

Poetry Series

R. K. Hart
- poems -

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R. K. Hart()

I wouldn't call myself a poet artist. I write more as a tradesman poet. trying to create something that brings bring a little joy to the hearts of others and achievement for myself.

A Fathers Words To His Child.

Children are the gentle breezes for which parents plea.
They come they play around us then they flee.
We would hold them to our breast,
Protecting against all of life's dreadful tests.

You teach and doggedly hold.
But the day must come when they break from the mold.
With resounding break of a parental heart.
They step away, a life of their own to start.

I watched a beautiful young woman as she stepped the isle.
With maids surrounding she flashes her parents a comforting smile.
Where is the tomboy, who bowled the boys out?
And where is our back yards loudest shout.

God gives such gifts to unworthy types like me,
Here is my wealth, this is my treasury.
Even though she resides within another man's walls,
There's a part of me that remembers the mischievous calls.

My baby has grown into a woman of great strength, for sure.
And has a man that adores her, what's more.
She faces life's challenges with a tigress's might.
Amazing to watch this fearsome sight.

From porcelain doll with features so fine
To beautiful warrior princess in such a short space of time.
But remember should God give me the wisdom to listen,
I have a broad shoulder when a tear upon cheek should glisten.

So my blessing, my love, and many hours of prayer, are given to you.
Pass your battles to Jesus and He will see you through.
May days a soft breezes, gentle sunlight, and summer flowers,
Along with sweet family laughter, encompass your waking hours.

R. K. Hart

A Rose

Roses come into our lives then fade a die,
Some yellow others red as a summer's sky.
There are other roses that enter ones life,
Grand Children, husbands or a wife.

Family form for us a bed of roses,
Long past the last breath and a life closes.
You are for us and always will be,
A sweet smelling beautiful rose to Granny and me.

Dear one live not by the sword,
Live not by a weapon but honour your Lord.
Be for your Lord the glint in His eye,
And the perfume we take in as we walk by.

R. K. Hart

As Morning Mist

As morning mist clings to the valley floor,
I hold fast to the one I adore.
As the morning sun shine so very bright,
So is my smile when you are within my sight.

As a foggy morn lazily drapes over western plain,
Seeing you causes any wisdom to be slain.
As refreshing rain brings life to the ground,
So you give life as wisdom you expound.

Dark clouds gather when moody seas threaten,
You are my silver lining against darkness's weapon.
New born pink blossoms blanket the spring tree,
You are my loves home, my fortress, and my marquee.

R.K. Hart 6/11/2013

R. K. Hart

Benjamin

The Beloved of God.

God loved this man with His love sweet and gentle.
Benjamin showed courage monumental.
Grief struck at his stout heart.
He was the picture integrity, in whole not part.

God's love for Benjamin was so immense it would not hide.
So Jehovah created from Benjamin, an important tribe.
There are some members stated here below.
Ehud, and Saul, to name some you know.

On her death bed Rachel named him 'son of sorrow'.
For Rachel knew she would not delight in his tomorrow.
But Jacob his father would not have his son named so grim,
And determined his son would be called Benjamin.

When Israel conquered Canaan, the diadem,
Benjamin was given the jewel called Jerusalem.
This city grand would belong to the smallest tribe of all.
And with God's blessing the diminutive would stand tall.

Remember the story of Joseph the Egyptian slave?
How by God's grace he was both wise and brave.
And the love he showed his younger brother.
Well that little brother was Benjamin, none other.

So here we have a story of tears, joy, and mystery grand.
One that may have been blown away in the desert sand.
But God would allow it to be so.
Because it is about your name sake, you know.

[RKH 2003]

R. K. Hart

Blacken History

Blackened bark striping from the silver tree,
Leaves that are green glisten with dew in the canopy.
Shadows creep across the grey dusty track,
Multiple hues of green frame it from front to back.

A blue grey fence secluded amongst the protective saplings,
A gate hangs precariously by hinges with screws that have lost their cling.
Over grown paths lead around the block,
About the two bed home, broken panes by rock.

Olden photos strewn about a dank lounge room,
Ladies in dresses fancy and men in suits standing with their groom.
Parasols dotted here and there,
Neck to knee bathers sitting in deck chairs.

All of this a picture of times gone by and people of greater grace,
When all knew what was accepted and their place.
Men worked long hours in deep mine or clerking place,
Creating home for spouse and children with cherubim face.

There were both good and great about these days,
Along with wrong and worse in all its ways.
No one era has all that is good or bad,
All that is right and wrong, happy or sad.

The wise would take the stability of yester year,
And leave behind its cruelties with a cheer.
Let us keep the humanities of today that was lacking,
And dispense with today's celebrity seeking.

Imagine with me if we were to keep that that is the best,
And remove the poison, ugly and care for all transgressed.
Let us return to the book of the saints as a master plan,
Back to the book the Bereans read and had at hand.

So as my discourse comes to its inevitable end,
Dear friend fight the good fight and right defend.
And where there stands memories of another time,
Keep these things for our descendants yours and mine.

R. K. Hart 25/10/12

R. K. Hart

Bugles Last Post.

I hear the sound of the bugles last post,
And in minds eye hear wars ghosts.
From muddy trenches body strewn,
Men scream, their strong bodies hewn.

I see muddy lagoons of slush and blood,
Men cast back forehead hit by snipers thud.
A photo clings bravely to a trench wall,
A family smile, he won't see a babe crawl.

I hear the wail of the bugles last post cry,
From stretches come screams then last sighs.
Hospital ships off shore at anchor await,
Brave soldiers dying while generals' debate.

Muddy bloody inches won and yards lost,
We ask ourselves how great the cost.
Not a carpet of men between trenches lie,
Strongmen from each side collapse and cry.

The bugle has sounded for me a last time,
I'm leaving the mud the slush and grime.
Now I'm trading the myriad fears of war,
For her lips, soft hands and a love I adore.

Ray K. Hart 7/5/2015

R. K. Hart

Bull Dust

He sat in mist of the smoke laden bar,
Well away from where the barmaid keeps swear jar.
His battered hat sweat stained and torn,
Some say he'd had it since born.

He told many a story that he had ventured,
Where he was as a young man indentured.
He says it was to the Kelly gang of bushrangers,
The bar thought he and the Kelly's were strangers.

A few more glasses of the golden ale,
And he'd get even more wind in his sail.
Australia years ago won the Americas cup,
To hear him he caused the wind to blow up.

The towns' people considered him harmless,
No one considered him putting them under duress.
So to his seat he remains rusted,
If he were boat, he'd be barnacle encrusted.

R. K. Hart

But Half A Man

When illness ravages the body,
And skin glistens so damply.
When blotchy is his countenance,
Pity is the result of his semblance.

As his body determines to be out of control,
And normality is nothing more than a pinhole.
These are times before drugs kick in,
Pain barely surmountable causes chagrin.

This moment I see unquestioning love,
His comfort attains restful harmonic octave.
Undeserving you spend your self,
Generosity and grace your abounding wealth.

He can but a scintilla repay what is owed,
You insist on showing love that only to be followed.
Love that makes half a man a king,
With a heart that like 1000 choirs sing.

So his queen of hearts,
Your half man will gradually depart.
As the half man has lesser control,
He loved but grew to love you more than whole.

R. K. Hart 8/11/2012

R. K. Hart

City Of Refuge

There stand six cities within the land,
There they stand for the fleeing man.
The man rejoices upon the city of such,
Much relieved to have its walls in touch.

His crime is one accidental and unavoidable,
Avenging kinsmen to publish rendered unable.
To the cities wall built upon a mount,
Fleeing man once within the gates gives account.

The cities gates were never ever closed,
No time or day, so the fleeing maybe enclosed.
Their words are heard by the wise within,
Protection given to the innocent from angry kin.]

Should he be a murderer of the innocent with intent,
To the avenging kinsmen he was sent.
But accidental manslayer protection of city walls,
Far from the avengers blade or murderous brawls.

Great sin upon my back to my refuge I plead,
Upon my knees forgiveness, I asked of my deed.
Christ my Savoir is my refuge city,
By His blood upon me He casts His pity.

R. K. Hart

Cradled In His Love

When the world throws at me it's wretched darts,
And the world tears at the soft under belly of my heart.
And all communication seems rendered from above,
I'm reminded of the saying, Cradled in his love.

For you see in deed tis true,
Cling tightly fellow traveler, this phrase will see you through.
When each day is as darkest night,
This phrase will remind of the Savors loving light.

Cradled in His love, wonderful place to be,
My body maybe racked with illness yet I am free.
Bars may hold me in my place; my only light comes from God above.
Waves may be hurling me about, still I'm cradled in His love.

Much I have done as I have trod this earth,
Much of some value, some of little worth.
As I would mourn the "little worth", I see a sweet white dove,
That reminds the, "Son you are cradled in my love".

Just as the Savior His end could see,
Was cradled in His love, the same can be said of me.
Before Pilate, and held cold steel upon the cruel cross.
Cradled in His father's love, none could be lost.

When storms do rage and blow,
There is but one thing I know.
I may at times lose my grip on Him, but of this be assured,
I am always in His heart, I'm always adored.

My sin may cause Him to turn His head, to close His eyes,
However, once cradled in His love, sin cannot break loves ties.
Truth be said, before I was counted as one of his flock,
Upon a black heart, He did knock.

Asking to come in and abide was His simple plea,
His gift would set me from sin totally free.
Today I'm bond slave am I, tis true,
A servant cradled in His love, dear friend I would desire the same for you.

R. K. Hart 2000-12.

R. K. Hart

Dreams And Desires

We once had so many desires and dreams,
In our youth, we had such plans and schemes.
Schemes, plans, and dreams not so grand,
Just the simplest walks on moonlight sand.

A home in the ranch style simple and long,
Where love can be nurtured to grow strong.
Where tears can be kissed and kissed away,
Moreover, joyful days come out to play.

