

A Recovery Poem

03/21/2017

I took my first drink when I was five,
Trying to control my environment and that's no jive!

Needless to say it didn't go as I planned,
I went to emergency and then things really got out of hand.

I had observed that when they drank, the fights would begin,
I thought if I drank the alcohol, the night would have a better end.

It would be a slow process, a never ending lesson,
I would eventually realize that "life" was in session.

I never dreamed I would end up in the rooms of AA,
After all, I was "just drinking," and doing that every day.

There were signs along the way, warnings were given,
I ignored all of that; I was just trying to keep on living.

I blamed the world for all of the pain in my life,
I drank to think of a way out of the turmoil and strife.

I repeated this action daily, and found the saying to be true,
I was an insane little girl with a lot of growing to do.

I realized I had a problem that I couldn't solve on my own,
It was my search for help that taught me I'm not alone.

There are many that will travel the road that I took,
And I will remain on that road, waiting for them with my "Big Book."

I want to help all who are suffering the same way I did,
Part of recovery is helping others to live as adults and not as kids.

Bad things will happen, but life does go on,
Remember, after every dark night, there's always a new dawn.

I'll continue to extend my hand to help you appreciate each day we are given,
Because until you can do that; you're not really living.

So, I'll leave you with this thought, and from my heart it is true,
If you need me, just call. I'm always glad to be of service for you!

-Peer Volunteer