I barely knew Matt when he first told me about Hazel Hall. He had a feeling I might be interested in her and what he was doing.
i can’t believe that
without even trying, i found
the hazel hall poetry park.
I'm so lucky to live near Powell's Books. Almost every week I check if they have any Hazel Hall books.
Walkers, by Hazel Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

Given the compact viewpoint from which Hazel Hall has written this book of poems—the viewpoint of a watcher from a window, noting the passers-by and commenting upon them—consider what the average industrious, but hopelessly commonplace feminine poet would have done (using no names, but names I have written one poem on the distinctly come to mind)—she would merely tripping maiden, one poem on the stoic young man, one poem on the slinking man of evil men, one poem on the vigorously strutting iron gray man of business, one poem on the merry vagabond, and his dog, and thereupon having hurtfully taxed her imagination and exhausted her supply of human types, she would have filled the rest of the book with descriptions of the coming of spring and its quickening influence upon the pedestrians and the trees, gibbering phrases alternately from Wordsworth, Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant.

Preparing more gratefully to appreciate it, turn then to Miss Hall’s work. First of all, it is original in content and method. Here we find an alert, dispassionate approach, linked with unexpected tenderness of development; a poem begun on a retrospective note ends with a queer surprising warmth; a poem started playfully enough, veers suddenly to a tone of almost seething pain—and both are wrought with the decisively simple and su...

I picked up her second book at Powell’s and this clipping was nestled inside the front cover.

A year later I found another copy of “Walkers” inscribed and signed by her.
these are the windows that hazel hall looked out of from the second floor.
trish and neale;
they live where hazel hall used to live.