



A Chance for Change

reflections on recovery



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A Collection of Literary
& Visual Artworks

vol. 1

2026



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Chance 4 Change

Louisville Metro Department of Corrections
Erica V. P. Lewis | EVPL

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Cover artwork by Ahmed Mohamed.
Endsheet artwork by John Gorman & Jack Elliott.

The Project: Human, Too

This book was produced in spring 2026 within a series of collaborative workshops in *Chance 4 Change*, a substance abuse recovery program in Louisville Metro Department of Correction. Here, incarcerated artists explored hand printing, book binding, found object assemblage, poetry, and prose to produce artworks and curate their own exhibition titled *Human, Too*.

Collaborating Artists:

William Bradley	Erica Lewis
William Baker	Christopher Lindsey
Jerry Cook	Ahmed Mohamed
Jack Elliott	Shamaine Richardson
Garad Garad	Michael B. Simpson
John Gorman	Clarence Weeks
Brandon Harris	David Wheatley
Steven Hicks	Robert L. Wright
Brandon Lewis	Bleick Vonbleicken

Thanks

We want to extend the utmost gratitude to *Chance 4 Change* Coordinators, Iyan Wickel & Kelsey O'Neal, and visiting artist, Erica Lewis, without whom this project would not be possible. Thanks as well to the Louisville Metro Department of Corrections for its material and financial support of *Human, Too*.

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William Baker. Untitled.
Foam Relief Print.



Ahmed Mohamed. Untitled.
Milk Carton Drypoint.

Night Sky

By Brandon Harris

As the sun falls, the moon lights up
the night sky with its greyish white glow.
All forms of life start to take shape.

One after another transforms into the alter ego
we hide under our mask.
No matter how much it wants to come out,
gotta keep it hidden as such.
Only when the sun comes up is the altered version
of yourself once again back behind in its tomb.

But, some are out and about in the sunlight
as if it's their true form,
dangerous at any given time.

If given a chance, they will strike
quick and fast, like thunder and lightning.
So be careful as you come across them

Poem of Me

John Gorman

Down
in the alley
deep at night

Prowling around
scaring people
into fright

Wondering
why I do this
all on my own...

I truly am alone.
Good day.
Good night.

Ode to a Chicken Bone

By Jack Elliott, John Gorman,
& Ahmed Mohamed

I hit my pipe and rode my bike.
Ode to the chicken bone

I twist my bone
10-2
Ode to the chicken bone

Even when I'm feeling blue.
10-2
Ode to the chicken bone

When I want to relax
10-2
Ode to the chicken bone

When I'm down and I light it up
10-2
Ode to the chicken bone



[REDACTED] disaster, [REDACTED] remains [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 without spiritual help. [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] chronic
 alcoholic. [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] mind existed [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] in you. [REDACTED] the gates of
 hell [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED], "Is [REDACTED] no exception [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] alcoholics
 [REDACTED] had [REDACTED] vital spiritual experiences.
 [REDACTED]. They appear
 [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] Ideas, emotions, and attitudes
 [REDACTED]
 these men [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] conceptions and motives [REDACTED]
 dominate them. [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 many individuals [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] have never been successful [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] all [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] hope, [REDACTED], was destroyed
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]

[illegible]



Christopher Lindsey.
Untitled. Charcoal.

spotted and dark heart from mom's overdose Oct. 7th 2025

By Brandon Lewis

Mom, why!!!

Why you couldn't stop these worldly addictions,
why I couldn't stop...

Why I'm I still here,
but you are gone.

My world has stopped,
just like my spotted, dark, and cloudy heart.

The world is still moving,
just like my spotted, dark, and cloudy heart.

The world has stopped,
just like my spotted, dark, and cloudy heart...



Even though my heart still pumps it feels dead
just like your overdose.

But, somehow,
my heart still moves.

It moves because I'm still alive, Mom,
I still have a have a chance, Mom,
unlike you.

