

FAMILY MATTERS

FLIPSIDE
Spring Edition #56, 2025

APSU
ASSOCIATION OF
PARTICIPATING SERVICE USERS
A SERVICE OF SHARC

About Flipside

Flipside is a publication of the Association of Participating Service Users (APSU), the Victorian consumer representative body for people who use alcohol and other drug support services.

Flipside amplifies voices of Victorians and their family members, friends, and supporters who use, have used or are eligible to use alcohol and other drug services.

Published twice a year, Flipside is a free publication for the APSU community.

The views and opinions expressed within Flipside do not necessarily represent the views and opinions of APSU.

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Submissions

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Website: sharc.org.au/sharc-programs/apsu

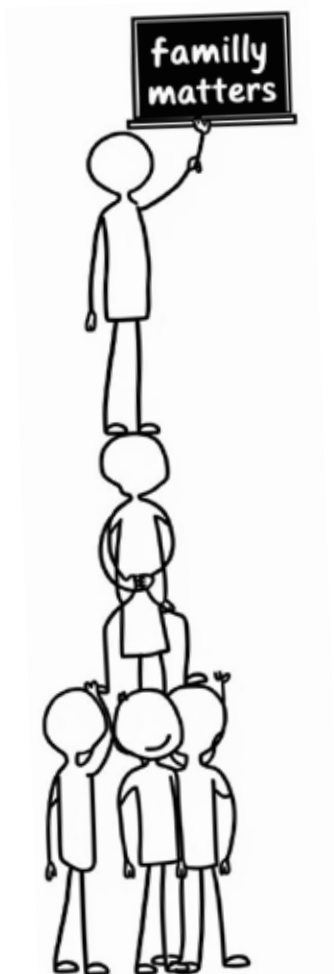
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Editorial

Family Matters

Family shapes us in ways both profound and complex. For those of us with lived experience of alcohol and drug harms, addiction, and recovery, family can be our anchor, our trigger, our greatest loss, and our reason to keep going—sometimes all at once.

This issue of Flipside explores these intricate connections through deeply personal stories, poems, and reflections from our APSU community. What emerges is a portrait of family that refuses simple answers.

Francesca finds surrender and peace in nature while remembering lost souls. Linda discovers her father through fragments of memory and photographs, recognising herself in his struggle with alcohol. Brendan shares how thoughts of his son and family kept him alive during his darkest moments—not making recovery possible, but making it matter.

Some pieces carry profound grief. Linda's letter to her son Ashley, who

died from alcohol overdose, speaks to the shared struggle of trying to fit in, find peace, and stay alive. A.D.'s poem traces parallel journeys—her son's path into dependency and her own through police stations, courtrooms and isolation—until both find their breath again.

Other contributors explore family through different lenses. Dixon finds safety in Colours as his chosen family. Duane's Christmas crisis transforms when he encounters his son desperate and drunk at a bar, renewing his own commitment to sobriety. Megan reflects on generational addiction, wishing she could rewrite the past. Simon contemplates the cosmic and biological forces that shape our paths. Tyson offers wisdom: "Love them if you can but protect yourself."

These stories remind us that family matters are never simple, but they always matter.

Thanks for opening Flipside. Enjoy!

Photo by Alex Gruber @ Unsplash

I Surrender

Francesca B.

I surrender
Before the land of the dead
Wan light bathing my eyes

No more struggle
No more decisions

Relief
Peace
Freedom

My totems swirling above
Ever present
Calling to me
Keeping the demons at bay

And then rain
Cleansing droplets
Rejuvenating my soul
And now wind
Casting out the old ways
with cool, fresh breath

I turn and walk away from souls
passed, taking steps with gentle ease

I sob
Comforting, warm, salty tears

I surrender
And it is light



The Lake

Linda S.

