

# Mending My Heart

By: Thomas Verde

I woke up this morning  
my body writhing in pain,  
my heart sad and empty,  
all numb in my brain.  
Feeling so helpless,  
and so all alone,  
not sure what to do  
to gain control back in my home.

I could not stop thinking  
of what I could do,  
to be able to cure  
the loved one I once knew.  
I loaded myself  
with so much shame, fear and guilt,  
that I have shut out the world  
with this wall that I've built.

I have cried out to myself,  
why did this have to be?  
What did I do wrong in my life,  
to deserve this burden placed directly on me?  
I sat there—  
hopelessly lost in my mind,  
when I realized it was help  
that I needed to find.

Then I went to a meeting,  
sat down in a chair,  
and I listened to others  
who decided to share.  
I cried as I related  
my story to theirs,  
at that moment I realized  
we all share the same fears.

I found solace and comfort,  
made many new friends.  
Soon I learned this disease  
is one without end.

I did not cause it, can't cure it,  
it's not mine to control.  
It is up to my addict  
to save their own soul.

Once you start to accept  
that it's not yours to fix,  
when you learn to let go lovingly,  
and detach from their grip,  
when you can control your emotions,  
and ride out the pain,  
that's when you know the program is working,  
so you go back again.

Slowly I'm learning  
how to manage my life.  
It does not come easy,  
nor without strife.  
Some days are harder  
than others to bare,  
but when the going gets tough,  
I know that someone is there.

It might be their words,  
a hug, or a handshake or two,  
or maybe a story of theirs  
that sounds like some of mine do.  
Small acts of kindness  
that comfort the soul,  
things that I need to hear  
to help make my life whole.

So I would like to say thanks  
to all my Nar-Anon family of friends,  
for being there when I needed you most,  
and helping a heavy heart mend.