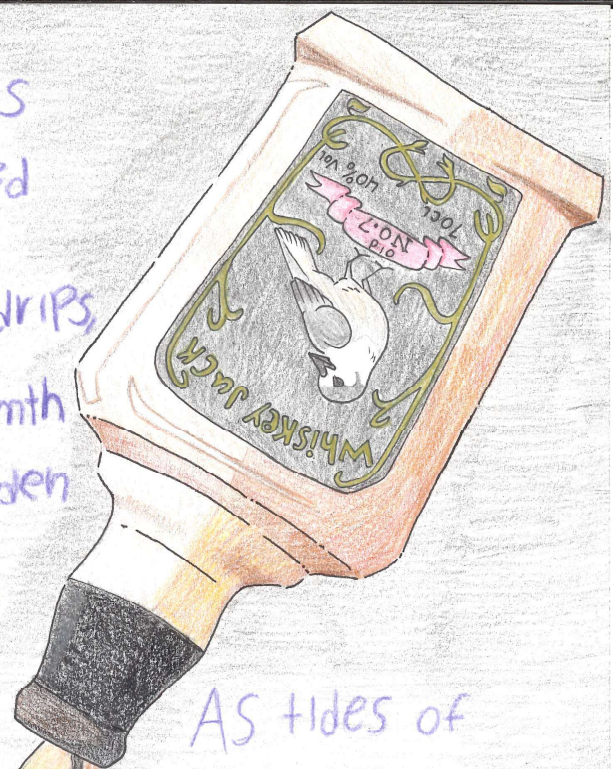


It starts as gentle sips
a cooling comfort pressed
to parched, dry lips from
crystal glass, the amber drips
what once brought warmth
and joy now fuels a hidden
fire. Each clink of glass,
a siren call, a dance
with the abyss, hands
that once were steady
grasp at fleeting
bliss.



As tides of
darkness pull them
down, they wear the
weight like a drowning

crown, craving solace

In the storm, yet only
finding a twisted norm.

Oh, alcoholics, lost at sea,
in search of peace, yet
never free, the amber

the warning, of gentle
sips that twist and
sail, for in the
waves of joy and pain,
the truest strength

is to break the chain

ocean roars, the
vessel cracks, in
depths of liquid, no
turning back.