I was at mum's house and found a dusty shoe box full of photos that she had taken when we were living in Canada. Faded, square prints from a Kodak Instamatic. She was never good at taking photos. Many of them were blurry or off-centre with half a person jutting up from the bottom or disappearing off the edge of the frame as if the world was something she could never fully grasp. There were velvety photos of the winters; brick houses heavy with snow and faces with pink noses and cheeks under woollen beanies.

I found you buried in a stack of photos taken during one of the summers we spent at your cabin on Lake Huron. You were crouching down with your arm around my waist. Your toes were buried in the sand and behind us was your cabin, planks silvered from the years of sun and wind. I was wearing a maple-leaf patterned swimsuit, my arm around your Great Dane, Yorick.

You looked tanned and relaxed in terry towelling shorts, a striped T-shirt, and a bucket hat. A bottle of beer, amber and translucent in the sunlight, was nestled in the sand near your feet. I was smiling like I knew what it meant to be loved. On the back of the photo, mum had written with a ballpoint pen in tense, anxious loops: Ted, Linda and Yorick.

I don't think I understood what it really meant when my parents said we were moving to Australia. I was eight years old and excited about going somewhere new. I didn't care about leaving my friends in Toronto. I'm not sure why.

It was all girls in my street, boys didn't seem to exist. There was a gang of us and we wore the same short-shorts and knee-high socks and rode our bikes around terrorising the neighbourhood. There was a set of triplets; three sets of endless blonde curls. I looked after their hamster when



Photo by Gabriel Cox @ Unsplash

they went on holiday and when it bit my best friend we had to take her to the hospital for a rabies shot. I can't remember my best friend's name. I remember dark hair and dark eyes. I remember when we were waiting for her dad to get a haircut at the barber shop we found a dirty magazine hidden inside a car magazine. I remember I used to get inside her laundry basket and pretend it was a spaceship as I rocketed through the black of space,

swerving around stars as they shuddered and sparked.

I felt warm and safe with you on those long summer nights we spent at Lake Huron, sun-burnt skin cooled by a fresh breeze off the water. Shrouded by cigarette smoke and the scent of citronella, beer resting against your sandy thighs, darkness dropping like a fishing net over us, and me in my too-large Wayne Gretzky jersey, up past my bedtime.



Photo by Crystal R @ Unsplash

Do you remember that?

My memories of you are vague and ephemeral, recreated through photos and my imagination. I know there were long, drowsy hours sailing in the dinghy, its single sail hoisted into a taut triangle and my hair whipping in the wind as the bow cut a groove through the glassy water.

Did I make that up?

What I do remember: you standing at the edge of the boat looking like an overstuffed barrel, pulling down your shorts and peeing off the side, then slipping and falling into the water. Mum told me years after we left Canada that you were an alcoholic. That your wife left you and you went to rehab to try and get sober.

Some part of me never let you go. I don't know how I loved you. As a daughter does a father? It seemed different to that. A lake instead of a river. No visible source; no outlet to the sea.

I never had children and will never have children. I know you would never have had children. You would drink instead. You would drink until the world is gone. I know because I did that myself. Funny how that works. Except I didn't stop at booze, I had to keep going. When I found heroin something shifted inside me, as if I had found the answer to a question I had been asking my whole life: why did I feel so wrong? I felt right and one could take that away from me.

Tell me how the trees move where you are. Is the wind cold? Does it flow under the door and creep around the house? Does it smell of pine and fire? Maybe you were my first love. Someone I felt I could trust. Your toes were always deep in sand. You were yourself on the water. Beer in one hand, sheet rope in another. I remember your face, windswept and brown from the sun. I remember it from the photos. My first hand memories are gone. Still, I hold fast to the image of you.

Living for those that matter

Brendan J.

I've often thought I wouldn't still be here if it wasn't for family. In those moments where everything feels too hard and I can no longer continue, it's thoughts of how family would be impacted, along with plenty of my own fear and doubts, that I've realised that I had to keep trying and that I had to find another way to deal with life's difficulties.

