

## Poetry Series

# Joe Fazio (best of)

- poems -

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<<@@ 'Could I Ever Leave You? '>>@@>>

Could I ever leave you? Never. For you are the air that fills me with the breath of life and the energy that fuels each day. You are my laughter, my joy, my reason for being. You are my hope, my warmth on a cold winter's night, and the flowers that bloom in my heart. You are my friend, my love...my life. You are the liquid of life under a desert's sun; my port in a storm and without you there is but a barren wasteland of nothingness, where laughter has died and darkness and bitter howling winds are forever. Could I ever leave you. Not for all eternity and one day thereafter, if there be such a time.

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<<@@ 'I Didn't Know'>>@@>>

I didn't know today, you would not  
be here tomorrow.

I didn't know, I would never again hear  
you speak my name, or say, 'I love you'.

I didn't know we would never again  
make love. Never again, feel as one.  
Never again experience that total  
feeling of love and being loved.

I didn't know, that most of me, would  
go where you have gone. That most  
of who I am, would disappear into  
that eternal dark and endless abyss.

I didn't know...without you, without us...  
there would be no me.

I didn't know, how the cruel silence  
of our empty house, would make me  
weep, at the mere thought of you.

I didn't know how dark the days would  
become and how empty and lonely  
the nights would be.

I didn't know, the joy, in the music of  
life, would forever cease.

I didn't know all our well meaning friends,  
would all paraphrase the same words:  
'Life goes on. You must go on.'

I didn't know how....If could go on.  
If I wanted to go on.  
For without you, life was not life,  
but merely existence.

I do know this. For me...never, for  
all eternity, will there ever be another you.

There are days, I ache so much for you,  
I find it almost impossible to breath.

I send you my heart and my soul, for without  
you, they are but empty vessels.

Where ever you are...you know...I love you  
now...and I always will.

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<<@@<< " **Friend**" >>@@>>

A man can walk many roads during  
the course of his life.  
He can know many people.  
However, if he finds one...  
just one true friend, that is  
an accomplishment of a lifetime  
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## **A Blessing**

God blesses us all.  
However, here on earth  
He blesses some more  
than others.

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## **A Choice**

There are billions of humans that inhabit this place called earth. Most, believe in a Supreme Being. Most who practice their religion, believe The One they pray to, worship, is the true and only Supreme Being.

Since the beginning of time, armies of people who practice religion, have slaughter, maimed and murdered others, simply because they practiced a religion that was different than theirs.

So then, of the hundreds of religions practiced...who is right?

ALL OF THEM ARE RIGHT. It matters not what religion one practices. If in ones heart they truly believe in that religion, then, it is the true religion, for them.

I believe that there is a supreme being. I believe that this supreme being is by-lingual, multi-colored, of all ethnic races and accepts, and blesses, all who practice religion. It matters not the name or faith. If one worships a rock, or tree, or any idol or any kind-and believes in them, then I say to you, THEIR RELIGION, is the true and right religion...for them.

IT CAN NOT BE, that one religion is the true way to worship. For that would mean that billions of others who do not practice that religion...are wrong.

I believe in God. I was taught to believe in God. However, that said, I must take into consideration billions of others, that were taught, a different religion than mine. Does that make me right, and them wrong?

I do know this. Far to many of us fail to understand, that faith, no matter what form it takes...is that. Faith.

How do we make this a better world?  
How do we stop all the madness?  
How sad it is, that ones belief, could be the cause of world wide mayhem.

I do not have the answers to the miseries of the

world. To innocent children being slaughtered and  
hundreds of thousands left homeless.  
Perhaps the billions upon billions we spend on  
the machine of war, could better be  
used for humanitarian purposes.

I do know this. If we want a better world, it  
must start by each one of us, trying to be better.

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## **A Father and Son**

The old man said to the youth,  
'I know of youth and I know of  
age, but you who aren't of age,  
can only know of youth. So you  
make the music of the strong  
and the young, and I'll sing  
the song of the old, that are done  
Together we'll walk toward the  
setting sun, but I'll leave long  
before you, my youthful one.

You're so strong, so young, so  
bright I'm told. You're my  
yesterdays, my memories, and now  
I'm old.'

'Oh what I'd give for days gone  
by, 'the old man murmured, with a  
long deep sigh.

The youth glimpsed the man with  
the tired face, and knew in his  
heart, he bound for that place.  
That place, the other side of a  
starlit sky, a place called Heaven,  
way up on high.

The youth was sad, in pain and  
shed a tear, the old man hugged him,  
and gone was fear. Longingly, he look  
at the boy as he whispered...  
'I go from here. '

The youth protested and cried,  
and said 'don't leave'. The old man smiled and  
said 'don't grieve

For every man, comes a time to go,  
it's now my time, for this I know.  
I've lived my life and now I wonder,  
what it is, that's beyond the thunder.'

Toward the setting sun, they strode,  
and boy sadly whispered, 'good by...  
till I'm old'

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## **A Lady In The Night**

Are you but a figment of my imagination?  
Are you like a mist ascending from the  
surface of a lake, only to disappear into  
the night. Will you suddenly fade like  
the foam on an oceans wave? Has the thought of  
your love intoxicated me like too much wine,  
and left my vision blurred and my senses  
numb. Who are you, my veiled lady  
in the darkened night?

It matters not, thought you are real or not.  
The quest for love remains my reason for being.  
Life without love, is merely existence.  
For is not love the one true reason for  
being?

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## **A Life Given**

Many of us are caught up in our own life. Perhaps we can spend a moment in reflection of all those good men and women who have given thier life in the service of their country.

America, the land of plenty. We have taken the fuits of the land. We have taken all the riches our country has to offer. We have acquired 'so many things' that we need to question, do we really need all this stuff? We take...and take...and take, until there is little left for our country to give.

Let us try for a moment, in each day, not take, but give our hearts, thoughts and prayers to those that are less fortunate and to those who have given all they have. Their lives.

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## **A POME THAT RINGS SO TRUE**

And the world makes you King for a day,  
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,  
And see what that guy has to say.  
For it isn't your Father, or Mother, or Wife,  
Who judgement upon you must pass.  
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life  
Is the guy staring back from the glass.  
He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest,  
For he's with you clear up to the end,  
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test  
If the guy in the glass is your friend.  
You may be like Jack Horner and 'chisel' a plum,  
And think you're a wonderful guy,  
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.  
You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years,  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.  
The Guy in the Glass

by Dale Wimbrow, (c) 1934

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## **A Time Of Twilight**

With the perplexities of co-habitation,  
I have chosen to live unto myself. Here,  
in my island of peace, I gather the  
flowers of the field found only in  
the beauty of the written word. Like the  
sparrow in the tree, and with modest needs,  
I am free to fly at will.

Living unincumbered to the pretence that  
dominates the world, life is enjoyed in  
its purest intention.

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## **A Veiled Lady**

Are you but a figment of my imagination?  
Are you like a mist ascending from the  
surface of a lake, only to disappear into  
the night. Will you suddenly fade like  
the foam on an oceans wave? Has the thought of  
your love intoxicated me like too much wine,  
and left my vision blurred and my senses  
numb. Who are you, my veiled lady  
in the darkened night?

It matters not, thought you are real or not.  
The quest for love remains my reason for being.  
Life without love, is merely existence.  
For is not love the one true reason for  
being?

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## **A Womens Soul**

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.  
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## **A, A, A..All Our Children**

WHO WILL TEACH THE CHILDREN?

Who will teach our children?

Who will teach our children? I speak not  
of the lessons of school, but those of  
life, living and those of God.

Who will teach our children, that in  
war no one wins and all humanity loses  
a part of who we are.

Who will teach our children, that God,  
morality, honesty, love and respect are  
the coner stones of the civilized world.

Without them, mankind will crumble and  
disappeared forever more.

Who will teach our children of compassion  
for their fellow man and respect for anothers  
God, or color or creed?

Who will teach our children, all these things  
and more?

The answer is whispered in your love...beating  
in your heart....and echoed in your soul.

Who will teach our children? ...It must be you.

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## About God

The greatest canvas ever painted, was  
by God and the portrait was nature.

The greatest story every told, was by God  
and it was of His teachings.

Is it no wonder that a true poet or artist,  
must be touched by Him to compete  
with His work?

---

The suppression of evil that lies within  
all of us, is a character option, that one  
can exercise or not.

---

Is God an illusion, for the benefit and  
comfort of mankind? I think not,  
for I believe He is.

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## About Love

The steady gait in the old man's walk seemed to make him all the more vulnerable. An enemy of the old, a bitter wind cut into him, causing him to wince. The cragged face had a hundred lines etched deep into the rawhide like skin. He was sick...dying. However, when he walked, he was tall, erect, a proud man filled with a sense of dignity and clinging to ninety six years of happier memories, of loved ones long since past.

He was the last of a dying breed, a man filled with honor, love and respect for a fellow human being. They were rare qualities indeed, in a world where such attributes were at a premium.

He made his way down the lonely, barren, beach front walkway, the waves crashing against the seawall. As he stopped, the hint of a smile appeared. He gazed at the seagulls, swooping down and dipping their beaks into the ocean in search of food. The wind, birds, nature, they were all his friends, friends that drove the loneliness from him. Here he was at peace with himself and the world.

He raised a wrinkled hand to his face, rubbing his eyes. His minds eye capturing brief glimpses of happier days; a wife, children and grandchildren. The wife and children no longer of this world. The grandchildren, scattered around the world like leaves blowing in the wind.

Reaching into his pocket, he took from it a few paltry slices of stale bread. Breaking them into bird size bites, he cast them on the sand before him. Then taking several paces backward from where the welcomed gift was now being converged upon by hungry gulls. He watched them eagerly fluttering about the patches of bread, then swooping up the pieces and flying off with their prize.

When the food was gone, all but one of the gulls had disappeared into a heavy gray sky. The lone gull seemed to stare at the old man. He returning the strange encounter, as he thought; So, like me, you are alone. I know how you feel my little friend. It was uncanny how long the old man and the gull stood motionless-just staring at each other. A Mexican standoff as neither blinked an eye.

'I have no more food, ' the old man softly whispered.  
Hearing the voice break the morning stillness, the

gull cocked his head and if understanding, squawked back in his direction, fluttered his wings and flew off.

The old man watched the bird take flight and thought, 'don't go so quickly, my little friend.' With his eyes still trained on the gull, he remembered the words of love that were once spoken to him; ' don't teach me how to fly, unless your willing to let me go.' He continued to watch the bird and whispered, 'yes...yes, there comes a time when we must all fly alone.'

He continued to watch until his feathered friend was but a speck in the sky and then that to disappearing. His eyes locked skyward, straining to catch one more glimpse of the bird. Nothing. He shook his head, not wanting to except it, as he murmured; is that what we become...a speck and then nothing?

He thought about all in his life that meant so much to him. All the memories. All the love. Could it be that all in life that was so very precious to him, could be reduced to a speck and then nothing? He was devastated by the very thought. He felt a compelling urgency to reach out and assure himself that surely, after eighty years of human existence there must be something more. He had lived his life with honor. Was his ending to be the same as those who lived their lives for personal gain, without feeling or compassion? Could the final ending for him be the same as the monsters of society? He paused, reflecting on that frightening possibility.

Looking again toward the sky, the waves crashing on the beach and thundering in his ears, he was suddenly filled with peace. He knew that surely there was more. There just had to be more for those that lived 'the good life'. More...for those who believed. For people like these, there had to be a better place to go.

His eyes shifted to his surroundings. From the sky to the vast ocean that stretched endlessly before him and off the side to the towering trees.

He glanced at the walkways, that fronted the multi-storied concrete compartmental dwellings, that housed some of the more successful of

humans. The buildings, immense in size, dwarfed all that surrounded them.

The old man did not fix his gaze on the millions of tons of concrete, steel and glass, but rather his eyes were filled with wonder of the trees, shrubs, and a small girl that emerged from the giant structure.

The little girl was carrying a tiny dog. It warmed him to see her snuggle her face to the little dog. The tiny tongue darting from the ball of fur, touching her nose, bringing a giggle from the little girl and a smile to the old mans face. Abruptly the little girl turned to face the huge glass doors. Someone inside, who the old man could not see, was calling her. Quickly, she disappeared inside.

