

*Poems
of
Quiet Renewal*



Herbert A Hagell

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Preface

This collection unfolds like a spring thaw — quiet, gradual, and deeply rooted. It begins in stillness, where breath hangs in the hush of winter (*Echoes*), and softens into the cleansing gentleness of new rain (*Afternoon Rain*). The speaker begins to turn inward, tending their own spirit with compassion and presence (*Self Care*), learning to trust the pace of healing (*Patience*).

At the heart of the journey is *Forgive* — a moment of deep release and emotional turning. Here, the poem dares to name sorrow, to let go, and to imagine that healing might be shared, even if uncertain. From that moment forward, the collection lifts gently into light: first with *Renewal*, where hope peeks through, and then *Embrace*, which leans fully into change.

The arc continues through *Dance*, a celebration of joy reborn, and *What We Sow*, a quiet meditation on legacy and the simple power of care. Finally, *Visions* offers the closing gift: not triumph, but shared peace — a sanctuary built not by certainty, but by tenderness and time.



Part I – Beneath the Hush

Echoes

oh, frosty night
when the snap of crusty snow
echoes across silent air,
beneath moonlight's glimmer
the field holds its breath.
spring's thaw, not yet begun,
waits beneath the hush.

Afternoon Rain

rain patters softly
afternoon turns silver-gray—
dust rises, then rests

beneath quiet drops
the cleansing begins slowly—
sun stirs in the mist

green shoots in cracked earth
reach where thirst has not yet left—
love's renewal shows

Unseen

(for the grief that lingers, quietly)

I stood beside the cold earth,
my gaze fixed on the sunken plot—
a hollow reminder
of what once was.

And I knew—
she was not there.

The day after her departure,
I met her in the warmth of my room,
where sunlight touched
the place she napped
most afternoons.

Her spirit settled beside me—
a whisper of love
in the shadows.

For years, she stayed.
Not as memory,
but presence:
a silken thread between worlds,
stretching across the chasm
life could not close.

Time dulled her voice,
the whispers faded
to something fainter than breath.
Still, I feel her—

quiet,
constant,
guiding.

Her love became
an invisible compass
pulling me through
each twist in the labyrinth.

At night,
when the world hushes
and the veil grows thin,
I listen for her laughter—
like wind through birch leaves,
like a sigh tucked into a dream.

She is never far.

She is the warmth
on my cheek
when the sun breaks through cloud.
She is the first star
that finds me
when evening forgets its way.

And I,
still standing by the grave,
know the dirt means nothing.

She is not bound
to hollow ground.

She is everywhere—
and nowhere.

The unseen embrace
that steadies my bones,
the hush I enter
when I need to remember
that love never ends—
it just changes shape.

One day,
her light will lead me
home.

The Rain

the rain, a somber reflection of our tears,
falling from the heavens like a curtain of fears.
each droplet, like a memory as it cascades,
in a whispered lament for a dance of shades.

but if that was the rain,
it was like a spit in the face,
a cruel reminder of life's bitter embrace.

yet, amidst the storm we find a chanced reprieve,
to gaze upon the sky, and silently conceive,
for rain, it cleanses, washes away our pain,
a chance for renewal, to start anew again.

if that was the rain,
let it be a baptism of grace,
a cleansing of wounds, a tender embrace.

in its rhythm, a symphony of introspection,
a gentle lullaby, a poetic connection.
it whispers secrets, paints stories untold,
transforming landscapes, turning silver and gold.

oh, let the rain be more than just a plight,
a chance to find solace in its gentle might.
for in its touch, a symphony of release,
a reminder of life's intricate masterpiece.

if that was the rain,
let it be a healing embrace,
a moment to find peace, in its watery grace.



Part II – Turning Inward

Self Care

In the quiet corner of my being,
a whisper rose—gentle and sure:
self-care is not indulgence,
but water for the root.

I tend my spirit like a garden,
each act of kindness, a soft rain.
Peace grows in small things:
a book, a walk, a morning cup of tea.

Patience

Patience, like a leaf,
Floating down a gentle stream,
Finds peace in slow pace.

In quiet growth, trees
Teach the art of waiting long,
Roots deep, skyward strong.

Sunset and sunrise,
In their daily, steady march,
Patience paints the sky.

Stars in silent wait,
Eons pass in twinkling gaze,
Time teaches grace.

Letter to the One Who Withers

Dear one,

I see you—
under the hot sun, with ill winds swirling,
watering can in hand,
tending every bloom but your own.

You move like it depends on you alone—
nurturing each stem through the garden,
guiding each leaf toward the light.

But what of the wilt in your own heart?
The ache behind your careful care?
The soil beneath your feet thrives—
while you, quietly, begin to wither.

I know what it's like to get lost
in the flurry of petals and needs,
to forget your own thirst
while giving so freely.

Pause, sit in the shade.
Let the watering can rest.
Let your breath be the first thing you tend.

You don't have to earn rest—
to bloom for anyone, nurturing,
first, water your soul.

