

ODE TO THE O'S

One ovule.

Once ordinary organism, ovaries occurred.

Obvious obnoxious obsessions obstructing off days.

Oddities.

Outspoken offspring often offending old age.

Odium.

Oh boy outwitting old bill.

Obey.

Ol' school opinion, obsolete.

Officious old men, omitted,

Ostentation, obnoxious

Overseas opportunities? Oblique.

Olive oil? Oh ya!

Olive Branch? Oh no!

Onset, onset, onset!

Operas ? Outdated.

Oscars? Overblown.

Obama? Overrated.

Omicron outbreak? Overhyped.

Oliver often overjoyed over oreos.

Ongoing, one track mind.

Oneness.

One minded observer,

optimist? Oh no!

Options? Only one.

Open secret? Obvious One:

Opportunist overproducing oxycodone.

Organic open air opiate orgasims.

Opium oasis, opioid obligation.

Overt overdoses oooops.

Objectified, ostracized, oppressed!

Ortho orgies? Oxymoron.

Oral outnumbering ordinary onanism.

Olivia's occasional one night stands. Oh noooo!

Ozzy's overnight orgies. Ok

Over priced oysters, over cooked omelettes

Overpaid Ontarian ornithologist observing Orioles.

Oversexed, overdressed old girls overpopulating
outrageously overnight, outliving offspring, outweening
outlaws over running our outside world.

Obese, overfed, overweight officers often offending off
color oddballs owning ounces of OG Kush.
Overkill, overdone! Overdid!
Oink oink.

Ongoing Oligarchy, overstayed, overslept, overdue.
Out, out, out, onus out!

Orthodox opinions outcasting objective optimism.

Overt obstruction often occupying out one o'clock Ohio
news.

Oswald, osama, OJ, oh shit!

Ottis on oregon road ordering Ozzies, online only 199!

Orphans overseas offered oatmeal over ownership of
organs. Outrageous!

Outsourced operations occupying our opportunities.

Over Worked overseers oxidizing our ozone layer,
overfishing our oriental orcas.
Oil oozing out onto our oceans.

Occult officials obscenely obliging one another
off handedl.
Oversight.

Oh Oscar Wilde!
Oh Ottis Reading!
Oh Owen Heart!
Oh Otis Toole!

Ode, on top of outcry, on top of ovation.

Our only one, our Oracle, originator of oxygen, Olive
Garden and Oprah.
Orchestrate order! Orchestrate order!

Or else.

Overtime.

Ouch, ow, oh.

OOOOHHHHH!!!!!!

Omnicide.

Obituaries.....

I AM ALWAYS WITH YOU

God reminds us of His promises
With every rainbow that He sends
to reminds that we're not alone
and we do have a friend
With every heartache and every trials,
with every burden that weighs us down,
when we cry out "God! Where are you?"
He say's "My child, just look around.
I am always with you
From the moment you open your eyes
I never leave you
Just take a look at My sunrise
My love is as deep as My oceans
My heart as big as My seas
Blue skies are mirrored in My lakes
An abundance of life can be found in My trees.
I knew the world would forget Me
My tears are in every raindrop
So they would remember
I remind them with forget-me-not's
My compassion works through people
My gentleness is in the coo of a dove
When the world causes you to doubt
Just look up at the heavens above
My strength can move mountains
My voice echo's through valleys
My power is displayed in thunder
My might in lightning
I bless you with flowers
Which I decorate throughout the land
I embrace you in the warm summer's breeze
In a storm I hold your hand
I will never abandon you
And My promises I will never forget
When you get discouraged
Take a glance at My sun as it sets
My child, I am always with you
Even as you sleep at night
And as you are resting
I gently kiss you with my moonlight
Whenever you think I left you
And I'm nowhere to be found
Take the time to smell my roses
My child, just take a look around

Written by Brenda T.

Death Style 2022 Arts Fest - Poem

Coke and Cigarettes in the morning...

With Japanese anime on screen...

Girls wrapped in cellophane with tongues on lollipops...

On a king sized bed, spitting wild dreams...

Smothering my nightmares with manic screams.

None of this matters anymore since you've crept deep into my heart, destroying everything I love with a smile...

Your blade caught my blood well as we fell into the eye of violence.

Unchanged, losing the fight against your black heart, reflected through the fire in your sharp narrowed eyes of golden death, I held myself under your whip and cracked leather as I worshipped the pain of loving your death style.