With his eyes glued to the front of the structure, he waited for her to return. After several minutes when she did not, he again faced the ocean. Another memory that brought his peace, happiness; a little girl, a ball of fur and a hardy giggle, now became locked in his treasure chest of memories.

Looking skyward, he smiled and softly whispered; 'Yes...yes, I know you're there. You're all around me. The trees...flowers...the ocean, everything. You're everything that's good, that's love. You're in my heart and the hearts of those that believe in you. You're love, peace, happiness. He smiled, 'You were in that little girls giggle.'

The old man stood there. A picture frozen in time. The waves relentlessly pounding the beach front, while a single RAY OF SUNSHINE jetted from the slate-gray sky onto the old mans face.

He stood immobile against a desolate setting. His eyes slowly closing. He face turned full to the sun. Slowly, gently, he sank to his knees; the suns rays locked to his face as he knelt on the sandy beach. He was filled with a peace beyond description. a peace, until that very moment, he never knew existed. Slowly, with eyes closed, he lay down, his face to the sun.

As he lay prone on the beach, the suns rays seemed to intensity, causing a brilliant ring to form around his bodies outline. The sun grew brighter. With

blinding intensity it lit up the old mans peaceful and smiling face.

Circling birds hovered above the old man and a gently breeze feathered the still body. The suns rays grew dimmer and finally disappeared into the heavy, gray sky.

The old man just laid there, motionless and not breathing. The smile still on his face.

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## **About Missing Words**

As women are full with their  
unborn children, so it is that  
I am filled with my unborn words.  
As a mother who loves her child  
that is yet to be seen, so to, do I  
yearn for words which are unborn  
and lie in darkness.

I say to myself, 'come to the light,  
come forth from me, that I might  
see you...so that I might see my  
child that is born of thought.

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## **ABOUT REGRET**

Here in the twilight of my life, I dream  
of the seeds I have planted and wish  
there were more. I reflect on the  
difference I've made and it was never  
enough.

I could have done more. I should have  
done more. Why did I not? Perhaps  
the answers came late and the days grew  
short...and then were not.

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## All My Love...

The old man said to the youth,  
'I know of youth and I know of  
age, but you who aren't of age,  
can only know of youth. So you  
make the music of the strong  
and the young, and I'll sing  
the song of the old, that are done  
Together we'll walk toward the  
setting sun, but I'll leave long  
before you, my youthful one.

You're so strong, so young, so  
bright I'm told. You're my  
yesterdays, my memories, and now  
I'm old.'

'Oh what I'd give for days gone  
by, 'the old man murmured, with a  
long deep sigh.

The youth glimpsed the man with  
the tired face, and knew in his  
heart, he bound for that place.  
That place, the other side of a  
starlit sky, a place called Heaven,  
way up on high.

The youth was sad, in pain and  
shed a tear, the old man hugged him,  
and gone was fear. Longingly, he look  
at the boy as he whispered...  
'I go from here. '

The youth protested and cried,  
and said 'don't leave'. The old man smiled and  
said 'don't grieve

For every man, comes a time to go,  
it's now my time, for this I know.  
I've lived my life and now I wonder,  
what it is, that's beyond the thunder.'

Toward the setting sun, they strode,  
and boy sadly whispered, 'good by...  
till I'm old'

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## **Always About You**

Have I replaced you? Replacing you would be like trying to replace the sun...moon...stars and replacing everything in life that brings a smile to ones face.

Replacing you would remove all that is soft... warm and that which represents love and all that is worthwhile in life.

Replacing you would be akin to replacing the energy that fuels another day. In the darkest of hours, replacing you would remove the light of hope that spurs one on.

Have I replaced you?  
Never...not for all time to come and one day thereafter... if there be such time.

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## **An Accomplishment Of A Lifetime**

A man can walk many roads during  
the course of his life.  
He can know many people.  
However, if he finds one...  
just one true friend, that is  
an accomplishment of a lifetime  
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## **An Emptyness**

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
gentle as the rain, and softer than a rose.

I miss your honesty, your caring and your loyalty.

I miss your eyes, nose...mouth. I miss the  
sound, the comfort of your voice.

I miss your laughter, your joy-I miss  
your tears, your kiss, your touch, and I  
miss our bodies pressed together,  
entwined as one.

I miss falling asleep with you in my arms,  
and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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## **An Evil Revealed?**

Can the beast within be covered by the skin of goodness? Yes. If they are tamed they will become a sheep and if they are not, they shall destroy themselves like a cancer within.

Show me your passions, your convictions, your loves and I will know of who you are and whence you go. And, if you say nay, I shall not reveal myself to you, then it must be said how little you think of yourself and therein lies the answer. Beware of those who do not reveal their true selves to you, for if they are untrue to themselves, they shall surely betray you.

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## **An Unborn Child**

As women are full with their  
unborn children, so it is that  
I am filled with my unborn words.  
As a mother who loves her child  
that is yet to be seen, so to, do I  
yearn for words which are unborn  
and lie in darkness.

I say to myself, 'come to the light,  
come forth from me, that I might  
see you...so that I might see my  
child that is born of thought.'

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## **An Unfilled Life**

Here in the twilight of my life, I dream  
of the seeds I have planted and wish  
there were more. I reflect on the  
difference I've made and it was never  
enough.

I could have done more. I should have  
done more. Why did I not? Perhaps  
the answers came late and the days grew  
short...and then were not.

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## **An Unspoken Love**

How could you not know I  
loved you? For it was always  
in my eyes, in every touch and  
in every polite embrace we've ever  
had. It was in all the hello's and  
all the goodbye's I've ever spoken,  
Could you not hear the pounding  
of my heart and see the soaring  
of my spirit? How could you not  
know I love you? I have asked  
that question a thousand times.  
If you are ever to love me, it must  
be now, For it is nearly the end  
of my time, when the shadow of  
the trees grow long and then...  
and then appears no more.  
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## **And Did You Not Know?**

How could you not know I  
loved you? For it was always  
in my eyes, in every touch and  
in every polite embrace we've ever  
had. It was in all the hello's and  
all the goodbye's I've ever spoken,  
Could you not hear the pounding  
of my heart and see the soaring  
of my spirit? How could you not  
know I love you? I have asked  
that question a thousand times.  
If you are ever to love me, it must  
be now, For it is nearly the end  
of my time, when the shadow of  
the trees grow long and then...  
and then appears no more.  
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## **And When Love Dies**

When Love Dies

In September, when warm summer days have slipped into faded memories of too few breezes, winter is close at hand, with its visions of leafless trees, blanketed nights and bone chilling days. Ahhhhh, for those scorching day of mid July when we cursed the heated nights as we lie sweltering in our beds.

It has always be and will forever be; that which we no longer have, is that of which we yearn for most.

Is not love cherished more when the time to part has come? Why do we always yearn for the yesterdays that were taken so lightly, when they were our 'todays? ' And, when the flower has wilted on the vine, is it not the memory of its beauty that we so yearn for?

Yesterdays...yesterday, oh how I yearn for yesterday. Today, is the tomorrow we thought about yesterday. Today, hold close to you, those who you love, for in the cover of darkness, 'today', will slip quietly and forever, into yesterday. Fill you 'todays' with the goodness within you and your memories of yesterdays, will be your salvation tomorrow.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **And You Left Me**

I didn't know today, you would not  
be here tomorrow.

I didn't know, I would never again hear  
you speak my name, or say, 'I love you'.

I didn't know we would never again  
make love. Never again, feel as one.  
Never again experience that total  
feeling of love and being loved.

I didn't know, that most of me, would  
go where you have gone. That most  
of who I am, would disappear into  
that eternal dark and endless abyss.

I didn't know...without you, without us...  
there would be no me.

I didn't know, how the cruel silence  
of our empty house, would make me  
weep, at the mere thought of you.

I didn't know how dark the days would  
become and how empty and lonely  
the nights would be.

I didn't know, the joy, in the music of  
life, would forever cease.

I didn't know all our well meaning friends,  
would all paraphrase the same words:  
'Life goes on. You must go on.'

I didn't know how....If could go on.  
If I wanted to go on.  
For without you, life was not life,  
but merely existence.

I do know this. For me...never, for  
all eternity, will there ever be another you.

There are days, I ache so much for you,  
I find it almost impossible to breath.

I send you my heart and my soul, for without  
you, they are but empty vessels.

Where ever you are...you know...I love you  
now...and I always will.

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## **And, When I Die.**

Let me die, in the knowledge that the life I  
have lived, was one of worth and the seasons  
that have past, were not wasted.  
Let me leave this place called earth, believing,  
that I truly tried to make it a better world.

I have always believed, that if one wanted  
this to be a better world, then one would  
have to try their utmost, to be better themselves.

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## **And, You Went Away**

Like an early morning tide, whose waves  
endlessly washed up on a warm  
sandy beach, so too, do the memories of  
you, wash over my every waking moment.

I remember watching you sleep as the morning  
sun filtered through the lace curtains you made.  
I watched in silence, at the way the sun's soft rays  
kissed your sleeping form, never waking you.  
Your face, so peaceful, and always with a  
faint hint of a wry smile. I always wondered,  
what is she seeing? Thinking?

That face, that so many times, was smothered  
with thousands of gentle, caring,  
loving kisses from me.

I remember our being fused together as one.  
Never wanting to stop. Never wanting to let go.  
Kissing...hugging...touching places in body  
and soul we never knew existed.

I remember my daily trek to the buildings of  
the concrete jungle and my calling you  
several times a day...just to hear your voice.

I remember the empty place within me,  
that only you could fill, with love, joy  
and that good to be alive feeling.

I remember every laugh and every tear we  
ever shed together.

I remember every time and every place you  
said, 'I love you.'

I remember the day I came home and you  
were not at the door. My heart skipped a  
beat. You had been ill, and I raced to our bedroom.  
You lay atop the covered bed. Your eyes, in a  
blank stare. Open. As I moved to the bed,  
I knew you were gone, tears scalding my cheeks.  
I sat beside you, holding your hands,  
closing your eyes and softly kissing them.

I remember that look; 'the light of life...had  
left your eyes.' Like a dropp of water in the  
desert, my passion for life and living,  
dried up and left with you.

I had traveled the world. From the Alps in  
Switzerland to the flowers of the field

in the mid west. Yes, I saw the Vatican,  
paintings of the greats and historic places  
a thousand years old. I saw the Pyramides.  
I witnessed the beauty and promise of the world.  
In all these things...you were the best  
part of who I had become. In all these things...  
you were the most treasured.

And you went away.  
And I miss you.  
And I love you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Angel, Angel, Always**

Like an early morning tide, whose waves  
endlessly washed up on a warm  
sandy beach, so too, do the memories of  
you, wash over my every waking moment.

I remember watching you sleep as the morning  
sun filtered through the lace curtains you made.  
I watched in silence, at the way the sun's soft rays  
kissed your sleeping form, never waking you.  
Your face, so peaceful, and always with a  
faint hint of a wry smile. I always wondered,  
what is she seeing? Thinking?

That face, that so many times, was smothered  
with thousands of gentle, caring,  
loving kisses from me.

I remember our being fused together as one.  
Never wanting to stop. Never wanting to let go.  
Kissing...hugging...touching places in body  
and soul we never knew existed.

I remember my daily trek to the buildings of  
the concrete jungle and my calling you  
several times a day...just to hear your voice.

I remember the empty place within me,  
that only you could fill, with love, joy  
and that good to be alive feeling.

I remember every laugh and every tear we  
ever shed together.

I remember every time and every place you  
said, 'I love you.'

I remember the day I came home and you  
were not at the door. My heart skipped a  
beat. You had been ill, and I raced to our bedroom.  
You lay atop the covered bed. Your eyes, in a  
blank stare. Open. As I moved to the bed,  
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you were the most treasured.

And you went away.  
And I miss you.  
And I love you.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, And You**

You Ask: Have I Replaced You?

Have I replaced you? Replacing you would be like trying to replace the sun...moon...stars and replacing everything in life that brings a smile to ones face.

Replacing you would remove all that is soft... warm and that which represents love and all that is worthwhile in life.

Replacing you would be akin to replacing the energy that fuels another day. In the darkest of hours, replacing you would remove the light of hope that spurs one on.

Have I replaced you?  
Never...not for all time to come and one day thereafter... if there be such time.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

**Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Angel, Always**

Angel, Angel, Always

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And I love you.

