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Alcoholism

OURS ALONE

From our tortured soul comes compassion that is expressed through love.

Compassion that can be like the moon that glows bright at times, then ebbs with the tide, leaving us alone, depressed.

'Tis like the wine that tastes so sweet until drunk enough we laugh and cry, then like the sheep so tamely led, fall into drunken sleep.

Knowing not what we do until the morn, awakened by a fiery thirst our minds so dazed, our souls so torn.

Yet clamoring still for one more glass of spirits that shatter our future, disgrace our past.

At first we hope, perhaps some love, others turn to wine and shame.

But still the world gives us our choice of ills, or sacred dreams.

Until at last the choice is ours alone, to make, should we seek death, or live in abhorrent pain?

— ALIYA