

HOLLYWOODNA

Issue #1 "Firsts in Recovery"

Limericks by Lawrence T.

Working Step One

by Chad. N. Freude

There once was an addict quite famous
Who liked to do drugs intravenous.
A needle from pharm
Broke off in his arm
I hear that the abscess was heinous.

Another First Step?

by Chad N. Freude

There was a young addict named Titus,
Who relapsed simply to spite us.
The cooker did hiss.
He nodded in bliss,
But died from the endocarditis.

Poems by Peter R.

Wild Flower

At the cusp of daylight so like it's ending
High on the mountain beside rock and lichen
Clouds bleeding bright color across brightening empyrean
Dark purple pedals range to pink
Audaciously challenging the sky

Here where life has been paired to essential
to what is valuable
your beauty expands and fills all that may here be barren
as the air is thin and the nights are a cold expanse
you epitomize wonder, wonder we find ourselves
surrounded by It is late and long in the season now
with gentle grace you acknowledge this
with resolute joy you continue to astonish our hearts you
have made majesty the home we live in
high on the mountain With all this you endure sublime and
constant
you have shown us the way in our journey, the hope
this space we occupy, reason for being
here high on the mountain now without you, as the first
snow falls embracing and holding all in its white serenity
We embark now to know you
fully, embraced with you the path forward true the highest
places glimpsed and gained celebrating beauty and
improbability
ecstatic, celebrated, now always grateful

My First Commitment in Recovery

By Brian M.

The first place I attended a recovery meeting was called simply "The Place." It was in a strip mall in tiny Lucerne Valley in the high desert, 30 miles east of Apple Valley. I was hesitant about making any commitment in my first weeks of recovery, but my counselor at the Treatment Center suggested I begin my service at this tiny meeting next to a hot rod car shop and a pizza joint.

The meeting was actually AA, as Lucerne Valley had no NA spot except for our treatment center. I asked the secretary prior to a meeting if I could be of service. So I was put to work folding up chairs, sweeping and washing coffee cups. I hated it, especially sweeping, as the floor seemed impossible to clean. I guess I did my commitment a few times, but it was AA and I was in NA.

My first steady commitment was doing coffee at the Church of the Valley in Apple Valley. It was an 8 p.m. book study. I liked the meeting, but hated the commitment. We had a large urn for coffee, and I had to arrive 45 minutes early to set up. Making the coffee required me to take the urn to an outside hose, fill it part of the way, then wait for the coffee to brew so it would be ready by meeting time. Then after the meeting I had to take the urn to the bathroom for cleaning.

Now, I have one area commitment and a number of meeting commitments. I love every one of them. But to humble myself at times lest my head swell too much, I remember my first commitments.

MOUNTAIN

Warm rumble of your soft voice
 My cheek against irresistible
 stubble
 And then, then the light of a bright
 smile
 Gentle knowing joyous smile
 Nothing would again be dark

Cold road riding on red wavy
 sideboards
 Beside the feather river
 With triumph motor roar blowing
 back warmth
 We climb up through the heart of
 the mountain
 My ears awake amid the din to fill
 my mind with your words

Your eyes, in your eyes I saw a
 world take shape
 A world rich and wild and possible
 Through pain and fear, though
 stumbling we endeavor
 To know the wonder love healing
 and laughter on the mountain
 This was our topo map and when
 we look back we see the
 exquisite journey we embarked on

You are the mountain now
 My father, my pathfinder
 You are the mountain of heart, the
 mountain of mind
 So high you can embrace the stars
 in the cold shimmering night
 So deep the roots of your being
 touch the warm core of this planet

I will sit down now on those
 brilliant days and nights
 And look up to you
 And touch the irresistible stubble
 on my face and love
 This world, this life as you taught
 me



Haiku by Codi P.

The First Time I Felt My Higher Power

By Amelia B.

When I was first clean, my sponsor had me pray every day. I did it. I did everything asked of me, due to desperation and fear. I began to pray every morning. At the time I was living with my mom, in my childhood home. Kneeling by my bed, the bed I had grown up in, I prayed one morning and asked to stay clean. I asked for the strength, power and willingness to go on for that day with my recovery. I looked up. I looked up at the morning sun, out the window I had snuck out of to go use, or had blown smoke out of as a teenager. I looked out and felt a presence, the presence of peace, of calm, of love and of awareness. I felt it from within, a feeling I had been looking for in drugs for so many years. I knew then that there was something beyond me, and that it was going to be ok. I also knew this was the path I was meant to follow, and that I was going to choose it, no matter what came. I knew it would be worth it, and it was.