



BRSCNA BULLETIN

...sought through prayer and meditation...

By Anonymous

So many bubbles..., random ideas floating to the surface and bursting...

The substance of the idea is obscured as it rises through the murk of my subconscious. When it nears the top the shadow of a thought is partially visible, distorted by the bubble; out of focus through the murk. When it comes to the surface I can see it clearly but still the bubble distorts. They often stay there, clear but distorted, at the top of my subconscious, for a long time. When the bubble bursts the light of my understanding projects the idea

clearly on the screen of my conscience. Sometimes the light is so bright they are burned there forever. Mostly the light is just bright enough to display them clearly for a moment, till my memory zips them up and compresses them neatly in a corner. Often, the light is so dim or the bursting so frequent that the screen appears to me only as a subliminal flash. All of the ideas trigger a feeling which can vary from joy to relief to panic to despair. My spiritual condition seems to determine how bright the light of my understanding is, how frequently the bubbles burst, and how distorted the bubble makes the idea inside as it rises to the surface...

Turn Around

By Andi S.

It's past midnight. The concrete is slick. I am the only one on the sidewalk and everything smells like dirt and rain.

Each step forward brings me 14, 28, 46 inches closer to death, but I cannot turn around.

Out to Cleveland Avenue, down to 12th Street, over to Shorb: my cop-spot.

I am vaguely stunned by my inability to stop walking.

In my left hand, I hold my cell phone. My sponsor's number glows on the screen, but I seem just as incapable of calling as turning around and going home.

Clenched in my right hand is an orange key tag — My trophy from 30 days of war

with my addiction. It is the only thing reminding me which side of the fence I'm on.

Crisp, green dollars burn holes in my pockets just as sure as the lighter I used on my first cigarette. Each subsequent cigarette is lit on the end of the previous one. I swallow them whole hoping, somehow, they will satiate the craving instead of my fix.

My brisk walk is a blur of smoke. I'm trampling straight through puddles and yelling at myself out loud for fucking up on purpose.

I look at my feet and realize I'm just five blocks away. I'm crazed, almost running now — I can already taste my suicide!

My trophy did not prepare me for this war!

I know that if I dope up, I may never be able to quit again. The first time is a miracle. The second time... *blasphemy!*

The serenity prayer slips from my lips— the only coherent words I can manage. And with a strength that is not my own, I push the call button, but I do not turn around. I do not go home. My pace is erratic as I hear his phone ring. I pray that he will and hope that he won't answer.

One step backward— *trip, fall*— two steps forward, heart pounding, hands shaking, mind careening, I hear his voice:

"Andi, turn around!"

I'm silent. My drug and my clean time play tug-of-war with my feet, but my mind is made up.

I put one foot in front of the other, 14, 28, 46 inches... toward life.

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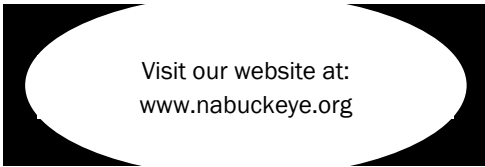
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We ask that submissions express a clear NA message and use NA language. We may edit for length, clarity, or compliance with our Traditions. All submissions must have a signed release form which can be found below.

Send your submissions and release form to the BRSCNA Literature committee at:
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THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT!



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