

Poetry Series

**Roger Hadden**  
**- poems -**

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## Roger Hadden(June 17,1954)

I first became interested in writing when my mother gave me a pencil and paper when I was seven years old and ever since then it has become my first passion.

# Character Of Thine

The sun set, but not his hope:  
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:  
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye;

And matched his sufferance sublime  
The taciturnity of time.  
He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again;  
His action won such reverence sweet  
As hid all measure of the feat.

Roger Hadden

# Home Is So Sad

Home is so sad. It stays as it was left.  
Shaped to the comfort of the last to go  
As if to win them back. Instead bereft  
Of anyone to please, it withers so,  
Having no heart to put aside the theft

And turn again to what it started as,  
A joyous shout at how things ought to be,  
Long fallen wide. You can see how it was.  
Look at the pictures and the cutlery.  
The music in the piano stool. That vase.

Roger Hadden

# In My Garden

In my garden three ways meet,  
Thrice the spot is blessed;  
Hermit thrush comes there to build  
Carrier doves to rest.

The broad armed oaks, the copse's maize  
The cold sea-wind detain;  
And sultry summer overstays  
When autumn chills the plain.

From mountains far and valleys near,  
The harvests sown today,  
Thrive in all weathers without fear, -  
Wild planters plant away!

In cities high the careful crowd  
Of woe-worn mortals darkling go,  
But in these sunny solitudes  
My quiet roses blow.

Roger Hadden

# Lonesome Corner

I went down to the corner.  
I stood there feeling blue-  
I used to go around the corner,  
Babe, and call on you.

Old lonesome corner!  
People pass by me-  
But none of them peoples  
Is who I want to see.

Roger Hadden

# Midwinter Blues

In the middle of the Winter,  
Snow all over the ground  
In the middle of the Winter,  
Snows all over the ground

Roger Hadden

# Mother Nature

She is beautiful and good,  
But of amiable mood,  
No dreary repeater now and again,  
She will be all things to all men.

She who is old, but nowise feeble,  
Pours her power into the people,  
Merry and manifold without bar,  
Makes and molds them what they are,

And what they call their city way  
Is not their way, but hers,  
And what they say they made today  
They learned of the oaks and firs,

She spawns men as mallows fresh,  
She drugs her waters and her wheat  
With flavors she finds meet,  
And gives them what to drink and eat;

And having thus their bread and growth,  
They do her bidding, nothing loath.  
What's most theirs is not their own,  
But borrowed in atoms from iron and stone,

And in their vaunted works of Art  
The master-stroke is still her part.

Roger Hadden



# Seesaws

The bigger the tomb, the smaller the man.  
The weaker the case, the thicker the brief.  
The deeper the wound, the older the wound.  
The graver the loss, the dryer the twears.

The truer the shot, the slower the aim.  
The quicker the kiss, the sweeter the taste.  
The viler the crime, the vaguer the guilt.  
The louder the price, the cheaper the ring.

The higher the climb, the sheerer the slide.  
The steeper the odds, the shrewder the bet.  
The rarer the chance, the brasher the risk.  
The colder the snow, the greener the spring.

The braver the bull, the wiser the cape.  
The shorter the joke, the surer the laugh.  
The sadder the tale, the dearer the joy.  
The longer the life, the briefer the years.

Roger Hadden

# The Garden Of Love

I went to the Garden of LOVE  
And saw what I had never seen:  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And thou shalt not, write over the door;  
So I turned to the Garden of Love,  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And saw it was filled with graves,  
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:  
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars, my joys and desires.

Roger Hadden

# The Waking

I strolled across  
An open field;  
The sun was out;  
Heat was happy.

This way! this way!  
The wren's throat shimmered,  
Either to other,  
The blossoms sang.

The stones sang,  
The little ones did,  
And flowers jumped  
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe  
Of daisies waved;  
I was not alone  
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood  
A nestling sighed;  
The dew loosened  
Its morning smells.

Roger Hadden