

# Together We Can



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## ACCEPTANCE

Years ago my mother taught me  
to clean rice, make a dress,  
open a can of peas right side up,  
what to say when...

She wasn't the mother  
I thought I should have--  
you know, like the other girls had--  
mothers they could talk to  
about their hearts' yearnings  
and their minds' confusions...

No, none of that--  
something went wrong--  
celestial wires crossed?  
a mix-up at the hospital?

it wasn't right  
it wasn't fair  
It's been years now  
I opened my mind and heart  
to the woman I call "Mom"--  
she wasn't the mother  
I wanted in my youth

but I think maybe  
she's forgiven me for not being  
the daughter she expected to have...

Monica H.

## GRATITUDES

I am sitting here because I can.  
I am sitting with legs crossed because I can.  
I am sitting here in my size 14 jeans because I can.  
I am feeling joyous, happy and free because I can.  
I am living my abstinence one day at a time because I can.  
I am looking forward to the rest of my life - because I can.  
I am feeling immense gratitude to my HP, the Fellowship and  
you all.  
Because I can

Sue  
Overeaters Anonymous Step by Step  
Great Britain Summer 2013, p. 20

## CHANGE ME

Change me, God,  
Please change me.  
Though I cringe,  
Kick,  
Resist and resent.  
Pay no attention to me whatsoever.  
When I run to hide,

Drag me out of my safe little shelter.  
Change me totally.  
Whatever it takes.  
However long You must work at the job.  
Change me and save me  
From spiritual self-destruction.  
Anonymous

## THE RIDDLE

While obesity is now officially a DSM-V addiction,  
We already understand that through personal conviction.

My body is so rude -  
It calls out for food  
At the wrong time and place,  
Wanting me to stuff my face.

But my OA program tells me not to be among the fools.  
Each day I can use any or all of our tools.

So now I will fiddle with a riddle:  
Which of the tools numbering nine  
is the most fine?

Without service to hold us together  
In all kinds of weather,  
We'd have none of the rest  
To help us be our best.

So what can YOU do today or tomorrow  
To help lift you and me from our sorrow  
Of the affliction of our addiction.  
Let's make amends and be OA friends.

But also volunteer --  
Whether to help steer --  
Or just be a dear  
And set up or clean up the place  
That has been our meeting space  
Or order literature galore  
To keep us wanting more -  
Or help put on a workshop  
So OA's programs never stop.

Linda S.

## SIMPLE POEM

Simple  
> Words  
> Make  
> All  
> The  
> Difference  
> When spoken  
> From one soul to another.>

Elsie

## PATIENCE

Patience my dear child  
You want everything now  
And you want to see evidence  
Oh Dear One  
Do you know change takes time?  
How old are you?  
How many days have passed from your birth to today?  
And you want an abrupt turnaround  
of the way things have been done in your life?  
In your body?  
In your mind?  
In your soul?  
I know it's hard for you to see  
And in time you will come to know  
That I am busy behind the scenes  
All the time  
Rearranging  
Tweaking  
Bending  
Whispering  
Every day something is changing in you  
Like chipping away at the stone  
To find the beautiful sculpture that has been hidden within  
Patience my dear one  
Patience

Katrina

## ON THE LOSS OF A SPONSOR

sometimes these days I feel like I'm scarcely breathing  
and I want to cry forever at the loss  
I want back what is familiar  
even if that familiar has only been a portion of our time  
together.

it pains me that you leave this place  
this place northeast  
to go on to a land where no one has your blood  
but the heart and holding exist  
through your married self.  
I want you to stay in this program

for me  
to continue to guide me  
in whatever way that is  
to listen to me fret about this frozen dessert  
or crazy person  
or me

to hold my heart as I pour out my pain  
and then  
eventually  
remember that I have everything I need  
in my soul.

I'm scared to be without you  
Invested as I am in your power to hear my words  
in a way that no one else could.

your wisdom has guided me,  
has prompted me  
has restored me to faith in myself  
I don't want you going

except for the part  
where, when you love somebody,  
you want them to be where they are suppose to be.

and for that,  
I want you to be in the loving embrace  
of your spouse  
his family  
his heritage  
his ground.  
Big loss for me.

I cry.  
It's okay.  
The healthy leaving,

where one says I love you  
and the love is returned.

Just because you go away,  
doesn't mean you're gone to me.

But I still want you to stay present  
I want you to hear my song of food  
The praises and the violations  
The urges and the wins  
to remind me when its time to call in the troops

like writing  
or remembering the steps  
and knowing I am powerless

Reminding me that there are so many tools in this program  
That I can pick and use  
Choose and use.

Please don't go-then-go-then-stop  
Because,  
like a child who only feels safe with one person  
I want you here.

You see how torn I am.

and for a week now  
this feeling  
like a Persian rug that weighs heavily on my neck  
or  
a bag over my face so I can only shallow breathe  
barely taking in oxygen

I keep trying to figure out the sadness  
and that has never worked.

so I will just let it be  
for now  
that I am beset with grief  
that you are going away.

Sealani