Essentially, the aim is to create a moving experience through using stills of real time events and accompany the messages of an addiction and the processes of treating that addiction appropriately and effectively.

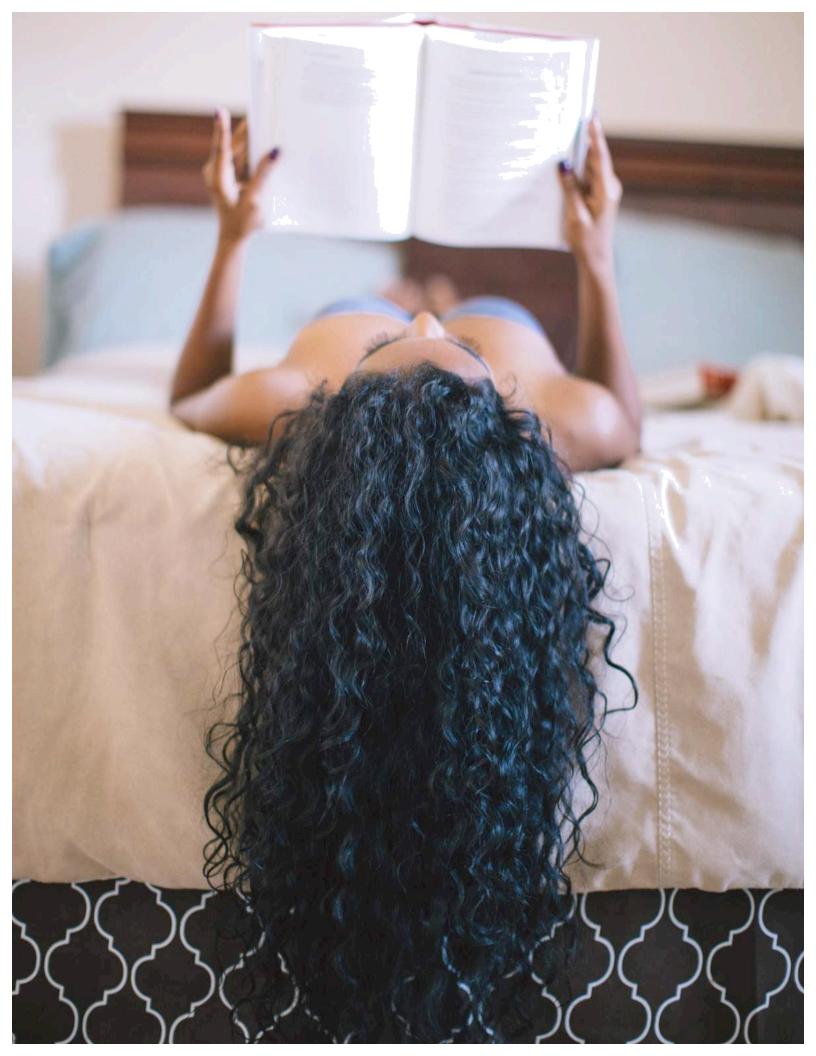
To lose ones self in passion is an art, one that creatives wish to use as an inspiration o deliver the best product and message possible. While the concept of "Drugs & A Camera" is the mixture of photography with creative writing evoked by the photography itself and the thoughts, feelings and emotions that are derived from everyday experiences.

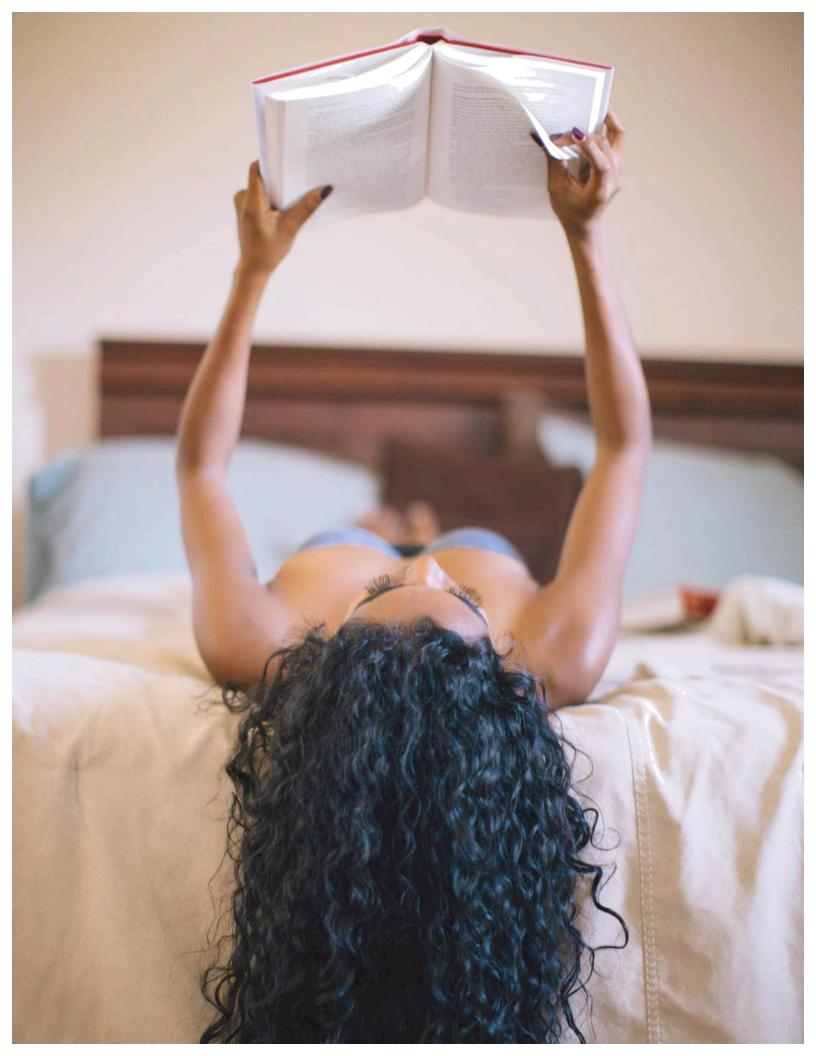
"A thing that you see in my pictures is that I was not afraid to fall in love with these people."

