In the earlier chapter it has been shown how Stewart wrote poems on New Zealand themes. Since he was born in New Zealand and spent his youth there it was but natural that he should write about his experiences in that country. In a series of poems he joyfully recollected his memories of the beautiful landscape. His imagination was filled with the flora and fauna and the landscape. It is they who turned him into a poet and Stewart's poems are grateful tribute for nurturing his creativity.
CHAPTER - II

NEW ZEALAND POETRY
The early poetry is characterised by delight in the beauty and the
colour of New Zealand landscape and by an exuberance of language. In
describing the landscape which includes the lands of beauty and animals the
poet becomes a conveyer of the feelings of animals and close observer of the
scenes.

In the poem the "Green Lions" the poet reveals the combative mood of
lions living in hallows and waiting for the opportunity to combat with their foes
with brisk nature. Though their rivals are not seen in action they are vigilant with
stretched limbs to comfort.

Comparison is brought subtly between the world of animals and the
world of human beings. The lions cohere to something that they fight with united
mood where as human beings give importance to laxity and busy in mechanical
activities. They seem to be insensitive towards the ruthless struggle for survival
and inattentive to the cruel action going on outside. The poet encourages the
human world indirectly to wake up from their busy world to look out at the
gruesome situation as man has lost his vigour and the spirit of adventure. It is a comment that man is a like prisoner in the hands of modern civilization.

_The mutter of distant carnage still persists,_

_And men denied the jungle of young years._

The poem "Poplar in the Mimi Valley" is a description of poplar tree among the wild growth of dwarf trees in the mimi valley. The poplar tree is yellow in colour. As the twinkling beauty of the stars is diminished by the bright rays of the sun the beauty of dwarf trees is dominated by the beauty of poplar tree. It is unique in shape and colour and has exuberant growth. It seems as if it mocked at the stunted growth of other native trees.

_The poplar towers and mocks the stunted growth_

Dwarf trees are also exuberant in growth but before the poplar tree their beauty fades. In autumn season the trees in the mimi valley are subjected to extreme rains and chilly weather. Though winter season is jealous of its beauty the winter singer pays tribute to the poplar tree as it is precious like a gold coin. He does not have the fear of uncivil growth of dwarf trees. His interest in watching its beauty is peculiar. The poplar tree like a golden cannonade shines in the mimi valley and the milkers of the cow enjoy themselves watching its brightness. Poplar tree resists against bronze tempest torrents over from the west gangs upon the eastern hill's nude bones. The inclement weather is effective on skinny jungle also. But every thing, affected strongly by the uncongenial conditions, seems sluggish and lifeless and swirling like water moans. Protection from the unknown hand is necessary to save the one peculiar tree which flares in the centre of the jungle. Luckily it has the invisible power of standing like a young girl. She, in a darkened house, _showers the unasked rich_
plumage of her sap to crafty eels acts in thick creek beneath and brutal earth and sour determined grasses. Due to inclement weather, the poplar tree has lost its leaves which are worn by milker of cows as he passes through surly-valley. The fallen leaves, like golden feathers are much and precious to the milker of the cows. The words young girl and golden cannonade indicate the beauty of the poplar tree which dominates all the other trees.

In the poem "The Growing Strangeness", with strange ideas poet enters the world of animals where he finds himself as a stranger. The poet seems to be anxious to know the moods of cattle. His presence among the wild growth of trees is partly visible to the cattle. The wry silver leaf and the unpleasant cry of cricket make the poet stand-still and know their dislike to have his presence. The owl, and the innocent brown hare have frightened the black birds. They have got accustomed to the surroundings where brush-wood covered by silvery ice, does not disturb the cattle. They have been struck with wonder to see a man before them. So they try to run away or to fight with him. The poet tries to be intimate with the cattle as trees have. But to them he is alien and odd and they feel as if he were a bull advancing. He is left alone as a dead tree as the cattle feel that he is dangerous.

Wary and dangerous through the evening cool.

His desire of mingling with the cattle in not fulfilled and his interest in the observation of the moods of cattle is revealed.

In the poem 'Moment' the effect of winter abstains the poet from engaging in his routine work for a moment. Though the black cup of winter dusk
is sullen and pricking with the late eclipse of baleful wailing yellow light on sodden field and tree's gnawed husk, his mind thinks of his routine work actively.