With razor blades and failed ~~vengeance~~ vengeance, I lost everything to your poisoned wishes as I closed my eyes, at last a slave to your toxic desires.

- An poem from Black Unicorn: Love and Death
from Above

Written by Jesse S. Montalto 08/13/22

Something New

by Lydia Boruta

So sorry to be late
Keep forgetting things
Whenever I go back
They've gone away
And years have passed
Thumbing through the good old days
Dark and flickering strange
Clearing away thick layered pain
Sparked a blinding light
Too bright to look at right
Maybe never meant to be seen
One of my lost hopes or dreams
Coming in color filling swirling scenes
Holding hearts with gut punching purity
Lots of luck layered tenaciousness
Repeating patterns in excess
Some dim choices lay scarcely lit
Dividing joy and escape by a sip
I wonder if I take the right step
To make a separate turned collected view
Framed signed and stamped "Something New"
A fresh perspective of faith meeting fear
And when we all recover I'll be there

When We All Recover

We spark a revolution,
It's strength in numbers,
The real solution,
To bring about change,
Instead of pain and sadness,
That shrouds this hateful planet,
We lend a hand to those without,
Instead of kicking them when they are down,
And look what happens next,
We no longer live in this insanity,
Broken homes and hopeless families,
Stressing from these deaths,
Instead, we become blessed and thankful,
Tranquil, truly grateful for this fateful gift,
We can finally exist in peace and harmony,
No more enlistsers,
We are an army of brothers and sisters,
Who help not harm one another,
When we all recover.

By: Ian Reynolds
Fairview Recovery Services
Binghamton, NY 13904

When We Recover
By Daymond Walford

When we Recover it's supposed to be all sunshine and rainbows

Will someone tell me where all the rain goes?

Through addiction we're told we're all the same though

Everyone talks about the miracle, where did all the pain go?

Family and friends come back

Is it the same?

NO.

The world is in motion while you're stuck in the same pose

Still kept at arm's length

"We're glad you came though"

"You relapsed again? What a shame. GO"

Keep faith in your higher power and don't let your pain show

Got some time away from addiction but it's the same foe

Me touching alcohol? I'm quoting the Raven like my name's Poe

Supporting my habit like a brother

I guess I'm Cain though

I suffer from a disease but who's to blame though?

I'm sitting here writing, and my addiction?

It trains though.

When we recover life ain't the same though

When we recover, we pick a door. Like a game show.

I've given up my addiction, am I still sane though?

I've given up my addiction, is life the same though?

I've given up my addiction, I'm still in pain though

I've given up my addiction, but still face the same foes

I've given up my addiction, tell me where the rain goes

When we recover, we suddenly find this insane hope

I've given up my addiction, where is my sunshine and rainbows?

Erich Crowley

When we all recover

When we all recover

we quit running from the past,

we stop giving up our dreams

for a high that will never last.

We help each other up

when the whole worlds got us down.

We share our strengths and hopes

And there's enough to go around.

When we all recover

We have connection to all our sisters and brothers.

We speak the truth within our hearts and we give it to one another.

We heal from our insanity, our guilt our shame our traumas

We walk a higher path and will not lower ourselves to drama.

When we all recover

We no longer live in fear.

We help each other find themselves

It's what we hold most dear.

Everyday our attitudes are filled with gratitude and purpose

With each and every one of us

There's more beneath the surface.

When we all recover

Everyday our spirits grow.

We finally learned to love ourselves

Now we shine a different glow.

We remember days of suffering

When we thought we could just die,

But we know those days are over now

Now we spread our wings and fly.

When we all Recover

Life is so beautiful and clear to the eyes,
But life is full off many surprises that can fall or rise

There is no book to explain how to live it up
But in so many cases, you can't ever give up

We have choices and we need to see the right path
But you have people that like to see you fall just for a laugh

You get a lot of peer pressure with no love
And they want you to scree up like them on drugs

So, you fall victim and get deep in addiction
Not realizing that life is not fiction

You finally wake up because you realize you've lost so much
And you see that you are in a stage you can't touch

Life is not how you plan that goes for any other
Open your eyes
And you will see how good it is when we all recover

