

WOMAN'S LIBERATION

DAMN THAT FLUID. IT GOT TO ME AGAIN. I SPILLED MY heart to the sweet, pale creature that lay beside me.

The cool spring-approaching wind fluttered through the wooden shutters as the sunlight hit her face, accenting rosy cheeks and a slim nose. I wondered where and under what circumstances we first laid eyes upon one another.

Snapshot images of the previous years danced in my mind. Blurred recollections of people, places, city streets in the early-morning light, coffee

tables littered with ashtrays and empty glasses of juice mixed with crystal, and the days "stuck in the barrel" after weeklong binges, with my head barely peering out, straining to make it back to the land of the living.

Maybe we met during the times I stayed awake while dreaming? Maybe, just maybe, we have known each other all along? I stared deeply into soft, brown eyes trembling with desire like that of a baby butterfly adjusting to paper-thin wings. One day, when I remember how to speak the universal language of my wildly free and joyous childhood, I will open my mouth wide with song in the sober light and gaze at the reflection in the bedroom mirror without fear.

I don't understand the chains of addiction that bind me. I don't understand the chains of addiction that try to take away my life, my dignity, my sanity. All my adult life I have been using, starting with weed, to Ritalin to vodka to acid to mushrooms to cocaine to opium to heroin to Valium to Aderol to the last stop on my drug train's trek—crystal meth.

Now it is time for me to say with this wonderfully caring fellowship, "Help! I am powerless!" My spirit makes a scene—shows me how strong I can be to finally admit defeat to drugs. I pray to my Higher Power to release me from the grips of this insanity and let me walk with my head high and arms locked with those on the road of recovery.

Drugs are on my mind, everywhere I go, everywhere I turn. In the past, no matter how hard I tried, on my own I couldn't get them out of my mind. I may not be able to exorcise the thoughts of drugs from my mind. When I dream at night, it's real. And that's okay because I am no longer trapped in my own head. Others share that with me. When I'm feeling discouraged and all alone, I have to remember to keep my feet planted on the ground. No matter what I have done in the past, I feel joy now when I think about what CMA has done for me today.

Sobriety liberates me. Keep the faith. Don't hesitate to pick up the phone and call someone from the fellowship, including your sponsor. Get up out of your misery and go to a meeting to listen and share! Drugs shattered me, but recovery is making me whole again. —*Ariel M.*