

*Rhythm of my  
Heart*

*a book of poetry*

S.M. Hogben

Rhythm of my Heart: a book of poetry  
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# *Bored*

You sit and stare way into space,  
Oblivious of the human race,  
A vacant look upon your face.

Bored—

Nothing to think about, nothing to do!  
Everyone's busy except for you.

No movements, expressions, things seem blue,

Bored—

No books to read, no thoughts to think.

Eyes are fixed, don't even blink,  
Can't be bothered getting a drink,

Bored—

Monday to Friday, it's always the same,

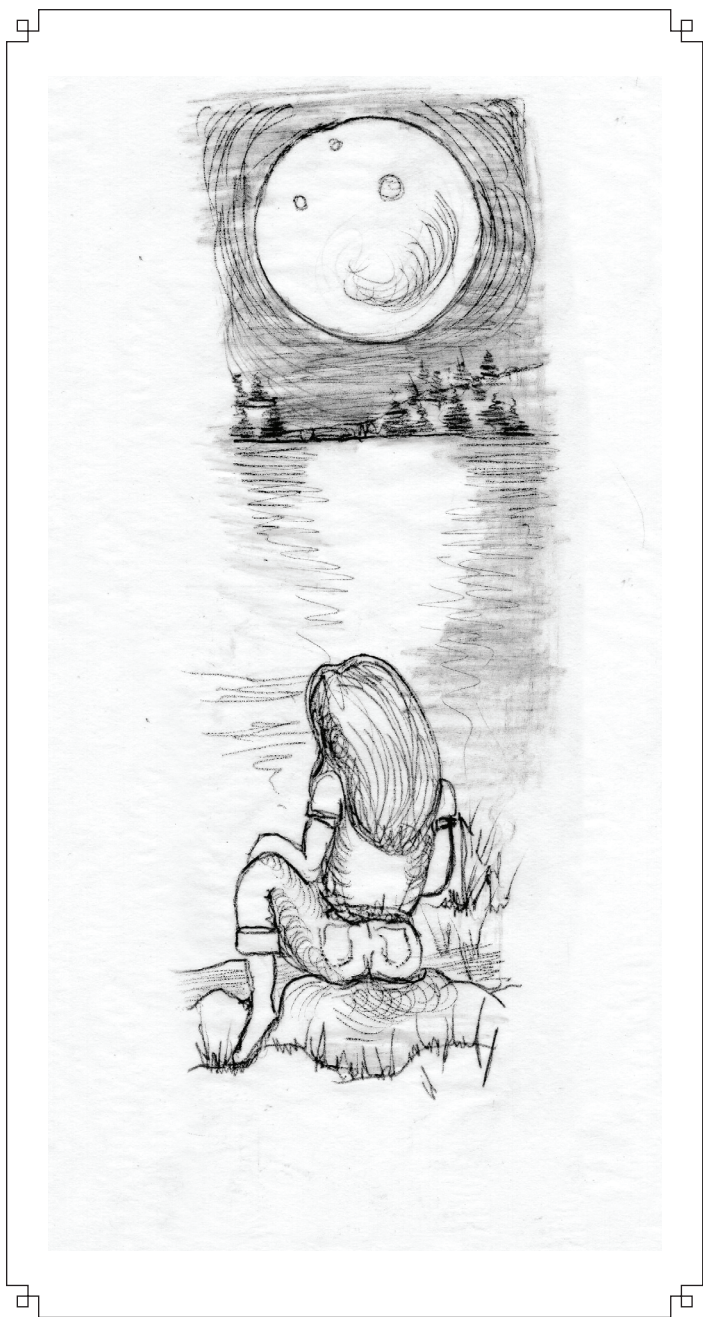
Having to work is such a pain,  
Can't afford to stay home, what a shame,

Bored—

Winning lotto would be a change,

Things in life to rearrange,  
Our sanity now we could gain.

Not Bored—



# Champagne

*(For My Son)*

A golden moon in the ink-black skies,  
On soft damp sand, the champagne lies.  
It froths and bubbles like silky fine lace,  
Washing away troubles in the dark quiet place.

The gentle murmurs echo around  
The sounds of the sea where peace abounds,  
On those silver sounds, to stand alone there,  
With your toes in champagne, and the breeze in your hair.

Tall shadows of trees fringe around the bay,  
The sights and the sounds at the close of the day,  
These simple pleasures are both wild and free.  
There, and enjoyment, for you and for me.

If trouble besets you and life's really tough,  
The remedy is simple, it's pleasure enough.  
Wash away your problems again and again,  
With the moon, silver sand, and your toes in champagne.