Holidays, picking up work where we are able,
Picking fruit or painting a gable.
Seeing the sights of country and city,
Experiencing the beauty and the gritty.

But dark clouds of age and health now surround,
And drums of minimal wealth and ability sound.
Dreams and aspirations maybe a thing of the past,
You maybe sure my love for you will grow and last.

R. K. Hart 24/3/2013

R. K. Hart

Emma

Tiny little one in her cot asleep,
One just cannot resist a peep.
Sounds of gentle giggles from sweet lips,
From which a blue bird might sip.

Then comes those sunny days,
Days in a garden where a toddler plays.
A cubby where tea is served in plastic cups,
Guests include Mum, Dad and Molly the pup.

Now who is this womanly picture I see,
A picture of femininity in greatest purity.
Causing those that love her to brim with pride,
All achieved as in the Lord her God she abides.

Emma remember in all your days,
Our love is above fine gold we appraise.
No matter which path you may travel,
God's love, our love will never unravel.

R. K. Hart.4/10/2013

R. K. Hart

Evelyn

Meaning.....Hazelnut.

Orign.....English.

HebrewLife

Form of....Aveline

Scripture...Proverbs 31-10.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

Mum and I remember always our sweetheart,
We have a love for her that never departs.
Her name means in Hebrew life,
And that she is as mother and wife.

You entered our lives with a gentle light,
You have become a woman gentle and polite.
A nest you have created for those of yours,
You have nursed their illnesses and sores.

As a child you nursed your poor sick Dad.
With his pretend sickness, so bad.
You wrapped and bandaged where it hurt,
And may have made a poultice of dirt and grass.

You married a man whose heart is the Lords,
As a pair created a nest worthy of rewards.
The quality of any couple depends on the pairing,
You have created a life well worth the sharing.

I have no you'll continue to follow under Jesus direction,
And make the scriptures be your map when recollection.
You are already a woman with virtuosity,
Hold fast to it, culture it with ferocity.

R. K. Hart

Evening Fire Courage

In the evening of our lives when we sit by the hearth,
When we are within most of life's aftermath.
As the glow of burning fiery logs play in your hair,
It is here I say those things only lovers dare.

Things that still make an old man's face redden,
Stealing a kiss against a young man's body leaden.
Only to gain courage from where there was desert,
Courage from the courage less making the convert.

Perspiring hands may have slipped around your waist,
Feeling so belonging, yet against refusal braced,
A finger maps your face touching your lips,
Watching, as eyes close down like a solar eclipse.

Fireside evenings jar memories from years long past,
They lay under us like a beautiful tapestry wide and vast.
Memories are our lives marbled carved pillars,
You are like a Grecian queen well befitting a Grecian villa.

21/10/2013

R. K. Hart

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 downs 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

He

He can open the petal of the dark red rose.
And bring it's sweet scent to my nose.
He can teach a spider to spin its intricate web.
And grow a glorious flower in its dark soiled bed.

He took the rock and added pressure from his hand,
And dressed the beach with its sun golden sand.
He arrayed in glorious feathers, the mighty eagle.
And fitted the monarch of the sky, in manner regal.

He taught the waves to lap the sandy beach,
And placed the snowy clouds just out of reach.
He placed the blue in my loves eyes.
And positioned the sun and moon in the sky.

With these wondrous thoughts in mind.
To my Heavenly Father I would be entwined.
I put my trust in Him, my sufficiency.
I wonder why He would have me as His emissary.

R. K. Hart

He Appears Among The Clouds.

The trumpets have gloriously sounded,
From this scene, evil has been hounded.
Nay, wondrously and assuredly defeated,
Satan has failed and punishment meted.

There He stands robed in gowns of white,
There lays lion and lamb a beautiful sight.
God appears and every eye does see,
Filling the hearts of saints with unbridled glee.

Midst seven candlesticks is the Son of man,
In armour with golden girdle in glory He stands.
Every hair on His head is as wool pure white,
His eyes are like a fire flame a fearsome sight.

He holds in His hands stars seven,
Speaking to 7 churches words from heaven.
His voice a sharp two-edged sword,
Power and might in each and every cord.

To look at the Son is to look upon the sun,
See Him and surrender at the feet of the Holy one.
He is Jesus my Lord of the resurrection,
This He did because of His wondrous affection.

So dear one may I ask are you ready,
Is your salvation solid or unsteady.
Accept no salvation less than Christ,
Freely given this salvation cannot be priced.

R. K. Hart

He Rides The Dog Fence.

He Rides The Dog Fence.

He rides the dog fence a top his red grey horse,
Checking for damage, camels, sand, and wild dogs the source.
He rides for hundreds of red miles of the Australian outback,
Dust blown storms have come and passed covering all sign of the track.

He carries out his duties with all excellence,
Nevertheless, evening comes he sleeps beside the same dog fence.
Billy tea, damper and rabbit stew this is his evening meal,
He dunks the damper at journeys end because the crust is like steel.

After his meal comes the hour that makes the early hours drag,
When he takes from his saddlebag a book wrapped in an old flag.
The book he found weather beaten against the fence,
Till that time he'd heard of the book as one of common sense.

Now this weather beaten book meant so much more,
For Timothy had told him that these were words Jehovah did score.
Paul had said, all have sinned and of the glory of God come short,
Fear not that the gift of God is eternal life, this a sinner's passport.

He discovered as he rode the reddish ground,
That ones name in the book of life must be found.
Jesus the Lamb has a book named after him,
Not taken Him as Savior, then your name is not within.

So having read the weather beaten pages,
The fence rider made the decision made through the ages.
Seeing 'the world' meant that God loved him and into His hands he was won,
For God so loved me he gave his only begotten Son.

23/1/2013

R. K. Hart

Heavens Rewarding Crowns

Imagine wearing one or more of heavens crowns,
Makes one think in quizzical frowns.
Unbelievable, impossible, how could it be,
That a crown should be gifted to such as me.

Imperishable, for those who run life's race,
Those who fail not their Lord of grace.
Awards given here on earth will fade and decay,
Heavens Crown of Faith ever bright fades not away.

We Christians have so much in which to rejoice,
Blessings we have in heaps should cause joyous voice.
This crown given to those who rejoice in the Lord,
To those who rejoice heavens inhabitants applaud.

Next a Crown of righteousness is a hard one to earn,
And yet one for which we greatly yearn.
For thought and prayer life, obedience and love,
This Crown Righteousness is earned from heaven above.

A Crown of glory will be given the feeder of the flock,
Called to feed any flock, just obey the Spirits knock.
Be a pastor, be teacher and do the shepherding wonderfully,
A Crown of Glory awaits bejeweled for the trustworthy.

The Crown of life is awarded to the man who endures temptations,
Endure the trials of life, the devils darts and his tribulations.
This crown is given only to those who have suffered,
To those who have survived after being buffeted.

So Christian hear my word,
And about your self Gods armor gird.
Moreover, when you do walk in with Christ in accord,
And a crown you will receive from your Lord.

R. K. Hart

Her Beauty

She sweeps by and her beauty causes angels to cry,
In addition, the Cherubim release a gentle sigh.
Mere men melt like an asphalt road,
On hot days when men are near to explode.

Her beauty, likened to a window of stained glass,
Her nature is beyond reproach and that of pure class.
She is as fine as a sunrise, more beautiful than a sunset,
As cool as a gentle breeze and many more are her assets.

Her voice is music and the singer's song,
The sound of heavens harps and earths bird song.
She sings and manly men do her bidding,
For her, men would both break and be law abiding.

How in truth to explain the wonder of her beauty and seize,
Perhaps with golden autumns from mighty oak trees.
A few descriptions of what I see when I think of my sweet,
Visions of my heart whose love is laid at your feet.

R. K. Hart

R. K. Hart

Her Song

I hear her singing hymn or secular,
Phantom to Mighty Fortress in particular.
All stops to take her in,
I'm captured by own warming grin.

Vases of flowers lean toward her song,
Brooks envy her melody day and night long.
Birds carol outside her door,
Lost in rapture their hearts soar.

Clouds cease their wandering across the blue,
To take in the wonder that is you.
Each note you sing resembles the artist touch,
As he brings to life a Mona Lisa or such.

Crickets hard to find, stop their noisy throng,
Intent to take in an Angel's song.
Fortunate is the husband whose heart does swell,
For when he hears her notes they lift him from his hell.

R.K. Hart 10/7/2013

R. K. Hart

His Creation

The gentle black and purple butterfly,
She dries her wings before taking to the skies.
Of great beauty, her life is one so short,
Mammoth to Swallowtail her majesty holds court.

With its wide, proud strong chest,
Gracefully she stands against a harness pressed.
Horse has been the greatest servant of humankind,
This enchanting creature muscles greatly defined.

She stands amid forest dark and shade,
Flight her first thought when comes a raid.
Her stage a forest, she leaps, as would a ballerina,
With grace, the deer dances in her wooded arena.

With majesty he sits shaded by Serengeti grass,
The air he breaths takes in his meal and their last.
He is their his prides valiant, bloodied protector,
Lion roams his hinterland deflecting the interjector.

His breezes draw patterns across the tall grasses,
Cooling all men, it brings comfort to all classes.
The gracious God Of heaven created all,
Our Lord of all created beauty large and small.

R. K. Hart

His Kingdom He Storks

He storks his kingdom having been released,
Watching over his human feast.
The every day man who knew it all,
Who said, I'll make the call.

Sulphur burns creating it's fowl stink,
Forever now he and this place are linked.
The every day man made his choice,
Now he hears many a man's whaling voice.

Screams come from this bottomless pit,
Tell my loves not to come here, use wit.
Take a message if you would to my friends,
Come not where fire and screams never ends.

His demons scream from the bowels of the pit,
Where there is no sleep, no rest in it.
This kingdom where there is no praise,
It's inhabitants hear no joy all their days.

