

## Recovery from the Pit

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The waves toss me to and fro,  
Punching me down where the dark pit goes,  
Waves of emotional frenzy, alone, and in dark,  
the abyss of the pit my home for years.

How much longer should I try? How much longer do I cry?  
How much longer til I die? Endless in the pit.  
Darkness so black I feel pressed to lay back,  
The grayness of day has nothing to say.

I am so tired of the darkness of days,  
and the darker nights snuffing me out.  
I hear my therapist and psychiatrist each.  
After years a small choice is forming in reach.

I can stay in the bed alone within my pit,  
or I can dare again to flow forth from it.  
They keep saying the choice is mine.  
Where do I find it? This choice of mine?

I take medications on time and on dose.  
I practice the mantras of hope, and love close,  
Should I try to climb from the pit?  
The dark pull of the pit.

It comes to me a question of truth:  
the choice is to get up and live, or stay down and die.  
A glimmer of blue penetrates the black,  
mustered hope to see a clearness, grayness punctured

My therapist whispers words of wisdom,  
I take them within me to get closer to the blue.  
She sites my isolation as the place to start.  
A bible study close to home to address the fear of alone.

Bible classes are funny in a way.  
They bring you to your senses or cause you to run away.  
My senses prevail, though fragile is my might,  
Do they know the truth of me, or are they being polite?

Next was the library to inspire me not to quit.  
Good books, friendly people I'm going the entire length.  
The co-op for the destitute, the vision of their distresses,  
Helped to move me outward to reach toward others

My family near now, love, and support,  
Brings a new goal and strength to climb out of the pit.  
Not just climb from the pit but to vanish it.  
To feel really alive would be good once again.

I remember the times I have tried again and again.  
I'll be me and succeed to thrive in the blue,  
Questing forward, while trembling with fright,  
I'll persevere with all my strength

A couple of years with exercise classes:  
Blooms forth friends and meals to share  
A church group sincere, with friends and love there.  
Equilibrium no longer an up close fear.

My grandson and child's play nurtures the soul,  
and opens up worlds I've wanted to know.  
My DBSA journey stabilizes the light,  
I direct and facilitate with all my delight.

I give to others a smile on my face.  
They sometimes return the smile, but that is not my base.  
The partnership with my doctor and therapist,  
Family, friends, exercise and wellness.

I have chosen to live.  
I have chosen to love life.  
I have chosen to love.  
The pit is a memory, barely intact.