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## **Another Doubt**

There are those that would say, 'show me proof of this God you speak, for I can not see Him. And I say to you;

'Can you see the air that fills your lungs? Can you see the perfumed scent of flowers, that pleasures you so? Can you see the love you feel for another? Can you see the wonderment within you, as you hold your newborn child? And what of the joy that fills your heart, or the sorrow you feel but can not see? Now do you say, they are not, for I can not see them? '

God is revealed unto us in all that is good. He is love, compassion, forgiveness and understanding. It is In these gifts from Him, that we were born unto His likeness. It is by using those gifts that we shall be returned to Him.

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## **As Life Slips Away**

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

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## **As Life Slips Away...**

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

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## **Bath Me In Your Tears**

No greater comfort can be found,  
then tears of love and caring.  
When the love of another, does rise  
from ones heat, and overflow in tears,  
know ye well, that greater love,  
does not exist.  
Bath me in your tears, oh pure and snow white dove,  
and you will shower me, with goodness hope and love.  
Bath me in your tears, my lifes an angry sea.  
Bath me in your tears, bring tranquility to me.  
Bath me in you tears, and wash away my fear.  
Hold me close my love, that I might know you care.  
Bath me in your tears, and mend my lonely heart.  
Kiss me, love me...tell me... we shall never part.  
Bath me in your tears, a heavens mist of dew,  
that I might see the light, with help from only you.  
And when my life is over, and I am put to rest,  
I'll take your tears of love and joy...  
for they're the very best.

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**Beautiful Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful  
Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Are you**

Beautiful...Beautiful...Beautiful

Beautiful, are you, as the flowers of the field.  
Beautiful, is the sound of your voice.  
Beautiful, is the touch of your hand.  
Beautiful, are the eyes that speak of love.  
Beautiful, is your understanding and kindness.  
Beautiful, is the way you always consider others.  
Beautiful, are the courage of your convictions.  
Beautiful, are the silent, countless words of, I love you.  
Beautiful, is the softness of your touch.  
Beautiful, are the children that you hold dear.  
Beautiful, is your faith, honesty and loyalty.  
Beautiful, are the people, you bless with your love.  
Beautiful, are you secret acts of charity.  
Beautiful, is the goodness, you give to all.  
Beautiful, is the way your never judge anyone.  
Beautiful, is your never dreaming...that you are indeed so beautiful.  
Beautiful, is your heart...your very soul.  
Beautiful, is the way you have made this a better world.  
Beautiful, is the helping hand, you extend to all.  
Have I told you, you are beautiful in every way?  
Have I told you, my beautiful one, that I love you?

We are blessed to know, one who is as beautiful  
as you, in so many ways.

P.S.

I love you.

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## **Believe...Believe....**

### I Can't See God

There are those that would say, 'show me proof of this God you speak, for I can not see Him. And I say to you; Can you see the air that fills your lungs? Can you see the perfumed scent of flowers, that pleasures you so? Can you see the love you feel for another? Can you see the wonderment within you, as you hold your newborn child? And what of the joy that fills your heart, or the sorrow you feel but can not see? Now do you say, they are not, for I can not see them?

God is revealed unto us in all that is good. He is love, compassion, forgiveness and understanding. It is In these gifts from Him, that we were born unto His likeness. It is by using those gifts that we shall be returned to Him.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## **By Love**

I didn't know today, you would not  
be here tomorrow.

I didn't know, I would never again hear  
you speak my name, or say, 'I love you'.

I didn't know we would never again  
make love. Never again, feel as one.  
Never again experience that total  
feeling of love and being loved.

I didn't know, that most of me, would  
go where you have gone. That most  
of who I am, would disappear into  
that eternal dark and endless abyss.

I didn't know...without you, without us...  
there would be no me.

I didn't know, how the cruel silence  
of our empty house, would make me  
weep, at the mere thought of you.

I didn't know how dark the days would  
become and how empty and lonely  
the nights would be.

I didn't know, the joy, in the music of  
life, would forever cease.

I didn't know all our well meaning friends,  
would all paraphrase the same words:  
'Life goes on. You must go on.'

I didn't know how....If could go on.  
If I wanted to go on.  
For without you, life was not life,  
but merely existence.

I do know this. For me...never, for  
all eternity, will there ever be another you.

There are days, I ache so much for you,  
I find it almost impossible to breath.

I send you my heart and my soul, for without  
you, they are but empty vessels.

Where ever you are...you know...I love you  
now...and I always will.

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## **Children, Children, Children, An Army**

Who Will Teach The Children?

Who will teach our children?  
Who will teach our children? I speak not  
of the lessons of school, but those of  
life, living and those of God.  
Who will teach our children, that in  
war no one wins and all humanity loses  
a part of who we are.  
Who will teach our children, that God,  
morality, honesty, love and respect are  
the corner stones of the civilized world.  
Without them, mankind will crumble and  
disappeared forever more.  
Who will teach our children of compassion  
for their fellow man and respect for another's  
God, or color or creed?  
Who will teach our children, all these things  
and more?  
The answer is whispered in your love...beating  
in your heart....and echoed in your soul.  
Who will teach our children? ...It must be you.  
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Joe Fazio (best of)

**Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, Children, And You**

Who Will Teach The Children?

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## **Could I Ever Leave You?**

Could I ever leave you? Never. For you are the air that fills me with the breath of life and the energy that fuels each day. You are my laughter, my joy, my reason for being. You are my hope, my warmth on a cold winter's night, and the flowers that bloom in my heart. You are my friend, my love...my life. You are the liquid of life under a desert's sun; my port in a storm and without you there is but a barren wasteland of nothingness, where laughter has died and darkness and bitter howling winds are forever. Could I ever leave you. Not for all eternity and one day thereafter, if there be such a time.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

**COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE,  
COURAGE, And Woman**

A Womens Soul

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.

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## **Dark Days and Empty Nights**

I Miss You

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
gentle as the rain, and softer than a rose.

I miss your honesty, your caring and your loyalty.

I miss your eyes, nose...mouth. I miss the  
sound, the comfort of your voice.

I miss your laughter, your joy-I miss  
your tears, your kiss, your touch, and I  
miss our bodies pressed together,  
entwined as one.

I miss falling asleep with you in my arms,  
and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **DEATH**

A preoccupation with the thought of death,  
is a forfeiture of the joy of life.

Death is the mother of darkness, or the  
mother of light; depending on how one  
has lived their life.

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## Death After Death

Like an early morning tide, whose waves  
endlessly washed up on a warm  
sandy beach, so too, do the memories of  
you, wash over my every waking moment.

I remember watching you sleep as the morning  
sun filtered through the lace curtains you made.  
I watched in silence, at the way the sun's soft rays  
kissed your sleeping form, never waking you.  
Your face, so peaceful, and always with a  
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And you went away.  
And I miss you.  
And I love you.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## Death In December

Opening pages for, DEATH IN DECEMBER

DEATH IN DECEMBER

By

Joseph Fazio

His favorite time of the year here at York Beach Maine, was December. For the last six years, he would leave the concrete jungle of downtown Boston, to the seclusion of the beach front motel, La Casa De Campo. He told those he sought to escape from, he would be 'out of the country, ' until after the first of the year. Here, it was just himself, some good books, and a few of the locals.

Smack in the middle of scores of older wooden structures, stood a modern, Spanish style, 36 room motel. It was owned by a retired plumbing and heating contractor. He built it for his early sixties, Latin wife, who was still a looker. They lived on the premises and this time of the year, they had but one guest, Nickoli Anastasia.

The Campo's didn't know much about Anastasia, except for the fact he rented the entire motel from December 1 until January 2...every year. He always arrived December 15th, paid cash in advance, and took the same room facing the ocean. Anastasia had been in house for 10 days, it was December 25, Christmas. It was 11.a.m. Outside the sky was as dark as the inside of a coal mine. A torrential downpour, burst from the blackened sky, pounding with a vengeance, every square inch of York Maine.

Anastasia, trance like, moved along the oceanfront. The rain, like a million tiny needles, stung his nude body. A raging sea crashed against the seawall, as the pounding waves, vibrated through his body, and thundered in his ears.

Stumbling, with one hand held over his right eye, blood seeped from a deep gash buried right above his hairline. The warm red liquid, steadily slid between his fingers and into his eye. Unrelenting, the rain continued to wash the red liquid of life, down his body and into the desolate street.

He felt himself weakening, slowly slumping to his knees, to the icy wet pavement. As if in slow motion, the body that now seemed to belong to someone else, pitched forward. He lay there, face down...motionless and oblivious to all around him. His mind was flooded with memories of her. He knew three things. He knew how he got there. He knew who did this to him and he knew...he was dying.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

**Death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death, danth, death, and you**

Death After Death

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endlessly washed up on a warm  
sandy beach, so too, do the memories of  
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And I miss you.  
And I love you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Dedicated To: William Rice**

The steady gait in the old man's walk seemed to make him all the more vulnerable. An enemy of the old, a bitter wind cut into him, causing him to wince. The cragged face had a hundred lines etched deep into the rawhide like skin. He was sick...dying. However, when he walked, he was tall, erect, a proud man filled with a sense of dignity and clinging to ninety six years of happier memories, of loved ones long since past.

He was the last of a dying breed, a man filled with honor, love and respect for a fellow human being. They were rare qualities indeed, in a world where such attributes were at a premium.

He made his way down the lonely, barren, beach front walkway, the waves crashing against the seawall. As he stopped, the hint of a smile appeared. He gazed at the seagulls, swooping down and dipping their beaks into the ocean in search of food. The wind, birds, nature, they were all his friends, friends that drove the loneliness from him. Here he was at peace with himself and the world.

He raised a wrinkled hand to his face, rubbing his eyes. His minds eye capturing brief glimpses of happier days; a wife, children and grandchildren. The wife and children no longer of this world. The grandchildren, scattered around the world like leaves blowing in the wind.

Reaching into his pocket, he took from it a few paltry slices of stale bread. Breaking them into bird size bites, he cast them on the sand before him. Then taking several paces backward from where the welcomed gift was now being converged upon by hungry gulls. He watched them eagerly fluttering about the patches of bread, then swooping up the pieces and flying off with their prize.

When the food was gone, all but one of the gulls had disappeared into a heavy gray sky. The lone gull seemed to stare at the old man. He returning the strange encounter, as he thought; So, like me, you are alone. I know how you feel my little friend. It was uncanny how long the old man and the gull stood motionless-just staring at each other. A Mexican standoff as neither blinked an eye.

'I have no more food, ' the old man softly whispered.  
Hearing the voice break the morning stillness, the

gull cocked his head and in understanding, squawked back in his direction, fluttered his wings and flew off.

The old man watched the bird take flight and thought, 'don't go so quickly, my little friend.' With his eyes still trained on the gull, he remembered the words of love that were once spoken to him; 'don't teach me how to fly, unless your willing to let me go.' He continued to watch the bird and whispered, 'yes...yes, there comes a time when we must all fly alone.'

He continued to watch until his feathered friend was but a speck in the sky and then that to disappearing. His eyes locked skyward, straining to catch one more glimpse of the bird. Nothing. He shook his head, not wanting to except it, as he murmured; is that what we become...a speck and then nothing?

He thought about all in his life that meant so much to him. All the memories. All the love. Could it be that all in life that was so very precious to him, could be reduced to a speck and then nothing? He was devastated by the very thought. He felt a compelling urgency to reach out and assure himself that surely, after eighty years of human existence there must be something more. He had lived his life with honor. Was his ending to be the same as those who lived their lives for personal gain, without feeling or compassion? Could the final ending for him be the same as the monsters of society? He paused, reflecting on that frightening possibility.

Looking again toward the sky, the waves crashing on the beach and thundering in his ears, he was suddenly filled with peace. He knew that surely there was more. There just had to be more for those that lived 'the good life'. More...for those who believed. For people like these, there had to be a better place to go.

His eyes shifted to his surroundings. From the sky to the vast ocean that stretched endlessly before him and off the side to the towering trees.

He glanced at the walkways, that fronted the multi-storied concrete compartmental dwellings, that housed some of the more successful of

humans. The buildings, immense in size, dwarfed all that surrounded them.

The old man did not fix his gaze on the millions of tons of concrete, steel and glass, but rather his eyes were filled with wonder of the trees, shrubs, and a small girl that emerged from the giant structure.

