

## Poetry Series

**R. K. Hart**

**- 15 poems -**

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## **Finding My Love**

She might be the one, who stands outside theatre grand,  
Waiting for the wealthy with ribboned violets in hand.  
Her clothes hand me down from a mother long gone,  
She may be the one to raise my heart to sing its song.

She could be found by rushing stream pounding clothes on washing rocks,  
Or scaling fish surrounded by gulls, boats and docks.  
Her perfume might be that of soap or salt on misty air.  
This fair maid could cause a young man's heart to dare.

She might be daughter to the mistress of the house,  
And his bed the lowly stable with the company of a mouse.  
His love walks by and her sweet perfume of lavender travels on a breeze,  
Breaking the hearts of the stronger men and weakening them at the knee.

She may be the humble maid in a public house on Collins Street,  
Shapely green uniform, moving from room to room so discrete.  
When the day is done she dresses in a red coat.  
And her blonde hair on its collar floats.

She is no doubt among one of this four,  
That has my love one thousand score.  
One stolen kiss caused my being to lift and lips to sing,  
And turned this tradesperson into a warrior king.

Tears inhabit my eyes when pain visits your being,  
But my love desires nothing only to hear you sing.  
And will do so til a last breath leaves my lungs,  
And Lord willing I hear the words, 'Well done'.

R. K. Hart

## **I Met A Man.**

Along the road called Life I met a man today,  
He asked if I were going his way.  
I took a minute and looked him up and down,  
Just to ask myself if he were someone I wanted to be around.

His heart was black with sin,  
There seemed very little if any goodness within.  
The years had etched upon his face,  
And you my friend are failure and disgrace.

Now I noticed him looking back into me,  
I was not going to be allowed to think my thoughts for free.  
He looked at me and read my thought,  
He spoke and this is what he taught.

You my son are me and I am you,  
Your skin brown or your eyes deepest blue.  
Each has choices to make,  
And doors with paths to take.

The more I looked upon this ragged old man,  
The more I understood this was part of God's plan.  
Fair to say a God given plea,  
That I see this old man was me.

[RKH] 2/07/2003

R. K. Hart

## **I Once Had The Body Of A God.**

Now I'm a fat old sod.  
Too many cakes and cream buns,  
Around my fat chair are too many crumbs.

Once with the hair of a star,  
I could have gone far.  
Now the head is bald,  
And the girls' no longer call.

The skin is red and blotchy,  
And my temperament rather crotchety.  
I walk the length of our house,  
And want to sleep like the church mouse.

If you think I'm a cranky man presa,  
You should see me on a bad day!  
I'm down on myself and can't stand my ways,  
The memory of the body beautiful is a haze.

Maybe tomorrow will see me in a better frame,  
My humour may return but not betting just the same.  
I could measure the possibility by chain, perch, or rod,  
But I'll just be the same bald, cranky, blotchy, crotchety old sod.

RKH 29/08/2012 2: 17 PM

R. K. Hart

## **I Will Walk**

I will walk across this wide brown country of mine,  
Its treasures and blessing to find.  
I will shake the hand of my neighbor dark and fair.  
I'll give of my blood as courage bids me dare.

And carry his load with what strength is mine.  
I'll fight for a 'fair go' as together we climb.  
Down dusty track or up mountainous highway  
Our labors this land promises to repay.

I will walk my countries sunlight beaches,  
And discover its beautiful cities in far flung reaches.  
Sydney with her harbor sparkling bright.  
And grand lady Melbourne's Yarra lights by night.

Perth and Adelaide the jewels to the west.  
Beautiful Hobart town welcomes any guest.  
Brisbane the northern city of delight  
Warms the traveler at her sight.

I will march against any enemy that may come.  
A will defeat this enemy and my enemies sons.  
As long as this heart within my chest shall beat,  
I will protect this land that gives me meat.

But when my days on this earth have ticked away  
Buried in her ground I will stay.  
As lands go this is the one that has my love,  
With her cooling rivers, golden beaches, and sunlight above.