# *At the Bottom of my Garden*

There's a fairy at the bottom of my garden,  
her hair is fair, she has dainty gossamer wings.  
She's dressed in clothes of blue and softest pink,  
And when the sun sets, she sweetly sings.

I tip-toe outside, when the moon is bright,  
And the breeze is soft and cool.

I watch as she dances in the moonlight,  
Am I really such a fool?

There must be others with her, she cannot live alone,  
But she's the only one I see, sitting singing on a stone.  
There's a kind of peace in dreaming, childhood fantasies  
regained,  
No harm to others in believing old stories that never  
change.

# *Nature's Way*

The NSW '94 bushfires went round,  
The beautiful trees turned from green to brown,  
Their trunks were black, right to the ground,  
And for a while no shoots were found.

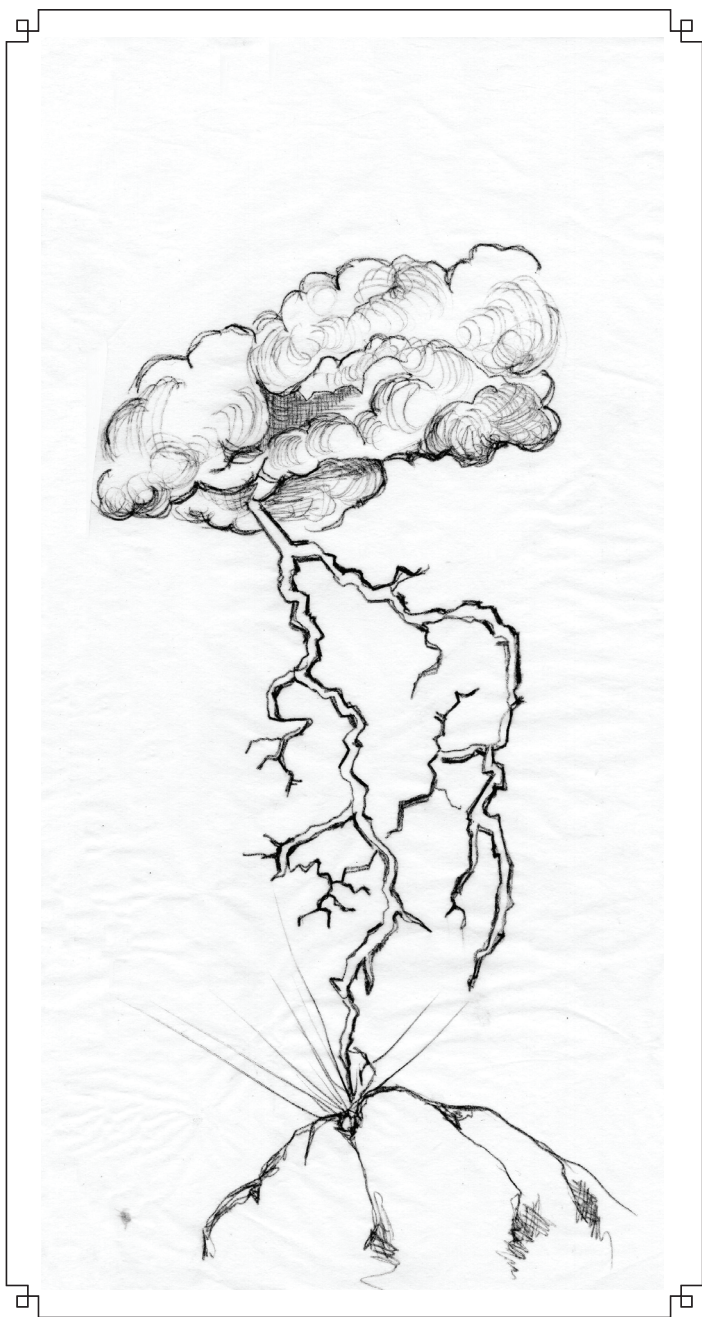
But Mother Nature found her way  
The skies then turned from blue to grey,  
On a blackened earth, the deluge lay,  
And refreshed, the seeds grew, day by day.

The trees are draped in a slip of green,  
Delicate foliage danced in the breeze,  
Beneath them, new plants stand, proud as you please,  
And the blackened boughs are covered with new leaves.

So, as you see, like the years that have passed,  
The destruction and the horror does not last,  
And time will heal the memories fast,  
For with Nature's way, the die is cast.