The little girl was carrying a tiny dog. It warmed him to see her snuggle her face to the little dog. The tiny tongue darting from the ball of fur, touching her nose, bringing a giggle from the little girl and a smile to the old mans face. Abruptly the little girl turned to face the huge glass doors. Someone inside, who the old man could not see, was calling her. Quickly, she disappeared inside.

With his eyes glued to the front of the structure, he waited for her to return. After several minutes when she did not, he again faced the ocean. Another memory that brought his peace, happiness; a little girl, a ball of fur and a hardy giggle, now became locked in his treasure chest of memories.

Looking skyward, he smiled and softly whispered; 'Yes...yes, I know you're there. You're all around me. The trees...flowers...the ocean, everything. You're everything that's good, that's love. You're in my heart and the hearts of those that believe in you. You're love, peace, happiness. He smiled, 'You were in that little girls giggle.'

The old man stood there. A picture frozen in time. The waves relentlessly pounding the beach front, while a single RAY OF SUNSHINE jetted from the slate-gray sky onto the old mans face.

He stood immobile against a desolate setting. His eyes slowly closing. He face turned full to the sun. Slowly, gently, he sank to his knees; the suns rays locked to his face as he knelt on the sandy beach. He was filled with a peace beyond description. a peace, until that very moment, he never knew existed. Slowly, with eyes closed, he lay down, his face to the sun.

As he lay prone on the beach, the suns rays seemed to intensity, causing a brilliant ring to form around his bodies outline. The sun grew brighter. With

blinding intensity it lit up the old mans peaceful and smiling face.

Circling birds hovered above the old man and a gently breeze feathered the still body. The suns rays grew dimmer and finally disappeared into the heavy, gray sky.

The old man just laid there, motionless and not breathing. The smile still on his face.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Does One Only Live Once?**

I weep for all the things that use to be.  
I weep for all...which will never be.  
I weep for those I loved and now gone by.  
I weep for all I could have done, and didn't.  
I weep for all the wasted moments.

It seems there are more regrets, then not.  
Perhaps in another time...in another place,  
I shall be better. I shall do better.

I have heard it said, 'You only live once.  
But if you do it right...once is enough'.  
I hope that's not true. I'd surely like  
to do it again. Next time...I'll try  
to do it right.

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**Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream,  
Dream, Dream, Dream Am I**

I Dream Of You

Have I replaced you? Replacing you would be like trying to replace the sun...moon...stars and replacing everything in life that brings a smile to ones face.

Replacing you would remove all that is soft... warm and that which represents love and all that is worthwhile in life.

Replacing you would be akin to replacing the energy that fuels another day. In the darkest of hours, replacing you would remove the light of hope that spurs one on.

Have I replaced you?  
Never...not for all time to come and one day thereafter... if there be such time.

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## **Evil**

The suppression of evil that lies within all of us, is a character option, that one can exercise or not.

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**FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, FATHERS, And now...**

For My Father.  
And, Now I Understand.

---

A Father and Son

The old man said to the youth,  
'I know of youth and I know of  
age, but you who aren't of age,  
can only know of youth. So you  
make the music of the strong  
and the young, and I'll sing  
the song of the old, that are done  
Together we'll walk toward the  
setting sun, but I'll leave long  
before you, my youthful one.

You're so strong, so young, so  
bright I'm told. You're my  
yesterdays, my memories, and now  
I'm old.'

'Oh what I'd give for days gone  
by, 'the old man murmured, with a  
long deep sigh.

The youth glimpsed the man with  
the tired face, and knew in his  
heart, he bound for that place.  
That place, the other side of a  
starlit sky, a place called Heaven,  
way up on high.

The youth was sad, in pain and  
shed a tear, the old man hugged him,  
and gone was fear. Longingly, he look  
at the boy as he whispered...  
'I go from here. '

The youth protested and cried,  
and said 'don't leave'. The old man smiled and  
said 'don't grieve

For every man, comes a time to go,  
it's now my time, for this I know.  
I've lived my life and now I wonder,  
what it is, that's beyond the thunder.'

Toward the setting sun, they strode,  
and boy sadly whispered, 'good by...  
till I'm old'

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## **Finding Humility**

Humility is a place where men of all color and religion can meet in the spirit of peace and love.

Humility is a place where brother embraces brother where the common bond, is the common goal.

Is there any such place as humility? Yes.

However, one has to first find it within themselves, lest they not recognize it, when they come upon it.

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## **For My Friend, Christopher George- 1931-1983**

'It has been more than twenty years.  
Still, you are often in my thoughts and  
always in my heart.  
I miss you, my friend.

---

This ones for you:

### **Weep Not For Me**

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
I am the hope in a darkened night. And, in your  
hour of need, I will be there to comfort you.  
I will share your tears, your joys, your fears,  
your disappointments and your triumphs.

Do not weep for me, for I am cradled  
in the arms of God. I walk with the angels,  
and hear the music beyond the stars.

Do not weep for me, for I am within you;  
I am peace, love, I am a soft wind that caresses  
the flowers. I am the calm that follows a  
raging storm. I am an autumns leaf that floats  
among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

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## **For My Sister, Geraldine**

You have left us, for that other side of  
darkness and the other side of pain. Now, the stars  
will lose their twinkle and the moon will lose  
its joy.

And the birds will cease to sing their song,  
for they'll know at last, that you are gone.  
The sky will then turn dark and then will  
come the rain.

The laughter, will never be the same.  
They'll be less of that and more of pain.

As I look to the sky above, I  
tell you my sister, about my love.

I've said, oh God, of this I wonder,  
has thou, my Christ, now made a blunder?

Say it, Dear Lord, admit your mistake.  
Touch her for me...make her awake.

You took her so young, from her three boys.  
You took thier mother and much of their joys.

They've told me, You have a reason, for all things done.  
I've search and I've search and couldn't find one.

I know You'll tell me, when comes the day,  
when it becomes my turn, to go away.

Until then Dear Lord, on high above,  
tell her she's missed and that she is loved.

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**Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend, Friend,  
Friend, And Thou**

A man can walk many roads during  
the course of his life.

He can know many people.

However, if he finds one...

just one true friend, that is  
an accomplishment of a lifetime

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**Friendship, Friendship, Friendship, Friendship, Friendship, Friendship,  
Friendship, Friendship, and You**

For My Friend, Christopher George  
I miss you my friend.

This ones for you:

-----

Weep Not For Me

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
I am the hope in a darkened night. And, in your  
hour of need, I will be there to comfort you.  
I will share your tears, your joys, your fears,  
your disappointments and your triumphs.

Do not weep for me, for I am cradled  
in the arms of God. I walk with the angels,  
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Do not weep for me, for I am within you;  
I am peace, love, I am a soft wind that caresses  
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among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

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## **God, God, God, God, God, God, God, God, God, God, God, and I Believe**

Religion-Which One Is Right?

There are billions of humans that inhabit this place called earth. Most, believe in a Supreme Being. Most who practice their religion, believe The One they pray to, worship, is the true and only Supreme Being.

Since the beginning of time, armies of people who practice religion, have slaughter, maimed and murdered others, simply because they practiced a religion that was different than theirs.

So then, of the hundreds of religions practiced...who is right?

ALL OF THEM ARE RIGHT. It matters not what religion one practices. If in ones heart they truly believe in that religion, then, it is the true religion, for them.

I believe that there is a supreme being. I believe that this supreme being is by-lingual, multi-colored, of all ethnic races and accepts, and blesses, all who practice religion. It matters not the name or faith. If one worships a rock, or tree, or any idol or any kind-and believes in them, then I say to you, THEIR RELIGION, is the true and right religion...for them.

IT CAN NOT BE, that one religion is the true way to worship. For that would mean that billions of others who do not practice that religion...are wrong.

I believe in God. I was taught to believe in God. However, that said, I must take into consideration billions of others, that were taught, a different religion than mine. Does that make me right, and them wrong?

I do know this. Far to many of us fail to understand, that faith, no matter what form it takes...is that. Faith.

How do we make this a better world?  
How do we stop all the madness?  
How sad it is, that ones belief, could be the

cause of world wide mayhem.

I do not have the answers to the miseries of the world. To innocent children being slaughtered and hundreds of thousands left homeless.

Perhaps the billions upon billions we spend on the machine of war, could better be used for humanitarian purposes.

I do know this. If we want a better world, it must start by each one of us, trying to be better.

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## **Gone....For Now**

Though you are gone from me,  
we shall meet once again.  
All roads in life, end in the valley light,  
where life is destined to meet  
with The Eternal Hope.  
There, I shall hold you again...  
and forever tell you of my love.  
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**Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart, Heart,  
Heart, For You**

To You I Give My Heart

How could you not know I  
loved you? For it was always  
in my eyes, in every touch and  
in every polite embrace we've ever  
had. It was in all the hello's and  
all the goodbye's I've ever spoken,  
Could you not hear the pounding  
of my heart and see the soaring  
of my spirit? How could you not  
know I love you? I have asked  
that question a thousand times.  
If you are ever to love me, it must  
be now, For it is nearly the end  
of my time, when the shadow of  
the trees grow long and then...  
and then appears no more.  
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## **Heaven**

In order to be lifted to Heaven, one must possess  
the wings of faith.

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## **I AM**

I am a man of passion, of conviction, of faith.  
I am a man of love, of laughter and of anger.  
I am a man of strength, who despairs, who weeps.  
I am a man enraged by mans inhumanity to man  
and perplexed by He who seems unable to  
stop the madness.

I feel, touch, smell, taste and I see the good  
in man. In my deepest despair, somehow I  
know that all will be right, for I am an eternal  
optimist. I am compelled to hope for the  
best in humanity.

I weep for those who worship at the alter  
of ambition, for they shall leave in their  
wake, their children, their loved ones,  
millions of orphans of success.  
I am man and in my failures and in my  
short comings, I continue my utmost  
to do His will.

I am the most unique animal in the Kingdom.  
I am the most intelligent and I have many faults.  
I am all these things and more...for I am man.

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## **I Am Man**

I am a man of passion, of conviction, of faith.  
I am a man of love, of laughter and of anger.  
I am a man of strength, who despairs, who weeps.  
I am a man enraged by mans inhumanity to man  
and perplexed by He who seems unable to  
stop the madness.  
I feel, touch, smell, taste and I see the good  
in man. In my deepest despair, somehow I  
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I am the most unique animal in the Kingdom.  
I am the most intelligent and I have many faults.  
I am all these things and more...for I am man.

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## **I Fear Not Death**

Death, is at work in each of us.  
He devours every element of life  
within our mortal body. When he  
has had his fill, we shall no longer  
be, of earthly matter.

I fear not death, but life. For death  
comes unannounced, like the howling  
of a December wind and swoops up man,  
as he would a dead leaf....and whisks us off into  
the great abyss.

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## **I Miss You**

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
gentle as the rain, and softer than a rose.

I miss your honesty, your caring and your loyalty.

I miss your eyes, nose...mouth. I miss the  
sound, the comfort of your voice.

I miss your laughter, your joy-I miss  
your tears, your kiss, your touch, and I  
miss our bodies pressed together,  
entwined as one.

I miss falling asleep with you in my arms,  
and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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## **I Remember You**

Like an early morning tide, whose waves  
endlessly washed up on a warm  
sandy beach, so too, do the memories of  
you, wash over my every waking moment.

I remember watching you sleep as the morning  
sun filtered through the lace curtains you made.  
I watched in silence, at the way the sun's soft rays  
kissed your sleeping form, never waking you.  
Your face, so peaceful, and always with a  
faint hint of a wry smile. I always wondered,  
what is she seeing? Thinking?

That face, that so many times, was smothered  
with thousands of gentle, caring,  
loving kisses from me.

I remember our being fused together as one.  
Never wanting to stop. Never wanting to let go.  
Kissing...hugging...touching places in body  
and soul we never knew existed.

I remember my daily trek to the buildings of  
the concrete jungle and my calling you  
several times a day...just to hear your voice.

I remember the empty place within me,  
that only you could fill, with love, joy  
and that good to be alive feeling.

I remember every laugh and every tear we  
ever shed together.

I remember every time and every place you  
said, 'I love you.'