R. K. Hart

## **It's the doing that's hard.**

It's not the knowing, it's the doing that's hard.  
It's the first step, not the first yard.  
It's having the strength to do the right thing.  
That's what makes a man a pauper or king.

Whether you sit on a throne or easy chair,  
How do you act on what you know is fair.  
If you act on expedient or true,  
This is the measure of you.

As water takes the easy course,  
Where it meets less force.  
Each of us are given a voice,  
Each one is given a choice.

Standing may mean standing alone,  
As an honest life we hone.  
In no shadow will we stand,  
Small will be the member of our band.

Come let us be found,  
Where truth does abound.  
Where truth is found in the hearts of men,  
Where truth is strength and lies must bend.

Our captain Jesus leads us on,  
As the battles wage He leads our song.  
I may tire and weapons blunt,  
He will always be out in front.

So take the first step to do what's right,  
Doing it in the Saviours might.  
He has promised to show the way,  
It He that knows the content of each day.

R. K. Hart

## **Little Did We Understand**

Little did we understand those things ahead, when my love and I first did meet.  
Of snow white sand and foaming water lapping at our feet.  
And sunny days searching for that treasured shell.  
We roamed the beach, lovers, me and my best pal.

Little did we understand the burning sting of tears.  
And the whimpering cry of the hurt we heard through the years.  
The salty taste of tears as they dropped from eye to lip,  
And the stain they leave as on to the cheek they slip.

We won't forget the sunsets deep orange and bright.  
How they hung upon the horizon, and then dramatically fell from sight.  
We would look into the starry host with love in our eye,  
And watch the multitude as they danced in the sky.

Little did we understand the workings of a child,  
Consequently mistake upon mistake we piled.  
But it must be said we did some things right,  
We have four wondrous babes of great delight.

The Lord could take me home this night,  
To His kingdoms palace bright.  
My understanding is still painfully short,  
But I'll be able to tell Him of my love for you as I report.

[ RKH 2003 ]

R. K. Hart

## Prayer On The Valley Road

I love to walk by the willows along the valley road,  
Just before sparkling stars fade and night turns to dawn.  
When nocturnal creatures return to their homes,  
Lazy mist lifts from the stream and birds greet the morn.

This is where I spend time with my Lord,  
Moreover, Addoni is there for me.  
I have no wish to be elsewhere,  
We speak of loves, losses and glee.

Cities that explode and cities that burn.  
We speak of men who are at war.  
We speak of loving wives and children,  
Moreover, governments whom we implore.

Down a track, that sees a dying moon,  
We speak of worldly concerns.  
Beautiful creations even the amazing,  
He waits for my prayers for our soldiers safe return.

El Shaddi hears me say, 'My child is ill',  
And answers, I walk before you upon this track.  
As I do, My Spirit is holding your dear child,  
Moreover, in my time you will see her back.

So my beloved one I hear His voice,  
I'm about to bring light to your day.  
You have asked much of me this morn,  
I love you; but my answer maybe, 'Nay'.

So He and I will track this day together as I plow and sow,  
Love both neighbors and those under my roof.  
Being a testimony that honors my Lord,  
Being for Him a living proof.

R. K. Hart

## River Girl

I was walking by the river one day,  
When I saw a young girl throw something away.  
She removed it from her hand,  
Then with her foot stamped it into snow white sand.

I stood little chance curiosity got the best me,  
And I was driven to go see.  
What was it she removed from her hand?  
A little sifting found a beautiful golden band.

She had left the river and headed toward the bridge,  
Walking with fury and tears along path and ridge.  
It struck me that broken hearted the lass may take her life.  
She wanted nothing but to be some man's wife.

I removed myself at pace, and with shrubbery collide.  
It mattered little I was desperate to get to her side.  
Rushing toward her what would I say?  
As I struggled toward her, felt as though I had feet of clay.

She stood at the bridges middle peering into the fall.  
Her head sprung around when she heard my call.  
She stepped closer toward bridges edge.  
I walked slowly yet steadily talking to distract from the ledge.

