

Poetry Series

**Steve Hagget**  
**- poems -**

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# Steve Hagget(25/04/1977)

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# A Mind Set Free

On starry nights the mind is like  
To step on board a vision;  
To climb the enigmatic steps –  
The liquid path to heaven;

Fast to ascend – for some too fast –  
And then to stop and ponder  
For here the mind holds precedence  
Revelling in wonder.

For minds behold what eyes cannot,  
So stop to gaze in awe  
At shooting stars, at swirling mists  
And worlds not seen before;

At light-filled cosmic pantomimes  
That never cease their games  
And ever-changing paradigms  
Of constellation frames.

But then too soon the vision halts  
Its journey into space,  
While falling fast the mind clings on  
But has its fate to face.

For back in its imprisoned home  
It cannot wander free  
But lives within the narrow-world  
That only eyes can see.

Steve Hagget

# Painted Waves

As time begins to take its toll  
Upon the wearied day  
So starts the silent spectacle  
Of glittering, lighted play.

For when the earth-bound nature starts  
To lose its taint and colour  
A thousand angel eyes do turn  
Toward the seas of wonder.

For as the sun with care-filled mind  
Does its desired respite make  
So to the seas with painted-light  
The muted artists take.

With brushes dripping red and gold  
They paint the rippling waters  
Like frenzied sculptors worshipping  
The ocean's canvas altar.

Each passing moment has its show,  
Of royally blended colour  
That captured with angelic muse  
Then passes on forever.

But while these heavenly messengers  
Hold the evening pallet  
'Tis only 'til the death of day  
Then they are forced to cede it.

For through the ghostly hours of night  
The brooding dark will hide  
Untold secrets held and leashed  
And captured deep inside.

Then hope appears with morning sun  
As swirling golden swathes  
With phantom mists of due entwine  
On glassy diamond wave.

With foot-fall light and musical  
Like captive sprites set free  
The unchained artist angels draw  
Once more upon the sea.

And so they carry on full bent  
To paint their master's picture  
Until the sun when summit made  
Returns to land its pleasure.

Steve Hagget

# The Never Ending Journey

In cloudless sky and shadeless plain,  
In dusty waste and yellow sea –  
Where burning heat untempered reigns;  
Where wilderness itself runs free.

Though mocking sun and hardened land  
Would fight within their fist to hide;  
The beauty that, though seldom seen,  
Still safely lives and breathes inside.

For empty land, close to its breast,  
A teeming field conceals  
Which undeterred by desert scorn  
A varied scene of life reveals.

On serene wing, with untold strength,  
The mighty watchmen rise and soar.  
With piercing presence, they control  
While dunes of life beneath them pour.

And while they glide on heights above  
Myriad tales unfold below –  
Where soft-felt steps and hurrying breath  
Betray the quest to live and grow.

Borne deep within the sandy bed,  
The earth-bound slave in basking day,  
With swift assurance breaks its rest  
To seize its unsuspecting prey.

With anxious stare and quivering tail,  
The scuttling kill holds many a place;  
But numbers scarce conceal its state  
Or can protect its fragile space.

But flowing through the rolling sand  
High-leaping beasts unfettered stray,  
And only imprints left behind  
Can give the timid game away.

And while the scene progresses on  
A calmer picture stands fast by:  
Where pink and blue; where green and gold  
In swaying carpet silent lie.

For this dead place yet deals in life;  
Calling forth a richer story –  
The tapestry that makes it thrive  
Is the never ending journey.

Steve Hagget

# The Osprey

In foreign land of towering pines  
And hammocks, mangrove-torn  
A dark-filled night reluctantly  
Bequeaths a pale dawn

Upon one battered cypress perched,  
Amidst the morning haze,  
Bright eyes stare out from part-cocked head  
With piscicultural gaze.

Intently focussed on the brook,  
That glides beneath the tree  
Alive to every shadow's sound  
Yet never truly free.

For choicelessly these eyes are drawn,  
As waters break below  
And like a flash a head snaps back  
And rippled muscles flow.

Within the slightest moment's breath,  
Two mighty wings released,  
Two claws full-stretched, two legs reach out  
The sinews, strained, unleashed.

The beaten air the only sound,  
As time itself stands still  
And, tracer-like, on charted course  
The osprey meets its kill.

With consummate and practiced ease  
The painless end begins  
The single deadly blow is dealt  
As sharpened claws sink in.

Then up away into the dawn  
And time resumes its course  
Two final beats – then disappeared  
Is this magnetic force.



The cypress perch and well-filled brook  
As silent witness stay  
And as they settle – calm again  
The sun declares the day.

Steve Hagget

# The Travellers Dream

Last night I dreamt of rolling waves,  
Of summer sun and turquoise seas,  
Of tapered fields and bracing winds,  
Of gentle hills and autumn trees.

Today I woke to rolling dunes,  
To burning sun and yellow seas,  
To edgeless fields and dusty winds,  
To jagged hills and leafless trees.

Last night I dreamed of wooden ships  
That rose and fell on dancing surf.  
Last night I dreamed of temperate skies  
That ruled content o'er living turf.

Today I woke to desert ships  
That tripped and stumbled on the sand  
Today I woke to shapeless skies  
That ruled despotic o'er dead land.

But beauty comes in many forms  
Diverse is nature's royal way –  
Tonight I'll dream again of home  
And then awake, enjoy the day.

Steve Hagget