Unsaved into the underworld,
Rich or poor into this world are hurled.
But those in the book of life found,
Enter into paradise where worship abounds.

R. K. Hart

His Tears

He stands bent over, his face in painful twist,
So easy to mend and yet he has this painful cyst.
Friends no longer came by his way,
Slowly one by one they began to stray.

His tears were for the things unsaid he failed,
He felt as though each word unsaid was to his heart impaled.
To his wife, daughter, son words of love and encouragement,
His tears spoke loudly of his greatest lament.

Many times, he asked himself why these words were not spoken,
Why had he not pasted on this simply easy token.
Was it so difficult to part his lips and put words to his voice;
Perhaps its pride or perhaps just plain choice.□

Now he stands on craggy edge looking to a troubled sea,
His heart begs his mind with remorseful plea.
Speak before time ebbs away, and your heart does breach.
Moreover, your loved ones are no longer there to reach.

R. K. Hart 11/12/2012

R. K. Hart

How Much Do I Need You

How Much Do I Need You.

How much do I need you?
As much as a sky needs to be blue.
Why would I need you?
Without you, my heart beats untrue.

A valley needs the scent of flower,
Here I lay for many an hour.
Like the body needs air,
I need you with your hair so fair.

As the heart needs the blood of life,
So I must have you as my beloved wife.
The ocean must have a sandy shore,
I must have you to love and adore.

As a warrior greatly needs a fort,
Without you, life would come to naught.
Without you my existence would be nil,
But I will hold you fast, should God will.

Ray K. Hart 17/10/2015

R. K. Hart

I Spoke

I spoke to the stream about the soft blue of your eyes,
After many a try to copy she failed and cried.
I told the harvest about the colour of your golden hair,
It tried to mimic a beauty beyond compare.

I told the hills the shape of your figure,
A great jealousy I did trigger.
I mentioned to the birds the sound of our voice in song,
They tried to sing as you do til they were horse.

I mentioned your smile to a golden sun,
He put in a good effort but failed by a great sum.
I spoke to the clouds pure and white of your charity,
They tried to love as you do without parity.

R. K. Hart

I Am

I asked him to give me his name,
He replied with a simple, 'I am'.
Again I asked with a little impatience,
He who is grace noticed my being tense.

Again, I asked Him to give me His name,
He again answered just with the same.
However, ignorance overflowed this conversation,
My foolishness caused me great perspiration.

Via a book called Biblos containing a sword,
He explained that He was the creator Lord.
Who had but one glorious son,
Whose love for mankind could not be out done.

I accepted the gifted offered to me,
This gift that from my sin, set me free.
But can I know Him in full whilst on this blue orb?
Still He offers saving faith the wise will absorb.

He owns the cattle one a thousand hills,
He could have mentioned other skills.
He has set up governments and kings,
He created birds that grace the sky and sing.

He saw my struggle to comprehend,
He said, 'I cause the sun to shine and rivers to wend'.
He said to me in a still small voice,
'I have my will but I Am gives man his choice'.

Then He spoke of the darkest days,
A scene captured by artists in many a way.
A day I Am gave His only son to a sinful self,
Sins snow washed, I am showed me heaven's wealth.

So beloved of I Am confess your need of Him,
Cause angels to sing at the death of your darkest sin,
Be with He who will reign from a heavenly throne,
With the I am whose grace supplies a heavenly home.

R. K. Hart

I Have A Brother

I have a brother; yes, I have a brother,
Who loves me likes no other.
He cares enough to take my place,
His blood washes away my sin without a trace.

He says, "I am the bread of life...", never again spiritual hunger,
Never again spiritual hunger and thirst, oh such a wonder.
My brother would meet all my needs,
And remove all my sinful weeds.

He says, "I am the light of the world..." full, wondrous sight,
On this worlds darkness he shines a blazing light.
Believe and never walk in darkness again,
Rejoice in the Lord always and walk on truths plain.

He says, "I am the gate; whoever enters through me will be saved".
Through my brother Jesus, my journey to heaven is paved.
Goodness and mercy all the days of my life, will be,
We will dwell in the house of ever, a wondrous gift, given free.

He says, "I am the good shepherd" his life is given for his sheep.
Against thieves and wild animals, the fold gate is where he sleeps.
He is no hireling; he sincerely accepts responsibility for his sheep,
To lose one of His would cause this shepherd darkest grief.

He says, "I am the door to the sheepfold,
If you would harm my sheep you would be bold".
He loves all but adores those who belong to him,
Those who have asked for the forgiveness of sin.

He says, "I am the way, the truth and the life
Wonderful assurance when the devils darts are rife.
It is a wonderful thing, wonderful assurance,
To know we have him, and there be no chance.

He says, "I am the vine, you are the branches",
Abide in me, He states and life has no chances.
I will bear much fruit, He promises me,
Glorious thing, I will do the work of the saintly.

Wonder of wonders the Son of God is a brother of mine,
The brother who threw all dark storms is genuine.
My brother gave Himself to save me,
And begs me to come to him and from sin flee.

R. K. Hart

I Hear Love

I hear our love above a volcano's fiery roar,
I see our love above the eagle's lofty soar.
I feel our love above mighty earthquakes temper,
I knew our love from dusty far.

Loves song has a purity of voice,
Love of this type is a cause to rejoice.
Loves truth stands dressed in purity,
Love with it gives a lover security.
Love is like a friend in the distance,
Love demands recognition with persistence.

Thank you for a love frail, yet so wondrous,
Thank you for a love so gentle yet thunderous.
Thank you for a love much like a soothing friend,
Thank you Love, have no doubt our love I will defend.

27/10/2013

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 Want To Be There

I want to be there
Maybe I will be there, and it's possible I won't.
But I so dearly want it to be,
When you climb upon your first chair.

I want to be there,
When off to school you first go.
But so dearly I want it to be,
When Mummy say, 'Now take care'.

I want to be there,
When you bring that first boy home to Dad.
I so dearly want it to be,
And you dance off into night air.

I want to be there,
When the spirit speaks to your heart.
When Jesus enters and comes into your life.
When the angels of heaven sing so fair.

I want to be there,
When down the isle you walk.
And new lives you begin,
With the one to whom you love and care.

I want to be there,
But should it not be,
One thing will be said
And correct me, no one would dare.

I was there,
When a whole church you charmed
Yes you swept their daily concerns away.
Yes, I was there to see you dedicated, Granddaughters fair.
R. k. Hart 2009

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

Jesse

Meaning Jehovah Exists or Firm.

The son of Obed and father of David, grandson of Boaz and Ruth, and an ancestor of Christ [Ruth 4: 17,12].

Jesse had eight sons and two daughters by different wives [1 Sam.17: 12-14,25].

Isaiah speaks of "the stock of Jesse," a phrase indicating from Jesse the Messiah would come.

The humble descent of the Messiah is contrasted with the glorious kingdom He is to have [Isa 11: 1].

Angelic one our beautiful son,
Jehovah knew you from day one.
He knew the whole of your tale,
Every inch of you and every breath you exhale.

What might you have achieved in your earthly life?
No doubt children and a loving wife!
Perhaps a Doctor, a Lawyer, or Electrician,
A Carpenter, Pastor, or Mathematician.

He has taken you to dwell by His throne,
Safer, more protected you call heaven home.
Bathsheba's child left his parents while so very young,
David knew he would eventually walk by his son.

As your Gran and Pa we would have enjoyed a snuggle,
Or the warmth of your precious cuddle.
How we would have loved just one,
We will not here, but when we gather with the Heavenly Son.

So as you worship the King of kings,
Around whom the Harper sings.
Watch for your family who love you Jesse,
Accepted our good Gods gift, we'll be there your face to caress.

RKH 2010-04-28 [reworked]

R. K. Hart

Let Go And Let God.

A man stands his fist is clenched,
From it, nought will be wrenched.
He refuses to allow a graceful God to resolve,
His hurts and problems are his to solve.

When worldly concerns about us assail,
Moreover, personal efforts sadly fail.
When struggles to mend preoccupy,
Inability to improve causes one to cry.

Broken hearts can come as lightening,
Resulting in the thinking it to be un-mending.
If stormy winds about you whip and lash,
Your life feels though it will always be trash.

Business and family come with their worries,
Figures do not add, family life comes with hurries.
Business more difficult to operate year by year,
Even happy families have their tears.

Tornado winds of illness lash and we stand as able,
Some are curable others we live with if admissible.
Illness is painful to you and your family as well,
Plunging all in your circle of family and friends,
Pain and hurtful tears are it's ends.

Death brings great pain to all those left behind,
Celebrate their life cheer a closeness that binds.
If Christian, you would know this,
Your Love truly knows heavens bliss.

The Savior can answer all concerns and would assist.
His desire is that you peel back the fingers of your fist.
Let go and let God and He the answer will be,
Feel what it is like to know what it's like to be free.

R. K. Hart

Lifes Picture

Life can be likened to the following picture I'll draw,
A lake has its water both dark and light.
Life can be deep, knee deep; it can be chaotic or mellow,
It can seem as though in pout, and spite.

Of life and death, new birth and rot,
Adding shades of victory and defeats plight.
There is the raucous sound of nature's families,
Nature's families of aquatic and fight.

When the season permits and weather is fine,
You must grasp upon the opportunity.
Glide gently among all of this with your beloved,
Float among this life with impunity.

Speak of its creator and the beauty you behold,
Not of the rot, or that that is at deaths door.
Look at the snow-white swan with babes at wing,
And the Lord's water lilies we need to adore.

So dear one let us consider life's victories, not its defeats,
But its staying the course and accepting the confrontations.
In Gods will we will live a victorious life,
A victorious life will achieve a great and glorious nation.