— Annie Leibovitz

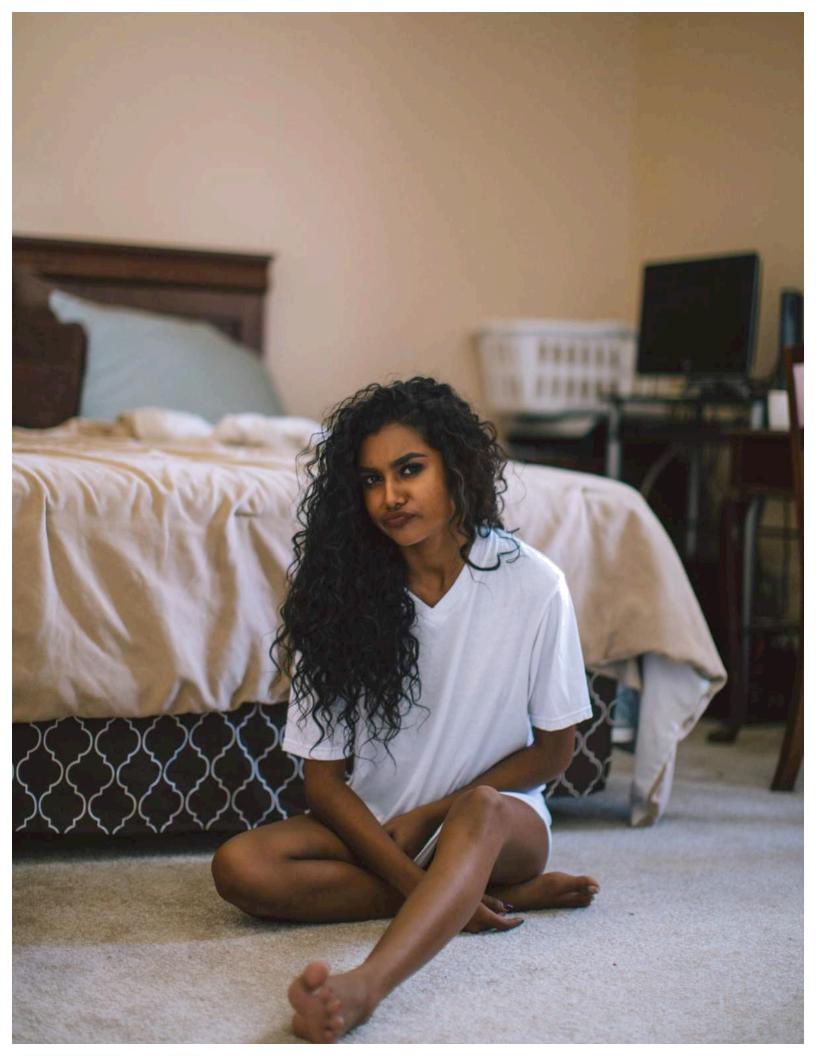






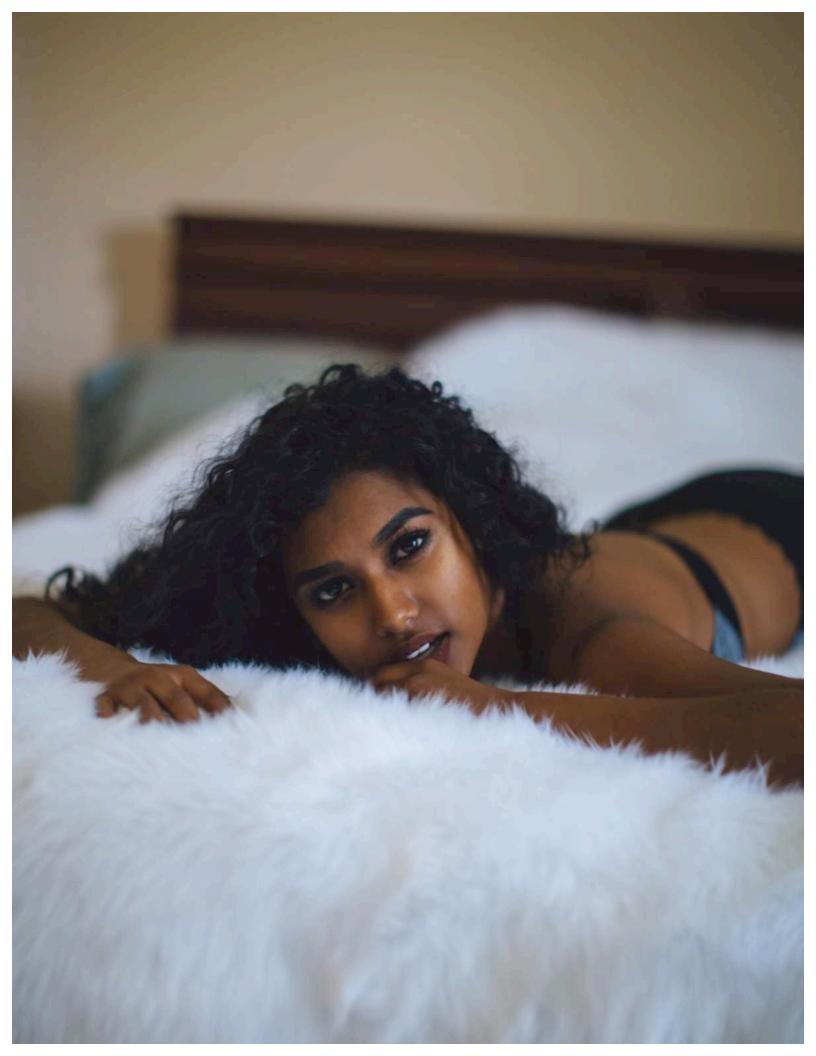


It was an innocent spark that first ignited a fire deep within but it eventually grew into an inferno. Turning winter nights into bright summer days. From ice cold hands to warm bodies wrapped in each others warmth amongst the bed sheets. A beginning to a story that was written in the stars from the beginning of time, all from a tiny spark.



