

Catch-22

Addictions hijack mind and volition.

Then I got to choose.

Kicking is a catch-22

– where I'm supposed to seek sobriety,

which only a non-addict would desire;

– where I must defend against invasion,

while the enemy is inside, interfering with the task

by taking away my confidence and resolve to go on with it.

I can slip into some listless vagueness

– where my perception is blurred and I forget to look for the way out.

Must remember to hold on to the compass they gave me,

even if I can't see it while lost in the fog.

Meeting some people who have gone before.

They say it can be done...