

From Me to You



*From Me to You*  
*poetry from scratch*

*Paula Orezi*



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## *Dedication*

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These poems are for those who have words but have no one who will take the time to listen. Take heart, this poetry book will take your thoughts on a new adventure.





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## *A Letter to the Child*

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Dearest child, no one has forgotten the way you breathed when you first entered the world—with your heart beating and a yawn that told the proud parents you had arrived. Your eyes were so big and filled with innocence; who could ever have withdrawn their presence from you? Did you ever think that God would miss this moment?

See, child, love surrounds you, even when you cannot feel it, when you cannot speak it, and when you cannot show it. Do you know that love has you in its very grip and is ready to take you to places that you never been before—but only if you let it?

Little child, why so worried, did you not know that your Creator has a plan for you and that when you step out in faith, He will meet you there? Come and stay humble; be assured that the one above cares. When you cry, life is never going to hand you a tissue—only the wind will dry your tears, but God will wipe the tears away. If such things were not true, then who is God to create a being like you and leave you abandoned? No, child! No! Love is your true companion.

You say that at times you feel betrayed, but we all have been given the slap on the cheek by ones who kiss us on the other cheek. But be okay this day, my child. God sees all and will take care of all.

One day you will say, “I can’t take another day,” but, my dear child, that is life in a nutshell. You are not an island to be isolated from life’s natural disasters. Take a deep breath, and be

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reminded that if we all were to have a Pleasantville experience, life would be a flat land filled with nothing but sand.

Yup, life is work, and it will allow your inner faith to be tested. So rest assured that love will carry you through. Greet life every day with a smile, because life is all about going the extra mile.



## Thou Art My Soul Mate

---

I had a secret soul mate,  
The one whom I wanted to date.  
As he walked by with a smile,  
I thought, *Oh my, does he fit my profile?*  
What sun could shine so bright as he?  
I just knew this was the one for me.  
He was my soul mate in every way.  
In my heart there remained no words to say.  
I said my prayer for our hearts to connect,  
Hoping that it's what God's plan would reflect.  
I wish that I could rush the hands of God.  
To map out a plan such as this, how odd!  
In what ways could I get his attention on me?  
Should I fly a kite to write that we were meant to be?



## *The Poem that Men Can't Handle*

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Why is my heart always broken?  
Why is my man always provoking?  
When deceitful lies come rushing through,  
Will he tell me something outrageous that sounds very cruel?  
Can't there be a way to be real  
Instead of faking the way that he feels?  
What does it take for a man to be a man?  
Is it that he puts up a show just for his fans?  
The truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth!  
He lies and lies, so now my love has been removed.



## *Yours Truly, Desperate*

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Dear God, I once faced decisions that were costly. I realize that my heart is shattered and now crushed beyond all measure. As I go and face the unseen today, I pray that my soul you will keep. I cry and cry, yet my soul seems so dimmed, so far away from you.

Please, Father, do not let the evil one gain power or control over my life. Save me from the pit; save me from the consuming fires of the mess of my life. Turn the smell of my life into a sweet aroma.

Oh, God, I cry out for mercy, for grace, and for forgiveness. I need you, and I can't wait any longer till you show up to save me. Please come and fight this spiritual battle raging for my life.

This day I wait.

Yours truly,

Desperate



## **P.S.**

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I have drowned in my ocean of tears in this relationship, and now I have sunk to the bottom ... no air left to breathe. The hurt has weighed me down so deep.

My heart is delicate and often broken into pieces. No mere human can heal me of my inner wounds, but the one above can do it.

I am more than what you think or make of me. Your doubt of me makes me no less of a person. My interior design is a beautiful heart. And while you failed to listen, you missed out on my heart's deepest cries.

To you, loved one, these thoughts are my personal secrets ...