A white bell with a yellow tongue swings and shines as a choir of dew. The song of white bell stimulates the motionless less sap in his body to forget the chilly effect. The black bird is also belated to fly and finds itself shrieking as though madman laughed. It is unable to break in the spell of lily chimes. The poet, belated bird, sodden field, tree's gnawed husk and white bell are subjected to black and furious draught.

Then a belated black bird flew
Shraking as though a madman laughed
But had no power to break the spell,
Of lily chimes and holy bell,
That on my mind's dark ocean rocked
Shocked by that black and furious draught.

As in the poem "Country of Winter" the poet gives elaborate description of winter season devastating on all trees and animals in the poem White Cry also the poet gives a clear picture of landscape where the huge trees and the youngest lamb are stricken due to inclement snowy weather.

Where boughs green not with leaves but moss
I saw it stricken as it stood.

The lamb is frail against the breath of ice. It thinks that the huge tree is protective and so it stands beside an old huge tree in white astonishment. The huge trees and the vines struggle through a world of loss. The suffering of lamb seems to be nothing before the struggle of the huge trees and the vines for life.
The picture of the lamb beside the old tree and its white cry make the poet remember the crucifixion of Christ. A dream and a white cry become meaningless though it were nailed on that huge rood.

The poem "Country of Winter" is a sensitive comment on a strange landscape. The poet does not leave for his observation even an inch of the land which looks unique and strange to him. Actually in the winter season all the living beings on the earth feel dull. Particularly at Countegary, the active trout, insects and fish cannot be seen in active motion in winter. In this country winter is effective not only on the aquatic animals, but also on the huge trees. All are submissive before winter season which prevails all over the country.

*This time the trout are not rising at countegary,*

*Not a fish comes up from below but there are only*

*Looking at themselves with a shiver as a ripple laps*

*The silver and the coppery trees of the wild country;*

The dogbush reveals the country's *portent* in summer. The guinea flower golden in colour, and the lilies on the water donot believe that the rivers are deep and harsh are the rocks.

The heat of the sun is soft over the *ragged hills* and is brighter than frost. The dogbush exclaims with wonder about the snow which flowers in the crowding stone.

The rainbow is dim, huge and dull in summer. Rainbow symbolizes the rainy season after which the winter season comes to dull all the beings on the earth. Its disappearance under the water signifies the ceasing of rains in winter.
season. The rain-bow appears dull in summer season as to make guineaflower, 
lilies, snake, trout and insects feel happy.

All flowers and wings and fins, all singing and colour!

In the upland country, naked in clarity, the two Suns talk to each other
inflame to alter the country but vain is their effort. But there is nothing to soften
their pitiless colloquy. The silver shudders the Sun in the pool’s cold purity.

Silver pours down from the sky the burning beam

The platypus is tacit at dusk and sank in deep as if the river itself
turned in its sleep. The poet describes the changes that occur in sally gums and
how sally gums have stood up locked. Every bough of sally gums has the touch
of misty radiance and they appear as the trees of moonlight. The river and the
dim paddock also have the touch of the cool rays of the moon.

Cold is the moon that now goes walking on the river

Due to the touch of coolness all things withdraw, contract and retreat
to their sources. The snake is in its hole the wood-duck thuds to escape and the
creatures of winter come close to the lonely houses.

The long pools glitter under an icy sun,

Cold is the moon that now goes walking on the river

Whiteness is over all and all is lost.

All these lines reveal the country’s wintry situation which prevails all
over the country. Trout, platypus, insects and snake are afraid of cool weather.

In the poem Morning the brisk movement of dawn, touches leaves with
its musical fingers to wake up slack moments of the earth. If moves as slowly as
the sap snakes the body. With light musical sound it makes the heart of starling happy. The joy of starling finds no limits with the appearance of bright morning.

The sweet tremor of the wild matins is heard in secret veins. Every heart feels the touch of morning and its stillness is as fleet as trout in the far pools. It comes like slender gums that chafe for warmth and it jingles and delicately stampades like silver deer through the blue-leaved groves of heat.

Birds like small green leaves peck the yellow peaches in the grass. But the movement of morning does not disturb the work of birds. It is not only seen but also experienced.

Every leaf and bird welcome its joyful light movement. Its presence gives them enthusiasm. It is a crystal dream as clear as stream.

