

Poetry Series

**Stephanie Hazle**  
**- poems -**

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# Stephanie Hazle()

## In My Smile

There is peace and comfort  
In my smile  
It reflects an understanding heart  
And a tranquil mind.  
Complemented by a calm disposition,  
Sourced from the Creator above,  
I emit strength from the power  
In my smile.

# A Secret Wish

It's a thought that brings tears to my eyes.  
The picture of a girl  
Holding her daddy's hand  
Firm and directive, as he leads  
She looks up at him, his steps guide her path  
Somewhere midway he lifts her in the air  
And the two are inseparable  
Late night heart break stories  
She freely shares while he listens intently  
And reassures her of her worth  
His precious jewel, apple of his eye  
His words and embrace of protection  
Gives her all the shielding from a cold world  
And when age has crept up behind them  
She still leans on his shoulder  
And the familiar assurance she will find  
Even when his hands tremble and eyes fall  
No new love, will ever replace his  
Her daddy, always and forever hers.  
And yet, I find myself in tears  
For the beautiful thought remains just that  
Will it ever be more, I wonder.  
More than a thought.  
A secret wish.

Stephanie Hazle

# As I Wait

As I wait  
Sometimes there's no sound  
The silence is deafening  
I am arrested by the blaring of my thoughts  
And yet, my helpless state  
Is also my strongest

As I wait  
I sometimes question my sanity  
Am I living in a dream  
Which exists only in my mind?  
And yet, my forsaking my senses  
Assures me I am trusting Him

As I wait  
Nothing I do seems sensible  
Especially to those looking on  
I am tempted to agree with them  
And yet, the level of faith required of me  
Attracts the judgement of doubters

As I wait  
Everything I know is separated from me  
And I feel alone  
And scared  
Yet it is in those my moments  
I experience His presence ever so near

As I wait  
My instincts urge me to be proactive  
But my conviction says otherwise  
I am reminded of His promises  
And yet I would choose no easier route  
For there is no better option

As I wait  
I have fresh, new thoughts  
A world of creativity is birthed  
It is fed and nurtured

And yet, I realise I am merely a conduit  
Of divine artistic intelligence

As I wait  
My eyes are brand new  
I see much more than  
That which first greets  
And yet, I am regretful  
That I didn't see before

As I wait  
I am a fountain of patience  
I become less quick to answer  
And faster to listen  
And yet, this measure of patience  
Doesn't come close to the mark

As I wait  
I feel deeply  
I am not numb or hardened  
I cry with ease  
And yet, my tears are not of pain  
But a truthful display of who I am inside

As I wait  
My dreams are big  
And never have I been  
More filled with hope!  
And yet, even those big dreams  
Do not match that which actually awaits.

Stephanie Hazle

# Broken-Heart Reminiscence (2011)

If I could go back

I'd hold his hand, fingers entwined

I'd snuggle much closer in his embrace

Tip on my toes to kiss his face

I'd use my forehead to touch his

And just gaze.

I'd listen intently amidst the silence

And not be deafened by it.

I'd lay beside him to hear his heartbeat

And feel when his breathing changed.

I'd have paid more attention to how he called my name

When he said I love you, I'd have felt every word

and shown in million more ways that I loved him too

I'd have danced with him and closed my eyes

Be lead by my heart, not my mind

Allow him to catch me should I fall

Then shower him with praises in abundance.

I'd have enjoyed hearing his voice on the phone

I'd have even appreciated his whining tone

I would have relished when he said

'I miss you'

Then let him know how much I missed him too

I'd have blushed when he said I was pretty

And told him more often that I thought he was witty.

I'd have treasured dearly being needed by him

...wanted even.

Stephanie Hazle

# Carnal Vs. Spirit

Carnal:

Tell me, how do I stay pure  
With a mind so unclean  
A body with hormones that scream  
With a heart that belongs to You  
Yet willing to give in  
Towards a natural inclination  
To this thing called sin?  
I want to be pleased and please  
Express how I feel with ease  
Without this weight of knowing  
That the direction I'm going  
Takes me further away from You  
I see the caution signs  
Amber lights glare at me  
But I proceed without steering  
Away from the danger that waits  
Not caring enough about where my actions will lead.

Spirit:

Before I hit the crater ahead,  
Before I fall in an everlasting hole  
A voice resonates inside my soul  
I realise my will only takes me too far  
Further than I could ever want to go  
And before I get there, where I will feel abandoned and alone  
Grace reminds me who I am, and more important  
Who He is.  
I will reap the fruits of my purity  
I will stay true to the one I serve  
How will I do this one may ask?  
Simply through faith  
My own strength fails me  
So with a mind that's renewed  
And a body that's Your temple  
With a heart that still belongs to You  
That won't be willing to give in



Towards a natural inclination  
To this thing called sin,  
I win.

Stephanie Hazle

# Love, Your Father

The whole world is hurting  
And yet many do not bemoan  
To Me.  
They find many false ways of coping  
Until they become blinded  
Unable to perceive their pain.

But not you, my beloved.  
You run to me in your anguish  
You cry out, arms outstretched  
And I hear your call  
I have cried with you  
I feel your pain.

But I don't only feel it  
I bear it today, as I bore it at Calvary  
Once and for all.  
Run to me darling  
I know how to carry this weight  
And to me, it's not heavy

I have come that you may truly live  
Freely and powerfully  
Not as a victim, or as spoiled goods.  
But as my handy-work of art  
I have thrown over you  
A multicoloured coat to show my favour

No weapon formed against you  
Will ever prosper.  
As you stand firm in the protection  
Of my favour and love  
I define who you are  
You are mine.