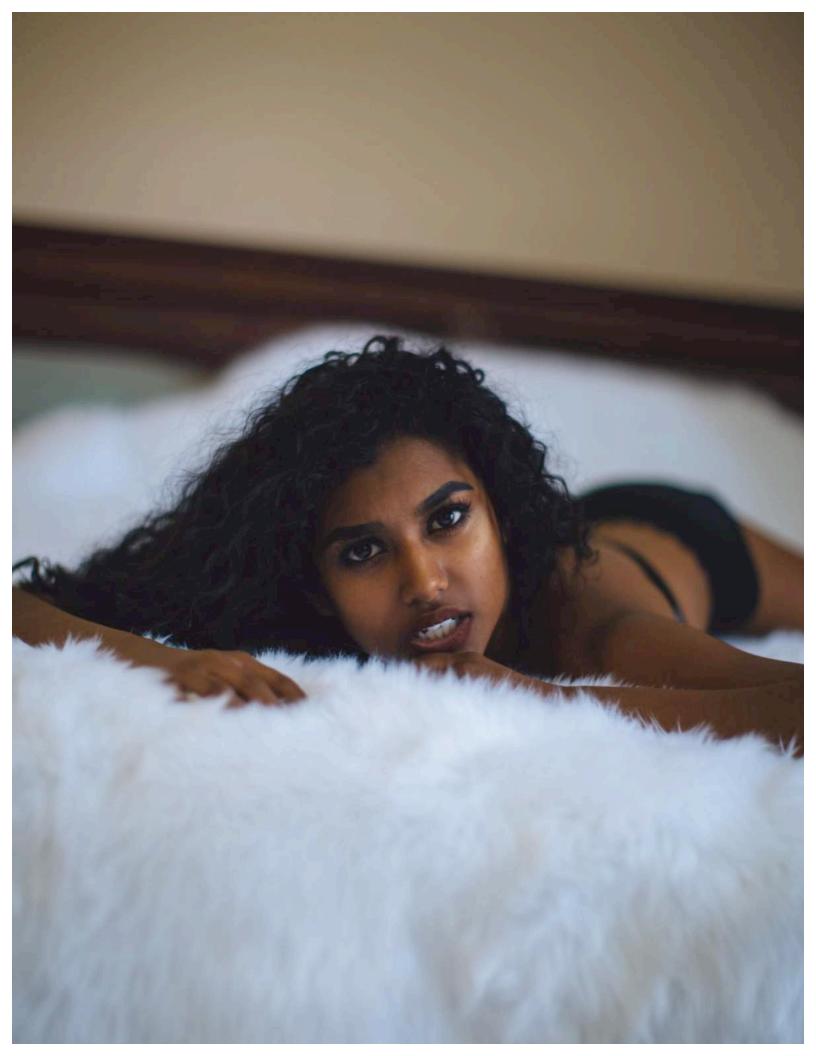


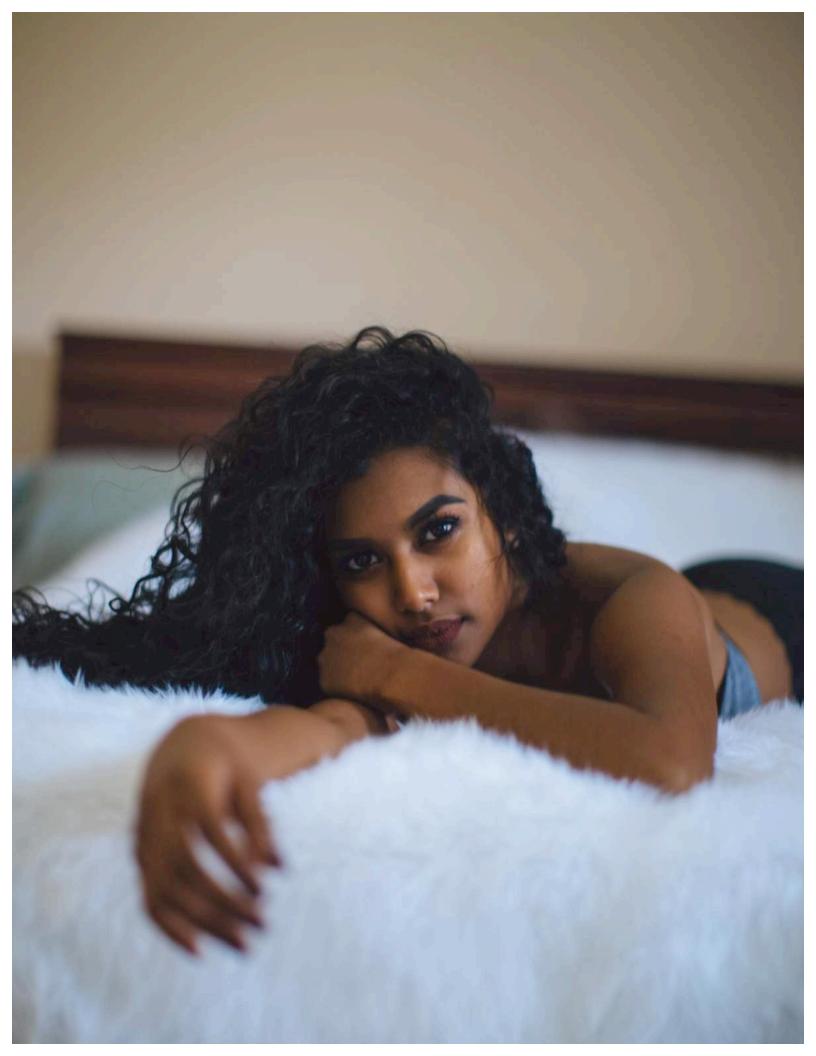


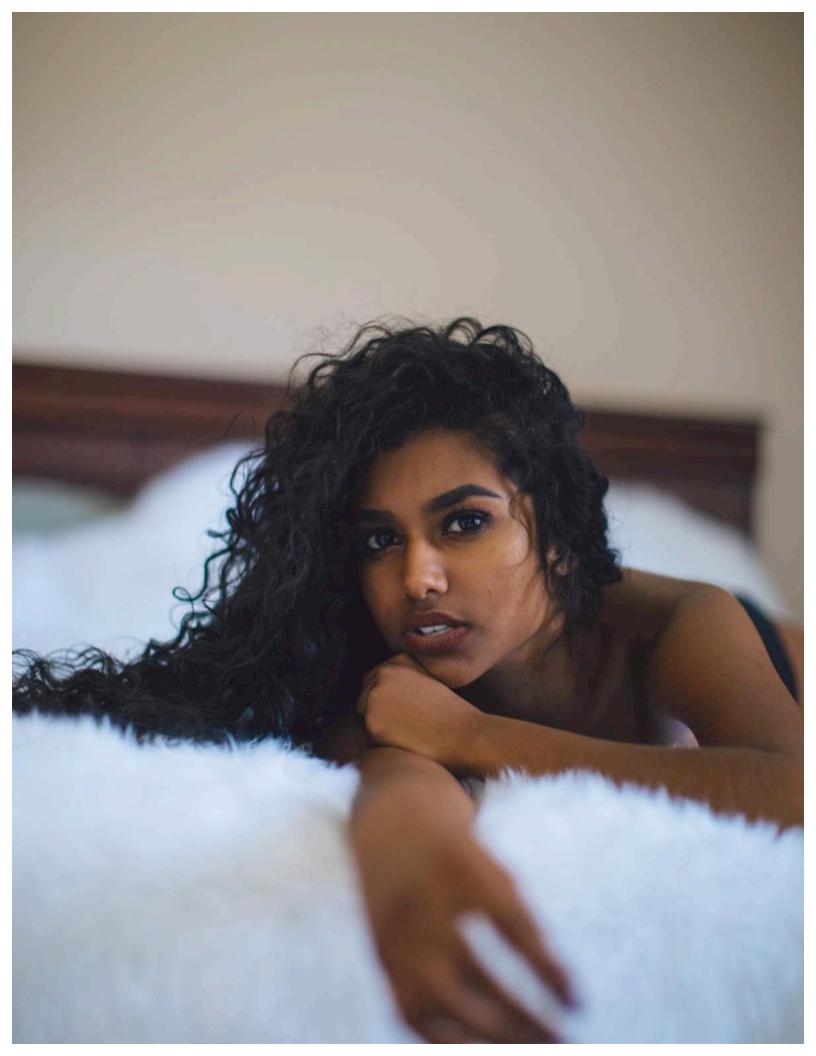


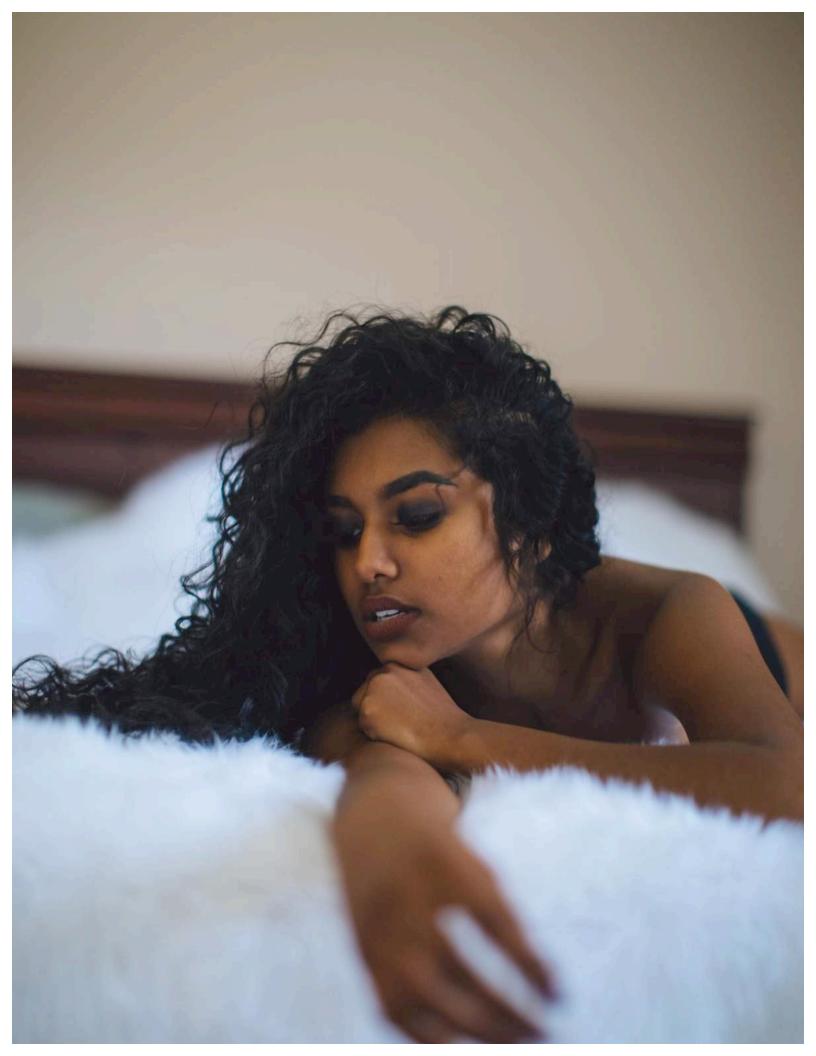
The beginning of time began the moment he first laid his eyes on her.

"Goodness, your eyes." That mysterious feeling was spreading all over him again. "What about them"? She said. "I bet the compliments never end", he replied. The way the light hit her eyes did wonders for him. He leaned in towards her with the camera, but then he pulled back.



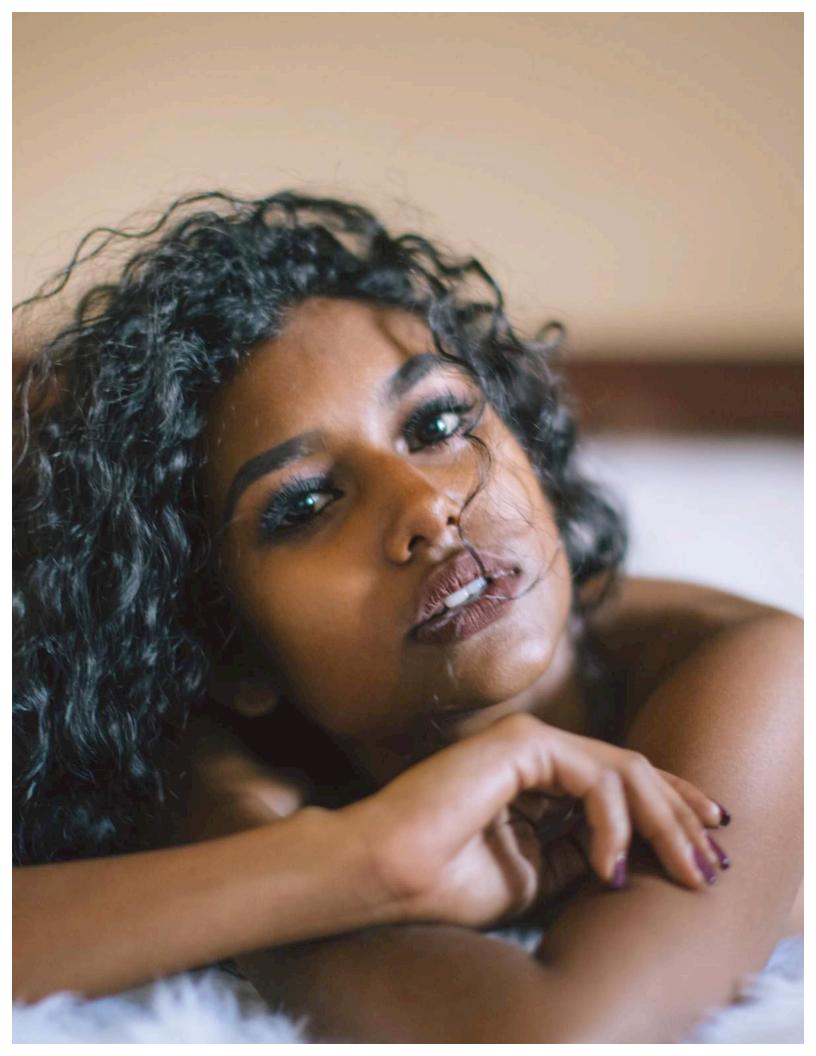










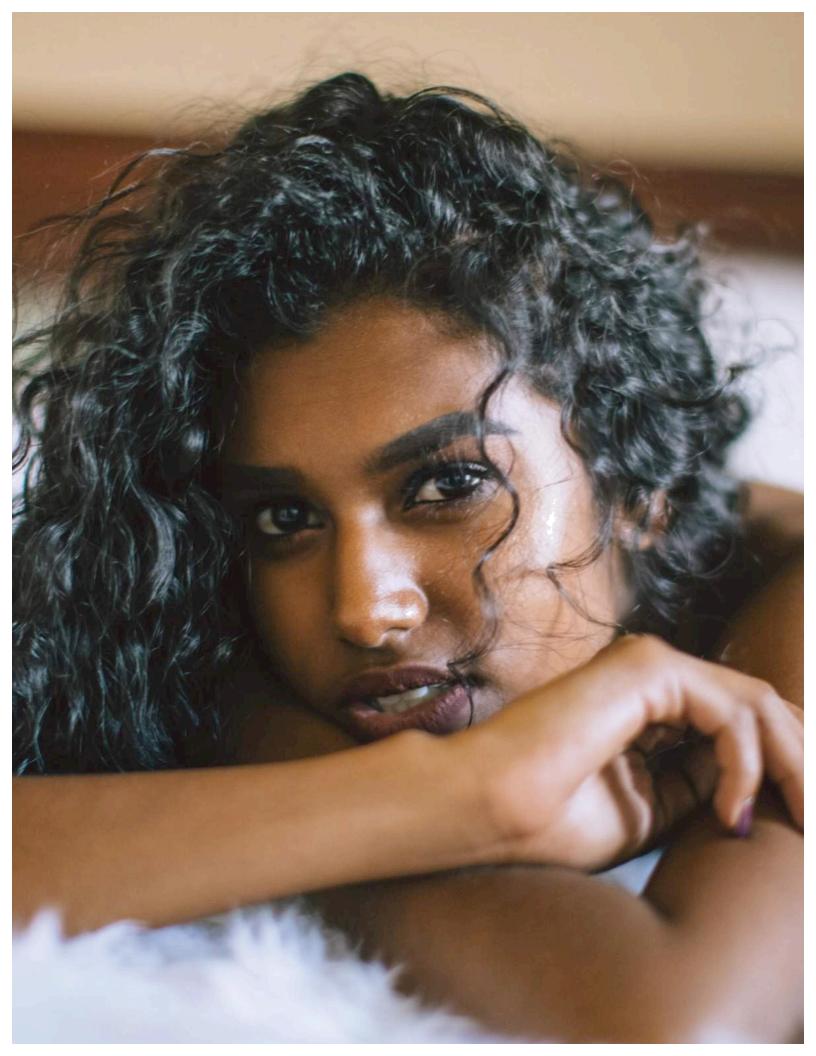


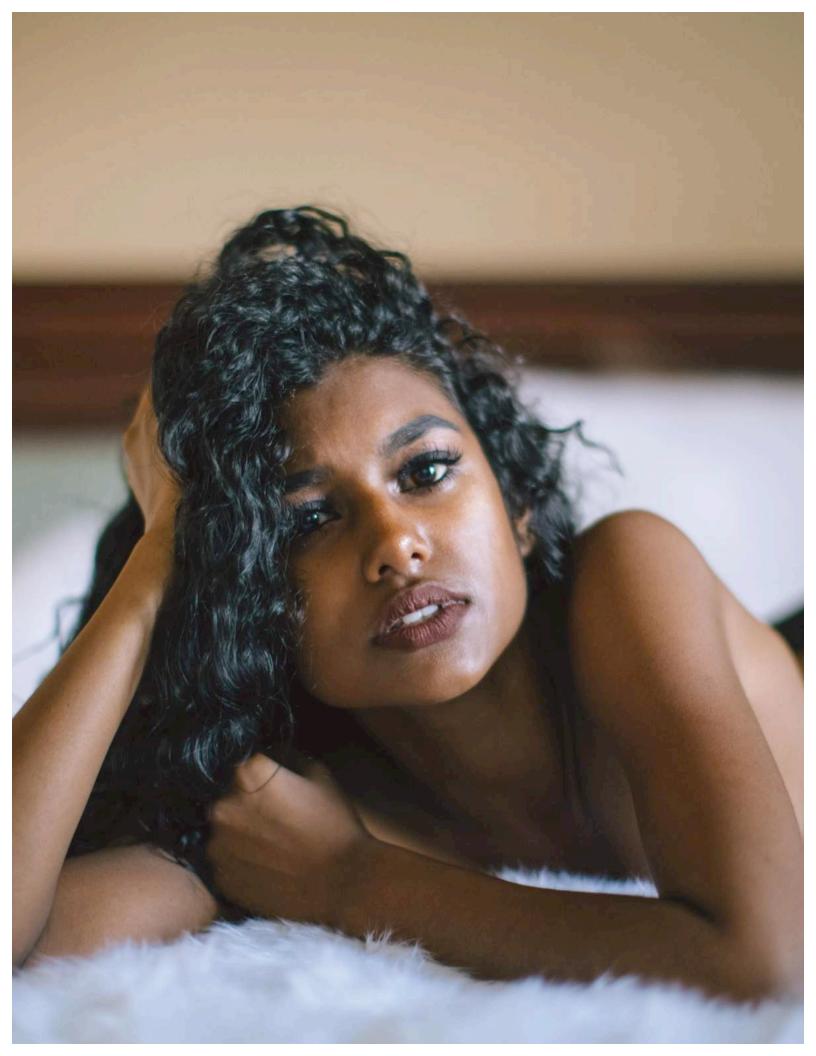
Passion became the forefront of their love, a connection that nobody could deny. A desire that could never end not even when death calls. They won't answer. They're too busy in the heat of the moment to even hear it over their heavy breathing and the excessive amounts the headboard would hit the wall.