I've continued with talking therapy for several decades. I'm lucky to have had access to it, though it's not always made a difference, it has always been of some benefit. I think family is a similar thing, it's not always made a difference, but it's always been of benefit, even if I couldn't always see that.

When I was a teenager, even before I started using, I couldn't see how family could help. I kept things to myself, they seemed to have their own issues. I'd become familiar with those, from witnessing family violence, constantly moving houses and schools and the subtle influence of alcohol and it's influence on what was considered normal and okay. I didn't see family as being able to understand, especially as I didn't understand why things seemed so difficult, so I let things spiral, not knowing how to ask for help.

It's been a pattern that has plagued my decision making for all my life. Even now, even after sharing all my stories, well some of them, with family, friends and even strangers, I still find I fall into familiar patterns, one's I've carried from those early teenage years. I struggle to seek help, certainly when things are at their worst, I wait, to see just how much I want to continue with life and thankfully it's always been this



Photo by Martin Baron @ Unsplash

desire to continue, to not inflict further damage on my family, that's seen me grab hold of support.

I have my own child now, they're older than I was when I first started using and they show little interest in doing so themselves. I'd like to think some of it is due to being open, to a degree, about my own struggles with drugs, mental health and suicidal ideation. It's been far from an easy path sharing these aspects of my life, well, at times it's not been voluntary at all. They have seen for themselves the impact of my 'issues' upon my life. I've more tried to give it context, to help them see it's me not them, and to not carry too much the weight of the burden and worry that I've caused them to learn to manage.

When I became a parent I had those moments of thinking things had to change. I set myself time limits – by the time they were age *x* I'd no longer be using, by period *y* I'd be working full time and be stable. I've rarely kept any of these self-imposed time limits. I've made changes and I've also broken many promises. At times I had an impact upon my child, upon my family, that has caused them much distress. I've also realised that much of what I thought I needed to achieve mattered little to both them and to me. Nobody cared if I was rich or had a nice car- thankfully, as I've neither – so why should I want those things?

Over time, I've used this ability to reframe and evaluate what's important in life as a tool for self-improvement. I can see the damage I've caused family has been one of the driving forces in seeking change.

I'm thankful that family have stayed supportive, that I've been able to reduce their anxiety and fear that they hold when they think of how I'm doing and where I'm headed and fck, I've even given them hope. Perhaps strangest of all, I've been able to reinforce that they can count on me for support and I've given and continue to give support in ways I never thought possible. I still at times find this startling.

I'm still not where I want to be, yet rarely is anybody. Unlike some, I'm actually aware of what is important in my life and I'm actively looking to make positive change. I no longer see ending my life as the solution to my problems. I'm soon to reach 50, fully two decades past the age I realistically thought I'd be lucky to reach, which I still find utterly remarkable. Indeed, I think it's something that I forget to remind myself of often enough, that I'm still here and that I've managed to overcome things that I never thought possible.

Is it family that has made this possible?

No, but they've helped. Ultimately it took me to realise that beyond the impact upon them, it was the impact upon myself that mattered. They say you can't live for someone else until you learn to live for yourself, which is something that I would not have believed and indeed, I'd have just seen it as another hurdle to climb. But now I get it. Those that matter in my life, be they blood or through choice, these are the family that not only help me to live, but they are the ones that I can actually support, in part, by wanting to live for myself.

Photo by Saad Ahmad @ Unsplash

Ashley

Linda S.

Coming from a large family, to only have one child was unusual.

I learned a lot from you, some of it good, some of it not so good. You were my one and only and there will never be another one like you.

Giving birth to you turned out to be the easy part. You hardly slept as a baby – something that never really changed even when you got older. You didn't think much of kinder and school wasn't too flash either. You never really played the social games other kids did. I think you tried but never quite managed it somehow. You were a smart kid—inquisitive—and had an intellectual curiosity more than most.