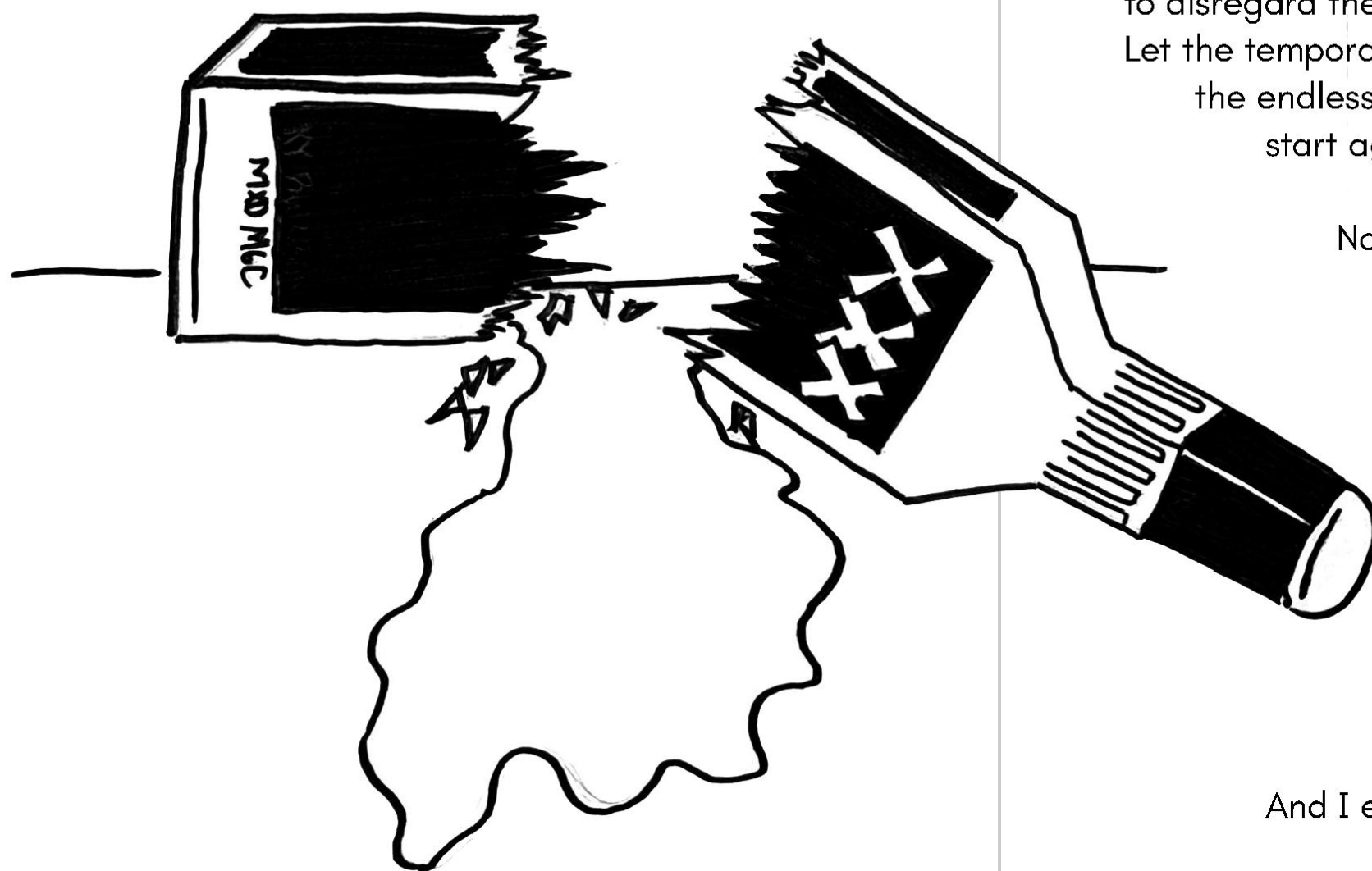
Your chances of addiction is over,
for your next use was your last.

I hate it, but I know what you told me
on the 6th of October 2025.
And that is what gives me light
to my cloudy, broken, spotted heart.

ALWAYS
WITH
MOM

Broken Bottle

By David Wheatley



David Wheatley.
Broken Bottle. Marker.

Bottle my emotion, now I'm sippin' out the bottle.
Tell myself I'll take it slow,
but then I shift and hit the throttle.

Tell my brain
to disregard the heavy heart I hold within.
Let the temporary healing,
the endless cycle,
start again.

