

Songs of the Soul

on the Road to Recovery

by Susan Peabody

Sadness

*The tears, within, burn and stain my heart.
Gather me into your arms.
Feel the pounding of my pulse,
Like thunder echoing over the lonely hills.*

*November 1982
The journey begins with sadness.*

Goodbye

*Oh life so sweet, yet full of pain,
I turn from thee to seek peace and love,
With my father who art in heaven,
Who is waiting to stroke my golden hair
As I lay gently in his arms.*

**Gratitude
To My Beloved Christ**

*You gave me life, and nurtured my soul.
You prayed for me, till I was whole.*

*You cried for me, when I was in pain.
Your tears soothed my sorrow, like life-giving rain.*

*I treated you badly – my anger unfurled.
You always forgave me, despite all I hurled.*

*Now I've found peace; my spirit is free.
From the depth of my soul, I want to thank thee.*

*For I know what a burden I had to have been.
Yet somehow you loved me despite all my sins.*

**Gratitude
To My Sponsor
& To My Mother**

*From the beginning you were there,
To smile and to nurture – to love and to care.*

*You held out your hand when I wanted to walk;
You taught me to speak when I wanted to talk.*

*When I triumphed in life, you watched with pride;
Your tears of joy you could not hide.*

*When growing pains came, you shared my sorrow;
You quietly said: “Look to tomorrow.”*

*Now – as the years slip by, ever so fast,
I reflect now and then on the times that have passed.*

*And the tears flow free, washing over my smile,
As your face appears, and I think for awhile*

*What a precious gift you have been to me.
You have helped me to live; you have helped me to see.*

Friends in Recovery

*Through the mist,
Into the sun;
Step by step,
I cannot run.*

*I reach out
To touch someone.
Hands come back;
Here comes the sun.*

*Sparkling eyes,
Hearts of gold,
Words to strengthen,
Hands to hold.*

*The gift of love,
It comes to me;
My heart is full
And I am free.*

The Eternal Child Within

*You came to me one day,
Mysterious and old.
We spoke of your childhood –
Of the wind that blew cold
Across your path
In the winter of despair;
When you felt so alone
As if God wasn't there.*

*Then we played together
In the dim candlelight.
You were so happy,
All aglow with delight,
To have found your way home
To the one you adored.
Shown the way, of course,
By our savior the Lord.*

*Now, my dear child,
My tender soul,
You bring me such joy.
With you I am whole.
For I am nothing
Without all my parts;
Without the sweet voice
Of my child's tender heart.*

Passing It On

*How far you've come; how wise you are.
Now hitch your wagon to a star.
Embrace yourself, and love God too.
Feel his love; it's not brand new.*

*This is your day, and you're the one.
You've seen the light; you're in the sun.
But don't forget, there's more to do.
Others will say, they want light too.*

*And you will be called to give them a hand;
To welcome them into this wonderful land.
Where peace is found – and happiness too.
Where you met God, and he met you.*

A Brighter Tomorrow

*Life may take a downward spiral
And overwhelm us for awhile.*

*Pain may seem a way of life;
Endless moments filled with strife.*

*Gloom may settle in our soul,
Splitting that which once was whole.*

*And yet despite this painful rift,
There still exists a timeless gift.*

*The saving grace when all is gray,
God's promise of a brand new day.*

Apart From the Flock

*When you were born, the heavens smiled.
You flashed a grin and stayed awhile.*

*You grew and grew; twas no surprise.
What lovely hair and sparkling eyes.*

*A sensible child, you turned out to be;
Strong within; inner eyes to see.*

*Compassion you felt, for those not so blessed.
You tended the flock; you even obsessed.*

*Then came the day, when you looked within,
And found the time to flow with the wind.*

*To find your life apart from the flock.
A life with yourself and your own inner clock.*

*And your life today is still grounded in love;
But now you've learned about love from above.*

*About loving God, and loving yourself too,
As well as those God sends to you.*

Rebirth

*You writhe till you die,
You pray, till you lay,
In God's loving arms,
Awaiting new dawns,
When you feel, till you heal,
And grow, till you know,
The gain from the pain –
The new, that comes from the old.*

Spirituality & Addiction

*Blinded by the flame of desire,
I could not feel the warmth at hand
Or be reflected in the glow of the light.*

*Pulling my charred soul out of the flame,
With the help of a Higher Power,
I can but marvel at the beauty of my surroundings.*

*Now, I float on the wings of gratefulness.
I hold the hand of he
Who showed me the path to peace.*

*How quickly the tortured soul finds peace,
When the light of God
Shines a beacon upon the path to everlasting goodness.*

The following three poems are meant to be a trilogy—surrendering, committing,
and then tasting the fruits of a worldly life.

The Awaited Suitor

*My heart pines away; I sing the blues.
I ask now and then: Where are you?*

*Are you real? Are you there for me?
When will I see you? When shall it be?*

*I face the horizon; I take God's hand.
In great expectation, I look over the land.*

*Nothing happens; oh woe is me.
What shall I do? When will it be?*

*With tears in my eyes, I look up and smile.
God cups my face, and after awhile*

*He softly speaks, and breaks the news:
"I am the one who was chosen for you."*

*"Can you love me, year after year,
As you would have loved him if he had appeared?"*

*My face grew pale, and my body shook.
I took his hand, too frightened to look.*

*Then I agreed to give it a try.
My suitor was here; he had finally arrived.*

The Marriage

*We joined together,
Early in the dawn.
Our love grew
Deep and strong.*

*We worked as one;
We shared the day.
I was content;
I did not stray.*

*In my heart,
I knew for sure,
My love for God
Was strong and pure.*

*And this, of course,
Was meant to be.
This truly was
My destiny.*

The Lover

*He finally arrives, and softly I say:
"You know sweet prince, my husband's away."*

*"Where is God?" he asks. "Taking care of his guests?"
"Yes," I reply, "He has left me to rest."*

*We lose ourselves, in this moment in time;
I am his and he is mine.*

*Then my lover is still, his hand on my breast.
My heart leaps – to see him at rest.*

*I cherish this time, as short as it is.
He is mine and I am his.*



*Now I must leave – this man so dear.
God is looking for me; I know he is near.*

*I ask my lover: "Are you mine?"
"Is there more than just this moment in time?"*

*My lover smiles; he looks deep into my eyes.
No foolish games; no wicked lies.*

*"I'm yours sweet one; listen and hear."
"Always and forever, I will be near."*