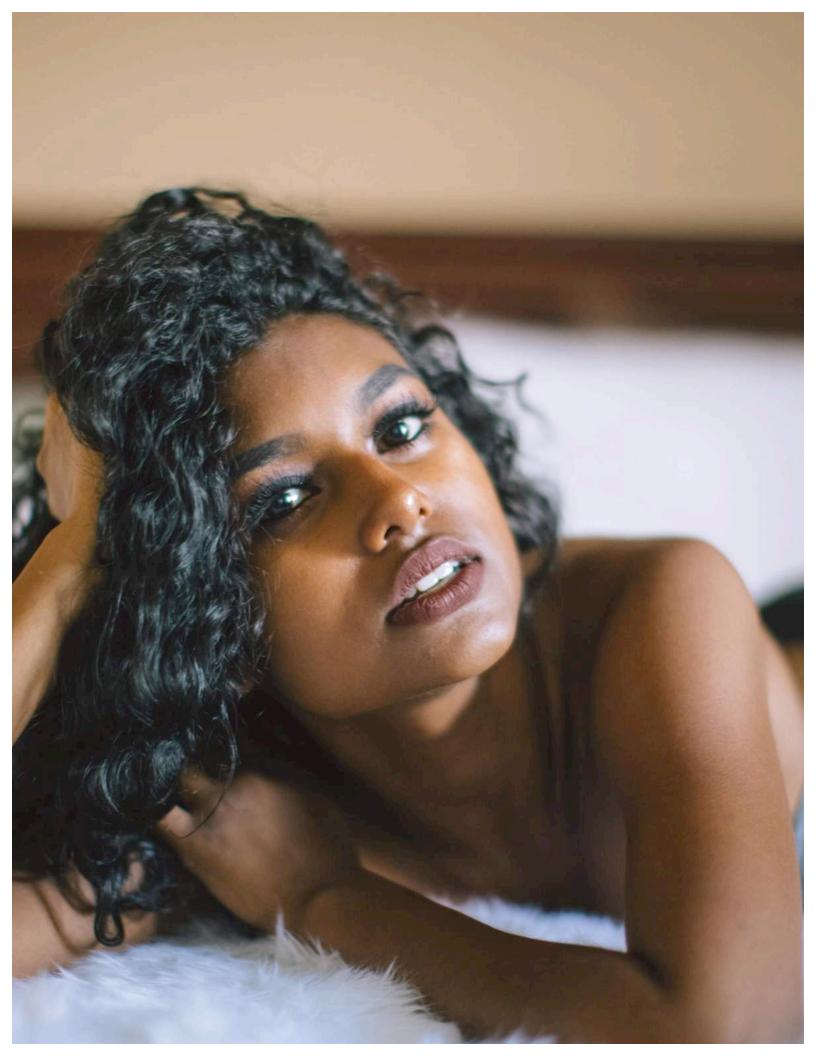
She couldn't get enough of him. She wanted him more and more by every passing moment. The scratches she would leave on his back were like track marks for their addiction to one another.

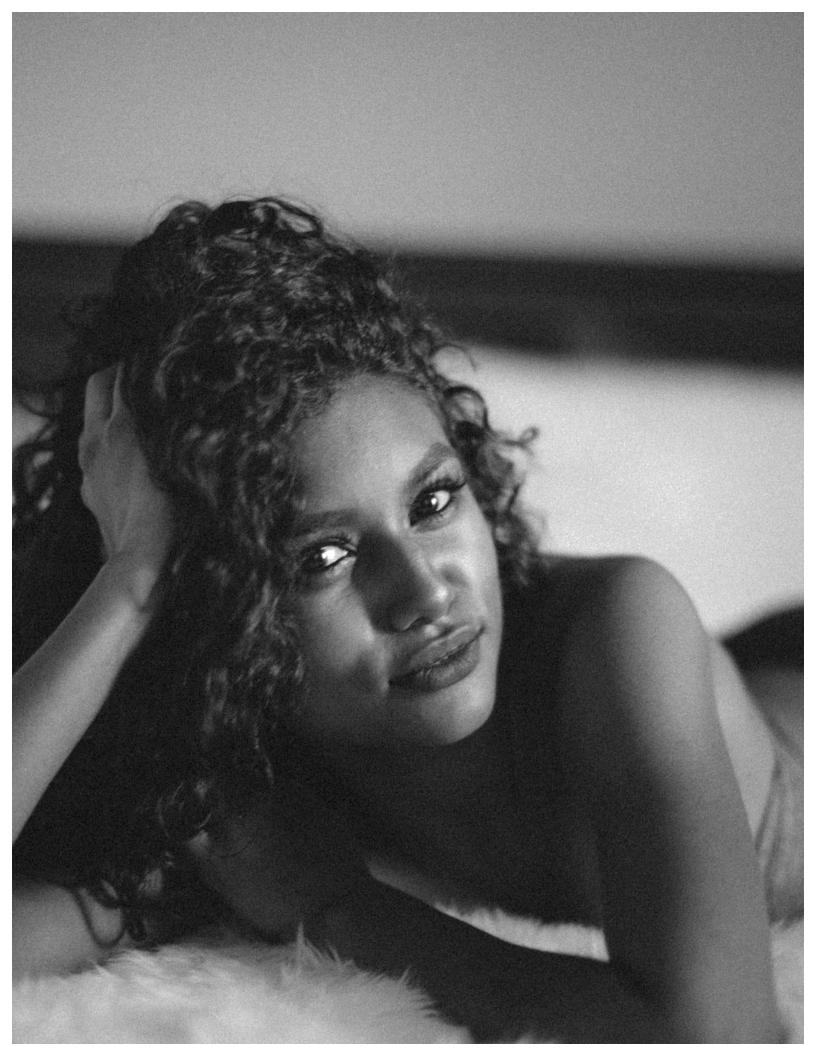
A high that only he could give her and that was the only love he could ever need. They understood on another level that intimacy was the byproduct of their love. But the wet sheets became a pool in the dry desert. She had been waiting for this moment her whole life. He just knew how to take her to paradise every time she needed him.

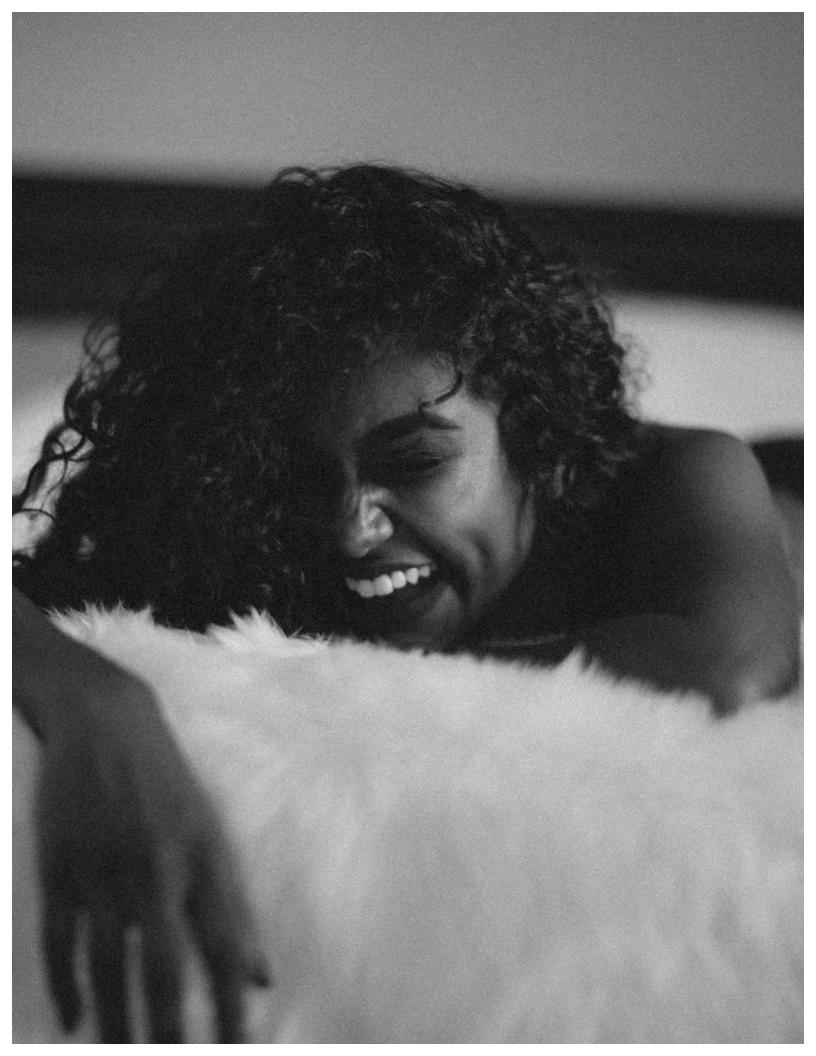
Paradise was real; a holiday to heaven was what she called it.