But this bought its own problems. Your first suspension was Grade 5 for punching a kid in retaliation to being punched. We got to know the inside of different principals' offices rather well over the years. You got kicked out of Religious Education for complaining to the teacher—

Mrs K.—that the smashing of idols in the temple was poor form and disrespectful of other people's beliefs. She was an old bitch to be fair.

You found your feet for a few years in early high school but with change of campus came a lot of bullying. I think this is where the more severe mood changes started and we sought more help from the 'professionals', which included multiple psychiatrists and psychologists to find 'answers'.

You were expelled for 'that incident' in Year 10 and Footscray City College took you in. I think you managed to find some settling place there, especially in the film area, and made a few friends but still struggled with your mental health.

Going to Melbourne Uni was probably not the best choice you ever made, but who knew? You could only really see the injustices and privilege of the world through a narrow lens. You told me about the other students



*Photo by Renee Thompson
@ Unsplash*

there being horrified that you knew alcoholics and heroin addicts. You saw the homeless, the inequality, the corruptness of the system.

You couldn't reconcile what others did to each other and how the system seemed unfair. You could never do anything perfect enough in your own eyes. The essays were never good enough; you could never finish one. You had an interest in special effects and had a couple of films released. But the price you paid for your need for perfection in everything was high. You couldn't turn off your brain. You slept so few hours and your brain gave you no peace.

You went looking for answers through psychologists and psychiatry; neither really gave you definitive answers. Sometimes you would check out their book shelves just to see what questions they would ask. Were you OCD, bi-polar, schizophrenic? Major depressive disorder according to a

couple of them. You certainly gave me experiences I never thought I would have. From police stations, to ERs, courtrooms and psychiatric wards: to mixing with so many different walks of life. The boy soldier you introduced me to, other suicide survivors, smack addicts, the guy who grounded a plane with his panic attack, so many traumatised people. Sometimes it was horrendous, sometimes eye-opening, and the horror movies made me a bit sick at times.

You became withdrawn and isolated, only allowing me to come into your flat. Our 'large family' walked away from you—except for my sister Donna—they never understood mental illness and addiction. I was exhausted trying to "keep you alive".

You told me many times you were worried how I would cope when you eventually 'ended' your torment. It was just the two of us for years. Me and you were family. On our own.

Your two bottle a day vodka consumption to 'shut down your brain' was terrifying to deal with. You drank to blackout most days. But you always tried to 'go sober'—until the demons raised their ugly heads again.

Watched all the *Boardwalk Empire* series, *Dare Devil*, *Ash and the Evil Dead* series, *Adventures of Brisco County Junior*. Then the Sun theatre for every *John Wick*, Tarantino and Cohen Brothers movies ever made. Footscray market smells, eating at dodgy places, Vietnamese iced coffee at our favourite cafe. Going to the Arican hairdresser to get your hair done. The Asian lady that told you to fuck off when she was cranky.

The trips to buy op shop books—mostly philosophy, political, autobiographies or one of the great classics. I always felt so bloody dumb next to you buying my tattoo mags. We really tried Ash, you got your own little flat right in the heart of Footscray. I just wanted you safe and well. You fought those demons in your head for so long, trying to stop the voices with booze and never quite winning. We had a damn good crack at it though. I never, ever gave up on you, even when you gave up on yourself.

Donna, my beautiful sister tried so hard, visiting you in the psychiatric ward, talking on academic levels I had no hope of understanding. You really liked your deep and meaningful with her. She even put up with a few of your drunken calls.

I will be haunted forever finding you the day after my father's funeral. You always promised me I would never be the one to find you and I know you tried so hard to keep your promise. Your blood alcohol level was .69 and my only comfort was knowing you fell asleep and never woke up.

Others loved you even if you didn't love yourself. I loved you unconditionally and know you never meant to hurt me like this. But it all got too much and you needed some peace from it all. I hope you have found that peace now.

We were family and always will be.

I will miss you forever; you will take a piece of my heart with you.

