



I. Have. No. Words. Left.

ANNA BERGFORS

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Prologue

For Sebastian, Kevin and Joline.

This prose collection was born from my need of comfort.

My need to put my feelings about my adult son's addiction into words.

To write is to breathe.

To write is to put words on your feelings so that they hurt less.

When I write, I can breathe, and my thoughts scatter.

Otherwise, the thoughts have this ability to eat you up, they chew and bite and they're never silent, the thoughts churn and churn, different scenarios and perspectives.

Not a silent moment.

But when I write, they quiet down, settle and find their place.

To write is to get comfort, the words calm you down and the feelings are organized and understood.

The words comfort me, and I hope my words will give you comfort as well.

With these words, I want you as a family member or friend to know that you're not alone and there is no right or wrong in how we feel and what we feel.

I want you to let go of all your feelings of shame and guilt, because it's not your fault as a family member or friend that the addict has an addiction.

It's pointless to talk about it being someone's fault, to try to find a scapegoat, but it's so easy to get stuck in it. We want to understand what happened, where did things go wrong?

Your friend or family member's addiction is not about you. It affects you too, and as family members or friends, we