Now my problem is my solution,
an illusion,
but nothing's solved.

An excuse that I keep usin'
A door I keep choosin'
that revolves.

Said my last
would be my last,
Until the numb sensation tempts me,

And I end up like the bottle—

Left alone,
broken and empty.



Dead to Me

By Clarence Weeks

Here lays the old me,
Once bottle-fueled,
Consumed by alcohol.

Now, buried by the small oak tree.

Terminated my existence
Prevented me from being me.

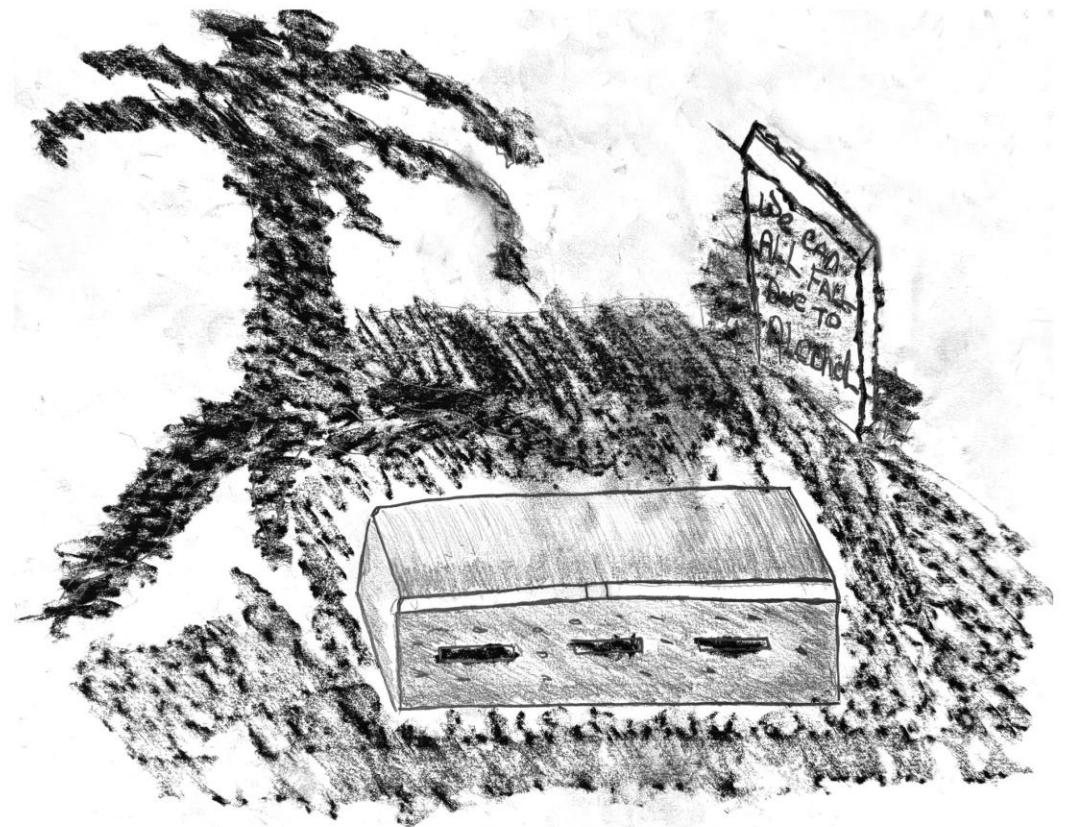
Each sip devoured me quicker
Each pour rendered me sicker
Tattooed me liquor.