R. K. Hart 6/10/2012

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

Little Donkey /The Stable

Little Donkey fold your legs on straw so golden.
You are about to see a wondrous sight.
A couple, shepherds, and three wise kings
Following a star, out of the cold dark night

Inn keeper prepare a place of rest,
From where sheep once fed.
A fleece for a blanket,
With only straw for his head.

Hear the angels tell the news,
Our Savoir will be born this night.
Bethlehem his town of birth,
Far from fanfare, well out of sight. [chorus]

Let us remember our Jesus this Christmas eve,
Come all and worship Him.
Bring your gifts as if to Him,
The Lord of lords, and King of kings.

2004

R. K. Hart

Little Tip Girl

My horses hooves clashed against cobble stone,
As we stepped out each pace, there was a musical tone.
Headed toward the country I pushed my dray,
Rain spat down through a darkened clouded day.
Our load little more than wealthy household wastes.
From people wearing expensive wigs, powdered faces.
As we leave the city at large,
We come to roman bridges, gentle canals and a horse drawn barge.
We are forgiven if we believe that evil does not persist,
Nevertheless, evil is hidden just below surface and does exist.
We move on passed the coal burner's hut where the smoke does choke,
However, on our return we'll take to the city bags of warming coke.
Hours go by and with them landscapes of wooden forests and golden farms,
This picturesque scenery with the greatest of ease disarms.
And lulls the unsuspecting into its pleasures always to expect,
When there lays an ugliness the goodness in man rejects.
You see when a corner is turned these joys will be yearned,
The acrid smells of London town as refuse burns.
Here lays the almost bearable until we see among the dross,
What really causes the stomach churn, which is the true city cast off.
I speak of those who scrape and scratch,
A living from among the rotting food, daub and thatch.
Among these cast offs my eyes are attracted to a girl child,
Left to just it seems to run wild.
As she bent to scratch about hunting for anything of worth,
With something glinting around her neck and a belted girth.
I stopped my dray in front of this young lass,
To give her first choice and not the quickly assembling mass.
Once she had all that she needed I asked what adorned her neck.
She replied, 'Kind sir, a gentleman told me t'was called the cross, a reject'.
I told her off the man of the cross and the blood spilt on this cross,
Holding her little cross, she sighed with great pathos.
My Lord allowed me to lead her down the Roman Road
She accepted the gift of salvation with her young head bowed.
As she understood His washes white and sin, so black taints.
Angels rejoiced as her name was written into the book of the saints.
This little one would die shortly after our meeting,
The taking of the rubbish dump angel was fleeting.
But now when I'm there and a glint I see,

I hear her last words to me, 'So Jesus died on a cross to set me free'
Tears fill my eyes and stream my cheeks,
This little one understood what to others is mystique.

R. K. Hart

Lovers And Loving

Lovers float gently past Lilly pads flowering,
Swans pass in pairs long necks caressing.
Stealing behind her parasol for a kiss are sweet hearts,
A couple share a basket of small sandwiches and sweet tarts.

Lovers pass secretive love letters on perfumed paper,
Another passes a red red rose with scented vapor.
Lovebirds are seen both walking to and tho,
She stares into his eyes with the eyes of a doe.

On a swing, she sits high into the air,
When hearts are in love life has no care.
Couples plan futures according to their dreams,
A romantic park can be where futures flow as streams.

But perhaps a place of romance for you is out of reach,
Romance like a beast must feed, so let imagination teach.
With flowers in hand go to your door, when she answers say,
'Hello young lady, I have some flowers for your mother today'.

R. K. Hart

Loves Beauty

I'm going ask you to stop consider with me,
Without loves caress where would we be.
Let me relate my experience in the matter,
Its importance is far above mindless chatter.

Loves beauty fondles the hair,
Moreover, shares both dramas and blackest fears.
To heart and mind it clings,
In addition, causes the recipients heart to sing.

I wake each morning to the sound of her voice,
Waking without this music would not be my choice.
Her voice gives a song to my heart,
Also courage to storm a day's rampart.

She turns a simple man into a knight of old,
She gives me an even greater resolve.
This love I have has enlivened my hearing,
With flowers opening and rivers brooking.

When I think of her being hurt in anyway,
Tears fill my eyes, tears I cannot allay.
My heart has a pain so great,
This pain so strong it will not dissipate.

Loves beauty spoils with laughter sweet as birdsong,
A song to be listened to day and nightlong.
Loves nature is both kind and gentle nature,
It has the beauty of an oil painting picture.

I see loves beauty, my heart leaps like the deer,
Love emboldens happiness and dismisses drear.
Loves beauty provides a port where safety lays,
A port where I rest beyond all malaise.

So dear one take on my humble words I plead,
Search high and low for love and be not wearied.
For to receive loves beauty is beyond measure,
To give loves beauty gives giver equal treasure.

R.K. Hart 21/11/2012

R. K. Hart

Loves Discription

My love is like hearts drawn on a frosted window,
My love is like morning suns winter glow.
My love is like refreshing water on a summer's day,
My love is like babies skin fragrant as a bouquet.

My love is as a lamb bounding, enjoying new life,
My love is as a diamond sharp as a huntsman's knife.
My love is as tender as romances first kiss,
My love is as her lips, pursed giving bliss.

My love is as a ships port, a welcoming home,
My love is as an anchor, it refuses to roam.
My love is as the sparkle of harbour lights,
My love is as a starry sky in the nights.

My love is as beautiful as lavender fields,
My love is one of tenderness and great yields.
My love is yours and yours alone,
My love is from one spark to a raging fire grown.

18/9/2013

R. K. Hart

Madison

Maddison Child of a valiant warrior.

Spiritual Connotation... Brave.

Scripture ... Luke 18: 27 'The things that are impossible with men are possible with God'.

Thank Lord for the blessing of this day,
Today you brought little Maddison my way.
The sun when it shines, shines brighter,
And worries just a little lighter.

Because Maddison is part of my day.

I would live to see your first smile,
And dress in mummy's shoes, such style!
Your first day at school, with its fears,
Not to forget mummies tears.

Because Maddison is part of my day,

I will be there to wipe your tears away,
And cheer you in times of dismay.
When you need a strong hand,
One to hold, I'll be there as God planned.

Because Maddison is part of my day.

I will often pray for God's will for you,
As I know He will see you through.
Your parents love you with all their might
But Gods love for you, is beyond our sight.

R. K. Hart

Memories

She dressed and made herself up,
She had drunk her tea from a favorite cup.
It was a gentle Victorian day a day of ease.
A gentle breeze blew through winter trees.

She waited on the platform for the red rattler train,
Wondering if she might require an umbrella if it rains.
Her thoughts strayed to her old school days,
When they got up to some mischief ways.

She arrived and joined city the rush hour crowd,
Paperboy's calls, cars rushing, all covered in a misty shroud.
Quick coffee compliments of work; clock on and begin.
Her day would not be ordinary it fact you might say amazing.

He lived just out side the city central with his parents,
By tram, he enters Melbourne town with its wonderful scents.
He too hears paperboys, walks among the rushing cars, □
Its coffee aroma; misty atmospheres and bars.

Then while installing the carpeted floor,
The glamorous, green clad angel he saw.
The carpet layer saw the drape of her golden hair.
To be without her he could not bare.

This lowly man, as he felt,
Thought his racing heart would smoulder and melt.
He approached in a nervous manner,
She may reject him with the power of a hammer.

With false confidence, he made his voice sound concrete,
Hoping a date to secure, whilst shaking to his feet.
He asked and she accepted.
He could not believe, he had not been rejected.

Forty-six years gone past, they have navigated many a reef,
Their love has grown beyond belief.
Even today they grow together in many ways,
In the spiritual, secular, they live love and play.

R. K. Hart 29/09/2012

He thinks of the day she filled his vision,
Everything else fell into derision.
Her honey hair fell playfully over her neck,
Her

R. K. Hart

Mere Male

He stumbles from here to there,
Sometimes hitting the floor and others landing in a chair.
Sometimes he's a rock of a male,
And others he's just shale.

He made a cake and apologized because it was moist,
'Did you turn the oven on', upon his petard he was hoist.
The oven, 'how was I to know, ' he thought, going pale,
After all he's just a mere male.

She sent him pizza to buy with coupons in hand,
Coupons she gave him to use them, a thought built on sand.
After all, he had the cash to cover so why would she rail,
How was he to know after all he's just a mere male.

At lunch, brother and he had received the wrong meal,
Changing the seating fixed the deal.
How was he to know you would exchange the plate?
To be the mere male is his fate.

He thought he'd cook a breakfast of eggs,
So he asked, looking at the dregs.
When cooking do you scramble before or after?
Mere male first heard silence then belly laughter.

So have pity on the one called man,
For he cannot do those things you can.
He does his best with the knowledge he has,
Mere male might even remember the seat on the lav.

R. K. Hart

Monolith

I stand out on the red ochre plain,
Well removed from city suburban train.
I stand where few pale humans appear,
Where water imperative as the sun does sear.

I give comforting shelter a gecko frantic,
As he runs from crevasse to crevasse manic.
A ragged shrub lives within my cracks,
And tourist climb with sun on their backs.

Daylight appears I am black against the sun,
At midday find me brightest red blazon.
Middy afternoon I wear another cloak,
And a ruby mood with hazed lightening smoke.

Evening comes and I'm many shades,
Blues and purples in many grades.
As sun finally sets and I return to black,
While the locals sleep into starlight night I retreat.

In my rich red land I'm called the rock,
I'll be with men till they cease wiping the forelock.
Man builds his bridges, towers and icons of the nation,
But God created me and I stand supreme as His creation.

R. K. Hart 8/11/2012

R. K. Hart

Mornings

A fowl nuzzles his mother among grass lush and green,
A Joey blinks as he surveys his world, a waking from a dream.
A cocoon opens displaying a butterfly within,
A koala clings to his mother's furry skin.

