

IT'S NOT THAT WAY ANYMORE

By Rick R.

I remember the time, when I was a boy, I was lost in a world of delusion?
How I struggled to find, a way to fit in, and make sense of all that confusion.
I wanted to be, the right kind of lad, and stand up for the weak and the poor,
But my thoughts of a hero, turned out to be zero, when selfishness bolted that door.
I remember the time, at the age of thirteen, when I found a friend in a bottle.
It made me feel right, with my fears out of sight, so I pushed my foot down on the throttle.
The ride I was on, went ok for a while, then things started going woefully wrong.
Hospitals, jails, unemployment and fights, became common events before long.
They say camels backs, are broken by straws, and I can remember just one
I came home one day, to an empty house, and gone were my wife and my son.
Two more years of drinking, and desperately thinking, and hoping I'd get a reprieve,
But it never came, and the desperation and pain, is what saved my life I believe.
I woke up hung over, and I can't explain why, but I knew that I must call A.A.
I went to a meeting, and believe it or not, have not wanted a drink since that day.
The hope I experienced, that very first day, is a memory I'll never forget.
The love and compassion, the caring I felt, stay fixed in my memory yet.
My childhood ambition, to be a good kid, not that tragic soul of before.
Has all come full circle, with the help of A.A. and, It's not that way anymore.