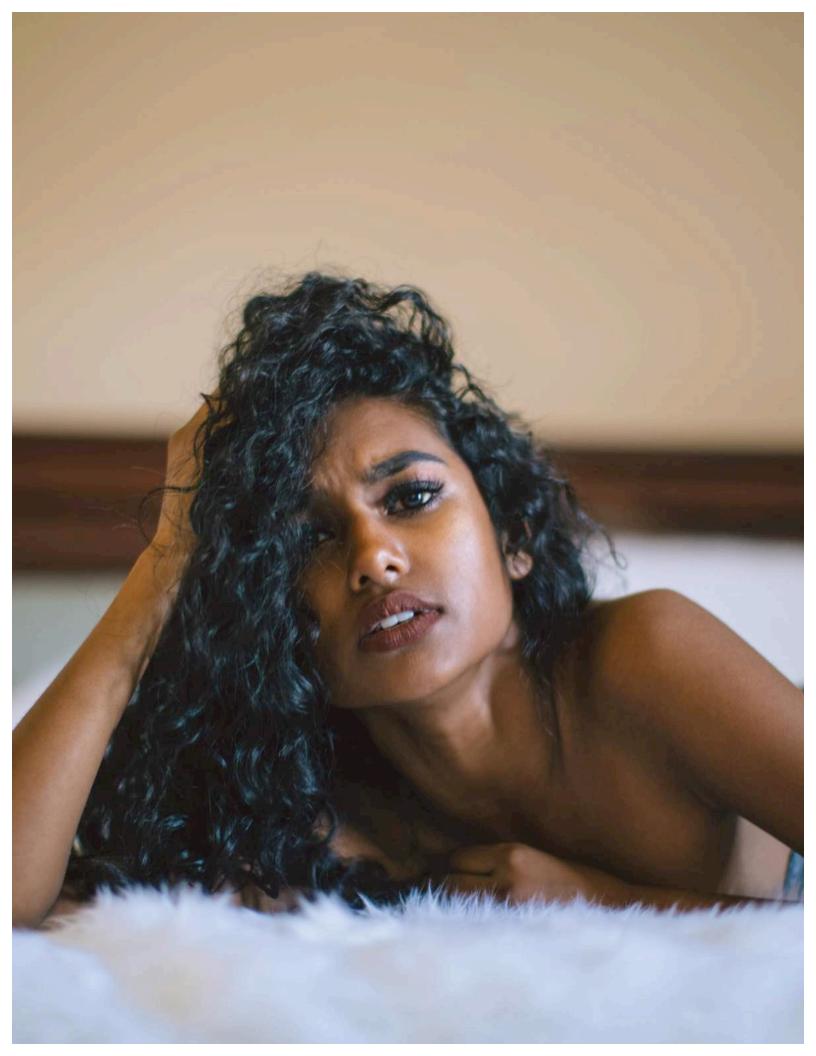




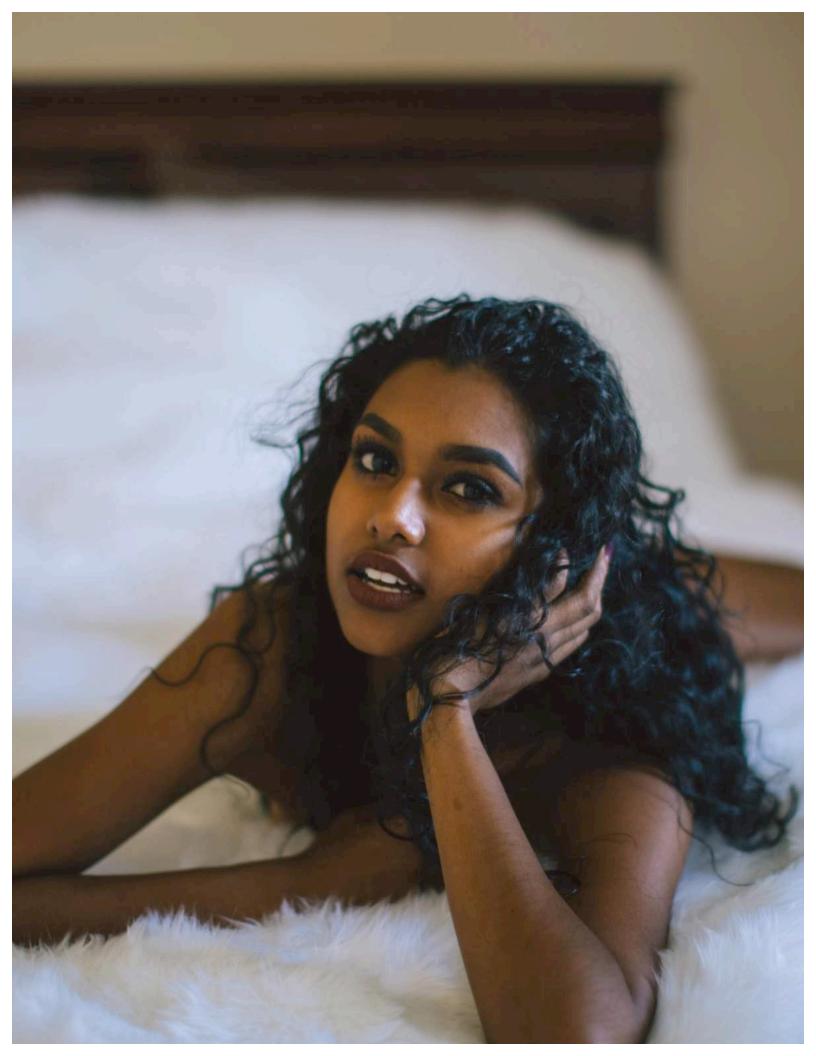




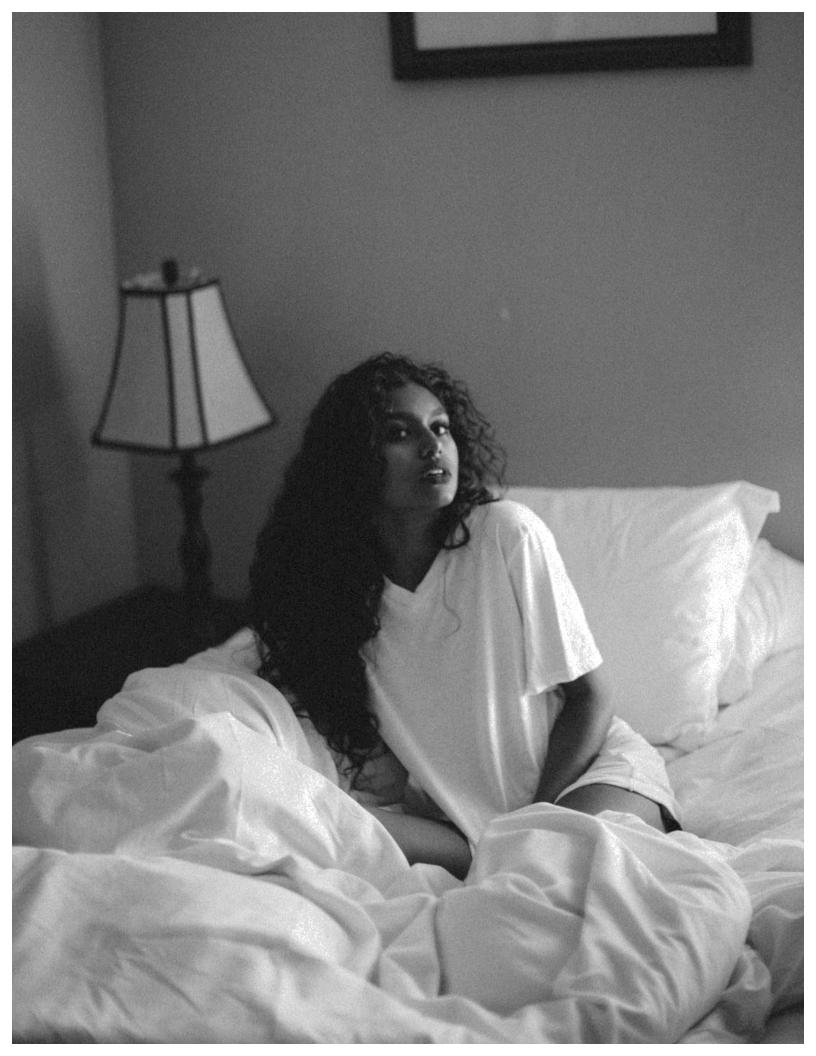
Paradise wasn't a place; it was a feeling that felt like heaven.

