

A Poem About AA

I came to a meeting, all sad and alone,
So sick and tired, of the life I had known.
Aching and dying, deep down inside,
And feeling the pain, from the thing I must hide.

They told me they loved me, and were glad I was there.
Who are these people, and why should they care?
But the more that I listened, the more I could see,
This room full of alcoholics were all just like me.

I started to share, trying hard not to cry,
And I no longer felt like I wanted to die.
I wanted to live, but hadn't a clue
Of what to say, feel or do.
These people were sober and would show me the way,
So I listened some more to what they had to say.
They spoke of a God, and "just for one day",
So I thought "What the hell" and I started to pray.

They said, "get a sponsor," and "keep coming back".
They said that a program was all I did lack.
They said "work the steps, or your going to die".
So I got me a sponsor, and I started to try.
I shared with my sponsor, who I had become,
The people I had hurt, and the things I had done.
she told me she loved me, and then shared with me,
The things she had done, and who she used to be.

That's when I knew, and could finally see,
That if I worked the steps, that I could be free.
Free from booze, and feeling that way.
Free from obsession, just for today.
So I still try to listen to what you have to share,
Tell you I love you, and know that I care.
Let you know I've found a much better way.
It's working a program, we call it A.A.

It's sharing my experience, strength and hope as I trudge.
It's living a life, and not holding a grudge.
It's sharing with newcomers, as they wander in,
And as they start to listen, then they'll know they can win.

If we all really listen, to what's being said,
The things that are shared, the book that is read,
If we listen and learn, we will surely see,
How truly delightful sobriety can be.