My waters run dry.

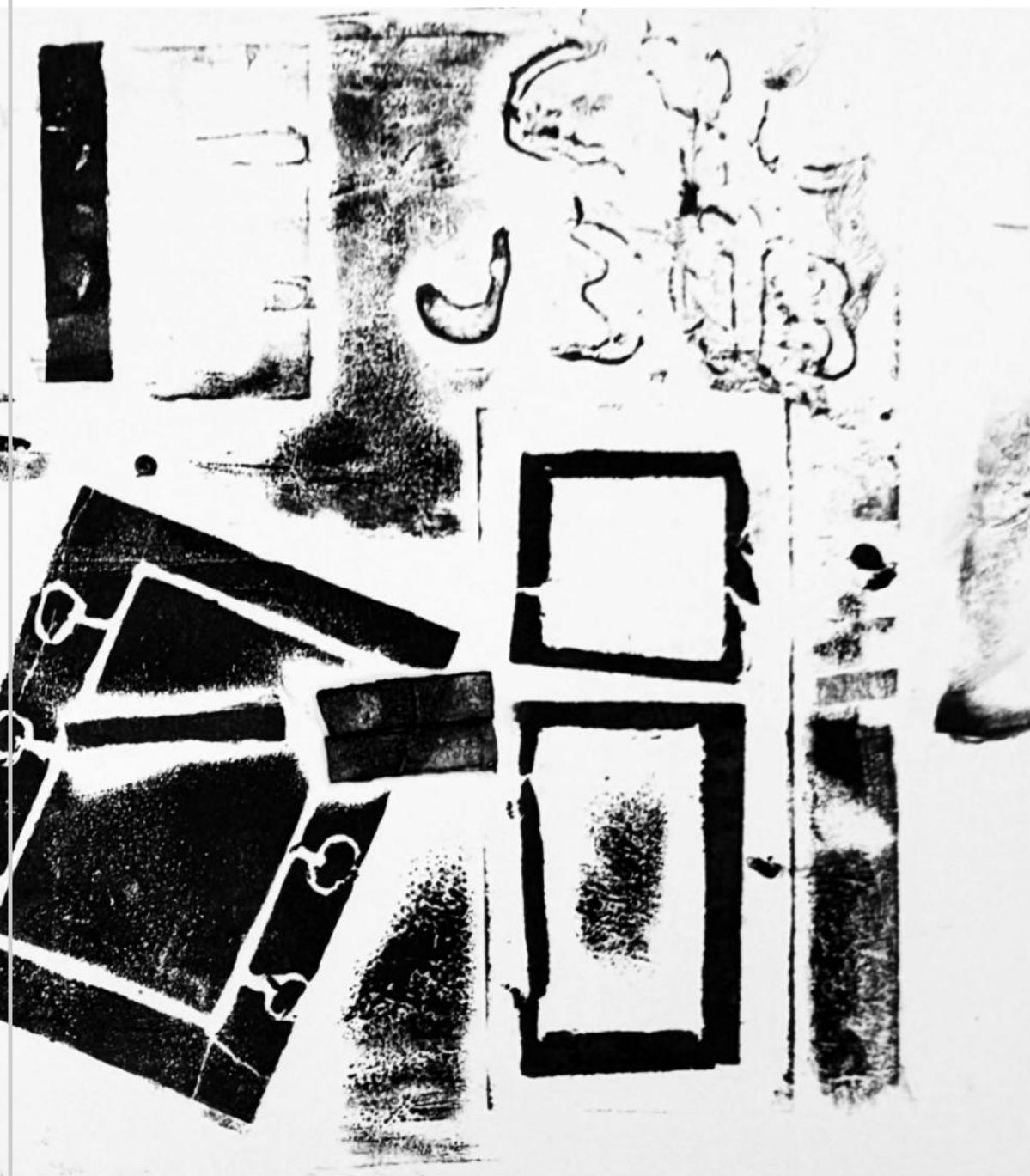
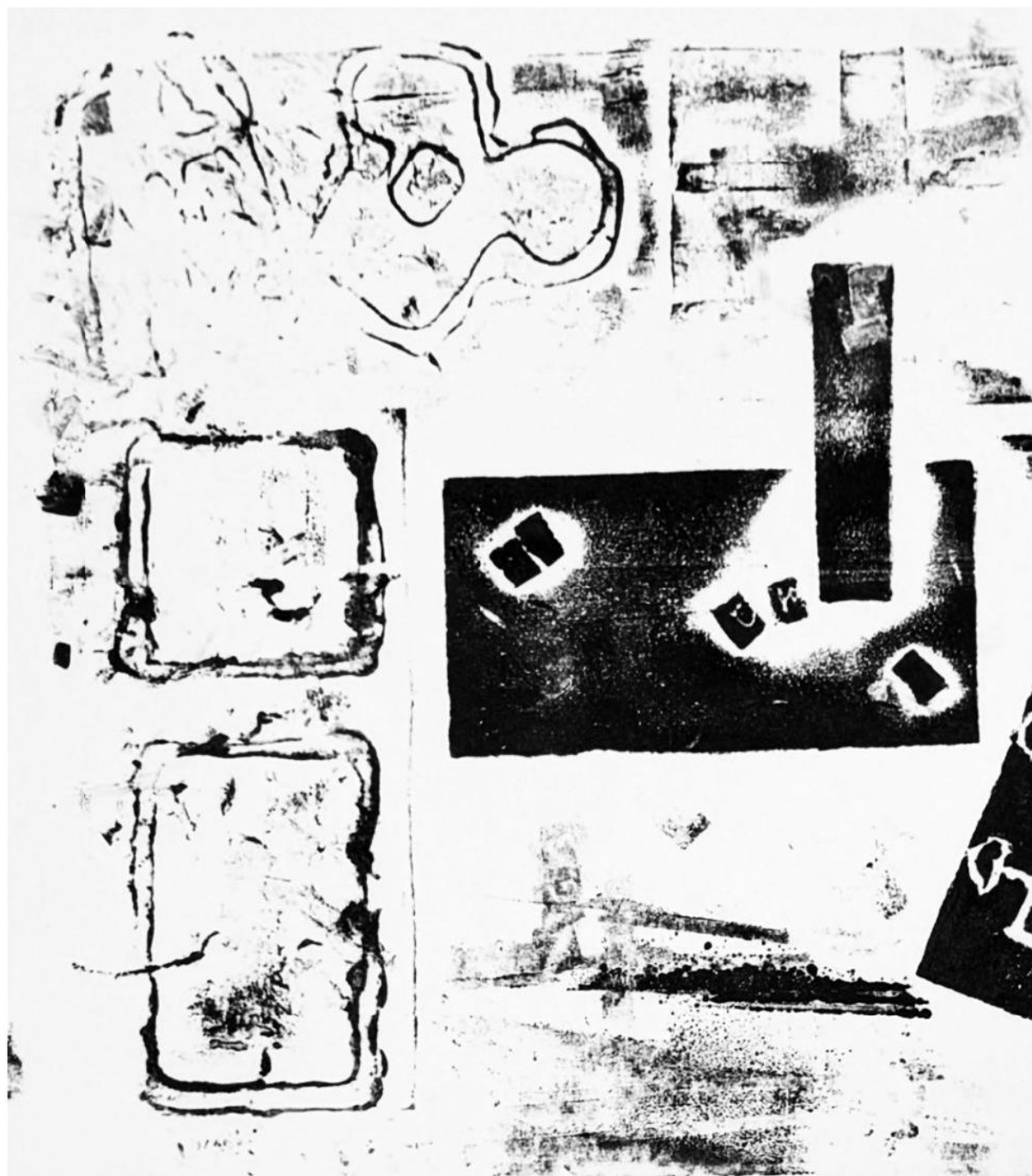
Peacefully,
I lay.
Dried leaves,
No breeze.