I remember the day I came home and you  
were not at the door. My heart skipped a  
beat. You had been ill, and I raced to our bedroom.  
You lay atop the covered bed. Your eyes, in a  
blank stare. Open. As I moved to the bed,  
I knew you were gone, tears scalding my cheeks.  
I sat beside you, holding your hands,  
closing your eyes and softly kissing them.

I remember that look; 'the light of life...had  
left your eyes.' Like a dropp of water in the  
desert, my passion for life and living,  
dried up and left with you.

I had traveled the world. From the Alps in  
Switzerland to the flowers of the field

in the mid west. Yes, I saw the Vatican,  
paintings of the greats and historic places  
a thousand years old. I saw the Pyramides.  
I witnessed the beauty and promise of the world.  
In all these things...you were the best  
part of who I had become. In all these things...  
you were the most treasured.

And you went away.  
And I miss you.  
And I love you.

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## **If There Is Remembrance**

When I am gone from here, this place  
called earth, I shall miss the ones I  
hold so dear.

I shall miss the music of the brook,  
and the symphony of the sea.

I shall miss the meadows and the forest  
and the flowers in the spring.

I shall miss the gray light of dawn, the blue  
sky above and the gentle breeze on a  
dark starry night.

I shall miss the hope of tomorrow, the rush  
of the wind and the promise of love.

I shall miss the rain from the sky, the dew  
on the grass and the softness of roses.

I shall miss the cold breath of winter, springs  
gentle touch, the warmth of summer  
and the beauty of fall.

I shall miss the joys in my life, the light that  
is truth and the song of the blackbird.

I shall miss the laughter of children, the  
wisdom of age and my friends at my side.

I shall miss the silence of an early morn,  
the whisper of the wind and the peace  
in my heart.

I shall miss all that there is about this earth.  
I shall miss you...life.

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## **In The Twilight Of My Life**

I CAN NOT PAINT. SO IT IS WORDS I USE,  
TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF MY THOUGHTS

---

With the perplexities of co-habitation,  
I have chosen to live unto myself. Here,  
in my island of peace, I gather the  
flowers of the field found only in  
the beauty of the written word. Like the  
sparrow in the tree, and with modest needs,  
I am free to fly at will.  
Living unincumbered to the pretence that  
dominates the world, life is enjoyed in  
its purest intention.

---

Let my life be filled with the sights,  
the songs of the earth, the joy  
of existence, the comfort of a  
gentle breeze...and you at my side

---

The passing of the seasons, years,  
go by swiftly. When you pause to  
reflect the seeds you have planted,  
may all of your memories be those of  
joy and sunshine.

---

Waste not your time or thoughts on  
regret; for life is precious and  
for many, there are more sunsets that  
have past, then we will find ahead.

---

Life, is but a moment on the eternal  
clock of time. Enjoy the moment.

---

Love offers the fruits of Heaven and  
the fire of Hell. Depending on the  
relationship.

---

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

---

Pretense, is the silent assassin of  
friendship, hope and love.

---

As women are full with their  
unborn children, so it is that  
I am filled with my unborn words.  
As a mother who loves her child  
that is yet to be seen, so to, do I  
yearn for words which are unborn  
and lie in darkness.  
I say to myself, 'come to the light,  
come forth from me, that I might  
see you...so that I might see my  
child that is born of thought.

---

Let me die in the knowledge, that  
the life I have lived, was one of  
worth and the seasons that have  
past, were not wasted

---

Here in the twilight of my life, I dream  
of the seeds I have planted and wish  
there were more. I reflect on the  
difference I've made and it was never  
enough.  
I could have done more. I should have  
done more. Why did I not? Perhaps  
the answers came late and the days grew  
short...and then were not.

---

Contrary to the general belief, that  
goodness produces love,  
it is love that produces goodness.

---

When there is love in ones live, the  
spirit soars, the sun shines brighter  
and the sould is at peace.

---

God blesses us all.  
However, here on earth  
He blesses some more  
than others.

---

Money and that which is materialistic

erodes with the passing of time;  
while knowledge knows no season  
of death.

---

One shall never discover greatness  
on the road of imitation.

---

It has been said that mans home is his  
kingdom. While that might be true on  
earth, is it not possible that in Heaven  
above, it is but a speck of sand  
beneath the feet of God?

---

Charity for ulterior motives, is but a  
selfish act in disguise.

---

If you tell me of our history, I will  
learn of the lives of great men and  
women, who are immortalized in  
scoresof documents and books.  
What of the millions of others, who  
are not recorded the the 'Great Books? '  
Who will they be remembered by and  
where will their names be found?  
Can it be, the sum total of human life,  
is but their date of death upon a stone?

---

A preoccupation with the thought of death,  
is a forfeiture of the joy of life.

---

Death is the mother of darkness, or the  
mother of light; depending on how one  
has lived their life.

---

How intelligent is man, when he remains  
the only beast in the kingdom to prey  
on his own species?

---

I have little regard for most media; for  
they are parasites, who prosper at the  
cost of the misery and despair of others.

---

Could it be that disasters of nature,

are a reminder from God, that He is?

---

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.

---

You were the sunshine...  
in the shadows of my life.  
Now...I shall never see you again, and  
the shadows...grow darker ever more.

---

Like leaves floating from a maple in  
autumn, so to do the days of life,  
fall silently into the great beyond.

---

Come...feast with me;  
for the table of life, is abundant,  
with the mysteries of existence.

---

Is a reason to live,  
and a reason to die...  
drawn from the same pool of reason?

---

Faith, is the light, that guides  
one through the dark corridors of life.

---

The trick in life, is to know the answers,  
before the questions are asked.

---

I don't know if I hold on to the past,  
or the past holds on to me.

---

You are my dream of the past...  
and my ghost of the future.

---

My writing, is the life raft,  
that prevents my drowning,  
in a turbulent sea of reality.

---

I weep for all the things that use to be.  
I weep for all...which will never be.

---

In the end,  
there is but one thing that truly matters;  
love...or the absence of it

---

Most men, are at best, students of history.  
For few, will ever become, makers of history.

---

One knows true anguish, when words  
fail to describe their pain...their tears  
...their heart break.

---

Though you are gone from me,  
we shall meet once again.  
All roads in life, end in the valley light,  
where life is destined to meet  
with The Eternal Hope.  
There, I shall hold you again...  
and forever tell you of my love.  
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---

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## **Indiscretion,**

A single act of indiscretion, can destroy a  
lifetime of integrity.

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## **Is Your Home Your Kingdom?**

It has been said that mans home is his kingdom. While that might be true on earth, is it not possible that in Heaven above, it is but a speck of sand beneath the feet of God?

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## **It Can Not Be**

We must take into consideration billions of others,  
that were taught, a different religion than ours.  
Does that make us right, and them wrong?

IT CAN NOT BE, that one religion is the true  
way to worship. For that would mean that  
billions of others who do not practice that  
religion...are wrong.

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## **Knowledge**

Knowledge is not for sale in the market place.  
It is our most treasured possession. It is free  
to all. Is it not surprising, that so many do not  
seek it?

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## **Let Me Live Long Enough...**

Let me live long enough to understand  
the goodness in life.

Let me live long enough to understand the  
true bidding of God.

Let me live long enough to have only desires  
of right and none the is found in the  
valley of darkness.

---

Trying to determine if hope is born of religion,  
or religion is born of hope, is like trying  
to capture a wisp of wind.

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## Let Us Speak Of Love

Is love received richer than that of love given? Can love be given without being received? Is it the giver or the taker who benefits more?

So then, let us speak of love.

If the steam does finally find its way through the mountains and valleys before becoming part of an ocean's roar, it must continue to flow, lest it dry up, leaving its brittle and fragile remains in an empty gully. So it is with love that is given and not returned. The who is the taker or the giver? The stream or the ocean? Neither, for without the one, there is no other, for they are one to each other. Love can not be given with the expectation of love in return. For, 'pure love' must mutually be given. There is no 'taker' only those who 'give' can receive the gift of love. There are those that would say, 'I have given, but not received the love of which you speak.' I say to you, the love you have given to those that are unworthy, will like a leaf in a winter's day, die. Do not despair, for in the springtime of your life, love will yet again be born unto you and you may offer it in all its glory, anew.

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## **Life**

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

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## **Life Is But A Moment**

Life, is but a moment on the eternal  
clock of time. Enjoy the moment.  
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## **Life Is Like A Play**

One can be discreet, do the 'right thing'  
all of their lives, however, if you 'mess up',  
that is what people will remember.

So you see, life, it's really likened to a play.  
If the last act is bad, the rest  
is not remembered.

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## **Life, Life, Life, Life, Life After Life**

We Shall Meet Again

Though you are gone from me,  
we shall meet once again.  
All roads in life, end in the valley light,  
where life is destined to meet  
with The Eternal Hope.  
There, I shall hold you again...  
and forever tell you of my love.  
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## **Lonely, Lonely, Lonely**

You ask: Have I Replaced You

Have I replaced you? Replacing you would be like trying to replace the sun...moon...stars and replacing everything in life that brings a smile to ones face.

Replacing you would remove all that is soft... warm and that which represents love and all that is worthwhile in life.

Replacing you would be akin to replacing the energy that fuels another day. In the darkest of hours, replacing you would remove the light of hope that spurs one on.

Have I replaced you?  
Never...not for all time to come and one day thereafter... if there be such time.

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## **Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, An You?**

I Miss You

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
gentle as the rain, and softer than a rose.

I miss your honesty, your caring and your loyalty.

I miss your eyes, nose...mouth. I miss the  
sound, the comfort of your voice.

I miss your laughter, your joy-I miss  
your tears, your kiss, your touch, and I  
miss our bodies pressed together,  
entwined as one.

I miss falling asleep with you in my arms,  
and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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**Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely, Lonely,  
Lonely, Lonely, And I Miss you**

I Miss You

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
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and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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## **Love, Love, Love, And Thee**

### **DO NOT WEEP FOR ME**

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
I am the hope in a darkened night. And, in your  
hour of need, I will be there to comfort you.  
I will share your tears, your joys, your fears,  
your disappointments and your triumphs.

Do not weep for me, for I am cradled  
in the arms of God. I walk with the angels,  
and hear the music beyond the stars.

Do not weep for me, for I am within you;  
I am peace, love, I am a soft wind that caresses  
the flowers. I am the calm that follows a  
raging storm. I am an autumns leaf that floats  
among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Love, Love, Love, Love Love, Love, Love, And You**

WHEN DO I THINK OF YOU?

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
you are tranquillity.

I think of you on an ocean's front,  
for you are the roar of the waves,  
the power of the sea, and the salt in the air.

I think of you amidst a crowd  
and the chorus of city sounds  
...for that is my song, and you are the music.

You are my first thought of each new day,  
and the last image I glimpse, as my eyes are  
closed upon a feathered pillow.

In that secret place called sleep, it is you that  
I search for, through shades of darkness and  
clouds of cotton.

When do I think of you? Every moment  
of my life. And, when the final sleep does come  
and if there is thought...  
it will be of you.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Always**

When Do I Think Of You?

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
you are tranquillity.

I think of you on an ocean's front,  
for you are the roar of the waves,  
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of my life. And, when the final sleep does come  
and if there is thought...  
it will be of you.

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## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Always You**

WHEN DO I THINK OF YOU?

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
you are tranquillity.

I think of you on an ocean's front,  
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and if there is thought...  
it will be of you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Always**

### THE DREAM

I make my way, through the heavily treed,  
leaf covered path, I suddenly see you,  
standing there, surrounded by wild flowers.  
Behind you, a small stream, trembles it's way down  
the mountainside. You are so radiantly beautiful,  
I overflow, ache with love for you. No words are  
spoken. I find myself bursting, for want of your love.  
For the need to hold you...touch you.  
Slowly, we make our way toward each other.

We meet amid a bed of soft, green moss.  
Our hands reach out, touch, and as if in  
slow motion, we find ourselves seated  
on this bed of Gods making. Your lips  
are moist, my heart pounding. Your breath  
quickens, as the rise and fall of your full  
breasts seem to try to free themselves.  
I'm an inches from those lips, I have long  
for. As you move toward me, we kiss.  
A long, moist, tender... hungry kiss.  
A kiss, that fulfills all the promises of  
love. I feel myself, melting into your very soul.  
I lay you gently back on the bed of green.  
You touching the pulsating volcano  
beneath my pants. I unbutton your blouse,  
and free you from the thin veiled garment,  
that had covered your hardened nipples.

