

Mātātuhi Taranaki

A Bilingual Journal of Literature

Vol.1, No.2, (October 2021)

MĀTĀTUHI TARANAKI:
A BILINGUAL JOURNAL OF LITERATURE
Published & edited by Trevor Landers 2021
Copyright © 2021

ISSN 2744-435X (Print)

ISSN 2744-4368 (Online)

All rights reserved. Apart from any fair dealings for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission of the author.

Publishing and website services supplied by:
PublishMe, New Plymouth, New Zealand
www.publishme.co.nz

Contents

Whakamārama/Introduction	ix
Essay/Tuhinga Whakahirahira	xi
<i>Homage to Taranaki</i>	1
Parihaka Grieving	1
<i>Alistair Te Ariki Campbell</i>	
<i>Response</i>	4
Visceral Response to Te Ariki's 'Parihaka, grieving'	4
<i>Trevor M Landers</i>	
<i>Kairangi contributions</i>	5
Trimmed boxthorn hedges	5
<i>Elizabeth Smither</i>	
<i>Creative Writing in Te Reo o tō tātou Tūpuna</i>	6
Ko te Kāhui Maunga-Te Kāhui Maui	6
<i>Te Kāhui o Taranaki (traditional)</i>	
He kupu kōrero	6
<i>Taranaki (traditional)</i>	
He Karakia I	7
<i>Taranaki (traditional)</i>	
He Karakia II	7
<i>Taranaki (traditional)</i>	
Te Kōrero o tō tātou mounga	7
<i>Te Kāhui o Taranaki (traditional)</i>	
<i>Short Stories in Te Reo o tō tātou Tūpuna</i>	9
Te Whakamātautau Kirikiti ki Kaupokonui	9
<i>Nā Trevor M. Landers</i>	
<i>Poems in English</i>	10
A Letter to my Lover	10
<i>Gabriel Field</i>	

Now, a Letter to Myself <i>Gabriel Field</i>	11
Another Kaūpokonui River Poem <i>Trevor Landers</i>	12
Taranaki, My Love (Romancing the Region) <i>Belinda Tait</i>	13
Polski Obcokrajowiec (Polish Foreigner) <i>Tadeusz Ladowniki</i>	13
Taranaki Evensong <i>Marshall Gebbie</i>	14
The Swallows <i>Suraya Sidhu Singh</i>	15
receiving, here and now <i>Chanel McCalman</i>	16
Taranaki Soul Searcher <i>Lillian Lakes</i>	17
Waitui Wanderer <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	17
Teen Angst: Touch Me Softly Like.... <i>Joanna McCallum</i>	18
An Elegy for Jeff Tweedy <i>Kristan Horne</i>	19
The Keats Missive <i>Jacqueline Högler</i>	19
Testing Times <i>Gary Bovett</i>	20
The Big, Glittering Universe, considered from Okurukuru <i>Trevor M Landers</i>	21
Windswept at Ōpunakē Beach <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	22
Climb on board my sinking ship <i>Helen Lehndorf</i>	23
Różdżka Wiatru (Wind Wand) <i>Tadeuz Ladowniki</i>	23

Berlin <i>Katherine Joyce</i>	24
Taranaki Energy Poem <i>Julia Tittidottir</i>	25
'look behind you!' <i>Janet Charman</i>	27
Thinking No.2 <i>Adam Harris</i>	30
Allodoxaphobia (Stratford) <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	30
Folding Laundry near Tukapa St <i>The Paisley Collective</i>	31
Try-Stanza: 1 st Bledisloe at the Awakino Pub <i>Trevor Landers</i>	32
Glistening <i>Adam Harris</i>	34
Zoom Room Tombs <i>Christel Davis</i>	34
Keep COVID Delta out of Taranaki <i>Anonymous</i>	35
The gravamen <i>Vaughan Rapatahana</i>	36
If a bird can do it, so can you! <i>Sophie Collins</i>	38
Watching the Tokyo Paralympics <i>Carl Kelly</i>	38
Loin (Experimental) <i>Ronia Haidar and Trevor Landers</i>	39
Sir Raniera of Patu-kukupa <i>Anonymous</i>	40
Māwhitiwhiti <i>Anonymous</i>	40
<i>Short Stories in English</i>	41

Kōtiro Returns Home <i>Wikitoria Smith</i>	41
Walking Blue <i>Trevor Landers</i>	43
State of Obsession <i>Katherine Joyce</i>	45
<i>Flash Fiction in English</i>	49
Marrying off the Marlborough District Library <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	49
<i>Bilingual Works</i>	50
Mein Haus als Operation Potsdam, Berlin 1945 My House as Operation Potsdam, Berlin 1945 <i>Katherine Joyce</i>	50
A Refutation & Vindication of Audre Lorde in an Okoki Tunnel <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	52
Musing on <i>Lo Sono L'Amore/I am love</i> at the Italian Film Festival, Len Lye Cinema, 2021 <i>The Paisley Collective</i>	53
One day/Te rā nei <i>Ronia Haider and Trevor M. Landers</i>	54
Untitled Waiata <i>Unknown (Prisoners from Parihaka sent to Dunedin)</i>	55
the covid blues/ te ngākau pōuri o covid <i>Vaughan Ratapahana</i>	56
<i>Songs/Waiata/Mōteatea and performance pieces</i>	58
Read between the lines <i>Luke Millard</i>	58
<i>Poetry styles</i>	60
<i>An occupational poem</i>	60