Love mum XXX

Photo by Mark Williams
@ Unsplash

My Colours Are a Weapon
A Tool of Misdirection
You're so busy trying not to Stare
You Don't See ...
Me.

I can do anything
Under this Cloak
of Vibrant Invisibility

My Colours are My Armour
They Protect me from
The Bleak

I'm told Death is not the
Greatest Loss
The Greatest Loss is what
Dies Inside Us
While we're Still Alive

Colours

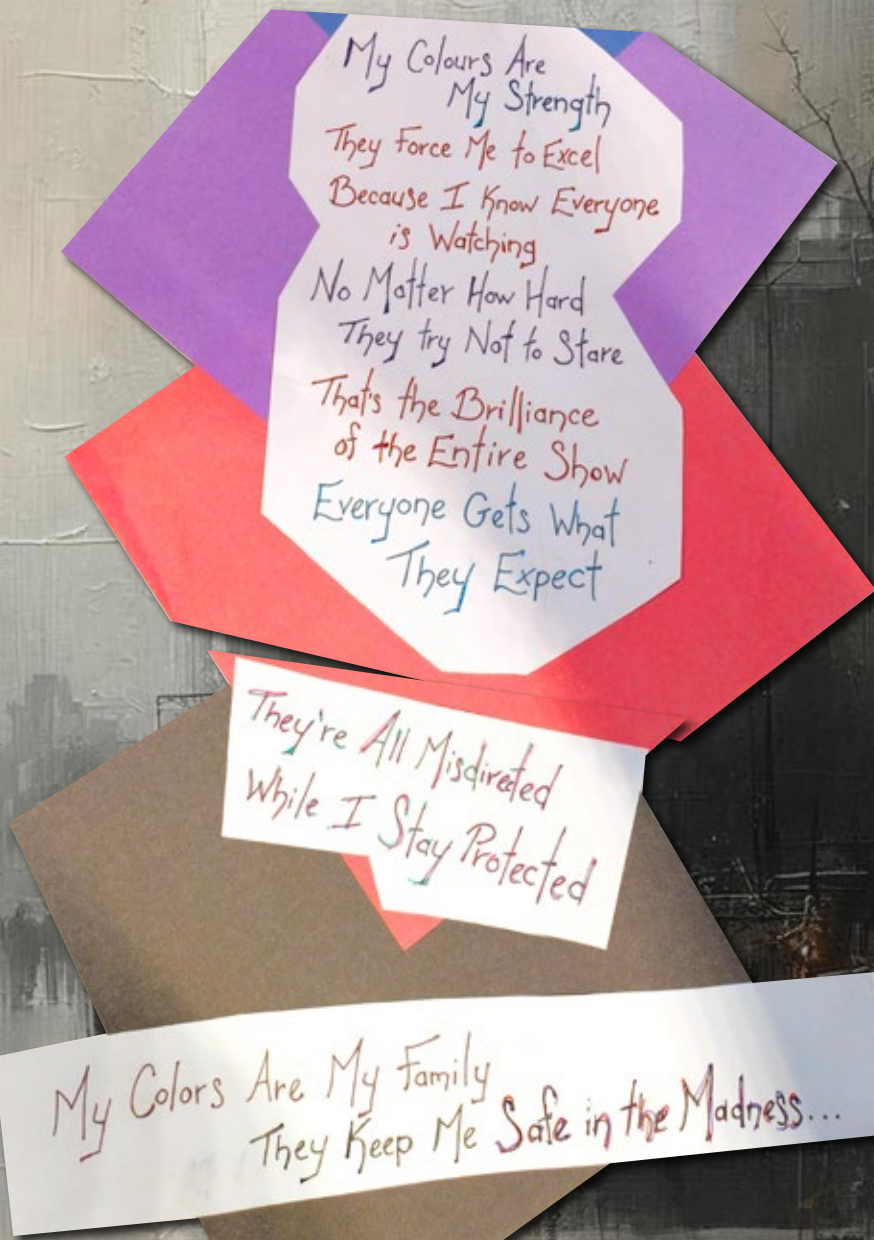
Dixon B.

