



voices of recovery

a collection
of poetry

building futures



**CAZENOVIA
RECOVERY
SYSTEMS**

joshua's note

*From every wound there is a scar, and every scar tells a story.
A story that says, "I survived."*

In recovery, every person possesses a story. A story that tells the tale of the road they have traveled through their lives and continue to travel in recovery from addiction. Stories which are full of pain and heartache, stories of happiness and joy, and stories of gain and loss.

Through this collection, you, the reader, will explore several "Voices of Recovery" in which the writers depict their stories and views of recovery as a positive part of their lives. These are but a few voices of people in recovery who have the opportunity to share their histories and experiences.

Thank you to all reading this poetry collection. Recovery is something that should be shared with everyone, whether you are in recovery or not. As addiction continues, so will recovery and the voices of those fighting every day for a better life.

-Joshua Kellick, Housing Specialist

Gratitude

by Marsha C.

When I am feeling all alone
It's best that I pick up the phone
To share with another recovering person
My self
My loss
My heart felt pain

When I am feeling all alone
I usually feel I don't belong
That's when I go to a meeting
To be around people who will
Greet me, and make me feel
Right at home

When I am feeling all alone
I disconnect from my main source
My higher power knows my story
In Him I will find glory

When I am feeling all alone
I need to get out of the way
Do something kind for someone else
This leaves me no time to
Focus on self

When I am all alone
I think about things that
Make me smile

The flowers that bloom
The moon that is full
The rain falling on my face
Visiting a new place
The singing birds in the morning
The snow falling as I am
Warm and cozy
The green tall trees
The fresh summer breeze
The goals I succeed
God's hand in everything

When I am feeling all alone
I get out my list
What am I.....
GRATITUDE.

A New Life

by Thomas S.

My recovery is like being on a baseball team I'm a part of, but also individually, I step to the plate with bat in hand, behind me my teammates stand. They laugh and they cheer, I stand in the batter's box, filled with many tears.

I've swung once and failed

I've swung twice and bailed

If I strike out it's probably... Jailed!!

If death doesn't claim me I'll be lucky. If I continue to use, my life will fall apart!!
Everything is for this life you see...

I must recover for the sake of me.

There Is A Fighter In You

by Josie G.

There is a fighter in you that is ready to be unleashed. Greater is he in you, than he is of the world, the fighter in you has the power to do all things through Christ Jesus which strengthens you.

There is a fighter in you that is ready to fight when the enemy comes at you like a flood.

There is a fighter in you that will not run or buckle in the mist of your storm.

The fighter in you must believe that God will keep his promises to renew your strength so that you can soar on wings like eagles, you will be able to run and not be weary, you will walk and not faint. God will wrap his loving arms around in the mist providing you a way to escape.

There is a fighter in you that is victorious.

Past, Present, And Future by Anonymous

I heard you talk, felt your walk
I learned your ways found all your plays
I need to know which way to go
And in the past... always sway back your way
I know you will hurt me, imprison me, and
hope for my death

But I give you no more... of my breath
For I have not one more left for you to take
And I hope to never break, fake, or take
You back
For in this last day I am free
In recovery and learning to love me

Can't Stop Running

by Alvia S.

*You had a tight hold on me
Had me on the run, thinking I was having fun.
But - in reality
I was on the run - trying to catch wind in a cap
Like a puppet on a string
RUN. RUN.*

*Run from family, friends and the man.
Run as fast as I can until I take off like a plane.
High in the sky-I can see the sorrow and pain
And I can't stop running.
I am insanely running and looking the same.
Got me in a hell of a game I can't win
I know this, and just can't stop running, trying to get that
special one.
Damn just miss it!
Run even harder this time.
Soon, you be mine.*

*BOOM
My heart exploded
I am in a six foot hole
You know life would have been great if I wasn't on the RUN
You - ran me to death*

Today

by Raymond W.

I would start the change tomorrow
If I could somehow skip today
These thoughts I cling to in my mind
While I chase the rest away

The needle stick is not enough
Nor the bottle by my side
Of all the thoughts I'm running from
It's from myself I need to hide

The hands that once reached out my way
Have nothing left to give
The battle is against myself
To change the life I live

I'd call out to a friend for help
And what help they would provide!
Another round, my drug of choice
Let's take another ride

And what about my family?
All they've seen of me is shame
They point the fingers at themselves
Thinking they're the ones to blame

Some tell me help can still be found
And there are people on my side
But somehow, from all the things I've run
I can't seem to escape my pride

To reach across the aisle
To a face I've never known?
I feel like all these things I've caused
I should take care of on my own

Yet, I know that pride has left me too
There is from nothing I can take
My demons are all that I have left
And the judgments people make

Maybe today is what I need,
Time to reflect what's passed
To motivate a life to change,
Bring hope within my grasp

I know this journey will be long
Show me all I that must do
In hopes that I can take the
reigns myself
To see the journey through

So please, just help me to my feet
And guide me along the way
Tomorrow might not ever come
If I don't start right here, today

Cazenovia Manor

by Ryan C.