Puppies nudge and pull at their mother's teat,
Honeybees enjoy from the garden, a morning treat.
Ducklings follow their mother down to the pond.
Chicks scratch for bugs, of which they are fond.

Lambs shake a snow white tail and take in a morning suckle,
Young kookaburras with white breast enjoy a morning chuckle.
Calves nibble on sweet grass and ryegrass flowers,
Fawn and Doe shyly bath in forest sun shaft in the morning hours.

How wonderful are the morning hours,
Rest of the day, maybe in full of sunlight or rainy showers.
Morning can be likened to the hours of the our youth,
And later and late hours our older years, this is a truth.

So dear friend be wise in your youth, mistakes will be made,
It's the handling that is the measure of you, the light and shade.
May grace become your treasure when in old age,
When evening comes, become known as a wise older sage.

R. K. Hart

Mother And Beloved

Lord thank you for a Mother who loved me so,
And for a wife who willingly followed me
where ere I might go.
Whether my purse be empty of silver
and gold,
Through out our youth or old.
She may come from the land
where tulips pose,
But she carries a beauty beyond the rose.
If I had the wealth of the world
Dear wife in your path gentle clouds
I would hurl.
But until that day is true,
Will a poor mans humble love do?

R. K. Hart

Mountain Top

Mountain Top.

I went to the highest mountaintop to look around,
I climbed over moss and snow to hear the silent sound.
This world can be so full noisy clamor,
Amongst this clamor, I reached for succor and valor.

I searched many an hour from my mountain top perch,
For truth under blade of grass and shrub, I did vainly search.
Truth comes with great difficulty to so many in this world,
It has become that thing upon the dung heap hurled.

I sat viewing green valley and mount snow capped,
I've longed to find light in a world where none is trapped.
This world to my distress lacks the passion for light,
It has vanished, as a magician would conjure hand slight.

From craggy seat into the green valley, I saw a whitened church,
Memories long forgotten, memories gave hope to my search.
Jesus my Lord is the way, the truth and the light of the earth,
I will, you must remember this to give your day worth.

R. K. Hart 28/11/2013

R. K. Hart

My Beloved

My Beloved, this is a note just to you,
Believe every word because they are true.
When a youth meets the 'love of his life',
He may dare to take her to be his wife.

But is he truly under her spell,
Will he be able to live and love her well?
Or is she a fancy and just a mere toy,
To be cast aside by the boy.

This pair may come from so far apart,
They are two, can they become one heart?
Some will say you should not persist,
Like a leaf in gale to a branch the pair insists.

And so it is Beloved the years have flown by,
Problems like stormy days rush like cloudy skies
There have and will be sunny days to come,
Pleasures by the treasure chest before our days are done.

Because our love has matured as we walk together,
Grown through of drought and gentle times in heather.
I will love you till there are no clouds in the sky,
No grass on the hill and oceans and oceans dry.

R. K. Hart

My Love Flies.

Love makes giants out of wimps, men out of boys. Young men feel more manly, young women feel more glamorous. Love makes the heart take flight.

My love flies gently from cloud to cloud,
My searching heart, it cries aloud.
The desperate heart buys the devils creed,
The patient heart cries wait the angels heed.

My love flies like a feather on the breeze,
Until a truthful resting place does appease.
A harbor provides secure rest in a storm,
My love is secure in you til forever morn.

My love flies across the sky in joy,
Like a summer sunset as beautiful as Troy.
Helen had her beauty unsurpassed,
My loves beauty leaves Helen aghast.

My love flies nay wafts gently to it's bed,
My passion dominates both heart and head.
I desire no longer in search to fly,
For loves joy brings tears to my eyes.

R. K. Hart 7/2015

R. K. Hart

My Sweet Bride

Come walk with me my sweet bride,
If need be along life's tempest side.
Through howling storms and fury's edge,
Against it's might I would be your strong hedge.

Come walk with me my sweet bride.
Through meadows far to beautiful to hide.
Where nature blankets every ripple and hill,
Will the glorious golden daffodil.

Come walk with me my sweet bride.
Hand in hand through life with pride.
You with the man of your heart.
And me with you, my work of art.

Come walk with me my sweet bride.
Where life's sand storms collide.
Across deserts where life dare not go.
With you in hand, this becomes gentle snow.

Come walk with me my sweet bride,
With love now matured we share a hearth-side.
With my strong arm around your slim waist.
We'll hold each other steady in a love chaste.

R. K. Hart 15/11/12

R. K. Hart

My Warning

These are things I warn you about,
I will say it this way and will not shout.
My words may be soft but have no doubt,
They are meant with great power and clout.

We have loved each other four score,
Over those years, we learned to love even more.
So melded together are we by our love,
Nothing can separate us, we are hand in glove.

My love will be around the next corner you turn,
In addition, follow you thru your day, even if spurned.
I will be in the next breath you inhale,
All other loves will look so very pale.

I will be watching you as you sleep,
As I fall, further into loves pool so deep.
My persistent love will not be denied,
It will be there until earths waters dry.

R.K. Hart 7/01/ 2013.

R. K. Hart

One Day Heaven

One day my earthly eyes will close,
And of my earthly body I will dispose.
I would ask no tears trace your face,
Bound I am for my Kings heavenly place.

Scripture announces the many joys ahead,
So rejoice for I live and am not dead.
As my bible says a Sea of glass will I see,
A gentle place of graceful tranquility.

In the Book of life, I see my name.
Washed in His blood I'm without blame.
I had a heart black with dreadful sin,
Now I'm washed white without within.

I love you my dears with greatest might,
But I leave to see my Lords face so bright.
With pieced hands He sits upon His throne,
There I will make a jeweled palace my home.

Where desperately my painful body was faint.
Now my bountiful joy has no constraint.
Once I passed my earthly hours in darkest pain,
My minutes are thrilled in Jesus heavenly domain.

I remind you of your promised heavenly rest,
No more pain or tears will come to the blessed.
Walk we will down golden streets, no sin or feud,
By jeweled wall and gates with our bodies renewed.

R. K. Hart 5/5/ 2015.

R. K. Hart

Painted Horses

Mother and son enjoyed the painted horses and foals,
As they galloped up and down on golden poles.
Mother thrilled at this beautiful sight of joy,
Almost more than the experience, it gave her little boy.
Son grew older; more money came to his hand,
Her birthday was near, his eye said buy a painted fan.
His heart said buy something else altogether,
A music box with prancing horses, light as a feather.
Mother so enjoyed her young man's hand painted gift,
Until a drunken husband's jealousy became miffed.
The darkest of dark fury's came over the man,
As the man took the little horses in hand.
With greatest power little horses smashed into the wall,
If he had a thought, it was to get his son's gift and maul.
Immediately the deed was complete,
His drunken tears fell like sleet.
His remorseful thoughts were as ears in a field of wheat,
Or dreams of men and their lives left incomplete.
Father soon after repaired the little horses with great care,
With the horses in place music played so fair.
The horses began their joyful prance,
The family held each other in a joyful dance.

R. K. Hart

Places Lovers Kiss

Secret lovers in a lift steal a kiss,
The caress of lips creates stunning bliss.
A delightful romantic fog these two compose,
Two young svelte figures stand toe to toes.

A hollowed out tree hides my love and me,
A place to where aching lips do flee.
Near to heaven they stood in full embrace,
They stood placed together by God's grace.

On a checker blanket their lips do touch,
Both his and her, arms, lips in tender clutch.
Little painting will be achieved this afternoon,
Their only interest, writing of loves sweet tune.

He will meet her to kiss at the rail station,
But he would kiss her in front of the nation.
Kisses stolen in secret will always test fate,
Two hearts plunge loves deep canyons great.

R. K. Hart 17/11/2013

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

Precious Promises

When this world tends to treat me terse,
There are precious promises I rehearse.
This world can be ugly at times,
Over years I've realized this world is not mine.

I'm Pilgrim just passing by,
And will not always live under this sky.
I have a palace set aside above,
Where there is a far greater worship and love.

Now here are daily trials and tribulation,
Anger, fear, guilt, and temptation.
My Lord's everlasting story, and eternal glory,
Just part of the precious promise story.

When you feel this world's foot on your throat,
And family and friends are seemly remote.
Rush beloved to His promises precious,
The scriptures are a place of peace and solace.

A place where I find challenge and comfort,
Soldier of blessing and encouragement are stalwart.
Stalwart where deserts sands dominate,
Without His precious promises, life would deflate.

R. K. Hart 12/11/2012

R. K. Hart

Rachel

The story of Rachel is a story of great love,
A story shaped by our Heavenly Father above.
A story of great mystery,
A wonderful story of biblical history.

Of a man in search of the love of his life,
The woman God would provide for a wife.
An epic of a wicked father, who cheated and lied,
A man of faith worked seven years and cried.

When the calendar turned over a fourteenth year,
Jacob would hear Rachel's sweet whisper in his ear.
He would remember a dry and dusty by a well,
And Rachel's beauty as well.

Rachel, to be true to your God is to be true to your self,
Follow the book and gain great spiritual wealth.
You have a natural beauty a delight to behold,
Much like the Rachel of old.

You are bright and willing to achieve,
Set your course drive hard and in Jesus believe.
You have parents old and new who in you delight,
And are watching to see you follow in God's might.

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

Scars Of The Heart

Many a dear lover is scarred of the heart,
Over a romance that was rejected from the start.
These speak to us during great pain,
Saying we will never see a full heart once again.

Scars gained from love begun and foully ended,
These cause us delivered into darkest pits descended.
At times we desire from these never to return,
And the shameful heart we have, would burn.

Then scars forced on us by the death of a spouse,
Sad tears erupt at a photos vision in the house.
A glisten becomes overwhelming in her eyes,
As she hears the memory of a lost babies cries.