On using a glue stick at work <i>Kassandra Hart</i>	60
<i>Erasure Poem</i>	62
Erasure Poem composed at Butler’s Reef, Oakura from the Taranaki Daily News, (Story on lifeguards) <i>Trevor M. Landers</i>	62
<i>A Sonnet</i>	63
The Moai of Matemateonga <i>Trevor M Landers</i>	63
<i>An Inauguration Poem</i>	64
Mātātuhi Taranaki <i>Katherine Joyce</i>	64
<i>The Pastoral Poem</i>	65
The Farmers of Puniwhakau <i>Trevor M Landers</i>	65
Contributors to Vol.1, No.2, (2021):	66

Whakamārama/Introduction

He hono tangata e kore e motu; kāpā he taura waka e motu

Connections between people are never severed, whereas canoe-rope can be

The soft launch of *Mātātuhi Taranaki* on National Poetry Day, 27 August 2021 was an unmitigated success. A full launch will be held sometime in Summer 2022, when we will host a function for contributors, kairangi, and other VIPs that COVID Delta prevented. With more than self-funding, we can grow stronger, and create something incredibly special in the province. This enterprise is not merely about publishing our poems and stories in Te reo Māori and English but strengthening a pre-existing 'Taranaki literature' which has languished directionless for far too long. For this to be successful it must have many mothers, fathers, kuia, koroua and those who want to āwhi/tautoko/assist this kaupapa. If we don't get that level of support the journal will be lost. The journal belongs to 'us', not to any one or group of individuals, (including me. I am just the paddler, Te Kaihoe). We are the kaitiaki, telling our stories and enriching the experience of present and future readers.

This is not a hobby project. As inaugural Te Kaihoe, I have a greater vision for creative writing in Taranaki. This is about growing and developing home-grown talent and providing the one thing that all writers need: readers. From there, books deals and the like can be leveraged. With this second volume of *Mātātuhi Taranaki* totally self-funded we are at a cross-road. How long the journal continues will be determined by external funders and this community. It is nice to read our work in print or online but we need vehicles to do that, and they need our support. What can you do? Keep writing, and if you can volunteer to help, do! *Mātātuhi Taranaki* is looking for portfolio leaders for each of our subsections. Your assistance could be the difference! Are you passionate about Te reo Māori, well here is chance to contribute to an archive of writing.

There are some discussions afoot about mounting an ambitious funding bid, not just for *Mātātuhi Taranaki* but for writing/literature initiatives in the province. Why do we not have a writer-in-residence as some provinces do? It is not simply a question of finance (though that is important) it is a question of bold visions and daring leadership who can see that culture is the new currency of commerce. It has been for a while, but Taranaki has been slow to act, *Taranaki 250*, and *Tapua rea* notwithstanding. Creative industries are just that. This year's Writer's Festival at Puke Ariki is a good start but to be serious we must demand local writers in Te reo Māori and English are emboldened, empowered and supported properly because the talent is their if nurtured properly. Imagine Taranaki with the following:

- a bilingual journal of literature on a professional footing
- an annual writer in residence scheme
- annual writers' colloquia, featuring more Taranaki and other writers
- national and international writers marking Taranaki as a heartland of good writing

We can do this! If Wellington can be the 'world capital of the verb' then Taranaki can sure be

the national hub of the centre of bilingual writing, mountain to the sea. Let's be creative about a creative industry in this province!

In this issue:

We talk decolonisation, collectively and individually. We take another look at an iconic poem from the late Alistair Te Ariki Campbell, *Parihaka Grieving*, and offer a 2021 response. We continue our love affair with the province, and leap from Okurukuru to Poland in a single bound. We through our collection arms around a Polish visitor and his first poems in English, and we have present new writing from new writers, and fresh work from the more experienced, like Vaughan Ratapahana, another of Pātea's illustrious scribes. We offer five texts in Te reo Māori, four of them that sum up Taranaki tūturu. There is a trio of short stories (more stories please!) and we have bilingual works spanning Italian, German and Te reo Māori in this issue.

I am sure you will agree, something for everyone's tastes.

Enjoy! See you in Summer 2022.

Mā te wā

nā Trevor M. Landers
Te Kaihoe,
Mātātuhi Taranaki: A bilingual journal of literature

Essay/Tuhinga Whakahirahira

The essay, tuhinga whakahirahira, is a creative non-fiction opportunity for issues of relevance to the wider Taranaki community to be canvassed. It will be a regular feature of subsequent issues of Mātātuhi Taranaki.