With love,

Me.

Where Tomorrow Sleeps

With a quiet mind and a quiet heart,
my love relaxed for spring's evening—
let rest the worries of the day,
replaced with peace and gentle breathing.

While the prospect of sleep approaches,
now is the time to slow thought down,
let plans for tomorrow remain
hidden where calm and care are found.

The dreams of night will softly come
to a mind that has found release,
bringing back hope, and love, and light—
spring's promise carried into peace.



Part III – The Naming

Almost

I try
to look to the future
for a clear day—

but the fog
doesn't lift on command.
It lingers
in the folds of my thinking,
heavy as low-pressure skies.

They say the sun
waits beyond the storm,
but I've stood in the rain
too long
to believe it blindly.

Dark clouds promise
they'll pass—
but they've said that before.

I want to believe
my thoughts can hold light again,
that love can return
to its rightful place
and stay.

I want my soul
to see clearly—
but most days
it only squints.

Yes, I try
to look forward
to a mind at ease.

But some days,
the weight of today
won't untether.

The angel of relief
hovers—
but never lands.

And doubts
refuse
to rest.

Forgive

I carry the weight
like a stone in my chest—
it whispers doubt
in the voice I used to trust.

I remember the silence
more than the leaving—
the hollow ache
filling rooms you never returned to.

And still,
I struggle to forgive myself—
for believing too much,
for breaking too quietly,
for the way my voice trembled
when I tried to say goodbye.

But when the rain returns,
I will let it fall

where my forgiveness lives—

softening the earth

where something

might grow.

Perhaps your voice grows.

I Saw Her Rise

after years of silence, I witnessed her healing begin

I was there—
not as judge or lawyer,
but as someone who saw her shoulders
tremble under years of scrutiny.

The courtroom was quiet.
No media swarm. No headlines.
Just a few family members
and the heavy breath of truth.

She didn't speak much.
She didn't have to.
Her silence said:
I am more than my missteps.

They talked about evaluations—
numbers, mental fitness,
whether a parent could be trusted
with her own life again.

But I didn't need an expert
to tell me what I saw:
a woman trying
to grow beyond the soil
everyone said was poisoned.

She wore no performance that day.
No makeup made for lights.

Only a quiet grace
that had been long misunderstood.

And though the law
still held the keys,
her strength no longer asked
for permission.

Now, years later,
she sings again—not always loudly,
but with steadier notes.

Her father rests,
and the world watches again—
but I?

I remember the girl
who stood, whole,
while they counted her broken.

I saw her begin to heal
long before they gave her back her name.

The First Laugh After

It didn't come as a joke.
It wasn't loud, or shared.

It came
quietly—
between coffee cooling
and a thought I hadn't yet buried.

A flicker.
A lift.
A muscle moving like it remembered
something good.

I didn't trust it.
Not at first.
Laughter felt like betrayal
after all this grief.
But still—
it bubbled.
Like water returning to boil.

I stood in the kitchen,
crumbs on the counter,
sunlight trying through the blinds,
and I let it rise.

Not a roar—
just a small sound
that said:
"I'm still here."

I had rehearsed so many endings,
but never this.

Never the moment joy
slipped in like music
after a long silence.

And suddenly, I wanted to
make it a wonderful day,
choose to see the light
sifted through the dishes,
the dust,
the body still aching
but somehow laughing anyway.

I didn't plan this smile.
It grew wild,
like a weed through concrete—
uninvited,
but welcome.

Part IV – The Rise into Renewal

Renewal

A symbol of hope,
of renewal and birth—
a promise of healing
for the wounds of the earth.

We stand at the cusp,
at the edge of a dream,
in a future woven
from the past's frayed seam.

With eyes still soft,
and hearts gently awake
we step into the light
that peach morning makes.

Embrace

In life's wide river,
I've learned to drift with change—
like leaves turning softly
in the breath of wind.

Each shift, a tide
pulling me further inward.
Hope lights my oar.
I bend, but do not break.

In change's embrace,
I find my rhythm again—
not lost,
but remade.

Dance

We pour the wine, its ruby depths
catching the sunlight,
transforming it into liquid garnets
that dance in our glasses.

Each sip, a communion;
a celebration of the renewal
not just of the earth, but of us—
of love that winters thawed,
blooming afresh in the heart of spring.

Part V – The Courage to Stay

Quiet Resistance

Not all rebellions
wear fire in their eyes.

Some wake early,
boil water for tea,
write one more line
in the notebook no one reads.

Some turn away
from the shout of self-sabotage
to whisper:
I deserve to keep trying.

They don't post their progress.
They don't wait for applause.
They take the stairs again.
They eat the apple instead.
They write the chapter,
delete half of it,
and call it momentum.

When belief falters,
they ask the question anyway:
Is this mine to become?

And when the answer is
unsure,
inconvenient,
quietly terrifying—

they say yes.

Again.

Quiet resistance is not
spectacle.

It is breath work.

