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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 gargoyle 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.