The Shared Task of Decolonisation: Why Unpicking Colonialisms, Unwinding Racisms and Forging a more Equitable Future is a Community-wide Responsibility

Trevor M. Landers

This short thinkpiece had its gestation when I was working on a project involving the Inuit of Nunavut in the circumpolar north of Canada in 2018. I had reason to reflect on indigenous peoples there whose footsteps have marked ‘Canadian’ territory for centuries: the Cree, Saulteaux, Blackfoot, Métis, and Dakota Sioux. As a student of New Zealand history, and mid-level public servant I was fortunate to know the history of Taranaki by dint of exemplary scholars like James Belich and Ruka Broughton. These could be overlaid against older yet more parochial works by John Houston and James Cowan. The later contain some useful scholarship but both are blighted by both a cultural and factual bias which tended to sugar-coat military ineptitude, ignore prevailing legal conventions, diminish Māori ingenuity and fall silent on the superior strategies and fortifications Māori constructed. Even Maori casualties were inflated in the popular press, and the ignominy of some British defeats minimised. Cowan in particular, conveyed the supposed superiority of the colonists and colonial militias in a peculiar brand of cultural condescension typical of the era. Cowan might be forgiven, but in 2021 there is no excuse for not knowing the history of Taranaki, tumultuous, terrible, eye-opening though it may be it is also vital.

Every adult and child in Taranaki should know what the Chute and Cameron campaigns did to kainga (villages). There was whole slaughter, atrocities and barbarism, in a word. Every person should know about Rīwha Titokowaru, and understand why a walk through the streets of Normanby can be a very painful experience for Māori. They say victors determine historical truth, but even before the fall of Berlin you would be hard-pressed to find *Himmlerstrasse*, *Hitler Weg*, or a *Göring Allee*. Yet, many of our street signs commemorate people who committed documented atrocities. Talking about the mamae (pain) of our histories can be difficult, but if narratives are heard, it can become a healing practice, rather than “dredging up trauma”. We need to process trauma with care, but we need to do so. Hamilton had this debate over Bryce St, named after the former Native Minister who ordered the invasion and pillaging of Parihaka. I am not for the erasure of painful history, but I do advocate learning from and liberating future generations from a deeply colonial legacy. The acts of decolonisation concern us all.

In 1860, at the Puketapu Block these was chicanery, deception, coercion and a divide and rule policy to acquire Māori land. Donald McLean arranged a sale from Te Teira which subsequently Wiremu Te Rangitake objected to, on the grounds that land in collective title was unable to be alienated by Te Teira acting alone. The campaign lead by Rīwha Titokowaru to stop further colonial land encroachments (and blatant breaches of Te Tiriti o Waitangi) became a *causus belli* for the wholesale annexation of Māori land from Paranihi ki Waitotara (PkW) to

punish the “rebels” and “insurgents” with an unlawful piece of legislation which legitimated further land seizure, That a passive resistance movement, now supported by Titokowharu and others, and lead by Te Whiti o Rongomai and Te Tohu Kakahi could end in the sacking of Parihaka pā in such atrocious and depraved manner is not a matter for conjecture. ¹

This is neither an easy topic nor one that yields readily to a broad consensus. We do hope, however, that the many unsettling conversations that will occur over time will help inform our individual and collective pursuits of political, economic, ecological and social justice in Taranaki. With a history as fierce and controversial as the history of Taranaki we should anticipate difficult, contentious and unsettling conversations about naming and unmaking plural forms of racisms and colonialisms; on decolonizing minds, ontologies, epistemologies, knowledges and practices; and, importantly, on community engagement and antiracist and decolonial activism for social transformation. Mātātuhi Taranaki is committed to opening up space for hard conversations and encouraging new ways of engaging and collaborating. The wider Taranaki community must strengthen its co-mentoring of the next generation of leaders, activists, administrators, public intellectuals and citizens who will contribute to advancing antiracism and decolonial praxis, and to engendering critical diversity and respectful relations locally, nationally, and beyond.

In this volume, you will notice a new series that respond to published poems about Taranaki. This is a practical way of taking part in decolonisation practices—knowing our history more intently. Māori, Pakeha and other accounts. In this volume, I respond to Alistair Te Ariki Campbell’s moving, ‘Parihaka Grieving’. This continues the work of decolonisation, reprising a fantastic original poem publishes over four decades ago, with a perspective from 2021. Ka whawhai tonu mātou. There will be more these in successive issues of Mātātuhi Taranaki, including works by Gregory O’Brien’s ‘Te Whiti o Rongomai’ and a famous poem by Albert Wendt, ‘Into the First Cold’. Can you suggest others?

This series fits with the decolonising theme that Mātātuhi Taranaki is resolutely behind. Great strides have been taken, but greater strides are beckoning. We dream of a bilingual province, fully embracing Māori and other cultures in Taranaki. Not tolerating, but actively helping to ensure we all reach the full actualisation of our potential. It is a lofty aim, but great transformation was not achieved by piecemeal incrementalism or tinkering around the edges. We are doing what we can to foster a more robust and livelier literary scene, and to be a trusted forum for material written in Te reo rangatira and English, (and other languages in translation). However, we cannot do this alone. Mātātuhi Taranaki needs your support too---as readers, as writers, as agents of change, and as practical supporters. There is always something to do, and if you have time to help, you will get a bird’s eye view of putting this publication. together.

