

Poetry Series

**cora fazio**  
**- poems -**

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## cora fazio(March 20 1955)

Wife and Mother. I have 3 children,2 are living, one my middle son Tony Joe died by suicide March 15th 2004. He was 27. We buried him on my 49th birthday. He was one of the loves of my life. His passing has caused pain that at times is unbearable. Many times I have been given signs which I believe are from him. I would have thought someone was crazy to hear that 2 years ago. My husband and I exist. We live for our other 2 children (actually adults) .Poetry keeps me alive at times when my heart is dead.

# A Tattered Old Soul

My soul is old and tattered,  
worn through in one large spot.  
Patches of Love hold it together,  
without which I'd be not.  
My soul is old and tattered,  
thread bare, shredded here and there.  
I wish my soul was new again  
as in youth without a care.  
My soul is old and tattered,  
soaked with tears of hope and dread.  
Yet washed with a soap of happiness,  
as I layed my babes to bed.  
My soul is old and tattered,  
this is how that it must be.  
I wouldn't trade it for a new one  
Because this one belongs to me.

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# Grandmas Garden

Grandmas Garden was the best in town.  
Roses big, flowing to the ground.  
She worked and tolled everyday.  
While we were children busy at play.  
Dalhias Big as a 'Dinner Dish'.  
Pick a Daisy, 'Make a wish'  
Gloriosas Blooming in the mist.  
Sunflowers glowing from a  
summer suns kiss.  
Petunias Pink, Red and Blue  
Colors of every hue.  
Wisteria, It grew so tall.  
Was it that big? or were we that small?  
Those flowers then didn't mean that much.  
They grew from the love of Grandmas touch.  
We took for granted they would always stay.  
How were we to know, they would go away?

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# Hands Upon The Earth

God with your loving hands you touched this  
hard clay packed earth.

And beauty sprang forth without applaud.

Please bless me with the gentle touch  
of your hand.

As I touch this earth with love and peace.

And look forward to the sprouts of spring.

In my garden, my quiet peace filled garden,  
I feel your touch upon my heart.

As my flowers spring forth, I feel the  
happiness my mother and grandmother felt  
when they gardened.

And I feel them near me once more.

With my back aching I smile.

So much better to have an aching back than  
an aching heart.

Thank you God for my garden.

And the love of a generation now with you.

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# Have You Seen God?

Have you seen God?  
Now are you sure?  
Have you looked about,  
then looked no more?  
Look at the child that's at your side.  
Then, look at the oceans ebbing tide.  
Look deep within your friends dear smile.  
Then look from the mountain tops for miles.  
Look deeper now within your soul.  
Without his love you are not whole.  
Look at the blooms in springtime thaw,  
With eyes of a child look deep with awe.  
Look at yourself, take time to see,  
Without your God you would not be.

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# Holidaze

Shuffling here or shuffling there.  
Everyones in a hurry there's no time to spare.  
No smiles on their faces, with no one to care.  
Running in races to get to that sale.  
Cards to get ready to put in the mail.  
Presents to buy with money to burn.  
When will we take time?  
When will we learn?  
Who commercialized this season?  
Who brought us here?  
Do we remember?  
Is it even clear?  
The songs sung in splendor.  
The season, the reason,  
praying for peace on this earth.  
It all began with a mere childs birth

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# I Saw My Mother

I was looking at my hair today  
to check that it's just right.  
Then to my amazement and wonder,  
I saw a shocking site.  
My mother looking back at me  
I saw her in my face.  
My mother gone so many years,  
was right here in my place.  
It didn't make me sad you know,  
nor did I feel forlorn.  
It brought to me a happiness  
that to this family I was born.  
So time may pass, oh yes it's true.  
What more is there to say?  
When you look into the mirror  
you'll see your mom one day!

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# I Saw You In His Eyes

Walking along a busy street,  
I saw a small boy playing the violin.  
Looking down on the sidewalk,  
I saw his basket with a few coins.  
Searching my pockets for what was  
within.  
I placed all I had into his basket.  
And I wondered about his story.  
His hair so black, his eyes so brown.  
Jeans toren at the knees with many patches.  
His violin screaching out an ackward tune.  
I felt my heart bleed as  
I saw you in his eyes.  
And I wished I could take him home.

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# I'M Sorry

i'm sorry that i hurt you mom.  
i'm sorry that you cry.  
i'm sorry that i never  
took time to say good-bye.

i'm sorry for our time apart.  
i'm sorry that i broke your heart.  
i'm sorry mom, i truly know  
you never wanted me to go.

i'm sorry for the pain you feel.  
i'm sorry you will never heal.  
but know mom that i am okay,  
and will think of you on mothers day.

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# I'M With You

Today the sun is shining so bright,  
like a shiny new penny.  
But within my soul a thunderstorm  
is erupting, like a mighty volcano.  
My heart cries out in pain, that no one hears.  
My mind is in limbo, unable to think and make  
decisions.  
My family misses me. They wonder, when did I leave?  
Where did I disappear to?  
They still see me, but I'm not here.  
I'm with you, in the recesses of my memory.  
Remembering you as a child, laughing at jokes,  
crying when you were hurt.  
I'm with you, while your getting dressed to go to the prom.  
I'm with you, when your leaving for the Air Force.  
I'm with you, standing at the Pier In San Francisco.  
I'm with you, ...forever.  
Momma

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# Letter To God

Dear God in Heaven

How two little words could change my world.

From pleasant to sad and heartbreaking.

From Bright sun shining, bird singing, happy.

To dark clouds, heavy rains, broken hearts.

You know me Lord.

My tears don't fall in vain.

You Lord are there when there is no one else  
and you wipe them away.