I was sure she was willing to see her thoughts error,  
That there were those who would be her carer.  
Then as I reached out for her hand  
She carried out her senseless plan.

She had decided to leap into the cold sinister darkness.  
Away from any possibility of loving caress.  
One had hurt her it is true indeed,  
But many other in her circle had a different creed.

I collapsed to my knees in anguish and tears.  
She had done the worst of my fears.  
The life we have is the greatest gift.  
To live with fervor and without rift.

R. K. Hart

## **Samuel Silly Susage**

Come with me down to shady Bottlebrush Way,  
Off Cuddly Koala Avenue one bright sunny day.  
There's someone I'd very much like you to meet,  
My friend Samuel Silly Sausage with two left feet.

Samuel Silly Sausage is a funny little man.  
He caught an elephant fish and cooked it in a seaweed pan.  
His mother put the fish on a big china dish,  
And he smothered it in jam, which was his wish.

Samuel Silly Sausage is a funny little man.  
He built a castle made of lovely white sand.  
He took the castle and placed it on a slice of bread.  
Then walked around with the bread and castle on his head.

Samuel Silly Sausage is a funny little man,  
He holds his hair in a rubber band.  
He sits in his kitchen eating chocolate and tripe.  
With pork chop apples, not quite ripe.

Samuel Silly Sausage is a funny little man.  
He wears a pineapple ring on his hand.  
Sometimes he wears a big red sock on his ear,  
Mostly when he walks by the sea, along the pier.

Now Samuel Silly Sausage does funny things, it's true,  
But he'll be a good and honest friend to you.  
Who cares if he's a silly sausage from time to time?  
He's still a very good friend of mine.

[ RKH 2003-03-05 ]

R. K. Hart

## **Strength in Sorrow [Mary]**

Come look at me if you please, a woman honored by all.  
To show great strength in sorrow was her call.  
From a humble village she came, much bereft.  
Nathanael said, "Can anything good come from Nazareth"?

Sacred record states, Mary of the tribe Judah, line of David, indeed proud history.  
Her first child was the stable born Savior, of that there is no mystery.  
The crown of faith was hers before the child.  
This is a woman of joy, unselfish, Mary gentle and mild.

Manifold ugly sword piercing to be hers.  
As her son willingly dealt with His life's burrs.  
Greatest of these would be Golgotha's cross, and his tomb.  
Could she have been spared the suffering of the son of her womb?

The last glimpse of Mary is a victorious one.  
She is in the upper room where she sees her Son.  
Here was the son she so much adored.  
Jesus had conquered sin and would live evermore.

Bitter may have been part of her lot, but not the sum.  
There was pain, it's true, but there was the joy of her Son.  
She shared in His victory, as we all do.  
What we learn, set your vision on Jesus alone and He will see you through.

{ RKH 2003 }

R. K. Hart

## **The Cast Iron Kettle**

My old dad had many stories he loved to tell.  
As a child these stories held me in their spell.  
Mostly they contained a corrugated shearing shed,  
Or a boxing contest with shots to the head.

My favorite story I share with you  
Now I cannot say it will all be true.  
But where facts fail I will not cry.  
I'll simply exaggerate or straight out lie.

One very dark and stormy night when lighting flashed,  
My dad the shearers cook heard angry voices next door so in he dashed.  
In the room were husband and wife.  
They were going toe to toe till she was in strife.

Valiantly Dad told them the error of their way  
Something he was going to regret that day.  
He pulled the man away from the woman with a mighty yank.  
And laid a hook on him that sent him temporarily blank.

He then turned around expecting a smile of thanks from across the room,  
When something large flew passed his eyes with a zoom.  
This blackened figure hit the rusting tin wall with a crash.  
And the hiss of hot water around Dad did splash.

There at his feet a cast iron kettle lay,  
His head sprung up with a look of dismay.  
She had snatched the kettle from it's resting place on the stove,  
And toward my dad's head she drove.

Then she looked at my old Dad with a smile of satisfaction  
Content she had dealt with the intruder with this action.  
Dad just stood there in cooks apron and shorts with a face of red.  
She continued her smile and showed but three blacken teeth in her head.