*Written for my Grandchildren February 1999*





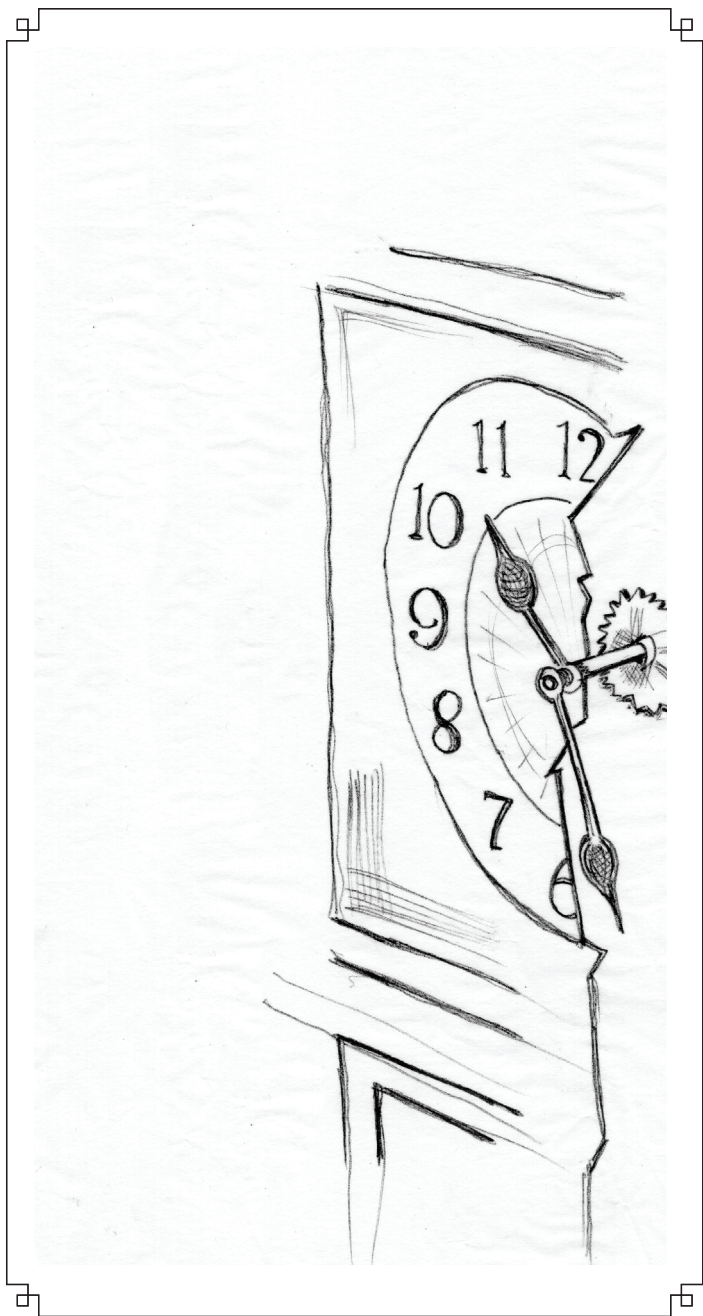
# *Nature's Majesty*

Warm, still and dusk, the night settles gently on the land,  
Across the shadowy mountains and over silvery sand.  
People cosy in their houses, prepare to go to rest,  
Wind has died so silently; this time of day is best.

Ghostly buildings outlined beneath a moonless sky,  
Night birds wing away to feed, the day begins to die.  
Suddenly from nowhere comes a wondrous shard of light,  
Long fingers darting from the clouds, huge flashes clean  
and bright.

A kaleidoscope of patterns light up for all to see,  
Magnificent performance all part of nature's majesty.  
As the lightening slowly fades, the thunder rolls and roars,  
Silence is disrupted and from the heavens the rain pours.

Gurgling along the gutters, washing down the streets,  
Like an unchecked river, clearing everything it meets.  
The storm then passes quickly, as quickly as it came,  
The lights are gone, night is back, and silence is regained.



# *Time*

*1986*

Time is just a moment in space,  
A breath, a gasp, a dream, a race.

There's time to dream,  
And time to weep,  
Time to think,  
And thoughts to keep.

There's time to win,  
And time to lose,  
Time for birth,  
And time to choose.

With so little time for all the above  
Remember, keep some time for love.

## *Bio:*



Sue was born in England and lived through wartime. Her favourite pastime was the love of horses. She enjoyed spending her time riding, dressage, steeplechase, and the hunt. At age ten, she migrated to Australia after her mother passed away from breast cancer.

She was a dedicated mum, supporting and guiding her three children through the minefield of life whilst juggling the demands of full-time work and home life.

Later, she became a doting grandmother to nine grandchildren—five girls and four boys—who in turn delighted her with four great grandchildren. She showered all of them with love, discipline, strength, and the courage to strive for the stars and universe.

As a mighty gum tree supports and sustains life in nature, Sue nurtured the lives of her family. She opened their minds to new experiences, supported through heartache, and celebrated the triumphs.