

We Recover on the Bones of Others

From "The Zen of Recovery" © 1993, By Mel Ash

If you are here to read this,
think of those who aren't.
Pray for them: good thoughts for those
who lost their minds, love and years
to compulsion, addiction and fears.
Think of their great sacrifice.

We recover on the bones of others.
Wrap your loving thoughts around them:
alone no more.

If you are here and recovering
your original shining true self,
a moment of silence for those driven mad
by the voices and screams of disease-
driven dreams. We walk from night to day
on a path made of the bones of others.
Hold them tightly in the warm arms of your spirit:
cold no more.

If you are here and attaining freedom,
a thousand bows for those who didn't
reach this shore and drowned in a
sea of despair: suffering no more.

We walk in freedom past cages made
of the bones of others.
They hand us the keys of desperation.
Quench their burning thirst
with the tears of your soul.
Calm their cravings. Still their minds.
Grant them peace in the dark and
lonely places below and above the ground.
Fill the gaping holes left by their deaths
with the immensity of your love.

Remember them as you sleep;
remember them as you wake.
Only a thought is the difference
between you and the bones of others.