For a brief moment, I stare at you.  
Your breasts, moist with desire and your  
eyes fill with love and the promise of ecstasy.  
I tremble, as if a magnet, the brown circles of  
desire, atop your milky white breasts, draw my lips,  
to softly encircle your erect nipples. Your hands slide  
behind my head, and crush my lips to your softness.  
You rip open my pants, clutching the hard roundness, of  
my throbbing flesh. I touch you in your most private part  
and it is wet...wanting. We clutch, grab, explore  
each other, like two wild animals. You open yourself  
to me, and murmur, 'Now...now...please now.'  
I can wait no longer, as my missile of love,  
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it. The phone, now sounding like an  
alarm, persists. I have lost the dream.  
I have lost...her.

Dammit! I curse the reality of the moment!

She knows, as do I, I will go to her again.  
I can not give her up. For she has become  
me...and I her.

Until tomorrow...or another day...or another  
time...or another world.  
It matters not where she is. I shall find her.  
For she is my love...and I shall yet again,  
go to her.

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## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Again**

When Do I Think Of You?

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
you are tranquillity.

I think of you on an ocean's front,  
for you are the roar of the waves,  
the power of the sea, and the salt in the air.

I think of you amidst a crowd  
and the chorus of city sounds  
...for that is my song, and you are the music.

You are my first thought of each new day,  
and the last image I glimpse, as my eyes are  
closed upon a feathered pillow.

In that secret place called sleep, it is you that  
I search for, through shades of darkness and  
clouds of cotton.

When do I think of you? Every moment  
of my life. And, when the final sleep does come  
and if there is thought...  
it will be of you.

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## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, love, Love, Love, And You**

WHEN DO I THINK OF YOU?

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
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I think of you on an ocean's front,  
for you are the roar of the waves,  
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it will be of you.

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## **Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love...By**

### Weep Not For Me

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
I am the hope in a darkened night. And, in your  
hour of need, I will be there to comfort you.  
I will share your tears, your joys, your fears,  
your disappointments and your triumphs.

Do not weep for me, for I am cradled  
in the arms of God. I walk with the angels,  
and hear the music beyond the stars.

Do not weep for me, for I am within you;  
I am peace, love, I am a soft wind that caresses  
the flowers. I am the calm that follows a  
raging storm. I am an autumns leaf that floats  
among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

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## Lust Always

### The Dream

I make my way, through the heavily treed,  
leaf covered path, I suddenly see you,  
standing there, surrounded by wild flowers.  
Behind you, a small stream, trembles it's way down  
the mountainside. You are so radiantly beautiful,  
I overflow, ache with love for you. No words are  
spoken. I find myself bursting, for want of your love.  
For the need to hold you...touch you.  
Slowly, we make our way toward each other.

We meet amid a bed of soft, green moss.  
Our hands reach out, touch, and as if in  
slow motion, we find ourselves seated  
on this bed of Gods making. Your lips  
are moist, my heart pounding. Your breath  
quickens, as the rise and fall of your full  
breasts seem to try to free themselves.  
I'm an inches from those lips, I have long  
for. As you move toward me, we kiss.  
A long, moist, tender... hungry kiss.  
A kiss, that fulfills all the promises of  
love. I feel myself, melting into your very soul.  
I lay you gently back on the bed of green.  
You touching the pulsating volcano  
beneath my pants. I unbutton your blouse,  
and free you from the thin veiled garment,  
that had covered your hardened nipples.

For a brief moment, I stare at you.  
Your breasts, moist with desire and your  
eyes fill with love and the promise of ecstasy.  
I tremble, as if a magnet, the brown circles of  
desire, atop your milky white breasts, draw my lips,  
to softly encircle your erect nipples. Your hands slide  
behind my head, and crush my lips to your softness.  
You rip open my pants, clutching the hard roundness, of  
my throbbing flesh. I touch you in your most private part  
and it is wet...wanting. We clutch, grab, explore  
each other, like two wild animals. You open yourself  
to me, and murmur, 'Now...now...please now.'  
I can wait no longer, as my missile of love,  
on the verge of exploding, seeks the inviting wetness,  
between your legs. I can barely contain myself, then....

The phone rings. No! No! Not now!  
It keeps ringing...ringing...ringing!  
Keeper of dreams, I beg you...not now!  
Please...not now!

The vision evaporates! I try to recapture

it. The phone, now sounding like an  
alarm, persists. I have lost the dream.  
I have lost...her.

Dammit! I curse the reality of the moment!

She knows, as do I, I will go to her again.  
I can not give her up. For she has become  
me...and I her.

Until tomorrow...or another day...or another  
time...or another world.  
It matters not where she is. I shall find her.  
For she is my love...and I shall yet again,  
go to her.

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## **Lust, Lust, Lust, Always**

### THE DREAM

I make my way, through the heavily treed,  
leaf covered path, I suddenly see you,  
standing there, surrounded by wild flowers.  
Behind you, a small stream, trembles it's way down  
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time...or another world.  
It matters not where she is. I shall find her.  
For she is my love...and I shall yet again,  
go to her.

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## **Materialistic**

Money and that which is materialistic  
erodes with the passing of time;  
while knowledge knows no season  
of death.

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## Memories Of You

I recall the sweet years of yesterday.  
I especially remember you. You with the silken  
hair, your lashes fluttering like angel wings,  
as laughter danced beneath, in your eyes

You constantly spoke of things to be. A symphony  
or words and thought. Every moment, your entire being,  
propelled into life and the adventures it held.  
Forever racing toward the next discovery.  
Toward all the mysteries of life, that had  
yet eluded you.

A lone butterfly, gliding in summers day, to watching  
a New Years celebration, to the last flower on the  
threshold of winter, you held all, as a treasure of  
life. You embraced every experience, as a  
testament to living.

Superbly, you continue to define, the difference,  
between living and existing.

What of my treasures? What do I hold dear? Surely,  
among them, are the moments, I have spent with you.

I often wonder, do you think of me...as I have thought of you?  
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**Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor,  
Metaphor, Metaphor, Metaphor, And One With The Sea**

One With The Sea

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

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## Missing

I miss your quiet caring, your gentleness,  
the softness of you, and the warm cloak  
of your love.

I miss your smile that was always so  
tentative, but warm like the sunshine,  
gentle as the rain, and softer than a rose.

I miss your honesty, your caring and your loyalty.

I miss your eyes, nose...mouth. I miss the  
sound, the comfort of your voice.

I miss your laughter, your joy-I miss  
your tears, your kiss, your touch, and I  
miss our bodies pressed together,  
entwined as one.

I miss falling asleep with you in my arms,  
and waking up to the warmth of you next to me.

I miss...I miss, everything about you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

**Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, Nature, And us**

One With Nature, As Life Slips Away...

Life, is like the coming and going  
of an oceans tide. At each days end,  
the tide, life, recedes and only a portion  
returns the next day. Until finally, the  
last of life recedes into a foggy mist,  
that disappears into the light that  
is hope.

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## **Of Love And Other Matters**

Two in love, standing on an oceans front. The waves crashing before them. It is a warm, summer, star lit night. A touch...a kiss and an embrace while a symphony of the night is their love song. Two souls alone on the beach. Is there anything in the entire universe...better then a single moment of love?

---

In order to be lifted to Heaven, one must possess the wings of faith.

---

A single act of indiscretion, can destroy a lifetime of integrity.

---

Knowledge is not for sale in the market place. It is our most treasured possession. It is free to all. Is it not surprising, that so many do not seek it?

---

Let me die, in the knowledge that the life I have lived, was one of worth and the seasons that have past, were not wasted.

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## Passion

The day has been long and arduous. I am weary and I have need of you.

I retreat to my lair, close the door behind me, turn on some very quieting, classical music, sit in my easy chair, lean back, close my eyes, and transcend the world around me. I then make my way, to our mountain retreat. There, I am alone. In a brief moment, the music of the forest surrounds me and I am truly at peace.

As I make my way, through the heavily treed, leaf covered path, I suddenly see you, standing there, surrounded by wild flowers. Behind you, a small stream, trembles it's way down the mountainside. You are so radiantly beautiful, I overflow, ache with love for you. No words are spoken. I find myself bursting, for want of your love. For the need to hold you...touch you. Slowly, we make our way toward each other.

We meet amid a bed of soft, green moss. Our hands reach out, touch, and as if in slow motion, we find ourselves seated on this bed of Gods making. Your lips are moist, my heart pounding. Your breath quickens, as the rise and fall of your full breasts seem to try to free themselves. I'm an inches from those lips, I have long for. As you move toward me, we kiss. A long, moist, tender... hungry kiss. A kiss, that fulfills all the promises of love. I feel myself, melting into your very soul. I lay you gently back on the bed of green. You touching the pulsating volcano beneath my pants. I unbutton your blouse, and free you from the thin veiled garment, that had covered your hardened nipples.

For a brief moment, I stare at you. Your breasts, moist with desire and your eyes fill with love and the promise of ecstasy. I tremble, as if a magnet, the brown circles of desire, atop your milky white breasts, draw my lips, to softly encircle your erect nipples. Your hands slide behind my head, and crush my lips to your softness. You rip open my pants, clutching the hard roundness, of my throbbing flesh. I touch you in your most private part and it is wet...wanting. We clutch, grab, explore each other, like two wild animals. You open yourself to me, and murmur, 'Now...now...please now.'

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on the verge of exploding, seeks the inviting wetness,  
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Until tomorrow...or another day...or another  
time...or another world.  
It matters not where she is. I shall find her.  
For she is my love...and I shall yet again,  
go to her.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

**Passion, Passion, Passion, Passion, Passion, Passion, Passion, Passion,  
Passion Lost**

Passion....Lost

I didn't know today, you would not  
be here tomorrow.

I didn't know, I would never again hear  
you speak my name, or say, 'I love you'.

I didn't know we would never again  
make love. Never again, feel as one.  
Never again experience that total  
feeling of love and being loved.

I didn't know, that most of me, would  
go where you have gone. That most  
of who I am, would disappear into  
that eternal dark and endless abyss.

I didn't know...without you, without us...  
there would be no me.

I didn't know, how the cruel silence  
of our empty house, would make me  
weep, at the mere thought of you.

I didn't know how dark the days would  
become and how empty and lonely  
the nights would be.

I didn't know, the joy, in the music of  
life, would forever cease.

I didn't know all our well meaning friends,  
would all paraphrase the same words:  
'Life goes on. You must go on.'

I didn't know how....If could go on.  
If I wanted to go on.  
For without you, life was not life,  
but merely existence.

I do know this. For me...never, for  
all eternity, will there ever be another you.

There are days, I ache so much for you,  
I find it almost impossible to breath.

I send you my heart and my soul, for without  
you, they are but empty vessels.

Where ever you are...you know...I love you  
now...and I always will.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Pretense**

Pretense, is the silent assassin of  
friendship, hope and love.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Religion-Which One Is Right?**

There are billions of humans that inhabit this place called earth. Most, believe in a Supreme Being. Most who practice their religion, believe The One they pray to, worship, is the true and only Supreme Being.

Since the beginning of time, armies of people who practice religion, have slaughter, maimed and murdered others, simply because they practiced a religion that was different than theirs.

So then, of the hundreds of religions practiced...who is right?

ALL OF THEM ARE RIGHT. It matters not what religion one practices. If in ones heart they truly believe in that religion, then, it is the true religion, for them.

I believe that there is a supreme being. I believe that this supreme being is by-lingual, multi-colored, of all ethnic races and accepts, and blesses, all who practice religion. It matters not the name or faith. If one worships a rock, or tree, or any idol or any kind-and believes in them, then I say to you, THEIR RELIGION, is the true and right religion...for them.

IT CAN NOT BE, that one religion is the true way to worship. For that would mean that billions of others who do not practice that religion...are wrong.

I believe in God. I was taught to believe in God. However, that said, I must take into consideration billions of others, that were taught, a different religion than mine. Does that make me right, and them wrong?

I do know this. Far to many of us fail to understand, that faith, no matter what form it takes...is that. Faith.

How do we make this a better world?  
How do we stop all the madness?  
How sad it is, that ones belief, could be the cause of world wide mayhem.

