

WRITE UPS

POEMS BY ROB LOFTIN JR



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Write Ups

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INTRODUCTION

This book wasn't written from a place of perfection,
it was written from the middle of the fight.

Write Ups is more than a collection of poems. It's a record. A reflection.
A series of moments captured when life could've gone one way... but
didn't. These pages hold the truth about addiction, the weight of
consequences, and the victories that don't always get seen or celebrated.

There was a time when writing things down meant something different—
reports, incidents, mistakes, things done wrong. The kind of “write-ups”
that followed bad decisions and broken patterns. But somewhere along
the way, that meaning changed. Writing became a release instead
of a record of failure. A way to process instead of a way to punish.

This book lives in that transformation.

Inside these poems, you'll find honesty. You'll feel the struggle of
wanting to change but not knowing how. The pressure of facing
the past. The weight of making amends. The fight to stay sober
when everything in you wants to run. And also.... Hope!

Recovery isn't a straight line. It's frustrating. It's humbling.
But it's also powerful. Every day clean is a statement.
Every choice to keep going is a victory.

These poems are snapshots of that journey, some written
in pain, some in reflection, and some in moments of clarity
that only come after walking through the fire.

This book isn't here to teach you how to recover. It's
here to show you what it looks like to try.

If you've ever struggled, if you've ever felt stuck, if you've ever
had to rebuild your life piece by piece... you'll find something in
these pages that speaks to you. And if you're still in the middle

of it, still fighting, still figuring it out... just know you're not alone.

These are the "write-ups" that don't tear you down.

These are the ones that build you back up.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

TO THE NEWCOMER

I see that look, I wore it too,
That mix of fear and “what do I do?”
The shaking hands, the racing mind,
The past behind, the life undefined.

You might feel lost, like hope is gone,
Like you’ve been fighting for far too long,
Like every bridge you tried to cross
Collapsed beneath the weight of loss.

But listen close...you’re not alone,
This road you’re on, we’ve all been shown,
That rock bottom’s not where you stay,
It’s where you find a better way.

You don’t need strength for all your days,
Just enough to walk through today,
Just one right choice, just one more breath,
That’s how we slowly outrun death.

You’ll hear “one day at a time” a lot,
It might sound simple.... but it’s all we’ve got,
Because forever feels too big to face,
But today... today, you’ve got a place.

You’re gonna stumble, you might fall,
But that don’t mean you’ve lost it all,
Progress isn’t clean or straight,
It’s showing up... it’s staying late.

One day you’ll smile and realize,
The light came back into your eyes,
And you’ll be standing where I stand....
Reaching out your own helping hand.

So stay... even when it's hard to do,
Because we've been waiting here for you,
Not for who you were back then....
But for who you're becoming... now, my friend.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

THE VOICE THAT WHISPERS

It don't knock on the door, it just slips through the cracks,
A whisper in my mind saying, "You remember that?"
That feeling, that rush, that artificial high,
The lie dressed as comfort, saying "Just one, you'll be fine."

It don't scream, it seduces, got patience like time,
Waits for weak moments just to replay in my mind,
When I'm tired, when I'm hurt, when I'm feeling alone,
It pulls up a memory and calls it "home."

But that home was a cell with invisible bars,
Where I traded my soul just to dance with my scars,
Where my name turned to "addict," my worth turned to dust,
And every promise I made got buried in lust.

See the craving isn't hunger... it's deeper than that,
It's a war in my chest, it's a voice that attacks,
It's a hand on my shoulder saying, "Why do you fight?"
When it knows damn well it almost took my life.

It tells me I'm tired, says I earned me a break,
Like destruction's a prize that I'm meant to take,
Like pain needs a payment, like numb is relief,
But every "quick fix" just multiplies grief.

I remember them nights in the cold, in my car,
Chasing anything just to forget who you are,
Looking in mirrors I couldn't recognize,
A stranger looking back with addiction in his eyes.

But now when it whispers, I don't run, I resist,
I remind myself clearly what I almost missed,
A life with some meaning, a breath that is free,
A version of me that I'm fighting to be.

Yeah, the craving still calls...but I don't have to pick up,
I don't have to pour poison in an already cracked cup,
I sit in the feeling, let it rise, let it pass,
Because I know every storm don't forever last.

So if it comes knocking, I won't answer the same,
I won't trade my tomorrow for a moment of shame,
Because the voice might be loud...but I'm louder inside...
And today, just for today...
I choose not to die

~ ROB LOFTIN JR.

LEND THEM YOUR LIGHT

I saw you standing where I used to stand,
Shaking from something they won't understand,
Eyes full of storms, trying hard not to drown,
Smiling in public but breaking down.

I know that silence, that deafening scream,
That war in your chest that won't let you dream,
That voice in your head saying "just one more,"
While your soul's on its knees, begging for war.

So I sat beside you, not preaching loud,
Not talking above you, not judging the crowd,
Just said, "I've been there... I know that fight,
And if you're in darkness, I'll lend you my light."

You said you were lost, too far gone to save,
I showed you the chains, then the ones that I gave,
Told you about nights I didn't survive,
And mornings I questioned why I'm still alive.