But that Greyed out
Purgatory
Will Never
Take Me
I'm Protected by
This Shield of Vulnerability

My Colours Disarm
The Masses

There's No Threat Here
What kind of Idiot
Would Leave the House
Like That

We Only Wear
Grey in Oz



My Colours Are
My Strength
They Force Me to Excel
Because I Know Everyone
is Watching
No Matter How Hard
They try Not to Stare
That's the Brilliance
of the Entire Show
Everyone Gets What
They Expect

They're All Misdirated
While I Stay Protected

My Colors Are My Family
They Keep Me Safe in the Madness...

Photo & poem by Dixon B.

Background AI



Christmas Time is No Fun For An Alcoholic

Duane C.

A Christmas breakup is brutal

A bloody heart rendering
melancholic time

Especially if you're an alcoholic

Thoughts to drink constantly
arouse the diminished mind

Watching from my window the scenes
of strangers dining in Hardware Lane

Drinking

Jolly

Devouring turkey together as I dine
alone on my can of cold spam

I look at the sad Kmart Christmas tree

It withers rejected like me

No presents underneath the
cheap plastic needles this year

Only a basket of folding washing,
waiting to be put away

There is no love this Christmas

Teardrops fall from marijuana
clouds that engulf the room

Triple R on the radio is my only salvation

Songs of a yule tide extravaganza
commission a wry smile

The last three Christmases spent
alone in tiny city apartments

I should be used to it but still I am not

It's always the hardest day of the
year when spent in solitude

For a recovering alcoholic
18 months sober now since
coming out of Rehab
That fucking temptation to drink
is stronger than it ever has been
Deep breaths. . .

I wonder if there are any AA
meetings on tonight

The next week leading up
to New Year's Eve
Is a battle of demolishing my demons
Delving down the cravings
and keeping them at bay
Far, far away

They come and whisper inside my head
Just one little drink won't hurt
At the most inappropriate of times
They know when I am at
the lowest of my lows

But I know that with one little drink
I could lose it all
And be back in the doorways
of Elizabeth Street
Where once in drunken days I slept

New Year's Eve arrives
With a six pack of non-
alcoholic beer by my side
I watch the midnight fireworks
light up the Melbourne skyline
With an array of coagulating colours

Couples kiss and I walk home
amongst the merry revellers
To the safety of my garret
Alone and sober
Proud of myself that I stayed strong

New Year's Day
My son's birthday
25 today

I have not heard from him since
the 21st of December

We used to be drinking buddies
but I hardly see him now
Now that I don't drink

It breaks my heart and today I
am tempted to get drunk
To ease the sorrow and pain
wallowing deep inside me

Stepping out from my building
onto Lonsdale Street

A hot, gust of wind blows hard
A thirst to drink clutches at my throat
I walk to the bottle shop
on Queen Street

Makers Mark bourbon is on my mind
If I am going to drink than I am going
to get proper charged I decide
I stare at the fifty-dollar
bottle for a few minutes
Tears well in my eyes and I leave
the shop empty handed