I do not have the answers to the miseries of the

world. To innocent children being slaughtered and  
hundreds of thousands left homeless.  
Perhaps the billions upon billions we spend on  
the machine of war, could better be  
used for humanitarian purposes.

I do know this. If we want a better world, it  
must start by each one of us, trying to be better.

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## **Reveal Yourself**

Show me your passions, your convictions,  
your loves and I will know of who you are  
and whence you go. And, if you say nay, I  
shall not reveal myself to you, then it must  
be said how little you think of yourself and  
therein lies the answer. Beware of those  
who do not reveal their true selves to you,  
for if they are untrue to themselves, they shall  
surely betray you.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

**Romance, Romance, Romance, Romance, Romance, Romance, Romance,  
Romance, Romance, Romance, And....**

Could I Ever Leave You?

Could I ever leave you? Never. For  
you are the air that fills me with the  
breath of life and the energy that fuels  
each day. You are my laughter, my joy,  
my reason for being. You are my hope,  
my warmth on a cold winter's night, and  
the flowers that bloom in my heart.  
You are my friend, my love...my life.  
You are the liquid of life under a desert's  
sun; my port in a storm and without you  
there is but a barren wasteland of  
nothingness, where laughter has died  
and darkness and bitter howling winds  
are forever.

Could I ever leave you. Not for all  
eternity and one day thereafter, if  
there be such a time.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

**Romantic, Romantic, Romantic, Romantic, Romantic, Romantic, Romantic,  
Romantic,**

September Song

In September, when warm summer days have slipped into faded memories of too few breezes, winter is close at hand, with its visions of leafless trees, blanketed nights and bone chilling days. Ahhhhh, for those scorching day of mid July, when we cursed the heated nights, as we lie sweltering in our beds.

It has always be and will forever be; that which we no longer have, is that of which we yearn for most.

Is not love cherished more when the time to part has come? Why do we always yearn for the yesterdays that were taken so lightly, when they were our 'todays? ' And, when the flower has wilted on the vine, is it not the memory of its beauty that we so yearn for?

Yesterdays...yesterday, oh how I yearn for yesterday. Today, is the tomorrow we thought about yesterday. Today, hold close to you, those who you love, for in the cover of darkness, 'today', will slip quietly and forever, into yesterday. Fill you 'todays' with the goodness within you and your memories of yesterdays, will be your salvation tomorrow.

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## **Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, I Weep**

### Bath Me In Your Tears

No greater comfort can be found,  
then tears of love and caring.  
When the love of another, does rise  
from ones heat, and overflow in tears,  
know ye well, that greater love,  
does not exist.  
Bath me in your tears, oh pure and snow white dove,  
and you will shower me, with goodness hope and love.  
Bath me in your tears, my lifes an angry sea.  
Bath me in your tears, bring tranquility to me.  
Bath me in you tears, and wash away my fear.  
Hold me close my love, that I might know you care.  
Bath me in your tears, and mend my lonely heart.  
Kiss me, love me...tell me... we shall never part.  
Bath me in your tears, a heavens mist of dew,  
that I might see the light, with help from only you.  
And when my life is over, and I am put to rest,  
I'll take your tears of love and joy...  
for they're the very best.

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## Sent By Alicia

The next time you feel like GOD can't use you, just remember...

Noah was a drunk  
Abraham was too old  
Isaac was a daydreamer  
Jacob was a liar  
Leah was ugly  
Joseph was abused  
Moses had a stuttering problem  
Gideon was afraid  
Samson had long hair and was a womanizer  
Rahab was a prostitute  
Jeremiah and Timothy were too young  
David had an affair and was a murderer  
Elijah was suicidal  
Isaiah preached naked  
Jonah ran from God  
Naomi was a widow  
Job went bankrupt  
Peter denied Christ  
The Disciples fell asleep while praying  
Martha worried about everything  
The Samaritan woman was divorced, more than once  
Zaccheus was too small  
Paul was too religious  
Timothy had an ulcer... AND  
Lazarus was dead!

Now! No more excuses!

God can use you to your full potential.

Besides you aren't the message, you are just the messenger.

And one more thing... share this with a friend or two...

In the Circle of God's love, God's waiting to use your full potential.

1. God wants spiritual fruit, not religious nuts.
2. Dear God, I have a problem, it's Me.
3. Growing old is inevitable... growing UP is optional.
4. There is no key to happiness. The door is always open.
5. Silence is often misinterpreted but never misquoted.
6. Do the math... count your blessings.
7. Faith is the ability to not panic.
8. Laugh every day, it's like inner jogging.
9. If you worry, you didn't pray. If you pray, don't worry.
10. As a child of God, prayer is kind of like calling home everyday.
11. Blessed are the flexible for they shall not be bent out of shape.
12. The most important things in your house are the people.
13. When we get tangled up in our problems, be still.  
God wants us to be still so He can untangle the knot.
14. A grudge is a heavy thing to carry.
15. He who dies with the most toys is still dead.

Have a great day! ! ! The SON is shining and he can certainly use you!

Joe Fazio (best of)

## September Song

In September, when warm summer days have slipped into faded memories of too few breezes, winter is close at hand, with its visions of leafless trees, blanketed nights and bone chilling days. Ahhhhh, for those scorching day of mid July, when we cursed the heated nights, as we lie sweltering in our beds.

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it. The phone, now sounding like an  
alarm, persists. I have lost the dream.  
I have lost...her.

Dammit! I curse the reality of the moment!

She knows, as do I, I will go to her again.  
I can not give her up. For she has become  
me...and I her.

Until tomorrow...or another day...or another  
time...or another world.  
It matters not where she is. I shall find her.  
For she is my love...and I shall yet again,  
go to her.

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## **Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow, And You**

### Bath Me In Your Tears

No greater comfort can be found,  
then tears of love and caring.  
When the love of another, does rise  
from ones heat, and overflow in tears,  
know ye well, that greater love,  
does not exist.  
Bath me in your tears, oh pure and snow white dove,  
and you will shower me, with goodness hope and love.  
Bath me in your tears, my lifes an angry sea.  
Bath me in your tears, bring tranquility to me.  
Bath me in you tears, and wash away my fear.  
Hold me close my love, that I might know you care.  
Bath me in your tears, and mend my lonely heart.  
Kiss me, love me...tell me... we shall never part.  
Bath me in your tears, a heavens mist of dew,  
that I might see the light, with help from only you.  
And when my life is over, and I am put to rest,  
I'll take your tears of love and joy...  
for they're the very best.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **The Best Of Life**

When there is love in ones live, the  
spirit soars, the sun shines brighter  
and the soul is at peace.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## The Last Day

The old man said to the youth,  
'I know of youth and I know of  
age, but you who aren't of age,  
can only know of youth. So you  
make the music of the strong  
and the young, and I'll sing  
the song of the old, that are done  
Together we'll walk toward the  
setting sun, but I'll leave long  
before you, my youthful one.

You're so strong, so young, so  
bright I'm told. You're my  
yesterdays, my memories, and now  
I'm old.'

'Oh what I'd give for days gone  
by, 'the old man murmured, with a  
long deep sigh.

The youth glimpsed the man with  
the tired face, and knew in his  
heart, he bound for that place.  
That place, the other side of a  
starlit sky, a place called Heaven,  
way up on high.

The youth was sad, in pain and  
shed a tear, the old man hugged him,  
and gone was fear. Longingly, he look  
at the boy as he whispered...  
'I go from here. '

The youth protested and cried,  
and said 'don't leave'. The old man smiled and  
said 'don't grieve

For every man, comes a time to go,  
it's now my time, for this I know.  
I've lived my life and now I wonder,  
what it is, that's beyond the thunder.'

Toward the setting sun, they strode,  
and boy sadly whispered, 'good by...  
till I'm old'

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Together, Together, Together, Always**

### WEEP NOT FOR ME

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
I am the hope in a darkened night. And, in your  
hour of need, I will be there to comfort you.  
I will share your tears, your joys, your fears,  
your disappointments and your triumphs.

Do not weep for me, for I am cradled  
in the arms of God. I walk with the angels,  
and hear the music beyond the stars.

Do not weep for me, for I am within you;  
I am peace, love, I am a soft wind that caresses  
the flowers. I am the calm that follows a  
raging storm. I am an autumns leaf that floats  
among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Together, Together, Together, Together, Together, Again**

### Weep Not For Me

Do not weep for me when I no longer dwell  
among the wonders of the earth; for my larger  
self is free, and my soul rejoices on the other  
side of pain...on the other side of darkness.

Do not weep for me, for I am a ray of sunshine  
that touches your skin, a tropical breeze  
upon your face, the hush of joy within your heart  
and the innocence of babes in mothers arms.  
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among the garden of God, and I am pure  
white snow that softly falls upon your hand.

Do not weep for me, for I shall never die,  
as long as you remember me...  
with a smile and a sigh.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Waste Not Your Time**

Waste not your time or thoughts on  
regret; for life is precious and  
for many, there are more sunsets that  
have past, then we will find ahead.

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## **We Shall Meet Again**

Though you are gone from me,  
we shall meet once again.  
All roads in life, end in the valley light,  
where life is destined to meet  
with The Eternal Hope.  
There, I shall hold you again...  
and forever tell you of my love.  
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## **What Of Our History?**

If you tell me of our history, I will  
learn of the lives of great men and  
women, who are immortalized in  
scores of documents and books.  
What of the millions of others, who  
are not recorded the the 'Great Books? '  
Who will they be remembered by and  
where will their names be found?  
Can it be, the sum total of human life,  
is but their date of death upon a stone?  
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## **When do I Think Of You?**

I think of you in the peace  
solitude and stillness of the early a.m., for  
you are tranquillity.

I think of you on an ocean's front,  
for you are the roar of the waves,  
the power of the sea, and the salt in the air.

I think of you amidst a crowd  
and the chorus of city sounds  
...for that is my song, and you are the music.

You are my first thought of each new day,  
and the last image I glimpse, as my eyes are  
closed upon a feathered pillow.

In that secret place called sleep, it is you that  
I search for, through shades of darkness and  
clouds of cotton.

When do I think of you? Every moment  
of my life. And, when the final sleep does come  
and if there is thought...  
it will be of you.

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## **When You Have Left Me**

You have left us, for that other side of  
darkness and the other side of pain. Now, the stars  
will lose their twinkle and the moon will lose  
its joy.

And the birds will cease to sing their song,  
for they'll know at last, that you are gone.  
The sky will then turn dark and then will  
come the rain.

The laughter, will never be the same.  
They'll be less of that and more of pain.

As I look to the sky above, I  
tell you my sister, about my love.

I've said, oh God, of this I wonder,  
has thou, my Christ, now made a blunder?

Say it, Dear Lord, admit your mistake.  
Touch her for me...make her awake.

You took her so young, from her three boys.  
You took thier mother and much of their joys.

They've told me, You have a reason, for all things done.  
I've search and I've search and couldn't find one.

I know You'll tell me, when comes the day,  
when it becomes my turn, to go away.

Until then Dear Lord, on high above,  
tell her she's missed and that she is loved.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## Who Are You?

Are you but a figment of my imagination?  
Are you like a mist ascending from the  
surface of a lake, only to disappear into  
the night. Will you suddenly fade like  
the foam on an oceans wave? Has the thought of  
your love intoxicated me like too much wine,  
and left my vision blurred and my senses  
numb. Who are you, my veiled lady  
in the darkened night?

It matters not, thought you are real or not.  
The quest for love remains my reason for being.  
Life without love, is merely existence.  
For is not love the one true reason for  
being?

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## **Who Deserves To Live?**

Do the weak revere life any less than  
do the strong?

And, of the wealthy and  
the poor, who most appreciates the warmth  
of the sun, the richness of the land, the  
magic of a starlit sky and the flowers  
in the field.?

Does a wise man love life more than the  
simplest of man?

Then tell me, who has more of a right to  
their next breath of air, a King or a peasant?

It matters not the color, or religion, or cloth  
of a man, we are all...each and every one  
of us, His children.

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## **Who Does These Things?**

Who paints my dreams in colors so bright,  
and sends me gifts of moonlit nights?

Who's lips are soft, and filled with wonder  
and makes my heart roar like thunder?

Who's gentle goodness is a part of me,  
and lights a path for me to see?

Who's with me on my darkest day,  
and washes all my pain away?

Who love me thought I'm good or bad,  
and weeps for me, when I am sad?

