



# A Chaos Junkie Speaks

May 27, 2009 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

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It finally hit me the other day what has been bothering me for several weeks. Nothing. All is calm; all is bright. I cannot fucking stand it.

I am a chaos junkie just as sure as I am a man living with AIDS and recovering drunk and addict. I just cannot stand order and normalcy.

These feelings just go against the grain. I need drama and turmoil in order to survive. Why the hell are my T cells stable? What am I gaining muscle? Why does my partner love me? Why am I sober and not craving a slug or a drug? I fucking cannot stand it then I heard an 86 year old woman the other day who is new to recovery admitted she was a “chaos junkie” and that is realization was what finally drove her into AA. As soon as the words came out of her mouth I realized she had spoken my truth.

I used to thrive on my life being a mess. It gave me ample “reason” to use and drink after all. If you had my problems honey you would drink too!

Well, bullshit to that, I say. I really don’t need to be in a stew all the time. Sometimes “boring” is good. Well, bullshit to that too I must honestly admit. Sometimes boring is just boring and I have to deal with it.

However, after hearing this AA “newcomer” I could not get the “chaos junkie” thought out of mind and I finally realized why it was so powerful to me. I am just like the damn virus that is infecting my body. HIV and I are kind of made of the same crazy “DNA”. We both love to sneak in, lay in wait, than attack. I am no better than a fucking lethal pathogen.

Or at least I used to be. Maybe as I come up to another sober anniversary I am just beginning to learn how to live a life that is not always self-destructive. I know I have learned to listen more to my patients and call them on their bullshit. When I call out someone what I am really doing is calling out myself. I typically see in them what I know is in me.

I finally am beginning to understand my own bullshit through the bullshit of others.

I use to love to live in chaos and feel the pleasure of escape by booze and drugs. Now, I attempt to deal with life as it deals with me. Is it easy?

Hell no. Do I like it all the time? Again, hell no! Am I stuck with it...yes, I am and that is okay for today. I have come to realize after years of living with AIDS, going into recovery, surviving 911, being widowed, falling down stairs and nearly

dying again this year, and all the rest of it...today is all any of us have.

Please don't worry about me. I am not getting sappy on you. I am still the man that enjoys my rants and raves. So to anyone who thinks I am getting "soft" I suggest that you simply go fuck off, and I say this from the bottom of my heart.

It is time for this chaos junkie to be on high alert and not allow "boredom" to need some fixing in only the way a drunk and addict would fix it by screwing things up again. So to all the chaos junkies out there I say just hang tight, and do not worry. Life will fuck you over again some time soon and then we will all feel so much better. I know I certainly will.

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<http://beta.docker.poz.com/blog/a-choas-junkie-speak>