I walk to Swanston Street
and buy a sushi from
opposite the State Library

The air is growing more
humid by the minute

Thoughts of an icy,
cold VB schooner shoot
through my mind

I head towards the Young
& Jackson's Hotel

As I walk, I start crying

There are a lot of
homeless out today

Looking hot, desperate,
confused and alone

Just like me

The only difference
is that I have a home
to go back to

And with that one
little drink

I could easily lose
that and be back

On these city streets
where I once slept

I arrive at the doors of
the infamous Hotel

With mixed feelings
of going in

Grappling at my soul
I step inside

There at the front bar
Sitting alone on a stool is
a young Indigenous man

Hunched over and
holding a beer like a
banished blak man

My son

I walk up to him

And give him a surprise
kiss on the cheek

Happy birthday son

I was overjoyed to see him

But then a sadness
touched my heart

As I gazed into his eyes

Dark and void of life

Where once only light
and love shined through

He could not remember
when he had last
slept or eaten

Only that he had
been drinking heavily
for days on end

This disease had finally
encroached its vile
disposition upon him

And at that precise
moment of time, I saw the
true evilness of alcohol

It killed my grandmother

It killed my father

It almost killed me

I was not going to
let it take my son

I ordered two lemonades

And two parma and chips

Sobered him up and took
him back to my place

And put him in my
bed to sleep

Tomorrow is out
of my control if he
decides to drink

But today

Today I can stay strong

And sober

And set an example

Like I should have done
when he was young

Because family matters

And I have to show him
right from wrong

My son, my son

My beautiful son

Gasping for Air

A.D.

My son says he has a brain
that won't turn off
It's a radio stuck between stations
The voices are loud, the
chatter intrusive

Thirteen at the skate bowl,
someone passes him a
rolled-up smoking paper
The world went silent
For the first time, he can
breathe when in a crowd

But the quiet doesn't last
Xannies takes the
place of the weed
Ice takes the place of everything

What follows is nine years of
us both holding our breath

One night, I called 000 because
his breathing was wrong

Ten cops show up, lights
flashing, sirens blazing
Two young police officers shine
a torch in his sleeping face
Five minutes later, he's on the
ground, knee to his neck
"I can't breathe," he's screaming
"I can't breathe," I'm thinking
I never called them again

I held my breath through
a hospital vigil
With him strapped down,
scared, lips blue
Monitors beeping like a
digital heartbeat
I watch his chest rise and fall

I hold my breath through
legal hearings
Through magistrates' critical
glares and lecturing
"This is your last
chance," they say
"Next time, won't be the same"
I breathe out



Photo by Senya Zhukavi @ Unsplash

I gasp again when I receive
a call with a robot voice
“Will you accept this call from
a correctional facility”

I lie awake imagining my teenage
boy in a cell withdrawing
I wonder if he is cold or hungry
I wonder if he can breathe
Will anyone care?

His dad checked out when
things got messy
Left me with the courtrooms,
police lock-ups and costs
I retreat into a world of my own
Struggling to maintain my
routine, my job, and my friends
His dad, plays soccer, socialises
and holidays in Europe

His super grows—his mortgage
retreats, I get into debt

Everyone knows it's the
single mum's fault, right!
A bad home. A broken family
It was only a matter of time
Like drug challenges grow in
the cracks of missing fathers

I lay awake at night trying
to find answers
My chest tightens as I create a
list of all my parenting failings

But sometimes magistrates
have hearts
Sometimes rehab beds
replace bug-ridden hotels

He says he lost his
childhood to the hustle
But now, with support, we're both
learning to breathe rhythmically
In and out, like it's supposed to be
His dad came back when
the hard part was over
Now we gather, full of
love and kindness
I smile and open my heart
But in the dark hours, I remember
All that breath-holding I did alone

The loneliness sits in my
chest sometimes
Like I never quite learnt
to exhale completely
But we're breathing now,
both of us in unison
And that's something
worth gasping for

I wish I could go back

Megan B.

My family has been torn apart by addiction and generations of my family have been affected and are addicts. My Mum managed to break the habit when she went to Odyssey House, I however didn't last when I went there. It was tough. I was on Bupe at the time and they take you off it really quickly. My Dad didn't get clean because his best mate died when he was about to graduate. He eventually got sent to jail for a long time so he got clean that way. Now my son is going through it and going through dealing with DHS after his baby was born a few weeks ago.

I think the best way to prevent addiction from destroying your family is prevention. Don't start using drugs to begin with as simple as that sounds. I'm not sure how else to avoid the pain and heartbreak that addiction causes for families. If there was a way I could help prevent someone else going through all that I would. This topic is harder to write about than I thought it would be. I wish I could go back and not use that first time, more than anything.