But somehow I made it, one step, one breath,
Pulled back from the edge, unshaken by death,
And if I can stand here, steady and free,
Then maybe there's still that same hope in thee.

We walked through the fire, not side by side...
But close enough so you didn't have to hide,
I won't carry your weight, that's yours to own,
But I'll walk every mile so you're not alone.

I'll remind you of strength when you forget your name,
Show you your worth when you're drowning in shame,
Be proof that the pain doesn't get the last say,
That night will break into healing someday.

So when you feel weak, when you're ready to fall,
When that old life whispers its dangerous call,
Just reach out your hand. I'll be right in sight,
Because someone once saved me...

By lending me light

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

FROM CONSUMED TO BECOMING

I was consumed by a hunger I could never feed,
A life built on want, but it started with need,
Chasing a high while I sank down low,
Running from pain that I refused to know.

Every promise I made, I would break by night,
Lost in the dark, scared of the light,
Mirrors showed someone I didn't recognize,
Truth was buried beneath all the lies.

Days turned to years in a chemical cage,
Writing my story in sorrow and rage,
Burning my bridges, then asking for grace,
While slowly erasing my own name and face.

But somewhere inside, through the noise and the fear,
A whisper said, "Try... there's another way here,"
So I walked through the doors, broken and worn,
Not knowing that's where I'd start being reborn.

The Step springs program... I didn't believe,
But they said, "Just stay, you don't have to leave,"
So I sat and I listened, I learned how to feel,
Started facing the things I refused to reveal.

I got me a sponsor...someone who knew,
The wreckage I carried, the hell I walked through,
He said, "Work the steps, don't skip, don't pretend,"
So I picked up the pen and began to mend.

Step by step, I peeled back the pain,
Let go of the guilt, the anger, the shame,
Made peace with the past I couldn't rewrite,
And started choosing what's healthy and right.

Now I got me a job, I show up, I'm there,
Responsibility's heavy, but I'm learning to care,
For the life that I lost and the one I can build,
For the emptiness inside that's no longer filled...

With poison, with chaos, with running away,
But purpose and hope that grow day by day,
I'm transitioning now to a place that's real
A sober living home where I will continue to heal.

I got goals in my pocket, a future in sight,
For the first time in years, I'm doing things right,
And hope... yeah, hope... I never had that before,
Now it's something I carry down to my core.

See, I was consumed...but now I create,
A life built on courage instead of escape,
And I know if I stay, if I trust, if I try,
I don't ever have to go back to that life.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

WALKING THE TWELVE

I came in broken, tired of running,
Hands shaking, heart heavy, the hiding done.
But the Steps stood waiting like an open door,
Whispering, Start with honesty, that's Step One.

Step Two taught me hope I thought I'd lost,
A power greater than the drugs pull.
Then Step Three asked me to let go of control,
To trust something deeper, quiet, and full.

Step Four was the mirror I'd feared for years,
A fearless look at every scar and stain.
And Step Five was speaking what lived inside,
Releasing the guilt, the anger, the pain.

Step Six asked if I was willing to change,
To shed the parts of me that held me down.
And Step Seven taught me a humble truth
Strength grows when pride is not around.

Step Eight was a list of the hearts I'd hurt,
A heavy page, but honest and true.
And Step Nine was action, amends in motion,
A promise to repair what my sickness tore through.

Step Ten keeps me steady day after day,
Cleaning the wreckage before it spreads.
Step Eleven guides me through prayer and quiet,
Keeping peace in the places I once kept dread.

And Step Twelve, the last, but never the end
A call to serve the next suffering soul,
To carry the message I once needed myself,
To stay sober by keeping recovery whole.

I walk these Steps not once but forever,
Not perfection, just progress in sight.
One day at a time, I rise and keep going,
Working the Steps that lead me back to life

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

TIRED OF RUNNING

I'm tired of running
From mirrors that know my name,
From the man in the reflection
I keep trying not to claim.

I'm tired of running
From nights that don't forget,
From the taste of old decisions
And the weight of that regret.

I ran through bottles,
Through smoke, pills, and lies,
Chasing something numb enough
To quiet all the noise inside.

But every road I took to hide
Just circled back to me,
No matter how far I went
I couldn't outrun what I couldn't see.

I'm tired of running
From the truth I try to dodge,
From the wreckage I created
While pretending I was God.

Tired of empty promises
That dissolve by morning light,
Tired of losing every battle
Just to avoid the fight.

So I stopped...
Not because it got easier,
Not because the pain was gone,
But because I finally realized
I've been running way too long.

I'm tired of running...
So today I choose to stay,
Face the man I'm becoming,
And not the one who ran away

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

THE WEIGHT I ONCE CARRIED

I walked a broken road with heavy feet,
Chasing highs that always cut me deep.
The bottle, the pill, the smoke in my chest
Each one promising peace, stealing the rest.

Addiction crept in like a quiet friend,
Said it had answers it could lend.
But every truth it claimed to know
Only dragged me down below.