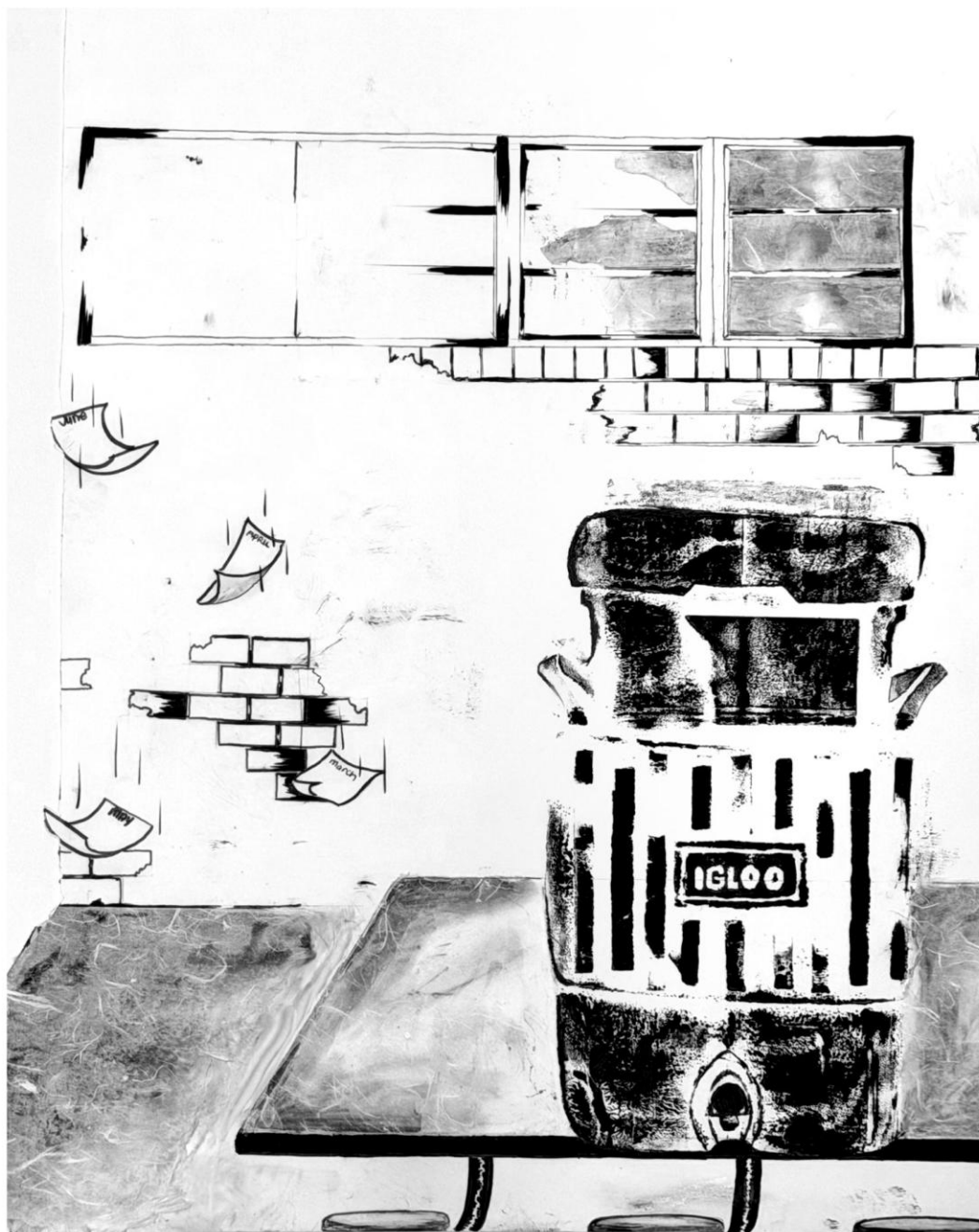
I pray,
Here lays the old me
On this day,
Amen.

03/11/1964 - 11/17/2025.



Clarence Weeks. *Dead to Me*.
Charcoal Frottage and Graphite.





