

# ***The Bottle***

*By William C.*

*Oh where did you come from*

*This trusted pain of mine.*

*That I put away to age*

*Like a fine bottle of wine*

*And crack was the cork*

*That held it inside*

*Then I wrapped up the cork*

*With self-pity and pride*

*Deep in the dark cellar*

*I locked you away*

*Pulled the key from the lock*

*And then threw it away*

*It would sit and ferment*

*With the yeast of my fears*

*Fed on the sugar of guilt*

*In the moisture of tears*

*The years quickly passed*

*I lost track of the time  
I had almost forgot  
That fine bottle of wine  
So I climbed down in my cellar  
Where I've been afraid to go  
To find that old bottle  
It was now time to know  
I opened up the bottle  
And threw the cork away  
Time to taste the vintage  
Of all my yesterdays  
I poured myself a glass  
Oh the sweet flavor I'd kiss  
But I quickly spit it out  
Cause it tasted like piss  
Why was I surprised  
It turned out so bad  
It was made with bad memories  
But they were all that I had  
Being the youngest of twelve*

*I felt tiny and small  
I was being set up  
To take a big fall  
For 3 out of the twelve  
Knew of things done, but not seen  
I was used and abused  
From age six to thirteen  
I let one half of a century  
Of my life pass me by  
Opportunities I've wasted  
And I never knew why  
Till I came to a place  
That would help me to find  
A new way of life  
And a clarity of mind  
Preferred Family Health  
And the friends I made there  
Helped open my eyes  
Just by showing they care  
It's time to pour out*

*That rancid vinegar wine*

*Now it's time to rebuild*

*A new life that is fine.*

*Life filled with good thoughts*

*And good deeds every day*

*And a blessing from God*

*As he shows me the way.*