

Fall and Rise
By Hunter Harbison

At first we saw eye to eye.
The more we were together,
The more you took over my life.

I thought I was in control.
In truth it was you sitting on the throne.

I was beat to the ground.
Drug through the mud.
Broke and hopelessly wishing I would be found.

Lost my ways,
Lost my life,
God said enough and put me in cuffs.

Locked away no choice of going home,
Withdrawals were miserable,
Something I've never known,
Prison looming, my fate undecided.
Sent to rehab given a second chance.

Two months in and almost five months sober.
I no longer feel you.
Your grip and cold fingers.
Today I'm free.
Always smiling.
Celebrating recovery has allowed me to breathe.