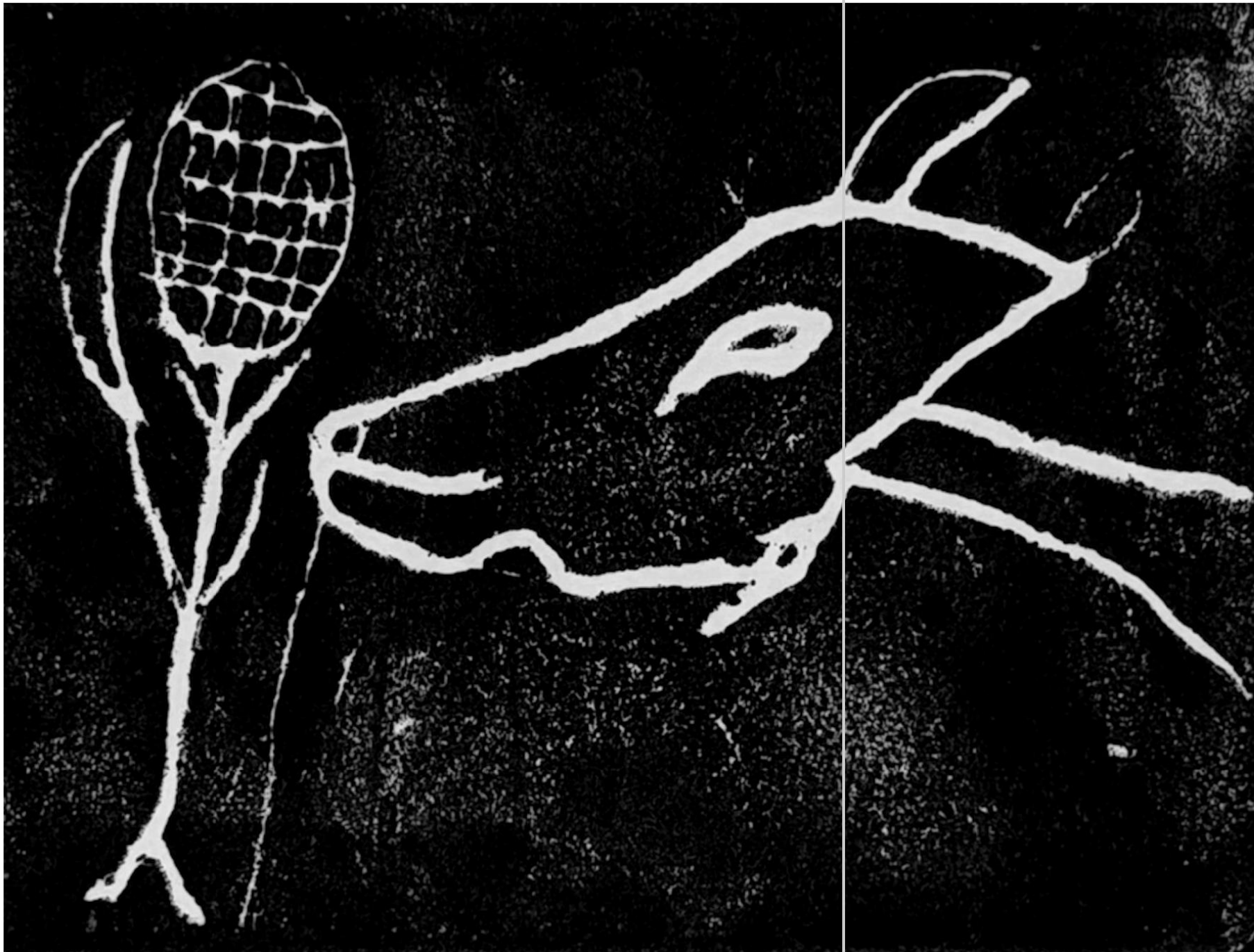
Hot Weezy

By William Baker

Instead of beer, weed
and alcohol,
it's Hot Weezy
that satisfies us all.

From noodles
to coffee,
to washing
shirts and draws,
it's Hot Water
that satisfies
us all.

William Baker. *Doing Time*.
Cardstock and Foam Collagraph Print
with Pen, Graphite, and Collaged
Mulberry Paper. 2026.



Chance 4 Change

By Robert Wright
& William Baker

Chance 4 Change

A way to take away
the pain,
Time is short,
but so much to gain.

No more drugs,
Recovery is what
I claim.

No more struggle
No more fear
No more shame!!!



strengthen in
troubles are the
honest effort
to have
God's grace, troubles stride
turn into faith.
fatal illness com-
plaint, good cheer.
broken misunderstanding,
are way of life.
Though power
never get
moneywise, still
see situations met
fortitude and faith.
people, have found that
lumps as
cover greater lesser
problems of life. is in devel-
opment means improve chances
for happy living. spiri-
tually, attitudes
undergo revisions desires
security wealth, prestige power.
romance family to be
temper redirect.
instincts cannot sole of our
lives. instincts have
the horse; pulled backward disillusion-
ment. willing to spiritual growth

"Twelve Thoughts" by William Bradley
A Blackout Poem from Alcoholics Anonymous

Acceptance to New Life

By Jerry Cook
& William Baker

After all the years I've done inside of jail and prison, this C4C/Chance for Change program here at LMDC of has shown me all the resources that come inside the jail

Those classes taught me that there are people out there to show me a new way of life other than the use of drugs. *Flip the Script*, *Isaiah House*, and *the Goodwill*, are some of the resources I can use to stay sober and live a productive life without the use of drugs.

And those classes also taught me that there are people that truly love us, like Ms. Erica, who gave us the tools to cope with our emotions through art.

