

Poetry Series

Chantelle Fazzalori
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Chantelle Fazzalori()

i am an nursing student i have love for poems, books, art, and history
i am an Australian Aboriginal cross Italian most people call me Woggariginal
i fell in love with books at an young age.
i also fell in love with poems last year when i was doing a project on Charlotte
Bronte and Lord Alfred Tennyson.. All and All i really love Art and literature.. xxx

Autumn And Life New Beginnings

Feeling the cool breeze blowing through my hair it guides me to show me my past and future

leaves fall from above leaf by leaf
brown
yellow and maroon
colour by colour the tree shows its feelings

thinking of new beginnings of life
pain
sorrow
happiness
guilt and love this is what is in store
for new life ahead

smelling the falling leaves its damp frequency of slow endings
winter is death itself
with death there must be life a simple message through revolution

swings swinging
trees creaking waiting for life that spring brings laughter of children
kissing of couples and sweet aroma of blossomed flowers

summer is life and death is silence, it is balance of perfect peace and harmony.

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Indian Pacific

Watching the train pass by its passengers smile bright knowing how far the train
will travel through Australian lands

dry grass swoosh in the train's mist
dust fly high in the sky

Broken Hill Silver City station
time is half an hour behind

chug a chug toot toot leaving a trail of dust
chug a chug toot toot through the Australian bush

kangaroos bouncing
emus running
echidnas crawling
kookaburras laughing

emu bushes scratching the side of the train
leaving its signature of the hush Australian outback

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My Special Place

The glistening sun
shining up high in
the bright blue sky

feeling the heat on my skin
the wind swaying through my hair
moving me left to right

i sit on a rock kicking my legs
high and low

'oh my place my special place
through the bush you are my special place'

thou i sit undder mother tree
i hear the branches squeak
as those of force

thought over wealms me os such beauty and grace
green surrounds mother tree
her branches are long
she stands with much posture

mother's leaves falls from above
thou she is beautiful
she her faults

'oh my place my special place
through the bush you are my special place'

wind whistles through mother trees breisles
why'o'why shall i come to such place?

trees that surrounds mother tree
smells as necture it gives me so much pleasure

my place my special place