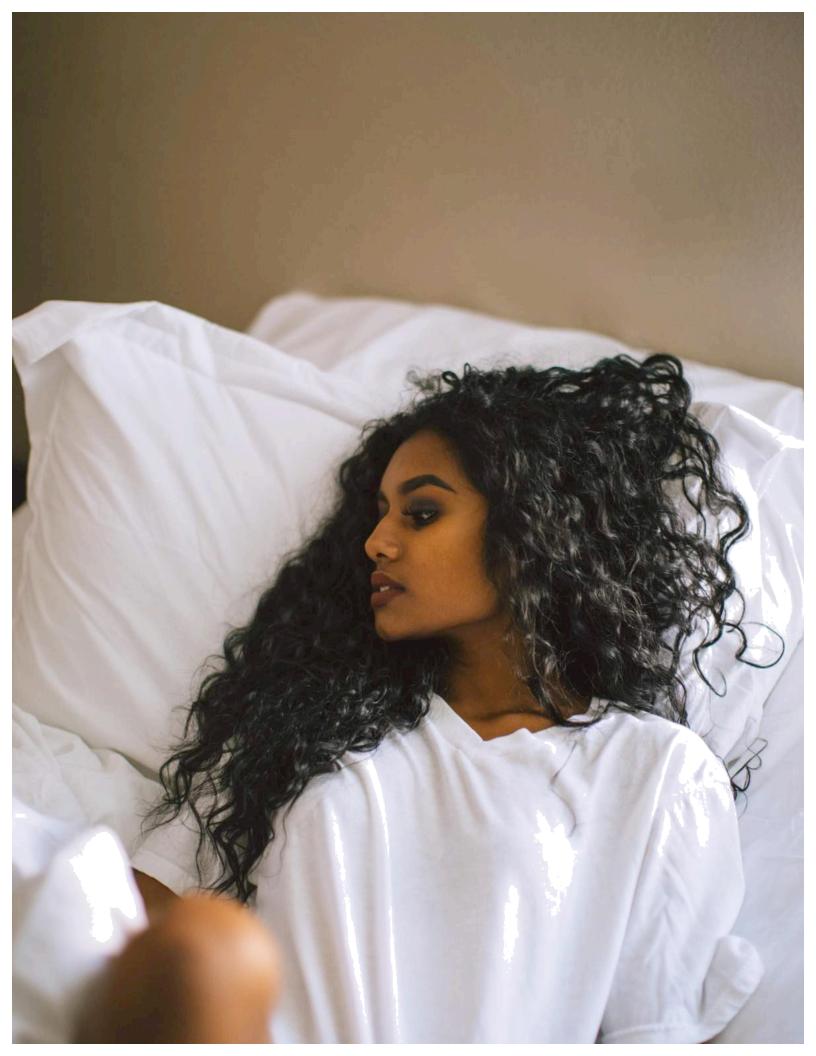












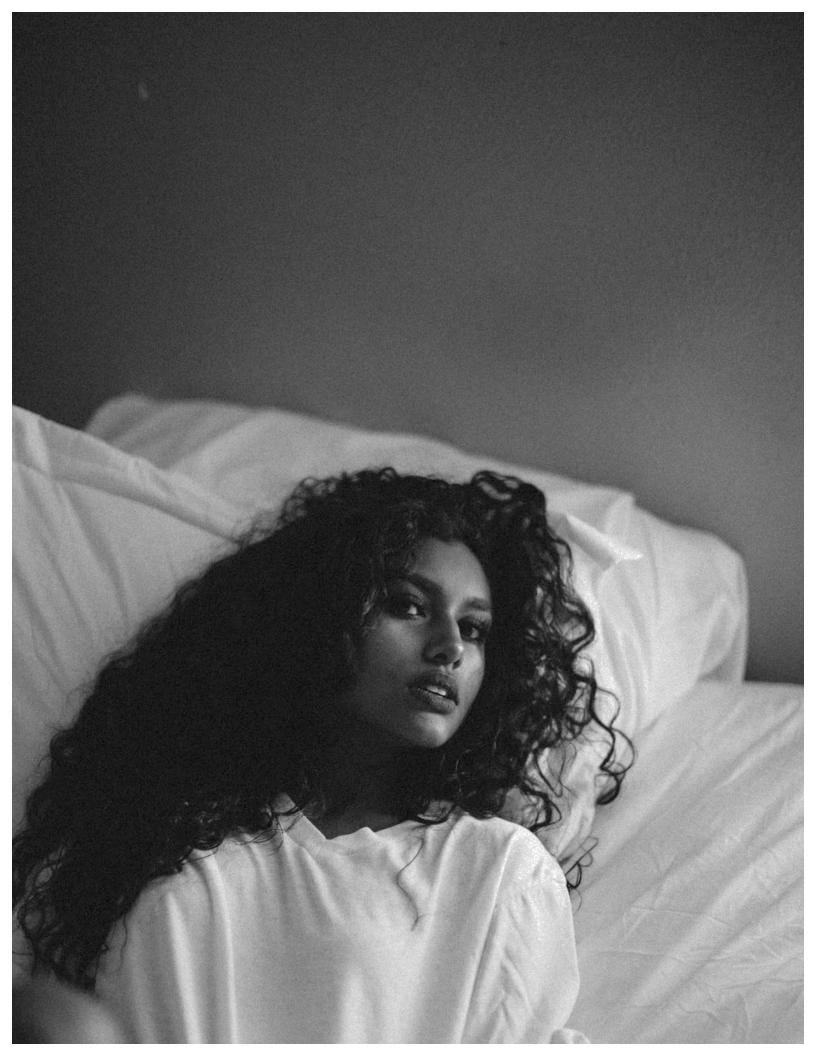
To discover the highs and withdrawals of life are the keys to happiness, love and success. To use them to your advantage for growth and not be complacent allows you to live life if you so wish.

Life will throw obstacles at you regardless of your greatness. But that is how the good become great. They learn and they grow from the lessons that have been taught. To have faith that beautiful things will happen not when you desire them but when you're ready.

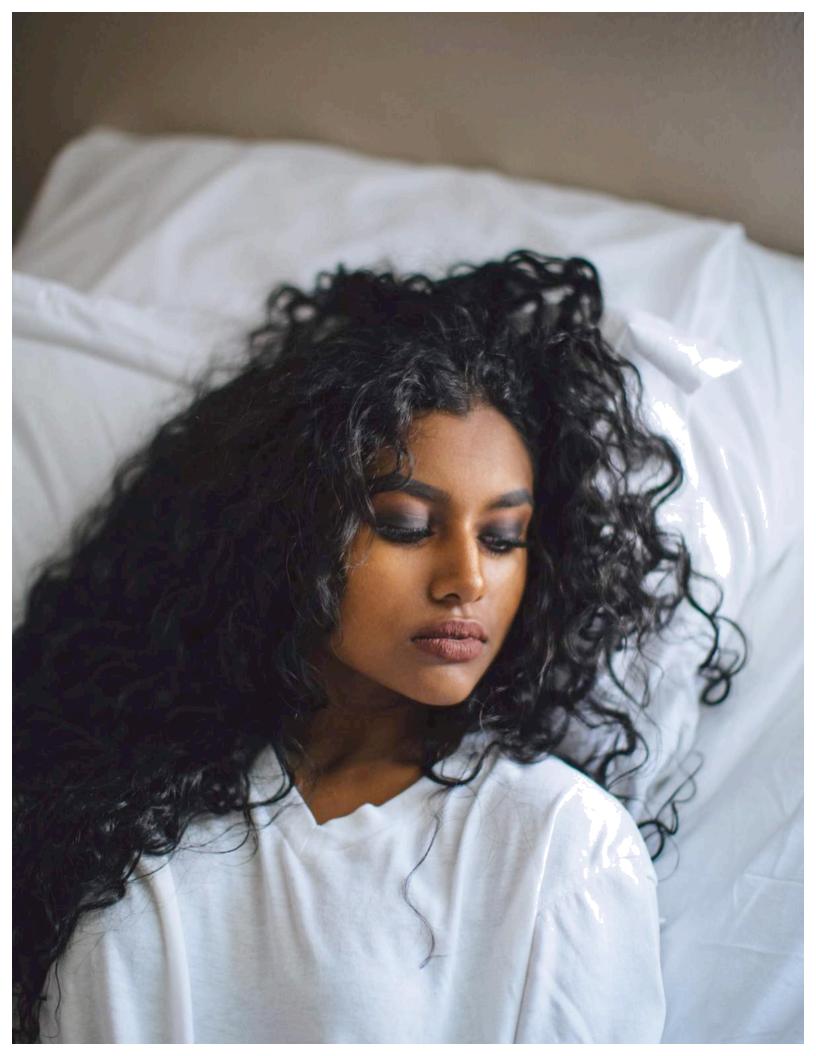
Brighter days always await you; you just need to overcome the bad weather first. I guess that's why people are named after cyclones for some people destroy everything in their path. While those who have their hearts set on giving to the world rather than taking, those are the people you should put the effort into keeping at whatever the cost.

For you cannot cheat time the way you cheated on life. There are no second chances just highs and lows that one must endure through the tests of life.



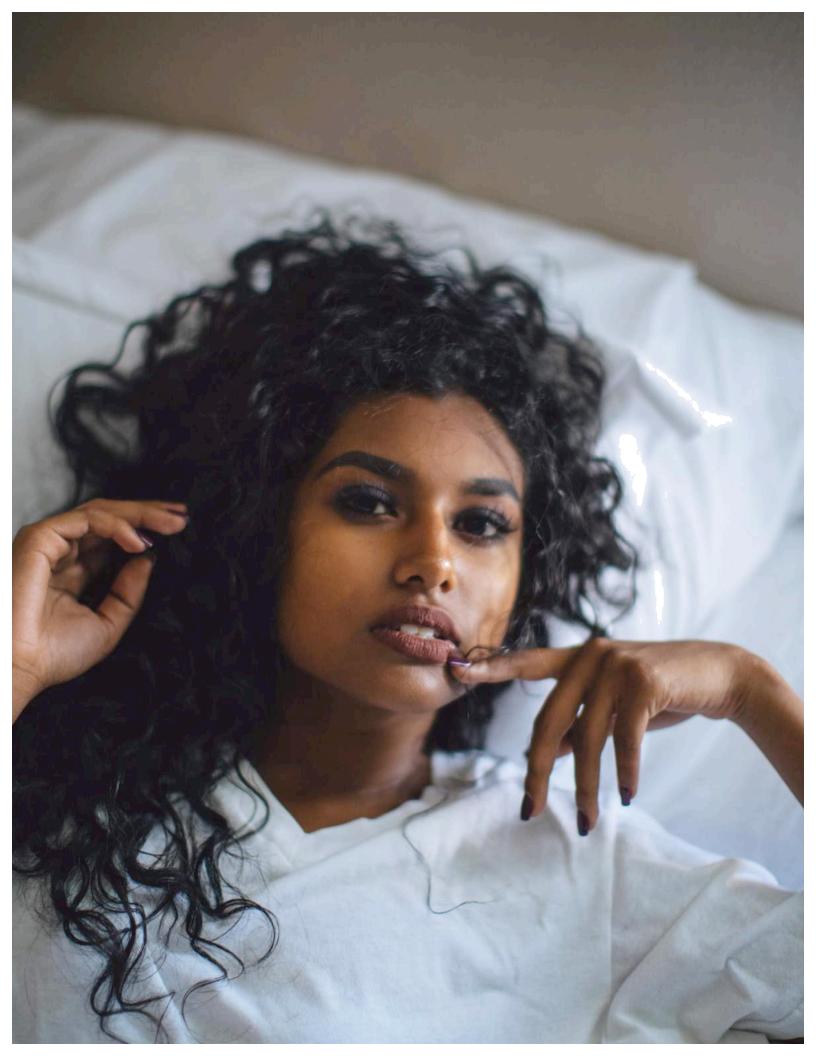






To know her was an addiction in itself. She had found the depths in her soul in the heights of their passion. Greatness was only a matter of time.



