

## *My "Friend"*

*My eyes and throat feel like earth eagerly awaiting the taste of rain to rid  
them of their dryness,  
The normally shy assistant gives a small friendly smile, I hesitantly smile back,  
Glancing quickly at my watch, my heart begins to beat faster,  
Only a minute to go now.*

*The barricades have been removed,  
It is time to meet my "friend"  
My "friend" proudly stands amongst her family,  
She is shouting my name repeatedly in case I miss her,  
I carefully pick her up and hug her close to me,  
Today we will celebrate.*

*Hurriedly walking home,  
I lock the door behind me so that nobody will disturb the peace,  
I sit her down and admire how well she looks.  
So many other days/weeks where we have found solace in each other,  
Problems are of no importance now.*

*Patiently I put her near the table and glass which is yearning to be filled,  
The moment has come,  
My "friend" is about to release her true self.  
The glass is filled, tasted, and swallowed,  
Frowning, I turn to the sink,  
With tears cascading down my cheeks, I turn the tap on,  
I say farewell my "friend" as she blends, together with the water,  
Bottle empty, goodbye my "friend".*

*A new future beckons to me without wine,  
Doors are beginning to open for me after being closed for so long,  
Because of my so called "friend".*

*I have learned the hard way.*

*Susanne*

**Corinthians 2**

**Verse 1**

*'For this is what I have decided for myself,  
Not to come to you again in sadness'*





*In the Arms of An Angel*

*A Song By  
Sarah McLachlan*

*Spend all your time waiting  
For that second chance  
For a break that would make it ok,  
There's always some reason to feel  
Not good enough  
And it's hard at the end of the day*

*I need some distraction  
Oh, beautiful release  
Memories seep from my veins  
Let me be empty and weightless  
And maybe  
I'll find some peace tonight*

*In the arms of the angel  
Fly away from here  
From this dark, cold hotel room  
And the endlessness that you feel  
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie  
You're in the arms of the angel  
May you find some comfort here*

*So tired of the straight line  
And everywhere you turn  
There's vultures and thieves at your back,  
The storm keeps on twisting  
You keep on building the lies  
That you make up for all that you lack,*

*It don't make no difference  
Escaping for the last time  
It's easier to believe  
In this sweet madness oh this glorious sadness  
That brings me to my knees*

*In the arms of the angel  
Fly away from here  
From this dark, cold hotel room  
And the endlessness that you feel  
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie  
You're in the arms of the angel  
May you find some comfort here*