It is the half-smile
of someone re-aligning
their spine with their purpose.

It is a slow defiance
of giving up.

He Wasn't Alone"

(a moment of shared human care)

That night,
he died in the park.
No one knows why
he ended there.

We'd shared a six-pack,
a bottle of wine—
brothers of a kind,
laughing with what we had left.

My pint of rum,
confiscated by the officer
with his light and rulebook,
who missed the real story
by inches.

Later, we danced.
Not for joy—
but for him.
A memorial made of footsteps
and memory.

We raised nothing official.
No headlines, no prayers.
Just a moment of music
on cold grass.

And when I passed the park again,
headed uphill to a life
still breathing,

the same officer
flashed his guarded light—
and I met his eyes
as if to say:
He was known.
He was seen.

He wasn't alone.

What We Sow

We kneel in soft earth,
not warriors, but witnesses—
planting not only trees,
but the breath of tomorrow.

Where the soil was tired,
we tuck in seeds of stillness.
Not to fight, but to remember
that healing begins small.

Beneath our palms,
a root begins to reach—
not as protest,
but as a quiet vow.

We leave no banners,
only shade.
No anthem,
only air.

What we sow,
may not be ours to reap—
but it will carry our care
into light we will never see.

He Wasn't Alone

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He was seen.
He wasn't alone.

✦ Part VI – Closing Light

Visions

I Explore my heart and soul,
To find what I need most,
I reach out and hold tight,
As one beacon also seeks you.

For this new spring day,
I beseech you seek safe-haven—
we enter shelter together,
to rest, where new seasons begin.



Back Matter

A Note on Renewal

This collection began, as many renewals do, in stillness. Not the kind that feels peaceful—but the kind that settles like snow over everything you thought you understood. In that hush, I found not answers, but questions. And eventually, poems.

Poems of Quiet Renewal grew from a companion to *Leaning toward Light*, into a tight collection as I added new poems and ideas.

These pieces are not linear instructions for healing. They are quiet companions—some born in sorrow, some shaped in the ache of waiting, and others in the first trembling moments of joy's return. Each poem marks a place I stood, or sat, or paused long enough to listen inward.

Renewal, I've come to believe, isn't something we chase. It's something that grows when we make space. It comes in pieces: a breath, a memory, a laugh we didn't expect to hear again. It comes when we forgive ourselves for not blooming on someone else's timeline.

And renewal is exactly how I built *Poems of Quiet Renewal*. I allowed it to grow.

If these poems have found their way to your own quiet, I hope they offer you gentleness. Not pressure to move faster, but permission to trust the rhythm you're already keeping.

You are not behind.

You are not broken.

You are becoming—softly, surely, beautifully.

— *Herbert Hagell*

The Quiet Verse

About The Quiet Verse

The Quiet Verse is a living creative practice—a project rooted in stillness, seasonal rhythm, and poetic renewal.


It began with the simple belief that not all healing is loud, and not all growth is linear.

Through a bi-weekly email newsletter (From the Quiet Verse) and a bi-monthly digital magazine (The QuietVerse Digest), this project offers poetry, reflection, creative prompts, and gentle companionship to those moving through inner weather.

Whether you arrived here through the hush of grief, the ache of transformation, or the pull toward something softer, The Quiet Verse welcomes you. This collection is one offering among many—meant to be returned to, reinterpreted, and held close.

To subscribe, respond, or explore further:

 www.thequietverse.com (replace with your actual URL)

 Sign up for the newsletter, or send your own quiet line back.

We're listening.

Other Books by the Author

Deep Forest

Humans share DNA with trees.

A lot, it turns out. Does it surprise you that many people find solace among the trees? It does not need to be a large forest... although the bigger, the better.

Even to sit under the broad canopy of a single tree, enjoying the shade on a hot, sunny day brings relief, with time to reflect.

Perhaps to watch children play around the trees or scurry up to their very own house, nestled in the big branches.

When walking on the paths in a stand of trees, my mind wanders and I find myself thinking the strangest and most outrageous thoughts, on just about every topic I could imagine.

Deep Forest is a small collection of thoughts, many of them deep and profound. Others you might consider light. Some of these thoughts are not what you think.

Read them again.

Most of all, please enjoy these thoughts and let them serve as a rationale to help you form your own.

The Proposal

"*The Proposal*" unfolds a riveting narrative of enduring love, resilience, and the power of a pivotal moment to alter the course of two lives. In the lush renewal of spring, a love story blooms, rich with promise and the tender beginnings of a life envisioned together.

But as a plan for the ultimate proposal takes shape, the shadows of past loves and present doubts converge, challenging the very foundation of their future.

Discover the Journey

"*The Proposal*" is not just a tale of love; it's an exploration of the courage it takes to face one's fears, to step into the unknown for the chance at a happiness that is both profound and enduring. It is a story for anyone who has ever loved deeply, questioned their path, and dared to make a choice with all their heart.

Join us on this journey of love, transformation, and the moments that shape our lives forever.