Nevertheless, hear me oh broken hearted one,
For one day, even your heart may see the sun.
One day in golden sunlight, you will bath.
Moreover, you will have love for which you crave.

R.K. Hart 10/11/2013

R. K. Hart

She

She took my heart and silvery thread sewing it to a ripple in a stream,
She in doing so, she destroyed a dream.
She took my love and sewed it with silvery thread to a pure white cloud,
She did so unavowed.

She did this as a deliberate action,
She did so with purpose and without contraction.
She did this not to cause great harm,
She had no desire to cause alarm.

She knew my heart had been broken in the recent past,
She knew it needed mending so to stream and repair at last.
She knew the serenity of the cloud for my heart was required,
She knew this provided a chance for my heart to become re-inspired.

22/10/2013

R. K. Hart

She Is My Home

There is a most wonderful girl who is my sum.
I will tell you now you call Mum.
She has the beauty of the queen of the Nile.
I could not live without the glimpse of her smile.

She is my safe port on stormy days,
She empowers and comforts by her ways.
Her words and actions to others,
Are those of wife and caring mothers.

I smile when I hear her words of song,
I am made aware all is right and little wrong.
Her gentle voice calms a troubled heart,
And causes my worries to depart.

We build places of brick, timber and clay,
These edifices will return to dust some day.
But the true love of a woman with virtue,
She is my home, my strength, an arrow true.

R. K. Hart

Soldier Grey

The young soldier boy stood rain soaked,
In a battle torn, well-worn grey coat.
The coat was drawn at the waist,
With big buckled belt in place.

His coat slashed opened by an enemy's sword,
The result of an attack by the enemy hord.
His boots worn from days of marching to the flute,
They were once a blue coats boot.

He had few treasures the soldier boy,
A small cracked photograph his greatest joy.
He looked at his mother and father with muffled sighs,
And remembered warm pies, and Virginia skies.

His soaked hat and long hair hid a battle worn fear,
As he searched for sight of blue his eye had a tear.
And his thoughts switched from this time of war,
To his hometown girl and farming chores.

Instantly soldier grey was shaken from his thoughts,
Canon blasted taking life, brave young men distort.
Maiming and claiming limbs cutting men down,
Then comes a silence from across the ground.

Minutes passed then came a blue uniformed wall,
First the volley shot and the smoky pall.
Now a bayonet drove out of the smoky mist,
Driven to his shoulder and agonies twist.

Now wounded the soldier grey is down,
On a slush of blood and muddy ground.
He would see years spent in the enemy's jail,
Battles all in his past, no more of deaths wail.

At wars end and grey soldier broken released,
And his thought turn home yet his battle not ceased.
In the north he is still the enemy of old,
Staying out towns walking through snow so cold.

As southern accents as more frequent sound,
His foreboding slowly unwound.
Pats of appreciation on his shoulder,
Little by little he walked a little bolder.

Welcoming rebel yells as he entered home hamlet,
Kisses from mother, sister and sweetest Juliet.
For years he carried the scaring years of war dream,
Marry and farm only half the man that may have been.

But is his now down is the plough and the sword,
They say he has gone home to be with his Lord.
He lived his life considering the futility of war,
Peace his dream and he has it now evermore.

R. K. Hart 30/10/2012

R. K. Hart

Some Say I Deserve Her.

Some say I deserve her, I say mirth,
You see I feel such a lack of worth.
Her veins are full of grace,
Yet vanity is without trace.

Yet as for myself I so lack,
With such pride and vanity on my back.
I stagger spiritually under such weight,
Upon me my pollutants have arrayed.

But she walks in a glorious ray of light,
With heavenly thoughts always in sight.
It seems God always has her ear,
About her day she keeps the Lord near.

Wisdom is her watch word,
From her lips, the unkind is never heard.
So the question remains am I deserving,
I know not, but I love her without swerving.

R. K. Hart 29/1/2013

R. K. Hart

Southern Cross Saviour

Star above cast on us your glorious light,
For tonight is Christmas night.
Our minds are full of gifts for one and all,
And decorations fill the hall.

There's a Christmas tree with a single star,
And lots of lollies in Grannies jar.
There'll be turkey on my plate,
And every one is saying Merry Christmas Mate!

With the Southern Cross shining above,
Everyone is sharing family love.
Tell me would you please the story of Jesus birth,
Of Mary and Joseph of the gold,

Southern Cross upon my country cast your light,
Remind us of shepherds, kings and a star so bright.
In a land far away a babe with only straw for his head,
And just a rugged trough for his bed.

Hear the angels tell the news and rejoice,
Our Saviour will be born tonight within donkey's voice.
Bethlehem his town of birth,
Far from fanfare, well out of sight.

R. K. Hart 7/12/2012

R. K. Hart

Speak'N Aussie.

I myself like to speak plain,
Sometimes others drive me insane.
They say fine is my pronunciation,
And does not produce castigation.

So I'd like to give good English a plug,
So would ya give-it-go-ya-mug.
I mean to say fair dinkum.
Don't be down don't be glum.

Speak plainly it will suit.
You do not need a new bag of fruit.
English is no trick,
Unless you're away with the pixies.

How we dress is of importance as well,
We must try to square the circle.
Wearing cozzies or your uggies,
Out of place they look real bodgy.

It don't matter if you're a woman or bloke,
Good English ain't no joke.
English is important any place,
In Tassie, Woop Woop, or Bris Vagas.

No matter if you're a Pom, Apple Eater,
Cane Toad or Taswegian or Sandgroper.
You might have an Oxford Scholar,
In your sky Rocket not on your collar.

Your plates of meat may be sore,
But your mud pies we adore.
When we were young and tin lids, ya know,
Our English china plates would get rather aggro.

So English Oz style can make you gobsmack,
Make you crazy or crook if your slack.
So have a chinwag with an Ozzie woman or bloke,
And on our English you will not choke.

R. K. Hart 7/11/2012

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

Sweetest Memories

Purple haze from the jacaranda flowers,
Float gently to the ground in the daylight hours.
Red juices gently flow from the old stringy bark,
Daisies kiss dressed in yellows and green, so stark.

Across stoney beds, brooks sing their gentle song,
In water, frogs and forest populace sing along.
Willows by the brook caress the waters edge,
Swirls of dust dance down country lane.

An autumn leaf plays at waters edge,
Birds sing to each other a loving pledge.
Morning sun filters a pattern like Chantilly lace,
A humble arbor becomes a lover's hiding place.

It is to the tune of a brook, frogs, and bird song,
In mist of romance to each other they belong.
Growing in beauty their love is steel not clay,
They protect their love from those who prey.

When life's autumn shadows the loving,
Memories of a bird song send it packing.
Romances strength and sun filtering lace,
Allows loves continuing growth in grace.

When nearer the century you become,
Remember the days you bathed in the sun.
The days when sweet memories were made,
When you as lovers kissed in secretive shade.

R. K. Hart

The Adventures Of Maddie The Mouse.....And The Seaweed Dragon.

Maddie skipped and walked down by the beach,
Rain threatened to fall and the clouds were heavy, within reach.
Maddie came to a rock pond with tiny fish and crabs,
She found some seaweed to hold, so slippery it took several grabs.
It was shaped like a dragon and very dark green,
Maddie held it up high, just under the sky and he looked a little mean.
She said a friendly hello to him but he flew to a cloud,
Maddie was amazed and frightened as he let out a roar, very loud.
The black old clouds parted with the force of his voice,
Now he stood, head bowed on his cloud of choice.
"What Mister Dragon makes you so very sad? "
"Thank you for asking Mousey Maiden, but I have done something bad".
"What could you have done that is so shocking"?
"Well, he said with halter, I was practicing fire breathing and I burnt my stocking"!
He explained he had taken them off to walk on the sand,
An idea to Maddi that sounded the right thing and grand.
Maddi sat on what she thought was an empty shell,
She sat thinking about the dragon's problem, when she heard a grumpy yell.
"Whose that sitting on my shell, it's my home not your seat",
Maddi told him he was very rude but did retreat.
"Dragon, said Maddi, breathing fire is natural for you,
So your mother might not mind an accident or two".
The dragon whose name was Ragdon flew high into the air and to the sea,
Ragdon slashed the water as he wadded to Maddi and bowed the knee.
"Are all the Mousey Maidens as wise as you? "
And away with a fiery rush he flew.
Seaweed or dragon I don't know,
But I will say, careful and watch for dragons when to the beach next time you go.
Oh and cranky crabs in a shell,
You should careful not to sit on them as well.

R. K. Hart

The Adventures Of Maddie The Mouse.....The Dreamy Mouse

She sat with her mum and dad in their gumboot house,
Who would I be talking about, of course Maddie the Mouse.
It was getting late for little kid mice,
Mum told her once and told her twice.
So slowly off she went to bed,
With what she had seen on tv in her head.
Once her head hit the pillow,
It was off to dreams of flying fish eating willow.
There was Mr. Flying Fish sitting at the head of the table,
Being served his dinner of willow by his wife Mabel.
Mr. Flying Fish traveled the world seeing many places,
He told stories of men and women with painted faces.
Stories of Mrs. Priscilla Penguin in top hat and tails,
Sitting at a table in a restaurant eating a dish of sea snails.
Just as Maddie was thinking about all of this,
When she woke with what she thought was her mother's kiss.
In fact it was not her mother's kiss at all,
It was a big, big sloppy lick from her pet dog Saul.

R. K. Hart

The Adventures Of Maddie The Mouse...a Spoon Full Cheese, Please.

