

Water by the Spoonful
Monologue

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FountainHead, welcome to the dinner party. Granted, it's a party we never wanted to be invited to but pull up a chair and pass the salt. Some people here may pour it in your wounds. Just like you, we've all crawled on the floor with a flashlight. We've thrown out the Brillo and bought some more. But guess what? You had three days. For three days straight, you didn't try to kill yourself on an hourly basis. Please. Talk to your wife about your addiction. You need every supporting resource. You are in for the fight of your life. You mentioned Wharton. I live in Philly. If your still in the area and you have an emergency or even a craving, email me directly. Any time of night. Don't take it lightly when I say a sober day for you is a sober day for me. I know you can do this, but I know you can't do it alone. So stop being a highly functioning isolater and start being a highly dysfunctional person. The only way out it is through it.