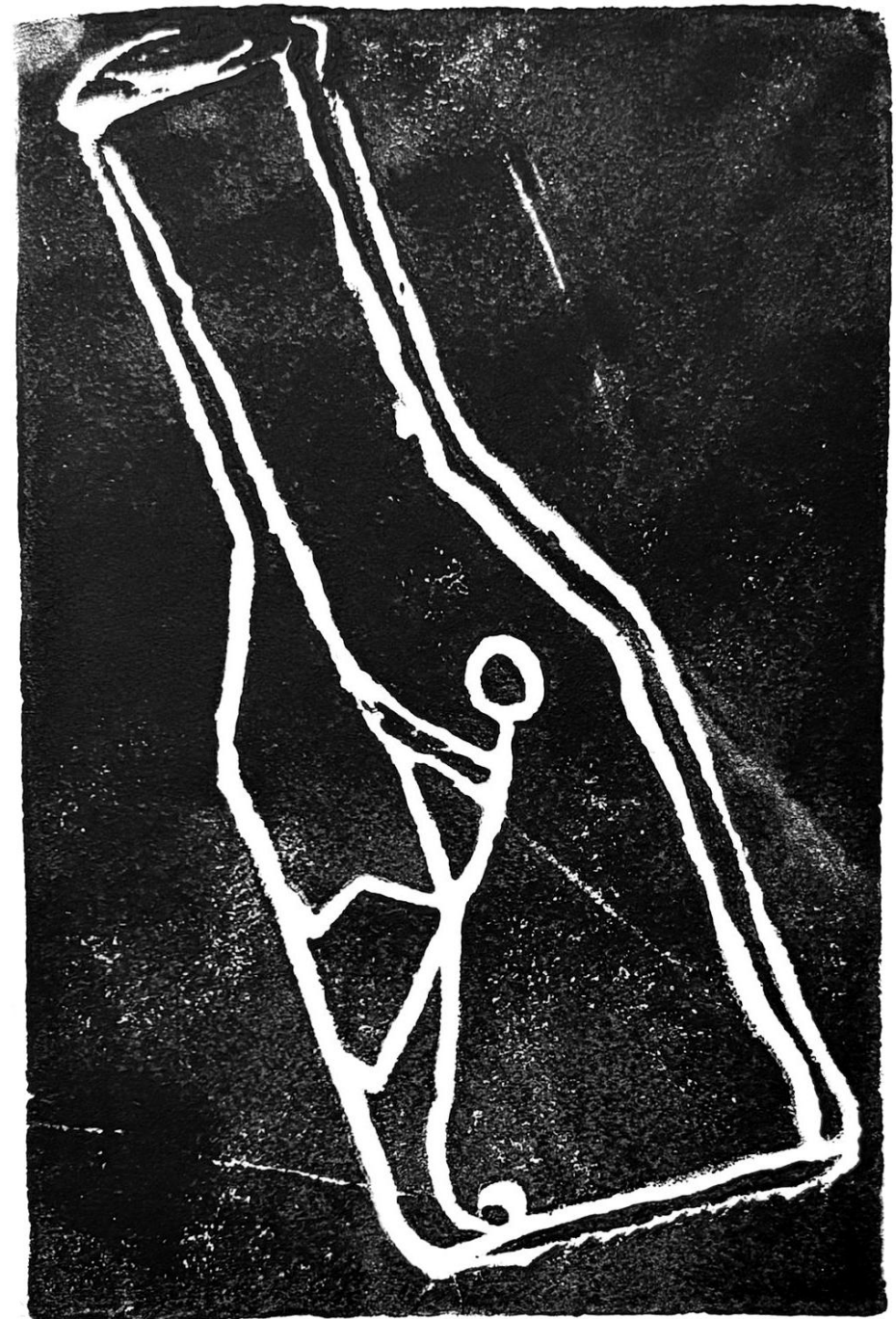
The Anchor

By Brandon Harris

As I make my climb out of the bottle,
where I've been stuck for so long,
I have this rope for an anchor
to help me make the climb I've been needing.

But, the climb is also the fight of my life,
as a battle against myself
and the taste of liquid gold
that held its weight on me.

But, this anchor,
my rope,
guides me
against that slippery slope.



Steven Hicks. *The Climb*.
Foam Relief Print.

The Climb

By Stephen Hicks

The Bottle is only a symbol.

"I'm an Addict."

But my addiction should be seen

NOT as *THE* problem.

Although it is *A* problem,

it is not *THE* problem.

It's my attempt to solve another problem
in the first place.

So, to solve my problems,

I had to be willing to make changes in my life.

And, I knew I wasn't going to change,

Not until the pain of staying the same

Became greater than the pain it was going to take

To change.

I am now ready to begin the climb,

And the only way out is through.

So I had to go through

My pain

And be truthful with myself about everything,

not holding anything back

or lying to myself in any way,

because one lie

can ruin a thousand truths!

There's nothing easy about getting sober.

Change is scary;

It takes willingness.

I had to be willing

to forgive those who have hurt me

and be willing to let go

of my pain and suffering.

I had to be willing

to let go of my past

and see it

as what needed to happen

for me

to be

ME.