Maddie pulled a face that would scare the kitty,
She had been very sick and deserved our pity.
She had coughed spluttered,
Someone said try bread that is buttered.
They said it should only be on one side buttered,
Maddie said but which side confused she muttered.
She visited her doctor Fredrick J. Frog,
His office was just under a log.
He looked so very grand,
In a very white coat and mustache down to his hand.
He looked into his book on how to heal a frog,
But of course it did not heal mouse or dog.
His mustache was very, very heavy of course,
And pulled his head toward the floor with force.
He found it so hard to lift his head erect,
With his walking stick under his nose, he fixed the defect.
Now he could see he was dealing with Maddie the Mouse,
As she coughed and sneezed in her bright pink blouse.
Maddie asked, "Please Doctor Frog, make me feel better".
He looked into his book on lady mice,
Then mixed something's together that didn't taste very nice.
Maddie thanked Doctor Frog and carried her medicine home.
When it came to taking it, she let out a moan.
Mum had a great trick; she took a spoon of Swiss cheese,
She placed the medicine in it, and Maddie said, "More please".

R. K. Hart 2/12/2013

R. K. Hart

The Adventures Of Maddie The Mouse...dancing Fleas And Beautiful Smelling Cheese

Maddie was out shopping with her Mum,
However, Mum was just a little glum.
Mrs Mouse was in her garden picking corn,
You see, yesterday a rose had stuck her with a thorn.
Shopping meant a stop at a shop full cheese,
So full of cheese, full to the brim if you please.
Maddie sniffed here and there at the cheese,
There was one in a bottle that said squeeze.
Maddie squeezed and whoosh, up into the air cheese went,
Cheese covered our little mouse and she fell into the air vent.
As she wiped the dust and cheese from her eyes,
There in the vent was a very odd surprise.
There she saw very dressed up, some dancing fleas,
They were all dancing to a Calvin's Cockroach Band if you please.
When they saw her, they scuttled quickly away,
Maddie has been to the shop often, but never seen them since that day.

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 Corrugated Nest

It's a humble corrugated nest,
Where there is nurture and rest.
A place surrounded gum and wattle trees,
Where inhabitants are warm and live to please.

A place where an old axe head stands wedged,
Grandfather's last action it is alleged.
He often took trees from the nearby hill,
To warm our home against the chill.

Grandfather is no longer with us,
He passed quietly with little fuss.
Granny had passed a few years before,
His was failing, not wanting to live any more.

Now new life lives under this roof,
The laughter of my children is the proof.
To me without doubt one thing is plain,
The corrugated nest smiles once again.

R. K. Hart 25/3/2013

R. K. Hart

The Flower

I wandered though a deep dark moonlight night
My aim to seek and find a wondrous sight.
High and low I searched to find,
Was it high, low, or just behind.

I had searched many a garden bed in this old town,
But my prize was not yet to be found.
There were many a beautiful flower I would plead.
But never the one I would need.

There were those with whom one could make do,
There is no one that could measure up to you.
But You are the beauty of all flowers
I gaze on you for marvelous hours.

The creator does ask that we make do,
But wait till He asks we not act and rue.
But wait till that special flower He sends,
He asks we do nothing we may need make amends.

You'll know this wondrous being when presented,
Stars will sparkle and air will be scented.
But best of all, Explorer on loves quest,
Call your Savior, wait for Him to give you His best.

R. K. Hart

The Gun

He'd been on the grog the night before,
He woke with this morning needing a score.
His numbers had been down of late,
Today he needed a number great.

His alarm rang with the shriek of a banshee,
His fist hammered down on it like a falling gum tree.
The alarm sounded against the corrugated wall,
He jerked awake and sat on the side of the bed tall.

Stumbling toward the water-tank his braces hung low,
He broke the ice with his hand splashed his hair of snow.
The chilled water was minimally applied to his face,
Braces up and just about all was in place

A quick breakfast of toast, porridge, eggs and bacon,
The usual 6 sugars and tea were taken.
Hands cupped his mug as the team walked the rutted soil.
The shed awaited and yarded sheep for a day of toil.

The jenny sputtered into life, pieces oiled,
Rouseabouts, tar boys and shearers were as athletes coiled.
The Cocky struck the bell above the generators whine,
They began the first blows at wool so fine.

The Gun took sheep after sheep and his tally grew.
Each blow was correct and true.
No chaff left on the Redeye
Nothing left and the board was dry.

The Boots, the boss of the boards hit the bell,
And upon the shed a deathly silence fell.
A pannikin of blackest tea,
And sugar poured from the bag free.

Ducks on the boards during the break,
Brought a tray of lamingtons, they did make.
The shed were on them without decorum,
Like flies, they barely left a crumb.

Back at work the Guns tally was chalked,
Then into the pen each time he stalked.
After taking the wool he used the chute,
He assisted each on with a nudge of a boot.

Tucker and afternoon tea passed on bye,
Thoughts of ale came to mind under evening sky.
Of the evening meal and a veranda glass,
With the team, Guns to Chaff.

This was the day he realized he'd come to the end
He was beat and could barely bend.
He would no longer shear two ton,
He was headed for the shade and the younger the sun.

R. K. Hart

The Old Bridge

An very old bridge stood dominate,
Over rushing river prominent.
No doubt by now had seen better days,
Many years covered in summers haze.

Timbers now creak with foot or hoof,
Although now few animals and little proof.
Small animals prints and perhaps a horse,
Herds would bring about deathly remorse.

But in its day it saw great commerce,
Moreover a horse drawn blackened hearse.
It saw sheep and dusty cattle herds,
It carried secretive meetings of lovebirds.

Lawbreakers and lawmakers also traversed,
Church goers, quilt sewers and drovers dusty thirst.
The old bridge remembers histories deeds,
Suicides, soldier's braded on handsome steeds.

Now her timbers are a valued resource,
And workman here steel away this concourse.
Every nail and knot memories numerous,
But now a dinner or coffee table for hubris.

Let us stand as our histories custodians,
Renovate and repair, keep her from brigands.
Protect our history for the child to come,
Once history is lost, it is lost forever son.

R. K. Hart

The Old Man Sat Shaking

The old man sat shaking faintly in his chair,
Thinking of his past and a lady fair.
Of past victories and frequent defeats,
Of the winners, the losers and some cheats.

Through tinted windows watches the gums grey,
As they pitch with the breeze and sway.
Leafy greens on boughs that move and conduct,
He thought this is something only God could construct.

The music of the day was delightfully operatical,
Moreover, that his life, he thought was poetical.
He delighted in the music that was his life,
Some of this wondrous, other sounds of strife.

In his day he entered the ring fight for a pound or two,
Kid Galahad fought to go for more than a round or two.
Depression called for men to find work in differing ways,
So over night he learnt to cook bread and drive a dray.

He carried his swag between towns and farms,
Chopped wood, cooked bread, raised fist and arms.
He drunk too hard most Saturday nights,
He gambled just as hard and found too many bar fights.

The worst of these took place one small town Saturday night,
A man's head and he slammed it into a footpath during a fight.
A family that waited in a degree of fear lived near by,
Arriving home would he bring cheer or cause them to cry.

A young man once asked, why carry coins in your pockets,
His reply was, at a dance I shake them to attract the bonnets.
During depression times money scarce,
For every penny, you always fought fierce.

Now the old man sat as gnarled, as the trees he watched,
His sun darkened skin now wrinkled and blotched.
Soon these memories will pass, and will fade
As the meadow grass without water and shade.

And when this day comes and the old man has passed,
There is one thought that will last.
His son remembers how family shared the SON,
The Kid measured himself able to defeat the wicked one.

R. K. Hart

The Prince Of The Road.

In some countries he is called a hobo with trousers baggy.
In my country he is a swaggie.
His hair is unkempt, trouser belt a tie.
His hat would make the self respecting person cry.

His ragged beard plunging the depth of his chest,
Under it a worn and stained suits vest.
He wakes in the morn to the Kookaburra laugh,
He makes Billy tea and watches paddle steam craft.

They say he came from outback town to the west,
Some say he was an English duke complete with crest.
If so, he had thrown away a life ease and pleasure,
He had now only one great treasure.

As the Maggie sang he takes a small bundle from his swag,
It is carefully wrapped in oilskin and a velvet rag.
Once unwrapped it is now plain to be seen,
Small book and crests of two houses, a duke and queen.

Once the damper was cooking, after the kneading,
He can be found every morn his scriptures reading.
He had learned many years gone by,
The swaggie's appearance did not make his gracious Lord sigh.

□

His treasure spoke of the Saviour with kind and gentle spirit,
Who turned his back on temptation, took man's sin and bore it.
Morning saw a swaggie became prince of the road sitting with a King,
Finding the crested book each morn, enriching and warming.

The recipient of Gods blessing is superior to those that receive only the worlds blessing.

R. K. Hart 22/09/2012

R. K. Hart

The Promise

When two hearts first take flight,
The question is always asked will it last or end as night.
These are my words as an arrow is true,
This, my love is my promise to you.

I promise you my love will grow,
Like a river fed by gentle snow.
As crowded year's rush on by.
My love for you will be, till oceans dry.

Till the last water droplet has turned to steam,
And the sun has cast it's last beam.
My love for you will stand before lovers all,
I would have such a love, would be their jealous call.

R. K. Hart

The Story Of Christ.

Come sit with me little one and a story I will tell,
Of the birth of a babe, where cattle and sheep dwell.
Of Angels heralding the birth of a baby king,
Of a town called Bethlehem and bright stars shining.

Of the obedient gentle Mary, the blessed one,
And swaddling wrapped baby son.
Golden corn and sweetly perfumed straw,
For the animals fodder and adorning the floor.

Of the parents stealing into the night,
Getting their son from Herod's sight.
His soldiers would have murdered the innocent,
The newborn of every family was his intent.

In Nazareth they would reside, working with wood,
Obeying earthly and heavenly fathers, as he should.
Comes a day to the temple he must advance,
Where priest and learned hear his words askance.

He preaches and cures whilst on earth he abides,
Baptised by John and with the Sadducees collides.
Changes water into wine, he calms raging stormy sea,
Feeds the thousands and sets the leper free.