You allow yourself to feel hurt  
As you crave authentic relationship  
For my glory.  
I will protect you, love

You are protected.  
I will defend and provide for you.

Stephanie Hazle

# My God

You cause me to laugh uncontrollably  
My strength is truly the joy of the Lord!  
There is nothing I face that makes me to worry  
Nor can any man thwart my peace  
For You are the Giver of life  
The heavens and the earth declare You Lord

The trees outstretch their limbs to praise You  
The birds soar without knowing how they will be fed  
The seas billow at Your beckon call  
They are made to stop wherever You instruct  
The storms are powerless at the raising of Your hand.  
And the Sun gives light upon Your words: "Let there be light";

You provide such protection  
Not even I can cause my own harm  
For like a blanket, You cover me  
Shielding me from the perils of my own shortcomings  
My insecurities fall prey to Your all encompassing love  
What an awesome God you are.

You are love personified  
I have known the look, the smell and the taste of it.  
Love is the sweet and alluring aroma of my coffee  
Love is the taste of satisfaction as my thirst is forever quenched.  
Love is the sight of You, Jesus  
It is the freedom of being Your child.

Love is in the skies...  
The light pillow formed, soft clouds on a bright day  
The mighty and powerful bursts of thunder  
Pregnant with Your magnificence.  
It is the vibrance in the life around us  
The humming of everyday hustle and bustle

It is in the light  
Where darkness cannot thrive.  
Uncontainable, reckless, unbiassed as it shines  
Even in the depths of hell does Your light shine

Evil shudders at the mention of the name  
Jesus, King, Messiah, Lord of lords, King of kings!

My God! My God! How great you are.  
Though the snare of the devil is upon us  
And daily he seeks to devour and destroy  
Still your victory over the earth  
Remains undefiled, unrivalled, victorious.  
God of redemption! You saved my soul.

When the distorted words penetrate our skulls  
Infest our minds and contaminate our temples  
Your Word, like a sharp edged knife, is able to pierce us  
It repairs and comforts, reproves yet restores.  
It seeks out the lost, even without their looking  
Your Word is a light to my feet, music to my ears  
A sword in my hand, yet sweeter than honey.

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# Prince Of Peace, Prince Of Power

Prince of Peace

You ravaged through storms  
Of restless broken relationships  
Bursting through layers of pain  
Hardened by time and expectations unmet  
You gently lowered my walls  
Erected by fear  
You chased me relentlessly  
Even as I ran far from you  
Even as I was swayed by the winds  
Tempted by lies  
You barged in, to my rescue  
Never letting up on your commitment  
You are so faithful...  
You have fought hard for me  
To the point of death.  
Oh what a love like yours!  
You open the eyes of my heart  
And yet  
I will never understand...  
I will never understand.

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# Sweet Feeling

I've tasted many a sweet feeling  
Romantic dining, the finest of wines  
Climbed climaxes at the highest of heights  
Fought hard in the name of love  
Strived tirelessly for love...  
Ate of sweet fruits, turned bitter  
Dribbled the ball that was in my court  
As I played with romance  
Until it threw (me) in the towel  
Precious time passed as we waltzed 'til sun down

...But down on me did the Son set His eyes  
Never to leave His sight  
His face fixed like a flint  
As at Calvary  
While this treasured gem He so perspired after  
Found herself in just about the hands  
Of any charming suitor that crossed.  
Still His pursuit was relentless  
Even when waves of deceit and lust  
Washed up close enough to her heart

The taste of sweet feeling I have not lacked  
Drunk on fantasy and wondrous earthly things  
Feasted on fruits of labour  
Frolicked in the splendour of the moonlight  
Lost in the eclipses of carnal pleasures unspoken  
Caught in the snare of an empty, soul-less,  
unfulfilling abyss called temporary gratification  
That is sometimes deathly permanent.  
Yet, my new love sweetens more than my tongue  
It satisfies my soul.

We take long walks and walk hand in hand  
The Author of Love Himself and I  
I lay my deepest darkest secrets at His feet  
Where they are safe.  
I am safe...He saved me.  
Now I drink His living water

It quenches my thirst like I've never known  
He whispers secrets of times gone and to come  
There is nothing ugly about this love  
No perverse thrill gained from envy and jealousy.

No sweeter feeling than this have I known  
The feeling of assurance  
Blessed assurance  
A love that cannot be denied or questioned  
Even the 'sweetest taboo' comes second  
A love so good cannot be contained  
There is a world that awaits its sweet taste,  
Desperate without even knowing it  
I will tell them: Many a sweet feeling I've tasted  
But only one has called me His and I call Him mine

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# Whole-Hearted Love

Love the Lord with all your heart  
Said a wise woman of old  
But how can I love wholly, I asked,  
With a heart that isn't whole?

She smiled and looked up  
As if reminiscing on times passed  
Every little broken heart, she said,  
Will surely mend at last

Be grateful for every day  
Start by just being you  
You can read and cry, and play  
Do all the things you love to do

Slowly but surely  
My dear, you will heal  
And even as you grieve at times  
Little secrets will the Lord reveal

Eventually you will find  
As you spend with Him more time  
That weight of brokenness you once felt  
Begins to finally subside

Soon, my love, your heart will be whole  
And you will be ready to fly!  
To soar on wings of strength and courage  
To love faster than the twinkling of an eye.

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