We also intend to run an ‘Icons of Taranaki’ series in future canvassing such people as Dr. Huirangi Waikerepuru, Peter Snell, Graham Mourie, Te Ua Haumēne, Wiremu Kingi Te Rangitake, Rangi Kipa, Marianne Muggeridge, Te Tohu Kakahi, Will Young, Hiwi Tauroa and a host of present and former Taranaki icons who are enmeshed in the fabric of Taranaki history,

¹ See: Hazel Riseborough, *Days of Darkness: Taranaki 1878-1884*, Allen and Unwin in Association with Port Nicholson Press, Wellington, (1989), Dick Scott, *Ask that Mountain*, Penguin, Auckland, (1975); Danny Keenan, *Te Whiti o Rongomai and the Resistance of Parihaka*, Huia Publishers, Wellington, (2015); and Peter Oettli, *God’s Messenger: J.F. Riemenschneider and Racial Conflict in 19th Century New Zealand*, Huia Publishers, (2008).

culture and society. If you have a candidate you wish to write about, discuss it with us by sending an email to: matatuhitaranaki@gmx.com with ICON in the header. Invariably, we will say yes, but check with us first so as not to waste your time and effort, regarding sequencing.

Decolonisation takes many forms. Learning the real history of Taranaki, learning more Te reo Māori, engaging with past narratives, and navigating promising futures. Really getting to know each other and the benefits of both Tiriti cultures. Those who are born into, or choose to get involved, will savour the aroha and warmth experienced. That is a few ways you begin to eradicate colonial mentalities in our midst, but it is not an exhaustive list by any means, but every effort helps. Some suggestions:

- How much do you know about Te Tiriti o Waitangi? Find out.
- What about the declaration of independence? Ditto.
- Why did the NZ (Taranaki) Wars start and end? Ditto.
- Read some modern histories of Taranaki and New Zealand
- Be engaged in social action or activism. This can be very small to participation me in mass public campaigns----do what you can.
- It can be basic and modest: can you count to hundred in Te Reo and English?
- Are you comfortable pronouncing Māori names and words? Practice, or join a class?
- Is your community as vibrant as it could be? How can you help?
- Been to your local marae? Find out what you need to know and when that might be appropriate to so? Do they need hand?
- Hongi and haruru? Practice them when you can
- Listen to the informative and amazing programmes on Te Korimako FM
- Interested in Parihaka? Read about it first and be mindful of the Parihaka community's time and priorities before heading to their open session. How is what you are intend to say really helping the Parihaka whānau. What are your motivations? What do you think their needs are? Apologies for the events of 1881 are probably a bit misplaced unless you have a direct whānau on either side of the conflict. You are welcome to send literary apologies to us. We use document in this way.
- By all means go to a hapu or iwi AGM or similar. Check first with the secretary, as there might be sensitive items that are not appropriate for you. Follow the lead and any advice given.
- Join a Te reo Māori class or a writing class. We said that again for a reason. Check out Michaela's Puke Ariki's classes.
- Learn about the rich but turbulent history in Taranaki, as a way of guiding future actions and orientations---being informed and knowledgeable means you can take place in discussions more easily.
- Examine your assumptions and biases frankly. Where do they come from? Do they belong in a decolonising Taranaki of 2021?

To be successful, decolonisation is a joint act. That is, both the symbolic colonised and coloniser must liberate themselves from neo-colonial mentalities and mindsets. This is easier

said than done, but it is possible. The failure of many African states is that with independence they swapped a foreign colonial elite with a home-grown neo-colonial elite, who oppressed their own people, sometimes just as harshly or more so than the regimes they had decried. Mugabe's Zimbabwe stands out as an example, although Idi Amin's Uganda and Mobutu Sese Seko's Democratic Republic of Congo demonstrate the dangers of ethnic separatism turn to genocide, and an elite determined to be kleptocrats. Colonisation is big, unwieldy beast. In New Zealand, it does not just impact Māori, though without doubt, the brunt of it has been born by iwi Māori. Colonialism is all inherent in many of the power structures that remain in place. Theorists such as Michel Foucault and Pierre Bourdieu have critiqued these power structures, and the replication of social advantage, and social mobility. They can be slippery, and difficult to nail down. Who exercises power, how and why? is far from a straightforward question.---scholars still debate it vociferously.