Who causes in me a joyful heart,  
knowing we will never part?

Who walks beside me in my life,  
in joy, or sadness and even strife?

It's YOU who does these thing for love;  
I owe my thanks, to Him above.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Who Will Teach The Children?**

Who will teach our children?  
Who will teach our children? I speak not  
of the lessons of school, but those of  
life, living and those of God.  
Who will teach our children, that in  
war no one wins and all humanity loses  
a part of who we are.  
Who will teach our children, that God,  
morality, honesty, love and respect are  
the coner stones of the civilized world.  
Without them, mankind will crumble and  
disappeared forever more.  
Who will teach our children of compassion  
for their fellow man and respect for anothers  
God, or color or creed?  
Who will teach our children, all these things  
and more?  
The answer is whispered in your love...beating  
in your heart....and echoed in your soul.  
Who will teach our children? ...It must be you.  
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## **Why Did I Not Do More?**

Here in the twilight of my life, I dream  
of the seeds I have planted and wish  
there were more. I reflect on the  
difference I've made and it was never  
enough.

I could have done more. I should have  
done more. Why did I not? Perhaps  
the answers came late and the days grew  
short...and then were not.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **Why Did You Not Know?**

How could you not know I  
loved you? For it was always  
in my eyes, in every touch and  
in every polite embrace we've ever had.

It was in all the hello's and  
all the goodbye's I've ever spoken.

Could you not hear the pounding  
of my heart and see the soaring  
of my spirit?

How could you not  
know I love you? I have asked  
that question a thousand times.

If you are ever to love me, it must  
be now. It is nearly the end  
of my time, when the shadow of  
the trees grow long and thin...  
and then appear, no more.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## **With Love...For B.R.**

The steady gait in the old man's walk seemed to make him all the more vulnerable. An enemy of the old, a bitter wind cut into him, causing him to wince. The cragged face had a hundred lines etched deep into the rawhide like skin. He was sick...dying. However, when he walked, he was tall, erect, a proud man filled with a sense of dignity and clinging to ninety six years of happier memories, of loved ones long since past.

He was the last of a dying breed, a man filled with honor, love and respect for a fellow human being. They were rare qualities indeed, in a world where such attributes were at a premium.

He made his way down the lonely, barren, beach front walkway, the waves crashing against the seawall. As he stopped, the hint of a smile appeared. He gazed at the seagulls, swooping down and dipping their beaks into the ocean in search of food. The wind, birds, nature, they were all his friends, friends that drove the loneliness from him. Here he was at peace with himself and the world.

He raised a wrinkled hand to his face, rubbing his eyes. His mind's eye capturing brief glimpses of happier days; a wife, children and grandchildren. The wife and children no longer of this world. The grandchildren, scattered around the world like leaves blowing in the wind.

Reaching into his pocket, he took from it a few paltry slices of stale bread. Breaking them into bird size bites, he cast them on the sand before him. Then taking several paces backward from where the welcomed gift was now being converged upon by hungry gulls. He watched them eagerly fluttering about the patches of bread, then swooping up the pieces and flying off with their prize.

When the food was gone, all but one of the gulls had disappeared into a heavy gray sky. The lone gull seemed to stare at the old man. He returning the strange encounter, as he thought; So, like me, you are alone. I know how you feel my little friend. It was uncanny how long the old man and the gull stood motionless-just staring at each other. A Mexican standoff as neither blinked an eye.

'I have no more food, ' the old man softly whispered.  
Hearing the voice break the morning stillness, the

gull cocked his head and in understanding, squawked back in his direction, fluttered his wings and flew off.

The old man watched the bird take flight and thought, 'don't go so quickly, my little friend.' With his eyes still trained on the gull, he remembered the words of love that were once spoken to him; 'don't teach me how to fly, unless you're willing to let me go.' He continued to watch the bird and whispered, 'yes...yes, there comes a time when we must all fly alone.'

He continued to watch until his feathered friend was but a speck in the sky and then that to disappearing. His eyes locked skyward, straining to catch one more glimpse of the bird. Nothing. He shook his head, not wanting to except it, as he murmured; is that what we become...a speck and then nothing?

He thought about all in his life that meant so much to him. All the memories. All the love. Could it be that all in life that was so very precious to him, could be reduced to a speck and then nothing? He was devastated by the very thought. He felt a compelling urgency to reach out and assure himself that surely, after eighty years of human existence there must be something more. He had lived his life with honor. Was his ending to be the same as those who lived their lives for personal gain, without feeling or compassion? Could the final ending for him be the same as the monsters of society? He paused, reflecting on that frightening possibility.

Looking again toward the sky, the waves crashing on the beach and thundering in his ears, he was suddenly filled with peace. He knew that surely there was more. There just had to be more for those that lived 'the good life'. More...for those who believed. For people like these, there had to be a better place to go.

His eyes shifted to his surroundings. From the sky to the vast ocean that stretched endlessly before him and off the side to the towering trees.

He glanced at the walkways, that fronted the multi-storied concrete compartmental dwellings, that housed some of the more successful of

humans. The buildings, immense in size, dwarfed all that surrounded them.

The old man did not fix his gaze on the millions of tons of concrete, steel and glass, but rather his eyes were filled with wonder of the trees, shrubs, and a small girl that emerged from the giant structure.

The little girl was carrying a tiny dog. It warmed him to see her snuggle her face to the little dog. The tiny tongue darting from the ball of fur, touching her nose, bringing a giggle from the little girl and a smile to the old mans face. Abruptly the little girl turned to face the huge glass doors. Someone inside, who the old man could not see, was calling her. Quickly, she disappeared inside.

With his eyes glued to the front of the structure, he waited for her to return. After several minutes when she did not, he again faced the ocean. Another memory that brought his peace, happiness; a little girl, a ball of fur and a hardy giggle, now became locked in his treasure chest of memories.

Looking skyward, he smiled and softly whispered; 'Yes...yes, I know you're there. You're all around me. The trees...flowers...the ocean, everything. You're everything that's good, that's love. You're in my heart and the hearts of those that believe in you. You're love, peace, happiness. He smiled, 'You were in that little girls giggle.'

The old man stood there. A picture frozen in time. The waves relentlessly pounding the beach front, while a single RAY OF SUNSHINE jetted from the slate-gray sky onto the old mans face.

He stood immobile against a desolate setting. His eyes slowly closing. He face turned full to the sun. Slowly, gently, he sank to his knees; the suns rays locked to his face as he knelt on the sandy beach. He was filled with a peace beyond description. a peace, until that very moment, he never knew existed. Slowly, with eyes closed, he lay down, his face to the sun.

As he lay prone on the beach, the suns rays seemed to intensity, causing a brilliant ring to form around his bodies outline. The sun grew brighter. With

blinding intensity it lit up the old mans peaceful and smiling face.

Circling birds hovered above the old man and a gently breeze feathered the still body. The suns rays grew dimmer and finally disappeared into the heavy, gray sky.

The old man just laid there, motionless and not breathing. The smile still on his face.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

**Woman, Woman, Woman, Woman, Woman, Woman, Woman, Woman, A  
Womans Soul**

A Womens Soul

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.

© Joe Fazio

Joe Fazio (best of)

**Women, Women, Women, Women, Women, Women, Women, Women, and Soul**

A Womens Soul

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.

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Joe Fazio (best of)

## Words To Live By

Money and that which is materialistic  
erodes with the passing of time;  
while knowledge knows no season  
of death.

---

One shall never discover greatness  
on the road of imitation.

---

It has been said that mans home is his  
kingdom. While that might be true on  
earth, is it not possible that in Heaven  
above, it is but a speck of sand  
beneath the feet of God?

---

Charity for ulterior motives, is but a  
selfish act in disguise.

---

If you tell me of our history, I will  
learn of the lives of great men and  
women, who are immortalized in  
scores of documents and books.  
What of the millions of others, who  
are not recorded the the 'Great Books? '  
Who will they be remembered by and  
where will their names be found?  
Can it be, the sum total of human life,  
is but their date of death upon a stone?

---

A preoccupation with the thought of death,  
is a forfeiture of the joy of life.

---

Death is the mother of darkness, or the  
mother of light; depending on how one  
has lived their life.

---

How intelligent is man, when he remains  
the only beast in the kingdom to prey  
on his own species?

---

I have little regard for most media; for  
they are parasites, who prosper at the  
cost of the misery and despair of others.

---

Could it be that disasters of nature,  
are a reminder from God, that He is?

---

The history of every country is carved by  
the hand of man, while the hope and love  
of humanity, is born of a womens soul.

---

You were the sunshine...  
in the shadows of my life.

Now...I shall never see you again, and  
the shadows...grow darker ever more.

---

Like leaves floating from a maple in  
autumn, so to do the days of life,  
fall silently into the great beyond.

---

Come...feast with me;  
for the table of life, is abundant,  
with the mysteries of existence.

---

Is a reason to live,  
and a reason to die...  
drawn from the same pool of reason?

---

Faith, is the light, that guides  
one through the dark corridors of life.

---

The trick in life, is to know the answers,  
before the questions are asked.

---

I don't know if I hold on to the past,  
or the past holds on to me.

---

You are my dream of the past...  
and my ghost of the future.

---

My writing, is the life raft,  
that prevents my drowning,  
in a turbulent sea of reality.

---

I weep for all the things that use to be.  
I weep for all...which will never be.

---

In the end,  
there is but one thing that truly matters;  
love...or the absence of it.

---

Most men, are at best, students of history.  
For few, will ever become, makers of history.

---

One knows true anguish, when words  
fail to describe their pain...their tears  
...their heart break.

---

Why in daylight do we not hear the owl,  
the cricket, the howl of the wolf, or  
countless other sounds of the night?  
Perhaps they are weary and sleep  
throughout the light of day, only to wake  
at night and raise their voices, in protest,  
of what they perceive to be,

never ending darkness.

---

Life is the ultimate gamble. In order to receive returns, one must risk the giving of love; the gift of trust, and the nakedness and vulnerability of truth and unguarded emotions.

---

Far to many people in life use one as a trash receptacle, for their personal garbage and emotional problems. Be weary, least you become too full of the trash in life and have little room left for that which could bring you happiness.

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Many, on lifes long path have envisioned dreams of greatness, however, few `dreamers' accomplished that which they aspire to.  
From the beginning, we have been a country of dreamers, and for some, the dream becomes reality. For most, and sadly so, the dreams of which they yearn, is a timeless and conflicting clash with reality, embraced in a refuge in the mind and heart, called hope.

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While it is true the Lord blesses us all, it is also true, that here on earth, He blesses some, more than others.

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Life: mans eternal search to find the meaning of himself and the justification for his existence.

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Lifes true meaning, lies within the interaction of ones fellow human beings.

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The true essence of life can not be measured by material well being, or by social statue, but rather what lies within the heart and conscious of ones self.

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They who are pure of heart, will inherit that which is most sought in human existence.

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Some, like summer breeze, just float through life; while others are destine to constantly attempt to steel themselves against the rage, misfortune and futility of their existence.

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Few can ever realistically enjoy the fruits

of their labor; for they are consumed by the rigorous demands of life.

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For most, the serenity of mind we seek, is far too evasive to be discovered. We are compelled, for the sake of mere survival, to expend all of our energy to merely exist.

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Take great care that you do not follow the legions of lost people; for in their improprieties and in their rejection of the God within them, they have forsaken not only Him but themselves.

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## **Yesterday**

I wish of that of use to be's, and yearn of  
the time that's long gone by; for in the twilight  
of my life, all seems finally clear, for the nearer  
death...the clearer life.

Now surrounded by  
'material things' that I have labored for, I  
have come to realize that in such things,  
everything is nothing-for they are only things.

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## **YOU**

Let my life be filled with the sights,  
the songs of the earth, the joy  
of existence, the comfort of a  
gentle breeze...and you at my side.  
And, I shall need not more.

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## **You ask: Have I Replaced You**

Have I replaced you? Replacing you would be like trying to replace the sun...moon...stars and replacing everything in life that brings a smile to ones face.

Replacing you would remove all that is soft... warm and that which represents love and all that is worthwhile in life.

Replacing you would be akin to replacing the energy that fuels another day. In the darkest of hours, replacing you would remove the light of hope that spurs one on.

Have I replaced you?  
Never...not for all time to come and one day thereafter... if there be such time.

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