

## Six Weeks Later

Thank you A-TEAM for listening to me,  
For a long time I was blind pretending not to see,  
Every morning was the same dreading getting up,  
All I could think of is the drinks I could sup,  
I thought it made me better but not for long,  
I kept it hidden but knew it was wrong,  
Stashing glasses all over the house,  
Trying to be as quiet as a mouse,  
Bruises popping up on my arms and legs,  
From my drunken stumbling, trying to hide the dregs,  
I thought I could control it, one more wont matter,  
Always an excuse till my life started to shatter,  
Avoiding people, avoiding going out,  
I needed help I wanted to shout,  
Ending up at the doctors pulse racing like hell,  
Beta blockers and referral to the A-Team to try and get me well,  
The call came quick a friendly voice on the line,  
Booked in that week, must be a good sign,  
That first appointment I wanted to run away,  
Anxiety building up but I managed to stay,  
It all came out, tears were shed,  
Years of covering up, now it was going to be put to bed,  
Words came easy, I couldn't keep quiet,  
For once I made sense, sober words not causing a riot,  
Questions being answered, reassurance always there,  
Not being judged, being treated fair,

Thank you A-Team for giving me hope,  
For all your kind words and helping me cope,  
Looking forward to living life again, to the fullest I can,  
So glad I got to the A-Team and never ran!

JC, February 2011.