A key premise is that colonisation excludes holistic and Māori experiences and ways of knowing, and continues to assert a deep influence on knowledge systems and ways of living and being, and that efforts to combat its impact must be broad and comprehensive. Decolonisation is the process through which Māori are able to reconnect with their identity and have greater control of their nation's development. It requires a shift not just in what actions are taken, but also in how people think. It does exclude Pākehā and tauwiwi either. For Pakeha, it is not perpetuating knowledge system, ways of being, or attitudes that regard Māori as anything other than a full and equal Treaty partner, with rights accorded on the basis of Māori epistemology: tikanga, ritenga, kawa etc. In blunter terms, Māori have the right to be Māori, on their own terms. Just think of the outcry if English was banned, land forcibly confiscated, forestry blocks seized, and other treasures pillaged and taken, cultural practices discouraged. Every year, more of us are mixing households, mixing genes, and getting with the programme. I hope more will join us.

Have your say!

Got an issue connected to language and writing you want to aerate? Get in touch with us as Trevor would love to give someone else a shot and to make this essay a community affair. Write to us with ESSAY in the subject line.

matatuhitaranaki@gmail.com

Homage to Taranaki

Parihaka Grieving

Alistair Te Ariki Campbell

Parihaka Grieving

Not theirs, but ours, the mountain —
Maunga Taranaki, not Egmont, named
for some stranger in a foreign land.
Tapu the mountain, dwelling of spirits,
tapu the village that lay in peace
beneath its shadow, invaded,
burnt to the ground, our people robbed,
raped, driven out, our crops
and every living thing destroyed,
our dead insulted by the Pakeha,
armed with the sword, the musket,
and lying words. Peace was all
we wanted, peace for our tribe to
increase, our children to grow tall,
our land to smile with plenty
from the mountain to the sea.
But the Pakeha would not listen,
they were greedy for our land,
and when we would not sell,
they charged us with sedition,
with arming to make war. They seized
our land as punishment, and gave it
to the settlers. To prove that it was
ours, we ploughed that land —
ploughing the government's belly,
was how we put it — and when we
were arrested we went willingly
to jail. Others took our place,
until four hundred men were jailed
without being charged or tried.
Thirty-eight breathed their last
in foul South Island jails. For days
Taranaki hid his head in cloud
and wept at Parihaka grieving.
More trouble followed when the armed
constabulary set about provoking us

by tearing down the fences we had built
as protection for our crops,
and we put them up again
as often as they pulled them down.
Two hundred more crowded the jails
to overflowing, and still
we would not yield. The more we were
humiliated and abused, the greater
was our pride in the snow-white
feather of resistance that adorned
our hair. Two hundred more of our
young men, like the others,
grinned and went to prison willingly.
I was there at the pa when the
arresting force arrived, led by Bryce,
the hated Native Minister. Hundreds
of boys spun tops in the gateway
and chanted songs of welcome,
while, further in, a crowd of girls played
their skipping games. It was a scene
meant to disarm, and when that failed,
they took off their mats and waved
them at the horses, causing them
to shy. The troopers cursed them,
and rode on, the silence broken only
by the slow clip-clop of hooves.
They stopped some distance from
Te Whiti and Tohu, waiting patiently
since midnight to receive them,
surrounded by two thousand followers,
wet and cold, and wrapped up to the chin
in blankets. Two thousand held
their breath when Te Whiti spoke,
begging the Minister to dismount
and not ride through the crowd lest
he injures a little one. He obeyed
with such bad grace his men winked
at each other. They raised their muskets
menacingly, as he read the Riot Act,
expecting trouble to break out.
When nothing happened, steam rose
from two thousand heads, letting go

their breath. The Minister took courage
from the unexpected silence, commanding

Te Whiti and Tohu to leave the pa
or face the full wrath of the law.

Te Whiti smiled, and brushed aside
his words, as one might brush
aside a fly, then calmly spoke:

‘Friend, my place is with my people,
but I will go with you, and not
make trouble by resisting you.

When we heard that you were coming,
our womenfolk baked bread
to feed you. I ask you now to sit
with us and eat, and we will talk
about our land, and why we cannot
sell it. Put aside your weapons.

You see us as we are, a peaceful
people whose only wish is to live
in friendship with our neighbours.

We cannot sell our lands
any more than we can sell the air
we breathe. Land is a sacred trust
for which we answer to our ancestors.

I have said enough. Come,
sit with us and eat.’ Even as he spoke,
the Minister was giving orders
that Te Whiti and Tohu be seized
and taken away, and in that huge assembly
not a voice was raised in protest,
not a move was made to prevent
the outrage ... My poem ends here,
and I leave to other tongues
to tell of the sacking and
destruction of a dream, of the years
of government abuse when our rights
under the Treaty were suspended,
and we were stripped of everything
that we held dear; the years
when the lands reserved for us
were leased to settlers for a pittance,
leaving us with wounds that will
never heal. Let others tell

of Te Whiti's wrongful jailings,
of the shame we turned to pride
by following his teachings,
wearing always in our hearts
the snow-white feather of a staunch
and undefeated people ...
The spilt blood of generations
cries out from the soil it once
made fertile. Tears blind
the wind, run down the cheeks of
Taranaki for Parihaka, sick
at heart, for Parihaka grieving.

Response

Visceral Response to Te Ariki's 'Parihaka, grieving'

Trevor M Landers

The tears flow in
torrents

eyes are aqueous pools

of profound regret

sheer barbarism. Mohoao! Titiro te māhie!