The poem "Tablet for the Lonely Water" reveals the real existence of the river is not known but the speckles and the deathless grooves on the stones signify her disappearance. Alone is she whom it is not possible to anybody to trace out easily. Her vanishing is natural and the grooves resemble the hooves of deer when they cut snow fields in flight and the print made by hares on the forsted grass. The grooves are compared to the flat moons which gleam through fleeting flutes.

As deer in flight cut snow fields with the fleet.
Delicate sharp diamonds of their hooves
Her foot prints so on stones.
The poet finds delicate and colourless grooves on the stones. Nobody can sail but the lone blue mountain drake and his coldmate find themselves in amazement to trace out colourless thin grooves.

If a boy happens to search for the warm secrets of the hills all seems to him an idle fancy. If the elders happen to listen to this talk they may laugh at it. So searching for the stream is vain as all her belongings except the thin and delicate grooves on the stones, have vanished. Her white feet have become bones in a sea-eaten town and the script of the grooves becomes the pale record of ghost between a brown hill and blue hill.

*The script but the pale record of a ghost*

*Between a brown hill and a blue hill lost*

The delicate grooves are erased by the time as to give no chance to any body to trace out her. The stream has nothing in it to remember. Neither mint, nor sedge, nor golden isle of gorse, nor little cray fish and nor eel can speak about her withered life. But the poet engraves her image in still verse.

*So I must grave her image in still verse*

*To gleam like snow and marble through a time*

The epigraph on the tomb contains the details of her. Though the poet is sympathetic of her vanishing he gives her immortal life by writing a poem about her. In the poem "Tablet for the Lonely Water" tablet is nothing but a poem which remains for ever though she be gone and it remains as the windlass of the moon.

The phrases like *dim flat moons, pale record of ghost reveal* that a river was there in the past.
The Bunyip is a different poem from other poems in which sheer description of animals and their harmless nature is directly given. But bunyip, a fabulous monster which we find in myths, is a terrible animal having evil qualities. The thought of its formidable shape creates terror in mind and makes body tremble. In the poem ‘The Bunyip’, the place, in the form of bunyip is described as dangerously destructive place with wonderful scenes that invite others formally with waving boughs to a deep pool where they are enthusiastic to observe the reflection of their faces but the moment they come near the pool the bunyip never wastes the chance of capturing them.

The Kookaburra, drank, he says then shrieked at me with laughter
I dragged him down in a hairy hand and ate his thigh bones after.

The place, where the gum trees glow in red and golden colours; the ferns gleam in yellow colour and the water in the pool seems to be burnt, is hostile to animals and human beings. As in the poem Hostile Mountain - where the poet gives description of a beautiful mountain that attracts the merrymakers with its wonderful scenes but never sends them back with life, the deep pool also attracts animals and human beings to be pulled by a monster into the water. They seem to be innocent to come near the pool to become prey to the bunyip. It is also capable of capturing the moon by her silver hair.

I 'li catch the moon by her silver hair and dance her around the sky.
It is like hostile mountain with beautiful scenes to attract those who come there.

The poem "Lady Feeding the Cats" reveals human compassion towards animals. A blue-eyed lady brings the mild cats a sack of bones on her back. It is her routine work and her responsibility is absolute. Though the hill
where the cats live, is distant, she finds herself active to go there. She wears bedraggled bonnet and broken shoes to resist against weather's stain. Though bedraggled bonnet and broken shoes irritate her she does not care of inconvenience.

*With a sack of bones on her back and a song in her brain*

The furtive she-cats and the villainous toms step proudly to meet her and march together with an arching of backs. They never harm a feather but they eat bones brought by the blue-eyed lady who comes from slums in weather's stain. They like to rub at her feet for the bounty and she is kind enough to give how much they need. The moment of feeding them makes her happy because they think that she is the princess of them. Their courtship she never forgets. Beggars and rogues never deserve this sort of pension. The poet remembers an old punctilio.

*Beggars and rogues who never deserved this pension.*

*Some recollection of old punctilio:*

She is all smiles and very attentive while performing her duty as the cats appear like exiled aristocrats. To her it is graceous and sweet to be the queen of them. The poet pities beggars and rogues not to have such compassion. It seems that they are useless and inferior to the cats.

The poet's powers of observation, his keen eye for detail, his compassion for the animal life, his ability to invest the natural world with a mystery are abundantly displayed in Stewart's New Zealand poems.