Today ol Dad has passed away.  
But I'll tell you one thing he always used to say.  
When it comes to siding with husband or wife.  
Side with neither, and stay out of others families strife.

R. K. Hart

## **The Tulip and The Wattle**

She played among chocolate and silver walls,  
Her music was the kookaburra's calls.  
He played among walls wool and wheat,  
Where the Riverina grass is sweet.

She had come from a far land,  
With beautiful tulips and windmills grand.  
There was her land and its majestic history.  
Which to him was a mystery.

Of mighty ships gallant and tall,  
In them heroic men answering histories call.  
A land with inherent dangers,  
Where flooding waters are not strangers.

Their ships with wind filled sails,  
Crossed the seas in storm and gale.  
Sailing much of the seven seas,  
To gain wealth and majesties please.

He's was a land of tall dry grass,  
Where kangaroos graze, and Emus pass.  
Of rusting iron and shearing sheds,  
Moreover, men with sweat stained hats upon their heads.

Where the wind plays among the reddy dust,  
In addition, scarce water holes with arid crust.  
A land of cloudless skies,  
In addition, endless times of nothing but dry.

However, their love would conquer all of this,  
Come hell or high water they would have their bliss.  
They would see their children come of age,  
And watch them open their own lives page.

He labored hard for years and days,  
For he loved her in so many ways.  
She would nurse him through illness long,  
Her voice to him was a song.

The tulip and the wattle yellow,  
Beautiful young woman and fortunate fellow.  
They would live and die together,  
In this land of the Never Never.

R. K. Hart

## **When..**

When the last sparkle has left the final star,  
When the last rock has turned to sand,  
I will still have a vision of you and I,  
As we walk hand in hand.

When the last minutes of the eleventh hour fade away,  
When the last ray comes from the sun,  
I will have remembrance of songs we sang,  
I'll remember when we became one.

When the last juice comes from the last grape,  
When the last cloud comes gently across the sky,  
I'll see your golden hair,  
I'll still be lost in the deep blue of your eyes.

When the last petal drifts from the last rose,  
When the last note of the last song fades,  
I'll be listening for the sound of your voice,  
You'll still surprise me with your love in all its shades.

RKH 2012

R. K. Hart

## **Wise Men Say.**

There are things to search for in your days.  
There are things to hunt down to correct our ways  
Attributes that make us better men.  
Better men for both our wives and children.

One such thing I have found a difficult item to trace.  
I have searched mountain high and valley low for grace.  
Grace is a difficult thing to grasp.  
When I think I have a hold it slips away and laughs.

Wisdom is another I have searched for in vain.  
It seems to be mine, visits for moment then dissipates without my claim.  
I hear wise words spoken even from my lips.  
Then foolish words from the same mouth slip.

Wiser men believe the perfect flower on its leafy perch,  
Is also worth man's time and life long search.  
They say to give your life is no waste,  
To find the perfect blossom beautiful and chaste.

Grace often laughs at me and goes her way,  
And wisdom says she just may visit another day.  
Minus grace and wisdom my life offers clouds dark and threatening.  
But also has given me clouds wispy white and loving.

I have succeeded in finding that perfect flora,  
It was as a beautiful gentle bud when I first saw.  
Now the years have moved on to four score,  
She has blossomed into love measured from mountain top to ocean floor.

R. K. Hart

## **You and I Entwined**

Sun will shed it's light on the day,  
Casting shadows on its way.  
But it must set as told by the hour,  
Enter the moons romance shower.

The flowering Gum for a moment displays,  
Then fades and dies like summer days.  
Like the sweetness of loves first kiss  
Sadly fading one of life's cruel twists.

The shimmering lake can evaporate and die,  
Cooling water carried to the sky.  
As the love filled heart can shrivel and pass away,  
The sweetest, most enduring love has but feet of clay.

But this in closing I have to say,  
My love will never fade at end of day.  
Should my lungs take their last breath,  
You and I entwined for eternity, well past my death

R. K. Hart