Ko te māhie e whakaoho ana i te totohe, ko te aroha e hīpoki ana i ngā hara katoa. Ka pakaru mai te haunga!

The tangihanga of love

the tūpāpaku of colonial power wrapped in rahokoroheke

resist & suffer indignities

do not resist & suffer

further indecencies.

Te Ariki resplendent

korowai of mamae & aroha

stands on a poet's paepae

time for impassioned whaikōrero

time for scintillating whakaaro

b

l

o

w

by

blow

the ransacking
of Parihaka
attempted erasure of peace
brute force & sickening violence
a conscientious rebuttal of aggression
no way of solving disputes.

And yet
the belligerent Native Minister John Bryce
suspende r
of *habeas corpus*, 'kaikohuru', (murderer)
sanctioner of atrocities on women and children
despoiler of Parihaka, brutal seizer of land
lives happily to 79, father of 14 shameless children.

Kairangi contributions

Trimmed boxthorn hedges

Elizabeth Smither

Contractors have been in and trimmed
hedge after hedge into box shapes
like the long bridges of Madison County

and trimmed the colours inside them
as if revealing a body: bold on the outside
inside all manner of pastels

as the light passes through the hedges
like a square artery. What order
can bring to a landscape and machinery

complete the long view from hedge
through undulating fields to the coast
amid little hills formed from lahars

long disappeared under grass.
Some with a single tree: the accent
the trimmed box hedges are needing.

Creative Writing in Te Reo o tō tātou Tūpuna

Ko te Kāhui Maunga-Te Kāhui Maui

Te Kāhui o Taranaki (traditional)

Ko Tahuarangi te waka
Ko Maui-mua te tangata
Ko Rangitukutuku te aho
Ko Pikimarawea te mātau
Ka mau ki Te Uru-a-Tonganui
Ko Hāhā-te-whanua te ika ki ro wai
Ka ea ki runga, koia I huaina ai te ingoa ko Te Ika roa ha Maui e takoto nei
Nā Maui-roto i kutikuti pekapeka i whakaraua
Hei whenua mō wai?
Hei whenua mō te Kāhui Maui
Kumea ake to Kāhui Maunga kia hora te marino I te ika,
rere iho ai ngā wai I te pō-uriuri, I te pō-tangotango, i te pō i kimihia,
kā puta mai ai ngā maunga korero huri i te motu nei
Ko Taranaki e tū nei!²

He kupu kōrero

Taranaki (traditional)

He pukeao tā Tahurangi
He rua tā Rua Taranaki
He pou tā Maruwhakatare
He pou hoki tā tēnei whakatupuranga.
Ko Taranaki te mounga
Ko Taranaki te iwi
Ko Taranai te tāngata
Ko te puna i heke mai ai te tangata

Ko te aroaro o tēnei mounga o Taranaki,
koia nei te tauarotanga ko au,
nō waenganui tonu o te poho
o tēnei maunga tūpuna nei

Ko Taranaki te pou herenga waka
te pou herenga iwi, te herenga tāngatate pou herenga kaupapa.³

² <https://www.facebook.com/TeKorimako/videos/1302822243516087> See also the discussion: Te Kohu Ka Rewa with Jamie Tuuta, Heemi Sundgren and Te Poihi Campbell. Te Kohu Ka Rewa is back as part of the “Piki Wairua o Taranaki” Programme simulcast by Te Korimako FM on 2 September 2021.

³ Ibid.,

He Karakia I

Taranaki (traditional)

Poua ki runga
Poua ki raro
Poua ki tāmōremore nui nō te papa
Poua ki tāmōremore nui nō te rangi
E rongō he aio, tēnā tawhito pou tū
E kore e uea
E kore unuhia
E kore hinga
E kore wharara
Tēnei te pou ka tū, e hai!⁴

He Karakia II

Taranaki (traditional)

Ko hiringa nuku, Ko hiringa rangi
Ko hiringa te kōrero, ko hiringa te wānanga
Ko hiringa tau, Ko hiringa taketake ki te whai o ki te ao mārāma⁵

Te Kōrero o tō tātou mounga

Te Kāhui o Taranaki (traditional)

He wheketere mai ha Taranaki nō Taupō i whawhai rāua ko Tongariro mō tā rāua wahine ko Pihanga . Ko Pukeonaki i horo i a Tongariro koia te tewe o te matamata o Taranaki. Nā Tongariro i patu ka whenuku te tiho ka maunu ha Pukeonaki ka hou mai i raro i te whenua ko tōna hoa ko te toka ha Rauhoto. Ka whakaputa ake ki runga, te tirohanga ake ko Pouakai e tū ana ki ranga. Ka tūtahi rāua, ka whakauru te pukeao hō Taranaki ki nga porī ho Pouakai, ka ai rāua. Ka poua e Maru whakatane, ka mutu tana ka pikitia e Tahurangi hā runga i te tihi, ka tahuna tana ahi, ko te pukeao e rere ana....Ka haere atu a Rua Taranaki i te muriwai o Hangatahua, ka keria te tua hei nohoanga māna, hei ingoa mō te maungaKa tūturu te ingoa o Taranaki, ka kore tēnei ingoa o Pukeonaki.

