

Six Years Dry - 2-15-94

I quit the drinking and started thinking  
And then came a year and a half of hell  
Fighting the demons I use to run with  
Alcohol always made me well  
Then eight months more, few knocks on my door  
By accident I wrote a poem that did astound  
Two weeks later I meet a new friend  
So drunk his lips close to the ground  
He praised it on high said he wanted to buy  
Gave me a contract and a hundred dollar bill  
I stayed up all night putting heart and soul on paper  
I'd finally found something else to fill  
By the mornings light much to my delight  
Pearl on paper lay in my hands  
I still couldn't see the poet in me  
But I was off to where I'll make my stand  
The poems from within made my heart grin  
I could disappear though I was right there  
When I saw people touched then came a rush  
Heart and soul I would have to lay bare  
From a hard drinking drunk to a sensitive poet  
Is really not that far to travel  
We both disappear though we are right there  
And we both have much to unravel

Terrence Michael Wall