It took my nights, it blurred my days,
Twisted my mind in a thousand ways.
Left me empty, lost inside...
A storm I couldn't outrun or hide.

But somewhere beneath the wreck I made,
A stubborn heart refused to fade.
A voice that whispered, "You still can fight,"
A spark that brought me back to life.

So step by step, breath after breath,
I rise above what once felt like death.
Because even the broken can stand again,
And learn that healing lives within.

Addiction's fierce, but so am I...
A survivor refusing just to get by.
And every day I choose this climb,
I reclaim myself one day at a time.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR.

THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO NOWHERE

I stumbled down a broken road
where bottles sang my name,
where drugs whispered promises
and numbed the hurt and shame.

Each step felt like surrender,
but I swore it felt like choice
drowning out the memories
and silencing my voice.

I chased a high that owned me,
a master dressed as friend,
a road that swore it'd save me
but only led to bitter end.

Streetlights faded one by one,
my nights bled into days,
my heartbeat lost its rhythm
in a fog of guilty haze.

I lost myself in shadows
where hope was hard to find,
a prisoner of cravings
and the war inside my mind.

But even roads to nowhere
can turn beneath your feet
the moment you decide to fight
the demons you must beat.

Now scars become reminders
of the hell that I survived,
proof that even broken souls
can crawl back into life.

I walked the road to nowhere
but I'm not walking it again.

My old life is dead
And my new life begins

~ ROB LOFTIN JR.

THE LOOK OF SOBRIETY

It's in the eyes, no longer red, no longer lost in haze,
No more running from the truth, no more counting empty days.

It's a steady kind of focus, not a high that fades away,
It's waking up with clarity...and meaning what you say.

It's in the mirror, face to face, no need to turn or hide,
No guilt that sits behind your ribs, no shame you gotta slide.
It's knowing who you used to be, but standing where you stand,
A different man is looking back...a stronger, sober man.

It's in the breath, slow and deep, not chasing for a fix,
No more living life in lies, no more falling for the tricks.
It's quiet nights that used to scream now finally at peace,
It's fighting through the storms inside and feeling that release.

It's in the steps you choose to take, each one a solid ground,
No more circles in the dark, no more lost-and-never-found.
It's showing up when life gets hard instead of running scared,
It's knowing pain will still exist...but now you're more prepared.

The look of sobriety isn't perfect, clean, or neat,
It's scars that tell a story every time two worlds would meet.
It's falling down and getting up, refusing to stay low,
It's understanding growth is slow.. but still, you choose to grow.
It's in the smile... yeah, that smile.. that used to hide the pain,
Now it's real, a little worn, but it don't feel the same.

It's earned through every battle that you never thought you'd win,
It's losing who you had to be to find yourself again.

The look of sobriety... it's calm, it's clear, it's true,
It's a man who faced the dark....and finally made it through.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR

STRONGER THAN YESTERDAY

Yesterday I stumbled, my spirit feeling weak
Haunted by the habits I no longer wish to seek
The road was long and lonely, the climb was hard and steep
But I made a quiet promise my soul would try to keep

Today I stand a little taller than I did before,
One more step in healing, one more closed door
The weight I used to carry doesn't hold me quite the same
Because I've learned that courage often walks beside the pain

Recovery is a journey, not a race I have to win
Just choosing every morning not to fall back in
Each sunrise brings a chance to prove my heart can stay
A little bit stronger than it was yesterday

The battles still come knocking, the memories still appear
But the voice inside me now is louder than the fear
It whispers hope and patience when the path feels gray
Keep walking forward... you're stronger than yesterday

And tomorrow when I wake up, I'll fight the same good fight
Holding onto faith when the road gets tight
Because strength is built in moments when I choose the better way
And I'll be even stronger than I am today

~ ROB LOFTIN JR.

THE CHOICE

There's a moment in recovery no one can see,
Where it's just you... and who you choose to be.

No crowd, no applause, no voice in your ear,
Just life on one side... and death drawing near.

It don't always look like a coffin or grave,
Sometimes it's comfort, the lie that you crave.
A whisper that says, "Just one, you'll be fine,"
But you know deep down... that's crossing the line.

Death ain't always darkness, silent and cold,
Sometimes it's familiar... a story retold.
It wears your old habits, calls you by name,
Says, "Come back to me, we can numb all your pain."

See, death is a shortcut, quick and discreet,
Life is a battle on tired, worn feet.
Death says, "Relax, you don't have to fight,"
Life says, "Stand up... even after the night."

And there I stood, caught in between,
All of my past... and who I could be.
Hands shaking hard, heart pounding loud,
Trying to make something broken feel proud.

Then something inside me, quiet but strong,
Said, "You've been choosing death for far too long."
Not with a scream, not loud or intense,
Just truth cutting through all the doubt and defense.

And it don't get easier all in one day,
That voice still comes back, still tries to persuade.
But now I know clearly what's at stake when it calls,
It ain't just a slip... it's the risk of it all.

So every morning I open my eyes,
That choice stands again....no disguise.
And every time I say, "Not today,"
I take one more step...
further away.

~ ROB LOFTIN JR