It's Really Not Our Fight

By Candace Brown

I'm gonna try to break down this addiction

This disease

Only because it's not really our fight

However, keep in mind, we were born

With the Championship belt

Because we are all God's children

So that's our birthright

The disease represents the devil

Mission to persuade, deceive & destroy

Trying to keep us looking down not up

As he holds hostage our love, happiness & joy

Now on the other hand when we realize

We were born with exceptional power

That can keep us pushing on & on

Every hour on the hour

It's a highspeed chase just trying

To remain clean

But we are born survivors

We began to love ourselves

We learn to love God first

As our best friend and

Designated driver

When we fall short, the Devil is there to hate

He tricks us into stinking thinking

Then we lose

Our incentive to debate

Simon says that we play

When God calls a move the Devil will

Surely disobey

Now we're the one lost in the sauce

Once we stop praying and believing

We slip into darkness and it's

Hard to find our way

For a second for those watching us

The Devil seems to be winning

He starts to smirk at God

And never sees... to God It's only

The beginning

It's God's move again so he

Sends us to detox, rehabs or jail

If we don't realize that it's a second chance

The Devil will seem to prevail

Our sobriety is a blessing

Soon some of us will finally learn
With a commitment and just saying "no"
The devil's plan will begin to burn

We'll start to admit that
We are powerless that our
Lives had been unmanageable

That's the 1st step
In a recovery
But the Devil thinks
He's just being charitable

Things start to get real real
We learn acceptance
Become open-minded & willing

Now we know it's not our
Will anymore, God's in charge
We become abstinent
In other words we're just chilling

We start collecting coins
Our faith is stronger with our
High Power
We start fighting back hard
Making meetings, getting honest
Sustaining clean time by the hour

He starts pulling out weapons
And tempts us with every trigger
Suddenly he becomes weaker
Once again another lesson
Our High Power is much bigger

Remember how we started out
Feeling lost & alone
Now we have a room full of soldiers
To help us battle with all our might

All we have to do is. NOT PICK UP
Do the next right thing
That's why I'm telling you, It's really not our fight

Under Construction

By Jessica Brown

Walking, tripping, crawling through Recovery.
I never thought this is how my life would be.
The pain inside makes it so hard to breathe.
My body is crippling, fighting, starving for sobriety.
I spent my life trying to numb the pain.
I didn't know how to deal with society.
Sitting in a room full of people, screaming but never heard.
I spent too many years making life a blur.
Foggy memories that can't even be told.
Not told because my life is unknown.
I clench my jaw thinking, remembering tasting the poison.
Clenched so hard my bones get tired.
All the regret overflows my mind.
Things come back that I want to deny.
But they say we're only as sick as our secrets.
Secrets that run so deep you wish they didn't exist.
I close my eyes and guilt, shame and terror overcomes my mind.
I am learning how to deal with my new life.
Getting to know myself again, I'm back to the start.
But I will walk slow, but strong, down recovery road.

Keep my head above water I've learned how to float.

Sparks ignite through my veins, go straight to my heart.

No longer crashing, life is not falling apart.

I'm living moments that I'll never forget.

My wounds start to heal

My heart starts to feel.

A warmth runs through my body.

Something that I've never felt fully.

The joy of sobriety boils over like magic.

I know that his plan was not to raise havoc,

But to live a full life

And it doesn't have to be perfect.

The Room of Addiction

Such a strange place with its' lack of dimensions, boundaries, or demarcations. There is just a deep permeating darkness so opaque it obfuscates even this brightest light.

Encased, imerged, thriving in this miasmatic stench of putrid dead dreams, desires and ambitions, I know there are others all around me, yet I cannot see them, feel them, nor hear them, for the darkness is complete in its' ability to smother any sign of humanity.

Everything that is remotely beautiful and uplifting is under this deep dark blanket of dreariness. Such a thing happens when we loose sight of our purpose to allow God to feel through us all the beauty, love, tranquility, peace; those elements of reward when we are in connection with our God. How do we illuminate this dreary dreary dark smothering place? The answer is quite simple... embrace faith

DARAEI G.

