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"My Fears Dissolve / into Tranquil Blue"

Venera Fazio

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"My Fears Dissolve / into Tranquil Blue"

Venera Fazio († 1946-2017)

In Gratitude

A loving husband now also devoted.

Every evening, on the telephone a daughter's caring voice, I got your back covered, Mom. Call on me. It doesn't matter if it's in the middle of the night.

My seven-year-old granddaughter, Alice, courageously lit a candle at the front of the church: May my Nonna get better.

Compassionate sister, brother and cousin travel often from a long distance to comfort me.

For several months after brain surgery thoughtful friends and relatives brighten my spirits with bouquets of sunflowers, roses, carnations.

In your love I am strong.

The Mirror

The woman braves a look in the mirror. Her husband had just left for home. When he walked into the hospital room, he had cried at the sight of her.

In the mirror is a gargovle image of her former self. Without the bandage, the left side of her skull is swollen twice its size. The surgeon had mowed a zigzag swath of hair. The right side of her face is taut. Her bottom lip droops sideways. She tries to talk. A wail emerges. The tumour has swallowed up her words.

Her eyes are pools of dark terror.

The Imaginable

Whenever anxiety overcomes my spirit I walk, with purpose to the nearby shores of Lake Huron.

Meditating on the depth and vastness of the water uncoils my negative thoughts.

Other times
I imagine the panic
toward my cancer illness
riding on the crest of waves.

Again and again my fears dissolve into tranquil blue.

Soon there is a room in my heart to believe in a healed body.