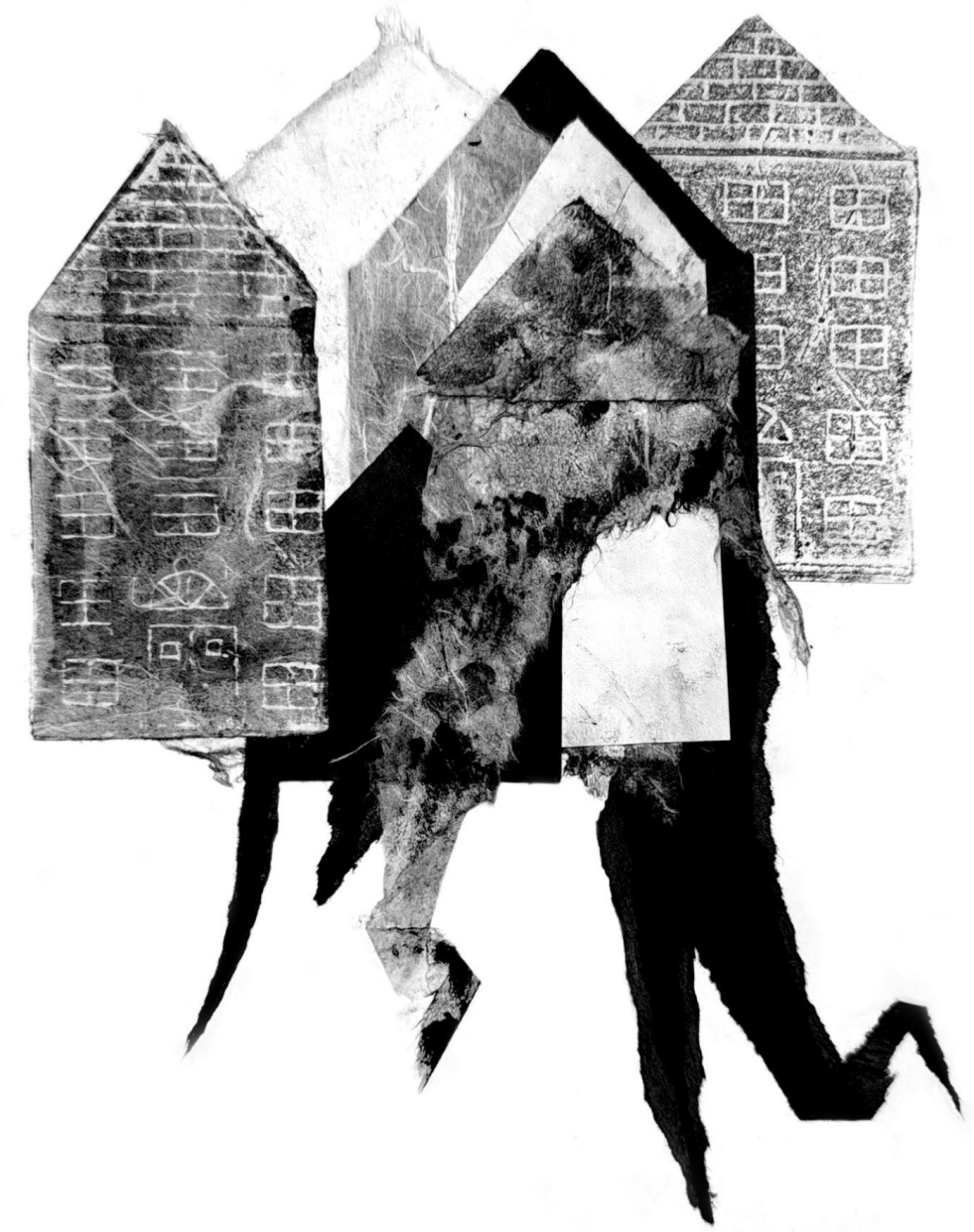
THERE IS A SOLUTION

know
 thousands of men who were
 hopeless
 They have the problem of
 represented
 backgrounds. We are people who
 exists
 indescribably
 wonderful We are the passengers of a great
 moment rescue from shipwreck
 and democracy
 the feelings of
 joy in escape from
 disaster as we go our individual ways.
 The feeling of having shared a common
 element the powerful cement which binds us. But
 that in itself would never have held us together as we
 are now joined
 The tremendous fact for every one of us is that we
 have discovered a common solution We have a way
 out
 we join brotherly and harmonious This
 great to those who suffer



[redacted] RIVER OF DENIAL 329
 straight from the bottle [redacted]
 [redacted] drunk, [redacted] with one swallow
 [redacted] was sick to death the next day, and I
 [redacted] For the first time, [redacted]
 [redacted] be perfect [redacted]
 [redacted] work study [redacted]
 [redacted] kept [redacted]
 [redacted]
 [redacted] our relationship [redacted] my [redacted]
 [redacted] sex, [redacted] rock n' roll [redacted]
 [redacted] my best friend, [redacted] to [redacted]
 [redacted] offered [redacted]
 [redacted] to settle [redacted]
 [redacted]
 [redacted] I made it all right, [redacted]
 A big city is a great place to [redacted] Nobody
 [redacted] drinks after work, [redacted]
 a [redacted] corner bar [redacted] just a normal day.
 [redacted] blackouts? [redacted]
 [redacted] great blackouts [redacted] you saved
 [redacted] time [redacted] One minute [redacted] the
 next minute you're there! In retrospect, making jokes,
 [redacted] laughing [redacted]
 denial, [redacted] selecting companions who
 drank [redacted] more than I did, [redacted] could
 always point [redacted] problem.
 One such companion [redacted] first [redacted]
 [redacted] of [redacted] only [redacted] the
 lights flashed, [redacted] line, [redacted] when
 [redacted] practically [redacted] our way out of it, [redacted] had
 kept [redacted] mouth [redacted] but
 [redacted] started babbling about [redacted]
 my last and decisions

“River of Denial” by William Bradley
 A Blackout Poem from Alcoholics Anonymous



Bleick Vonbleicken & Erica Lewis.
 Remembering Home. Collage of Misprints. 2026.

Reflections on Recovery

By John Gorman

It's hard. lol

You can do it.
One day at a time.
One foot at a time.
Even if you have to crawl.

Ask for help, it is ok.

Get used to doing things over
and over
and over

You can do it
You will make it

For love of one's self
And recovery as a whole



William Baker.
Freedom.
Milk Carton Drypoint.
2026.

The ultimate weapon for recovery is the recovering addict. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We need to change our playmates, playgrounds and playthings.

[REDACTED] critically ill, not hopelessly bad. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] problems [REDACTED] solved. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] to feel human again.

[REDACTED] convinced us [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We discovered [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] self-respect. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] will. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We are set free.

“The Ultimate Weapon for Recovery”

by John Gorman

A Blackout Poem from Narcotics Anonymous