FAREWELL TO ALCOHOL

Goodbye to you, you need to go
You no longer welcome, you bring me so low
At the age of 13 we first met
The price I would pay was spiritual debt
You had your way with me from the start
And way before the time we would part
In my teens you were so much fun
Weekend warrior I was from dusk to dawn
In my 20's I began to see signs
Red flags began to draw the lines
I tried AA for the first time
I couldn't get it because I was fine
Wouldn't change people, places and things
Kept jumping through hoops and plenty of rings
The 30's I entered the courts and the jails
DWI's and plenty of deals
Detox and rehab came into play
Trying to learn to live in the day
40's I had anxiety attacks
Vodka began to show my cracks
The mental illness was taking its toll
No hope for the future, no dream or no goal
In the 50's I lost everything
Only where to turn was a prayer on a wing

No family, no job, no home, no ID
Had no where to turn but sobriety
Couldn't stay dry, I needed to change
Began to look at my character and rearrange
My sponsor and the steps helped me along
To God I was directed to where I belong
I worked very hard at Seafield sober home
But was asked to leave early and chose to roam
The God I had sought caught me real fast
I pray everyday it will be my last
I know he directed me here to this place
WVP in now my home base
I am learning of trauma I never knew I had
I am peeling the onion and shedding the bad
The little girl inside is coming out
I am here for a reason. I have no doubt.
I know that my God was always there
He knew what I needed and took care
I am forever grateful to still be alive
As long as I live I'll continue to strive

When We All Recover

Carli Clark

Instead of burial plots, we'll plant forests to explore in.

Restore the families that were once broken.

Sons and daughters reunited with the ones that thought they had lost them.

We'll come together by the hundreds; reminisce on the days we can now
remember.

Take the pain and suffering,

Set it on fire.

Uses the ashes to create a work of art.

Roll down hills and pick flowers just to nourish our inner child.

Become doctors or farmers or artists,

Discover the passions that previously lay dormant in our bellies.

Light candles for every loved one lost,

Watch the entire world burn bright in the honor of their names.

Allow our testimonies to spill from our lips,

No longer shackled by the shame of who we used to be.

Stand in our power once again,

Survivors.

Someday- when we all recover.

"Child Abuser"

by KILLER

7-22-22

Remember how cute she was with her little misshapen head at ten months old?

Remember that picture of her wearing daddy's cowboy boots and sunglasses? Remember that kindergarten class picture?

How could anyone be so mean to that precious little girl? How could someone be so selfish to rob and deny her of her childhood? How could anyone stand by and watch her get sexually assaulted so that when she grows up she only equates sex with being loved? How could someone offer her no help?

How could you stand there and tell her it's alright that she's had 3 failed marriages? How could you possibly stop her from going to Iraq and Afghanistan when her intent is to die? Why and where do you get the nerve to call her a junkie?

Why did I do this to my inner child?

I am a child abuser.

When we all recover

When we all recover,

The first thing we do is join one another,

United as sisters and brother,

We start to have trust for ourselves and each other.

When we all recover,

And you discover,

That when you are down,

on the ground, with a frown,

We will pick you up off the ground,

And if you need it we also be your clown,

So you can put that frown upside down,

And here let us help you straighten your crown.

When we all recover,

We all uncover,

Our eyes.

To a great surprise,
We were once a caterpillar, but now a butterfly,
We will spread our wings and fly,
Into a beautiful sky,
One that is clean and clear,
So don't you fear,
For you, We will be right here,
Even if we are far away,
In our hearts we will stay,
And we will never go astray,
For we have love for one another,
And that's when we all recover.

"The Same" by Kimberly Teal Date: 6-26-22

I won't judge or hurt you because we are the same
The only thing different is our name
We share so many things though we have different faces
Our towns have different names but they are the same places
Where we used, laughed and cried
Where we overdosed and almost died.
Where we got arrested and from there went on the run
Where we got clean and started to have fun
Where I was repeatedly hit and thrown to the dirt
Where you were screamed at and very badly hurt
Our only difference is our name
I will not break you because we are the same
Though at different times we've been in the same spaces
Just one drink, or hit and we we're off to the races
In a trap house, an alley or maybe a bar
In your own house, a bathroom or maybe a car
It really doesn't matter where our feet have been planted
We chose a drug and took life for granted
So we must build each other up because we are the same
The only thing different is our name
So when you're feeling weak all my strength I'd give
To remind you you're worthy of a beautiful life to live
We deserve love and kindness, something we haven't
experienced in a while
We deserve to be happy and wake up and wake up
with a smile

So remember this

We once were so lost but now are being found

Through our addiction we are bound

and if you ever start to give up

Feeling there is nothing more you can do

I'll be your wings to carry you through

Because the only thing different is our crime

I'll always have your back

Because we are the same.