Then the kiss of a dear friend was a sign,
The cross is closer and leaving earth behind.
Upon a cross Christ would suffer and die,
His suffering evil to mind, heart and eye.

However, rejoice Christian because he did arise.
The third day arose from his demise.
Heavens Angels rolled the stone away,
With doubt disciples fall into disarray.

Today he reigns on heavens throne,
For the world and my sins, he did atone.
Soon to earth, he is coming to rule and reign.
Because of the cross, Satan's efforts are in vein.

R. K. Hart

The Time Has Come

The time has come pack them away,
Therefore, for another year out of sight they stay.
Bells, glitter and candy canes into a box,
Twinkling lights, angels, and Christmas socks.

Out of sight go the Christmas trees and stars,
Moreover under tree gifts and wise men from a far.
Calico horses, and elephants packed for the year,
All stored for 52 weeks in a plastic bag clear.

But a family's love stays for all to see,
It is given without charge and free.
So lets us show, not place into boxes and bags,
A love that comes to families wealthy or in rags.

R. K. Hart 27/12/2013

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

The Warrior

The moon has lost it's comforting embrace,
On the earths' gentle face.
Now a winter warming glow of sun,
Held each and every one.

Pedants fly in a gusting wind,
Religious men knee for forgiveness of sin.
He looks to his left and again to his right,
His brave brothers stretch beyond his sight.

He sits boldly upon his white steed,
Both with muscles rippling as a field of reed.
His armor glistens in spring rain,
On this field that once gave birth to grain.

Horns clamor against the drummer boys,
Horses snort and stamp adding to the noise.
Visors are down and charge is the call,
He raced on his charger through the smoky pall.

His battle is short,
By a pike he is caught.
Straight after the smoke was it's point,
Catching the warrior where neck and chest are joint

His shield that once showed family crest with pride,
Now lays beaten mud and blood spatted, on it's side.
A mother and father have now lost the joy of a son,
A wife and child never again laugh with their loved one.

R. K. Hart 20/5/2013

R. K. Hart

Theif Of The Heart

I see myself as a thief,
You may not believe it but it's my belief.
I find it difficult my self to inhale,
When enjoying myself at full sail.

I thrill at the stealing and hiding it away,
To know that one day I'd return is my play.
It maybe that I'll give back your heart,
Or may trample upon it til it smart.

I could hide it among my collection,
Until I find one of perfection.
I may steal many but will meet my match,
When another's plan and time will hatch.

They will capture and treat mine as a token,
The thief's can heart can and will be broken.
So if you steal another's love,
Treat it as delivered by angels above.

R. K. Hart

Tradie And His Lady.

He was just a tradie,
And she was just his little lady.
His work was with his hands,
Loving him was part of her plans.

He worked for her security,
She loved with purity.
He provides for her welfare,
His needs her only care.

He built a house they lovingly, the nest,
She recognizes she is blessed.
He understands he too has a treasure,
Her love comes beyond measure.

R. K. Hart 2/5/2013

R. K. Hart

Victoria, State Of Beauty

The beauty of her mountains, plains and deserts.
To cross her borders causes me hurt.
She has lakes of sweetest blue.
And ghost gums both crooked and true

I'm happy just to stand and watch for hours,
Her wildlife and country flowers.
And old wooden bridges live in the country,
Steel in the city bejeweled with artistry.

Her roads lead to places of beauty and delight,
Breathe taking, and rocky thrilling sights.
She is a tapestry of snow and sun,
Deserts and high mountains where cattle did run.

As a welcoming gesture she holds out her arms,
To all who would experience her charms.
So come and taste big city shopping arcades,
And greenery with forest shades.

R. K. Hart

Victory Is His

They took Him before Pilate and asked, 'How do you plead'?
We want to know before we beat you till you bleed.
He knew not how to begin,
For you see He had no sin.

They beat upon Him till His flesh gave way to bone,
And the sin of men was more likely shown.
The cat had ripped and torn away,
Faraway into the ugly day.

They ceased not until the cobbles were blood strewn,
And this beautiful son of man was an ugly ruin.
Soldiers cast a rugged cross upon his mauled being,
Across torn back and head where blood impeded seeing.

He stumbled but carried this cross to the place of the skull,
Through His palms and feet He was nailed with iron dull.
Shamed, He was speared and crowned with thorns.
Upon Him my sin and that of every man was born.

A black day saw His Father turn away,
Placed in a grave that was not His He arose the third day.
He later spoke to dear friends and those He loved,
And arose to sit with His Father above.

Now He calls me to accept His saving gift,
Admit my sin, seek forgiveness, and heal the rift.
So my dear reader, have you accepted His work,
Hurry dear friend do it now please do not shirk.

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.

R K Hart 2012

R. K. Hart

When Two Worlds Clash

When young lovers meet two worlds clash,
As the wild ocean against craggy rocks crash.
Two young lovers, whose worlds would join,
A lovers gamble with the surety of a flipped coin.

As the wind collides with the forest stand,
Lovers play together hand cupped in hand.
As they sit together, their eyes may meet,
These eyes glisten, into each other they retreat.

Lover's eyes search peering deep into the soul,
Searching also the hearts depths and shoal.
They inhale the perfume of their romance,
Enjoying the possible passion of their dance.

Young lovers disappear deeper, deeper in love,
Happily they see the world fall from view above.
Spiraling deeper into their ageless passion,
Their love, may it never fall from fashion.

R. K. Hart

Who Can Find Her.

Did you find this woman beyond worthy?
She would be heavenly, one beyond earthy.
Money does not buy one just so,
Her husband trusts her till his heart does glow.

Wisely she trades so his house will gain,
Her family she works to sustain.
She buys and sells her goods overseas,
Like a sailing ship trading to and fro with ease.

She rises when the moon is still in the sky,
To feed her servants and children that cry.
Her thought can be on a piece or two of lands,
Wealth she gains a vineyard she plans.

She weaves, is kind, she is wise and faithful,
You will not find her idle but watchful.
Her children bless her and husband as well,
His praise is for his love with whom he dwell.

Her actions are noble but them all you bypass,
Charm can fool and beauty is fading brass,
But my woman her man and Lord as well,
In a public place of her beauty, I will tell.

R. K. Hart 1/3/2014

R. K. Hart

Who.

Who makes the jersey to give her milk,
Or the worm to produce her silk.
Who makes golden wattle to give it's joy,
And calls upon the kingfisher not to be coy.

Who gave Joshua courage to bring down the wall?
And David's courage before Goliath so small.
The courage Samson displayed remorse and contrite
Esther's disobeying her king, conveying her peoples plight.

Who comforted Paul seated on straw, losing his sight.
And placed joy in the heart of she who gave her mite.
Who was it that gave Moses strength of heart,
And Solomon with wisdom set apart.

I'll tell of whom I speak,
He provides the courage and wisdom you seek.
Jehovah Jireh, He will provide, is the one,
I call Him Adonai or Father, me He never shuns.

Search Him out He will cleanse the sinful heart,
He will stand you up and set you apart.
He removes the blinders of the devil from your sight,
And place within a wise and courageous heart.

R.K. Hart 21/02/13

R. K. Hart

Why

Why do you only see me when I cry,
And not when my eyes are dry.
Only when my happy heart is broken,
And not when happiness has spoken.

Why do you see me when I'm in pain,
And not when I'm so happy I can't explain.
When my world has drifted far apart,
And not when my life seems a work of art.

I see you at all times my child,
When the seas of your heart are both smooth and wild.
When your heart is broken over flowing with pain,
When you feel life seems not worth a seed of grain.

I will hold you and place a cooling salve on your hurt,
Until all is in concert.
I see you both when you laugh or cry,
I stand with you when joyful, tearful, or you sigh.

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

You Bring Tears

You bring tears that cause loving eyes to sting,
Once with my joyful girl, my heart could sing.
My eyes once had a sweet melody that grew,
Now salty tears fill where once was beauty's view.

Where songs were sung in the heart,
You placed tears that practice the black art.
You cause me to hurt beyond repair,
As we fall in life's hurt and hurts snare.

Tears fill my vision and I have a heart that cries,
When darkened heart replaces sunshine in your eyes.
I willing battle to return your eyes to sapphires,
My pledge, ready to protect you and fight your fires.

R. K. Hart

Young Mother Has A Secret.

There is a glint in her eyes,
A glint that discloses her lies.
It is not lie of commission,
But a lie of omission.

Her husband is aware,
It's a secret they share.
They decide it won't be public just yet.
For now they will keep their secret.

Slowly they let the family know,
And watch as Grand Parents glow.
Aunties and Uncles are excited,
Cousin's expectation ignited.

A month or two rolls on,
And their heart is full of song.
On the distant horizon,
There is a sad, sad song.

A song of tears,
A song that carries certain fears.
Should they, would they see,
The sweet giggle of another baby.

The baby will not be theirs this time,
They ask God why He is unkind.
He replies, "Be strong my child, hold your blame,
And in time you'll find my love again".

RKH 2010-05-03

R. K. Hart

Young Pastor

With his brand new bible assured that he is ministry called,
Young man in his new shirt and suit fresh from college.
With his ever so smart sermon full of enormous words,
A heart full of thoughts and a head full of knowledge.

He places his bible on the lectern with his notes,
Begins delivery of his sermon to the listening crowd.
He grips the pulpit, pounds his fist now and again,
As the young man thunders aloud.

He berates men of scripture for both sin and weakness,
For feebleness, fragility, and Achilles Heel.
True it was a sermon, over which he slaved,
Truth be known it was approval he wished to feel.

When church was near empty of it's service,
Came an elderly voice, "Pastor, I have no wish to offend".
I came this morn with the heaviest of heart,
Trusting that the Holy Spirit would me attend.

But instead I am the greater depressed,
Could you have preached both of my great sin.
Then shown this blacken heart sins relief,
That I may have forgiveness and make Jesus kin?

R. K. Hart