I am, you are, we.

By Simon C.



I am, you are, we.

I am of the earth. I am riding a spinning
rock encircling a ball of fire.

I am made of ancient stuff, of minerals and water,
forged in original creation. I am atoms borrowed
in a speck of time and to which I will return but for
this ephemeral expression. I am of the earth.

I am, you are, we.

I am of the spirit. I am the conscience cosmos.

I am of the ether, an expression of its awareness, a
witness to its creation and a desire to be understood
and cherished. I am of dark matter basking in light. I
am of the eternal awe and solemnity. I am of the spirit.

I am, you are, we.

I am of life. I am a biological brew of
trial and accomplishment.

A miracle of time and space. I am a precious
creation amongst a multitude. A blade of grass,
a flower, a bird, a cat, a mouse. I am a unique
expression, original but of the same. I am of life.

I am, you are, we.

I am human. I am a brain capable of
miraculous manifestation.

Of past, present, future. I am of survival. Of art
and science, of innovation and creativity.

I am a creature of emotion. I am of happiness, or
sadness, or anger, or fear, or surprise, or disgust. I
am extraordinary. I am unexpected. I am human.

I am, you are, we.

I am learned. I am a complex creature born dependant.

From the spark of my creation, I am coded and programmed, I have absorbed for survival. I am a living experience, a reaction, an environmental adaptation. Profound, complex, subtle, unique. I am learnt.

I am, you are, we.

I am fear. I am a sophisticated protective mechanism of chemicals and synaptic process.

I am a knowing of the unknown, I am fight, I am flight, I am fawn. I am of sharp faces and curt voices. I am unconscious programming, of snakes and germs and bombs and more. I am of sight, of sound, of taste, of smell, of touch. I am vulnerable. I am fear.

I am, you are, we.

I am desire. I am an aspiration of acceptance.

I am the explorer requesting self-love. I am surveying my substance, but I am wary of gratification. I am a hunger of authenticity, I am a thirst of compassion, I am a craving of connection, of negotiation, of affinity. I am a beckoning of belonging. I am desire.

I am, you are, we.

I am possibility. I am an exploration towards tranquillity.

I am my own acceptance of what was and is and shall be. I am of all the being and becoming. I am enough. And when I am concluded, I will return these borrowed atoms to the ether, grateful for my lived experience and wish them well for their next adventure. I am possibility.

I am, you are, we.







AI

The Family Bubble

Tyson H.

When you're young you think of one and
spending time with dad and mum

You then get older your risks are bolder and
towards your parents you can become colder.

But the more I stop and think of this,
The more I really begin to wish,

That I had cherished these moments
and enjoyed them more,

Before I packed my bags and walked out that door.

Its calming to know that this process is normal
and it happens slightly different for everyone,

And that I can still pick up the phone and
contact them and say "I love you mum".

Not every person has this luck and
family is not all the same,

But remember once they're gone, they're
gone even if they are a pain.

Now the bubble is a tricky space and
the complexities can be hard to fit,

But just be kind and fair to all you family
I've found that that's the trick,

Love them if you can but protect yourself,

You'll find that what benefits the
most is your mental health.

APSU!



USE
YOUR VOICE &
YOUR EXPERIENCE
TO CHANGE THE ALCOHOL
& DRUG SERVICE SYSTEM



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it's quick and
free to join

sharc.org.au/sharc-programs/apsu/



APSU members have access to our training and events

Foundation Training is for people interested in learning to use their lived and living experience to create change. This training is for people who want to know more about the consumer movement and the opportunities available to advocate for better alcohol and other drug services.

The Participating AOD Consumer Expertise (PACE)

Community is made up of people practicing or interested in consumer participation, who meet to connect with their peers and exchange ideas. These training and events are free to members. Join APSU today to hear about upcoming dates.

To access these opportunities, scan the QR code to join APSU



FAMILIES MATTER



FLIPSIDE

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