

Dependency

Tears roll down my face but then another drink it surely wouldn't hurt.

It's in the morning when the units hit your mind.

It's no life of any kind

What did I do yesterday?

Excuse me I shall have to try and recall

And so the beer, dependency easy, abstinence not.

You try to exonerate your habit.

Its not my fault

Something happened in my life, resolution after a weak resort.

I've had a skinful and it escaped my mind.

I can run, I can blot, I can walk a wire between relief and the cold.

Your friends try to help you by saying you can manage, but not having been there they don't understand.

The ultimate suffering is crumbling faith.

Somebody mentioned the service, a replacement of ideas

Skilfully handled by a trained operator, the empathetic and well versed listener.

It's not a cure, only the alcohol dependent can make the choice.

Go to the service, meet someone nice, you never know you could take their advice

By Paul