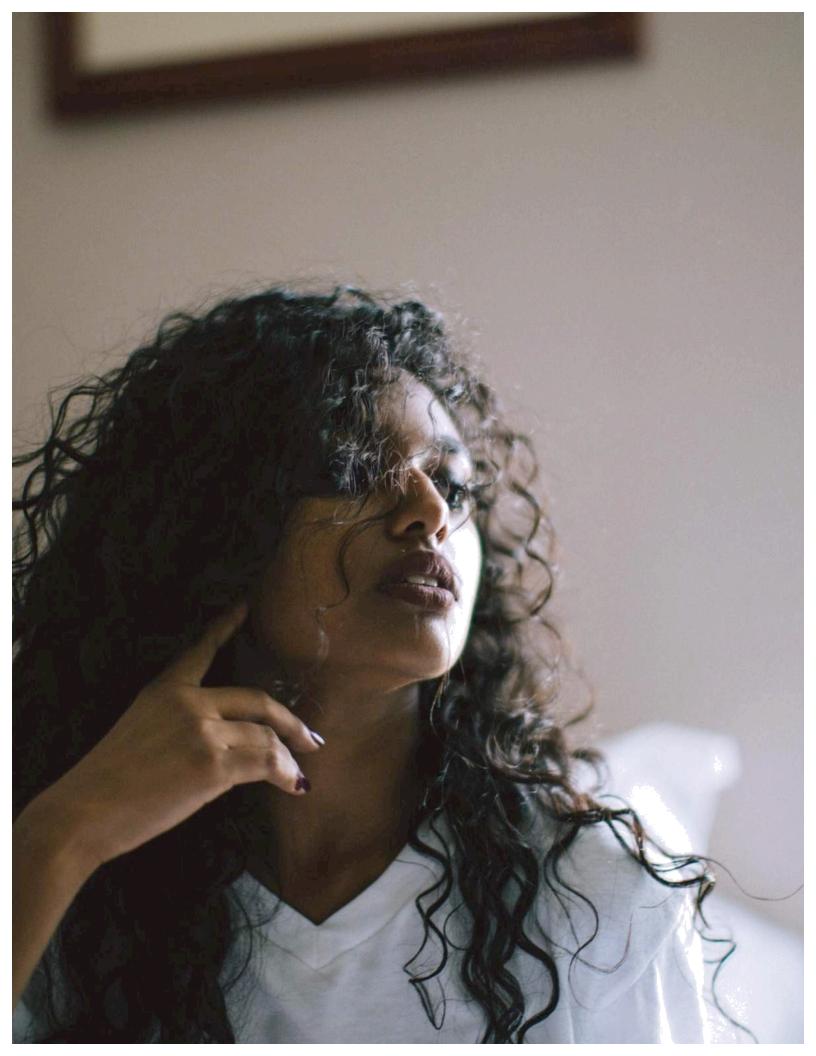


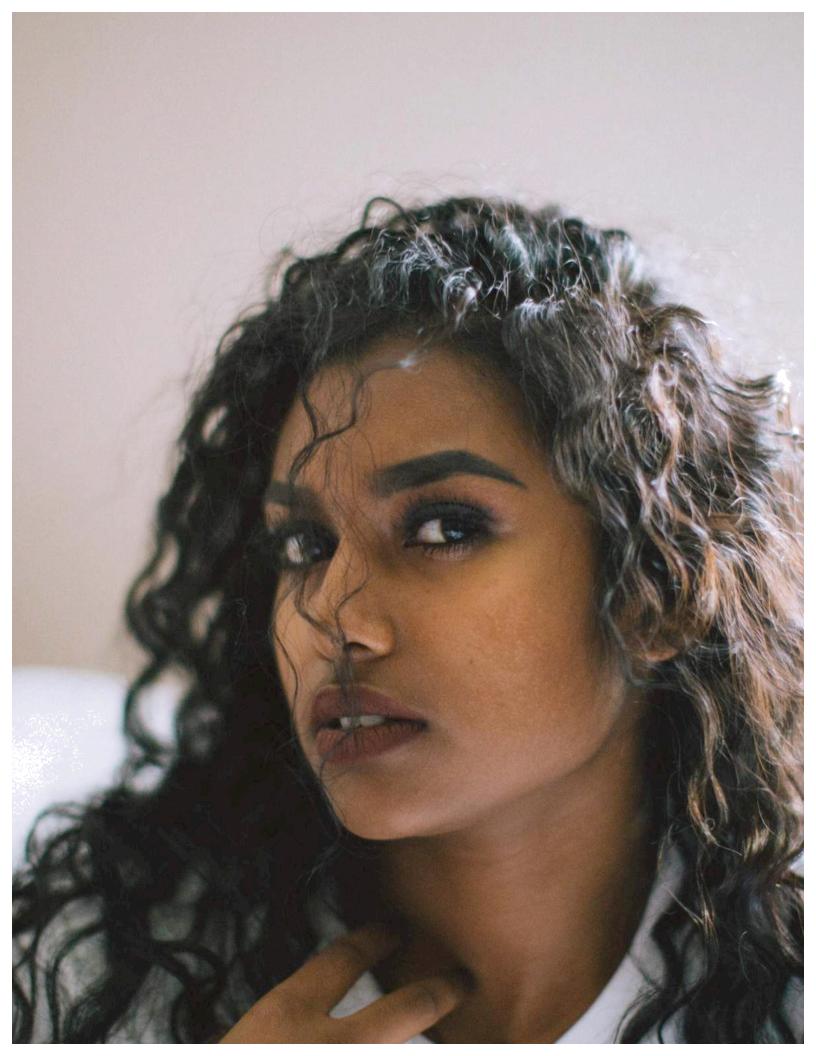


Beauty of the Mona Lisa could never come close to the beauty I see in you,

Do you tell this to every woman that you meet, you're quite the poet she said. "It's a bit complicated", he replied.



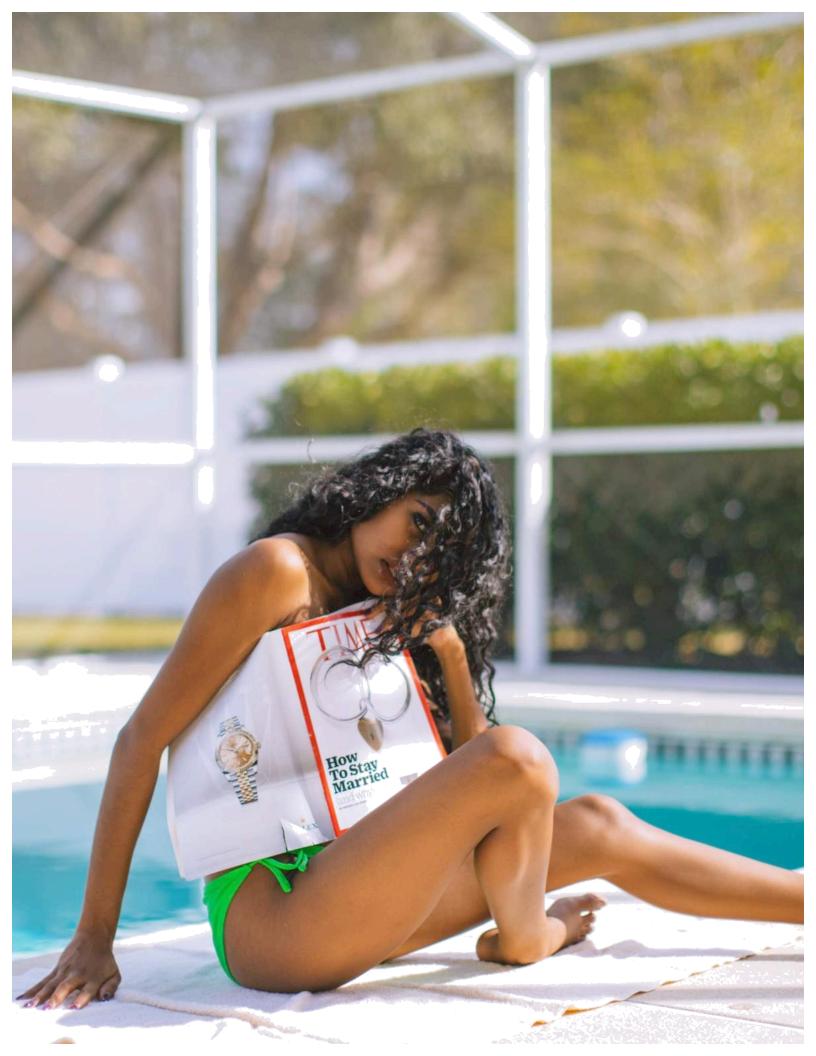




She believed she had flaws. She would express her doubts to him like she would express her love to him with uncertainty. Unsure what his response would be. Unsure if he will put the doubts to rest or highlight issues that he had never realized.

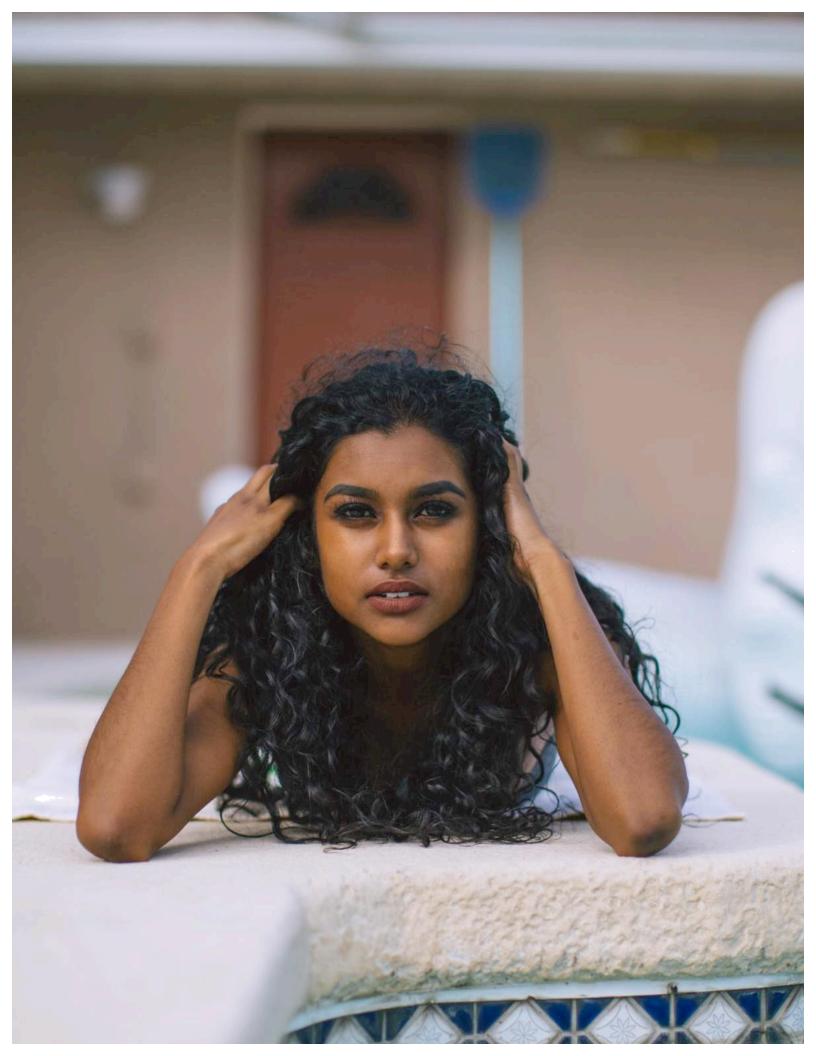
Little did she know, he saw her beautiful regardless of what she believed her flaws were. He saw her as a unique art piece that he could never sell. He could never get rid of her even if they offered him the world. So next to his bed is the photo of her that she had left him to remind him what was at home when he was busy taking care of business to secure their future so they would never have to worry.

