

A Recovery Poem by Andrew

ALL JOIN HANDS

In the depths of trials Wendy Jo found her way
Through the haze of pain, through the longest day

Benzos grasp is a relentless fight
With anxiety, fear and even fright

Mark also faces the storms within
Anxiety, fear and chaos akin
Yet in turmoil a glimmer shines bright
A promise of dawn after the darkest night

Jennifer stands tall, facing anxiety's dance
Knowing someday she'll find her chance
In the symphony of struggle she finds her part
A united chorus, sharing each heart

As we all battle the waves of despair
Seeking solace to breathe deep in the air
Through turmoil and pain we press on strong
Believing in healing where we all belong

Countless others in silence they fight
Enduring the shadows seeking the light
In the symphony of their collective plea
Lies hope, healing for all to see

So in this meeting let our voices rise
In solidarity, lifting each other's cries
For Wendy Jo, mark and jenn
And all the warriors in this benzo laden denn

Recoveries promise, a beacon gleams
Beyond the pain, beyond the screams
A path to healing, a guided hand
Together we'll rise, together we'll stand

THE END for now