The drums of war play
There is ice in our veins
The calm before the storm
The things we can't change
And wouldn't if we could
We're where warriors stood
This band of brothers
Apart from all others
If one has a problem
The rest provide cover
We fought the same fight
But lived our own lives
Each one is different
But down to a man
We all got something
You can't hold in your hand
We came here broken
Bitter and sad
The lonely, the hurt,
The fallen, the damned,
But together we struggle
To get back to what we had
Here at Caz Manor
We turn boulders to sand

From The Soul Of An Artist

by Eric M.

I am 6 years clean never to pick up or ever use street drugs ever again. This was only a symptom of my problem other issues still at hand of how to (rise up) and recreate a better plan.

GOOD BYE DISEASE OF ADDICTION! If I had a story of how to tell, my only wish would be is how I fell from the depth of light into a black pit over night and the poison and pain of how I had to choose or totally lose this battle was so cold it almost stole my very soul (oh yes). This dungeon of pain was so cold and fears my spirit was bitterly pears but the scare of the bitter pain put a light of hope in my brain that made me want to come back and **KILL THIS PAIN.** I only pray every day I will find my way you see with the demonic disease of addiction I woke up to your kind of fortune and fame I recognize know it was a mental game that would only give me a messed up life and a real bad name but you see I had to go through this storm in order to be **TOTALLY SPIRITUALLY REBORN AND KNOW THAT.**

MY SPIRIT'S BACK (AND WELL IN TACT)! I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE MY LIFE BACK AND THAT'S A FACT JACK.

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS AND THE SON OF GOD (JESUS CHRIST) THAT SHINES LIGHT IN DARKNESS!

To My Addiction

by Ryan C.

Dear addiction,

Just so you know I am starting to feel well
I paid the entrance fee to my own private hell

You are a curse but I wrote the spell

I live with the secrets that I refuse to tell
My hands start to shake and my eyes start to swell

The pain builds up and explodes in a yell

I reached in – I fell and you pulled me down
I scream at the mirror – my knees hit the ground

I want to get better without you around

And when I say never I want to mean it now

The loss and the gain doesn't even out
You caused the pain that brought this about

I am leaving you now and please stay away

I finally got wise to the games you play

How many hearts did you make me break

How many parts can I let you take

Till I start to shake – struggle to get free

You have taken so much

But you can't take me

On A Road To Nowhere

by Nicholas M.

Sun up to sun set, sitting here after the shadows slowly disappear behind the many people I have met. Zombieland is no place for those who walk with kindness in their heart, you finish where you started from whence you came apart. The research is concluded and my findings are not to my surprise, and that is I really have so few real friends, but that is to be expected when so many always meet the sun rise, and the nightmare never really ends.

I've seen people choose a hit over a human life, and bongs over flesh and bone, and pick a fix over dinner and a movie with their lovely wife. I see no darkness any more, I see no shadows behind the bathroom doors, I only see the pain and suffering of good people lost to a world that I wish I had never come to know.

I miss what happiness I used to have, I miss useful dreams I tried to grab, but all I've witnessed is not some delusional thought conjured in my head, it is but real nightmares of true experiences many of us who have walked the road to nowhere share, of sad memories we all might rather not speak of until we're dead, of times so many lost their will to care. I walk a road I call my own, and they are all creations of failed attempts to find a home.

It's hard in Zombieland to sleep, as you find yourself in too deep, but maybe the slow rising pain of knowing you stood there, not in fear of shadows but of what they all fear. It makes me sad to see so many of us lost, but nobody really cares what that next hit costs. For me it cost me my family, It's been so long since I've come home to see my sweet daughter's smile, I lost it back there on that very first mile, and here I sit baffled, broken, beaten, and bruised. But I'll keep walking even if the road wears thin, walking amongst the shadows of people's horrible sin, sitting in a car with broken glass, waiting for just one friend to pass, but knowing really I am a real friend to many, but just a shadow to only one ... I miss you so much Gulianna I walk this path where they left me behind, and I would die rather than leave you behind, this road has to lead to somewhere or it would never really end. I could care less if anyone is my real friend, because I would rather die if it means I can't hold you in my arms when this road to nowhere ends!!!!