Nothing in this world would be more beautiful than what he got to wake up to and call "mine."







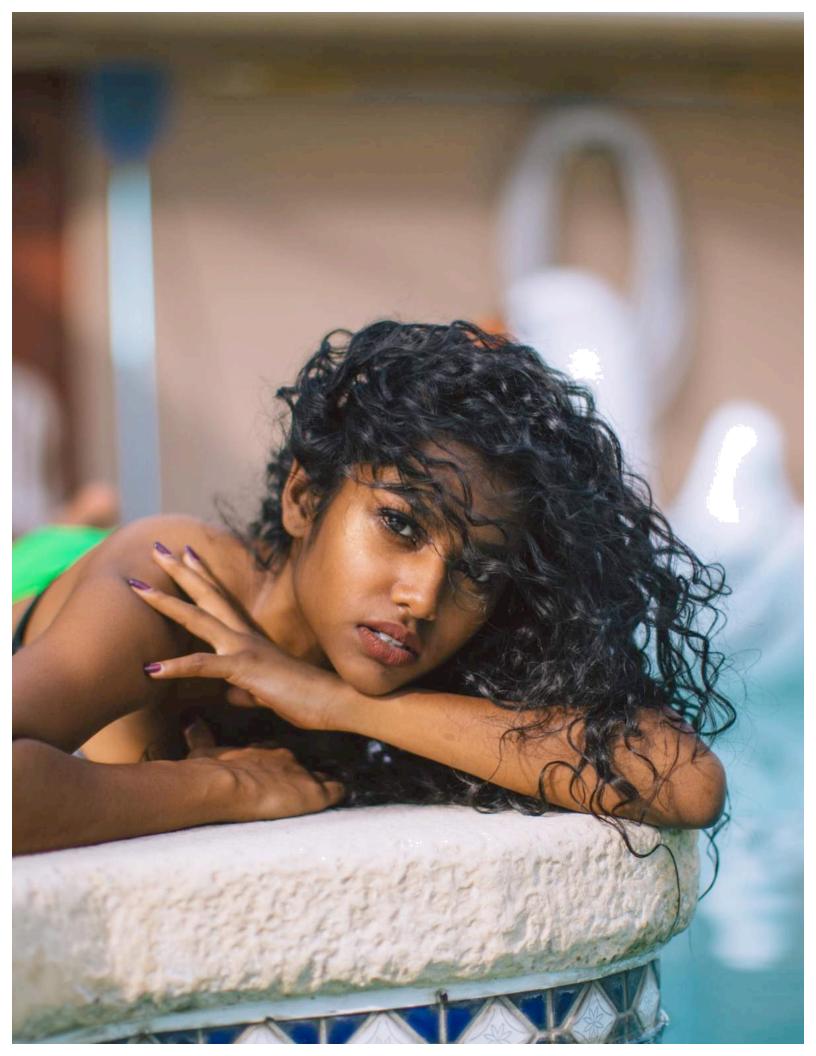


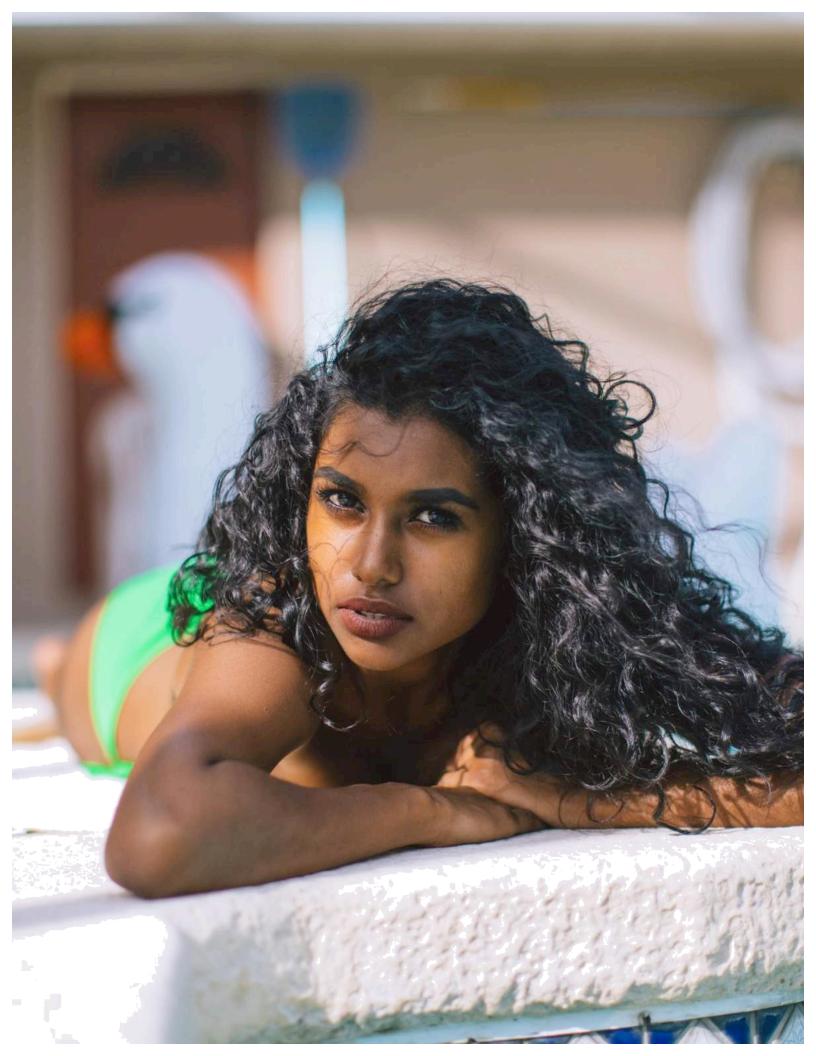
The shape of her whole being was what captured his attention but it was her soul that created the whole picture. Her soul was the definition of completion. The eyes might get you to look but it was her soul that made you stay.

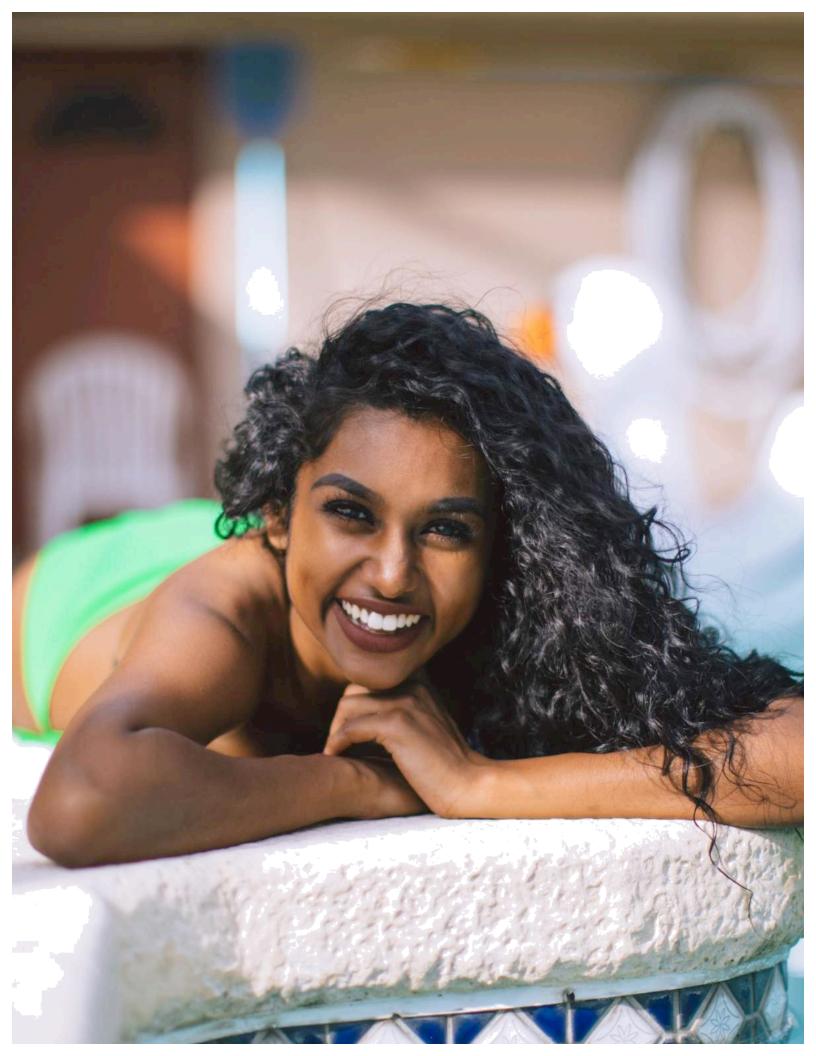
It was as if God had heard all my prayers and sent the most beautiful answer. She was proof that God does listen and that angels do exist. She could walk the runway at the Victoria Secret show if she wished. But she would rather be right next to someone who saw beyond the beauty and saw straight to her soul.



Sometimes being beautiful stops people from digging deeper into what you have to offer. But once someone appreciates you and falls for your soul, that's my definition of true beauty.







The addiction was just the beginning. She wasn't just beautiful, she had captured everything from the dreams he had of beauty and became true to herself, which was his own definition of perfect.

Perfection is subjective to an individual. An opinion formed from a perspective that is all their own. But he was higher than the Empire State at 4.20pm on a Friday afternoon so he knew what heaven felt like when he would get to spend time with his Mona Lisa. What could be more perfect than their bodies intertwined and their body warmth shared between the two. Naked and bare without anything to hide. Nothing to be afraid of. Just caught up in what they've got going on

Perhaps he could jump off the edge and fly away with her or perhaps he falls to his death. That's a chance we take on new beginnings. You'll never reach the heights of life if you're never pursuing the greatest things that life can give you.

So he let her get on her knees to pray to God that this puff will take her to heaven. Little did she know that it would end in her having her knees right next to her head with him long stroking her to their own form of heaven.

God is great and that's why she kept praising his name.