You know Lord where I am.

My broken heart crying out can only be heard by you.

The morning sun is just rising in the sky.

My mountain I am just beginning to climb.

But I can't do it Lord.

I can't even take that first step.

'I'm sorry' is all he wrote.

Well Lord, I am more than Sorry...

For I am in the Morning of my Mourning

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# Moss

Moss will grow on things, the sunlight never sees.  
Deep in the shade beyond the light everywhere is moss to see.  
My heart is broken in pieces  
with a hole never to be filled.  
Moss will grow there soon,  
because it will never heal.  
It's your place in my heart,  
it's bruised and battered so.  
Moss will grow there soon,  
because sunlight will never go.  
I love you Tony still,  
you didn't have to die.  
If Love could bring you home,  
You would be here by my side.  
So Moss will grow upon my heart,  
To fill the places you broke apart.

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# Mother Nature

Quiet, whispering, silence show me peace.  
Wind blowing through the leave laden branches.  
Show me the way.  
Oceans peaceful song, sing me to sleep.  
Soft floating snow upon my face,  
Winters chill within my soul,  
Take me home if only in my mind.

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# Oh Sister How We Played

I used to play with pies of mud.  
I'd place on icing of flower buds.  
My sister and I would play for hours.  
We'd pick so many of our mothers flowers.  
Large pies of mud drying in the sun.  
We played and played, Oh so much fun.  
Where did those hours and days go to?  
I miss you sister, that child in you.  
As we grow older and life is rough.  
I miss those childhood times and such.  
Those times of fun and worries free.  
I miss when you would fight with me!  
But most of all I miss that time.  
When days and hours were only mine.  
Now life calls us to do this and that.  
I'm tired of this large 'ADULT' hat.  
Time Traveler I would love to be.  
I'd take you sister home with me.  
We'd play in mud and make those pies.  
Mom would hear our laughing and our crys.  
But we must stay here.  
Grow old and gray.  
And dream of those happy bygone days.

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# One Breath Away

We may be parted from those we love.  
Us here on Earth, them up above.  
But what we need to remember today.  
Our loves are only a breath away.  
One breath not much to comprehend.  
One heartbeat from a heart  
that can not mend.  
One horizon, One sunset, One breath  
nothing more.  
One Gate, One knock on Heavens door.  
So when we cry, remember and say.  
Our Loved Ones are only  
One breath away.

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# Take Time

Take time to say I love You.  
Take time to say I care.  
Take time because not always,  
will your loved ones be there.  
Take time to kiss those soft cheeks.  
Take time to give that hug.  
Take time and make it worthwhile,  
to show how much their loved.  
For time is all that matters.  
It's all we really have to give.  
It measures what is worthwhile,  
It measures how we lived

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# The Greatest Love

The greatest love is never spoken out loud.  
It is spoken within the soul.  
It is the gardeners hand tilling the sod and  
planting the seed.  
It is the mother giving birth to her child.  
The greatest love can not be seen.  
It can only be felt.  
The touch of a friend when your heart is  
breaking.  
The wiping away of a tear from your childs face.  
The strength of a fathers hand when his child needs help.  
The Greatest Love never needs to be spoken it is Known.

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# The Station (Revised)

We left you at the Station.  
You got off way to soon.  
When you thought that it was midnight.  
It was only noon.  
We cried and pounded on the glass.  
We told you not to go.  
You turned your back  
on us so fast.  
And we didn't even know.  
Now we carry all your luggage.  
It's with us this whole trip.  
The weight is heavy on our hearts.  
But we'll manage, bit by bit.

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# The Weather Forcast Of My Soul

A storm is brewing on the Horizon of my soul.  
Even though the sun is shining, I can  
feel the distant drums of thunder.  
As they rumble inside my heart.  
Flashes of Lightening strike and  
tear at my very being.  
My hands shake as if they were,  
the trees leaves trembling on their limbs.  
I know the forcast isn't good.  
Yet I hope for better weather.  
How long can a soul live in the eye of a storm?

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# This Compass

Please tell me how to understand,  
this compass you placed in my hand.  
Should my path go where the arrow points?  
Or should my way be mine?  
This trail I never traveled on.  
Then you brought me here one day.  
You never asked, should I want to go?  
You just took me anyway.  
So Tell me how to understand,  
this compass you placed in my hand.  
I've followed it from near and far.  
I've walked on stones so cold so hard.  
I've picked up pieces of my soul,  
and watched my face as it grew old.  
So please Lord tell me, as I don't understand.  
This Compass you've placed in my hand..

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# Time Travel

To my Mother and Son who now live in my memories

If I could travel back in time,  
my bags I'd pack right now.  
I'd push and shove my way aboard  
without any grace or style.  
I'd kiss the ones I leave behind,  
I'd wave, I'd smile, I'd cry.  
I'd tell them not to worry  
for this is not good-bye.  
And when I arrived, to that time  
and place.  
I'd find you there for sure.  
I'd grab you and hold you, oh so tight.  
From me you would be no more.

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# Who Is This Woman In The Mirror?

Who is this aging woman I see in the mirror?  
Who is this woman with the tear filled eyes?  
Who is this woman with the broken heart?  
Who is she? Is it Me?  
Have I changed so much?  
Has time torn apart, my happier heart?  
Has time changed the skies,  
from blue to grey?  
Has time turned the  
pain of night also to the day?  
Has time worn a hole,  
into the cloth of my life,  
into the marrow of my soul?  
Where did it go, That happy life?  
Who made my soul feel this pain,  
feel this strife?  
Who is this woman  
with the tear stained face?  
She lost her heart pain took its place!  
Who is this woman?

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