



sensual &
seductive

Sobriety

The fingers are covered with beautiful buds
Each capable of firing, there are no duds,
I feel the pull of worldly forces,
Dealing with this did not come from courses.

I'm reminded of my battle with alcohol,
At a time when my back was against the wall,
I had to reach out and find some help,
I was in great danger of losing myself.

So I learned to recognize signs of trouble,
And be pre-emptive, intention redoubled,
Seeing the threats to continuing sobriety,
Hoping for balance and no notoriety.

Gravity exudes from the fire and the fingers,
I am moving away but the pull lingers,
So I run to the forest to visit my temple,
Finding my higher power, keeping it simple.

I sit with the trees, seeking communication,
My soul flying in heart-felt supplication,
I reestablish my center and find gratitude,
I pray for strength and a good attitude.

It's like drinking and many other things,
To survive I need to attach some strings
That are keys to balance, to maintain
The commitments made by heart and brain.

From the very first days of getting sober,

Nature's been there to tide me over,
And Garland embraces me in her thrall,
Helping me stay upright, avoiding the fall.

Oh my, but it feels so nice to be calm.
To rub on the ointment, the healing balm
Of a recentered ego, a restored focus,
Earth Church and Garland – no hocus pocus.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
When you need help the most,
We're here for you.