⁴ Reproduced from 'Te Kohu ka Rewa' Series 2, Part 2, (September 2021), originally broadcast on Te Korimako o Taranaki FM. Kupu hou: tāmōremore

⁵ Reproduced from 'Te Kohu ka Rewa' Series 2, Part 2, (September 2021), originally broadcast on Te Korimako o Taranaki FM. Used with permission. Kupu Hou: hiringa: summoning of dynamic energy

Short Stories in Te Reo o tō tātou Tūpuna

Te Whakamātautau Kirikiti ki Kaupokonui

Nā Trevor M. Landers

Ka whakarongo au, i raro o ngā uhi, ki te huihuinga whakamutunga, i runga i te reo irirangi. He pai ki ahau te ara mai o te auau mai i waho, ka raweketia e te moana. Ka kaha ake, ka ngoikore hoki. Ko te āhua o te reo irirangi, anō e waiata ana. I te awatea, ka haria e au taku whitiārai ki raro i ngā rākau rēmana, ka moe ki runga i te paraikete whakarongo ai ki te kirikiti. Ko ngā pūrongo porowini, nō tāwahi hoki.

Ko Ian Galloway te kaikōrero pai. He tangata tino mōhio, nō Ōtepoti mai. Ko 'Billy' Ibadulla, he tangata nō Pakitāni, he kaikōrero pai, pērā hoki i a Warren Stott. He tangata tino pai a Alan Richards me Colin Snedden, nō Tāmaki Makaurau mai, engari ko te kaitautoko nui, ko Bryan Waddle. I ētahi wā, he tino pukumahi a Peter Sharp, nō Ōtautahi, engari he pai ake mēnā kei reira a Bryan Andrews rāua ko Paul MacEwen ki te piri ki a ia. He pai hoki ngā kaikōrero i Ahitereiria. Ko Keith 'Stacky' Catchpole rātou ko "Ko 'Pūkākā' 'Fred Trueman, me te tīma katoa o te ABC i maharatia. He tino tūturu hoki ngā Māti Whakamātautau Motuhake nō Ingarangi:

I te nuinga o te wā ko te Pungarehu Ahuru te mea pai rawa atu. I ngā wā katoa he tārua tāpiri me te taha ki a rātou. I haria e Lillee rātou ko Thomson, ko Marsh, ko Chappell a Ahitereiria ki te whawhai ki a Willis rātou ko Botham, ko Gower ko Gooch, mō Ingarangi. He rite ki ngā pakanga hoia. Kāore he hauwhā i tonohia, kāore hoki he hauwhā i hoatu.

Te Whakamātautau Kirikiti. Ko te take mō oho tonu i waenganui i te pō.⁶

⁶ EDITOR'S NOTE: Mātātuhi Taranaki is exceedingly grateful to Te Ingo Ngaia for her exquisite Te reo Māori editing skills which, for example, makes my poem and short story not only more grammatically correct, but more readable. It gives my writing i roto i te reo Māori the appearance of polish and accomplishment that otherwise it simply would not have. WERO: I have a challenge for all those capable of writing something in Te reo Māori---tuhituhi mai. Give your whānau/mokopuna the golden legacy of reading something in Te reo Māori. You can do it! The above pakiwaitara is not going to win any awards, but it captures my love of cricket and listening to the cricket commentators underneath a lemon tree when I was a boy. I wrote it for one reader. If that is you, mission accomplished! Writing and speaking Te reo Māori is for everyone. Give it a go! We want more material in Te reo Māori and I am begging you to assist this kaupapa. There is a revision to the whakataukī: Whatungarongaro te tangata, toitū te whenua (Man will disappear, but the land remains). I also say: Whatungarongaro te tangata, toitū te kupu tuhituhinga. (Man will disappear, the written word remains). Ki oku whakairo nei. There are a squillion better writers in Te reo than me: haramai e te whanau! Ka tuhituhi.

Poems in English

A Letter to my Lover

Gabriel Field

Your tūpuna would be so proud
listen quietly and you can hear
Tītokowaru himself applauding
and no, your body isn't much of a temple right now
more a von Tempsky battle -
yet every day you triumph
it's true, undefeated is in your blood.

At dusk we hīkoi to your Taranaki cliffs
jagged as Maui's magic jawbone
Karoro greets us there, hovering at eyeline
where soft volcanic soil presses itself against the sky
you raise your ribcage with a single breath
ushering in Tāwhiri-mātea
as you whisper to yourself
to te manu to all before you
'I am here. I am well.'

Now, a Letter to Myself

Gabriel Field

Same war, different battle, you know?
If you're proud of her then you're proud of you
your own ancestors would look up
from their paddyfield labours
and smile
Kwong Chong himself would be pleased to see you
not far north
of where he first built those market gardens
where through many-a-celery and even-more-a-cauli
Your family grew.

The black-backed gulls giggle like happy kids
the cows trudge over for a curious look
and your ribcage rises, once,
your mind eddies in the updraughts
then settles
You are there, too. You are well.

Another Kaūpokonui River Poem

Trevor Landers

I allow you to lap around me today
like a talisman, or a cloak of entitlement
worn to stake my claim
on the banks where Turi slept restoratively,
to gird my strength, at Maraeturi
and profess this bridge, my tūrangawaewae.

I feel you through my fingers
like a joy that is gifted
this river with which I merge
is immanent throughout like the current
I learn the meaning of buoyancy and flow
into the sea without boundaries.

Yes, I wrap myself around you, korowai
a gown of endless praise
a method to rise to the vastness of the day
you flow past all of us ceaselessly;
the sun shining over the bridge
like every dawn might be the apocalypse
but the gulls wheel with shrill melancholy all the same.

The human heart is a deep well
in the river I allow earthen foundations
to be inundated.

Another night sky we have fallen into,
burgundy until indigo then black,
everything then is done by feel
which finds me at my best.

I catch sight of myself in reflection
I catch sight of myself as you might hold me daily in your gaze.
Every now and then I think to hide
I cannot disguise myself from you
You know me as a son
You baptise and absolve me of inequities
roll over me, smooth me like a stone
right there in the middle of the river.

Taranaki, My Love (Romancing the Region)

Belinda Tait

I'll come.

I'll see you at the sand's edge.

Take in my skin with your late – sun gaze; unmistakable heat.

You press a small sand fly to my thigh and it nips, ticklishly.

Playful, but I gather that you're given to your moods –there are a hard three juts in the ocean – near.

These speak of a crustacean sort of marooned–ness in a damper persuasion.

I should hate to be shunned against them, wind striping like a mad cat, at me. But you, with your virility of an abundant green all over, you're protective – feeling.

You'll enclave me in fern beds and you'll talk little bird – snippets at me, moss-breath a wanderer across my hills and bodily gullies.

The topography of a mountain standing over us like a love's hero, cover–handsome.

A magma of emotion wells up in my chest

threatens to surge out

want-talkin',

all in heat rivulets that rope and stretch.

Polski Obcokrajowiec (Polish Foreigner)

Tadeusz Ladowniki

I wonder what you see
when my burred voice erupts into English

accented by a Gdansk

Shipyard, or the man

you saw on TV,

Lech Wołęsa, in ancient

history; the złoty is no

longer a running joke

I am the child of the

new Poland, for better,

worse may yet come.

Czy wiesz?

Years of invasion

our royals, a rich culture--

Poland used to be grey

now we turn on bright lights.

Taranaki Evensong

Marshall Gebbie

Taranaki Evensong
evening in her slippered feet
approaches from the heat of day
shadows in the molten light
lengthen as they have their way.
Silence in the hovered moment
stillness in the mote of time,
the glow within a sunbeam's ray
ensnares the warmth of joy as mine.
Drifting insects float on by
suspended in the evening light
against the lace of silver birch
with gnarled trunk of speckled white.
In the dark blue, far azure
a goshawk glides on high, aloft
a predator surveying late
for living things in farmer's croft.
A waterfall of children's laughter
cascades through a field of green,
overtones of golden shadow
fills the air with love unseen.
Earthworms in their darkened tombs
are wriggling for the coming night,
rabbits stretch and move to grazing
anxious for the closing light.
The chill night air descends as dew
the picnickers depart the scene,
starlings flock to perch and roost
whilst velvet silence hangs serene.
Vaulting high above the foothills
crowned with purple alpenglow
Taranaki's snowclad grandeur
last to see the day light go.
Contemplation be my friend
for deep within contentment's breast
the joy of living sings its song
and soothes my happy soul to rest

The Swallows

Suraya Sidhu Singh

When I returned,
the swallows surprised me,
flung through the air
like darts.

I don't remember them from Oakura
only Cornwall and Rome—
I've been gone a long time.
Have there always been swallows here?
I WhatsApped™ Mum.

In Europe I'd go online,
find a site for all the minutiae.
There's be an eccentric who started a blog
back in twenty-oh-nine for every new sighting
of every new bird.

But they never could say—
was I an old bird,
or a new?

Now I fling my questions through the air
sometimes she catches them,
sometimes they just fly round for a bit,
then disappear.

Home is where Google
has nothing to say
so you ask the ones
who lived through it.

receiving, here and now

Chanel McCalman

often used to describe my eyes ~ a smidge of honey ~ landed in between. somewhere between my eyes and beyond colour.

having recently just learnt the exact amount of effort and love that goes into honey from our bees took that compliment to the next level, allowing me to finally receive it with ease.⁷

from where do we actually see? i begin to get really curious –we can see mountains that are much bigger than our eyes, of course there's our minds, in which they are intertwined... shaped out of perspective, we are energy beings.

tending to my garden, in the ways i wish to tend to myself ~ mind, body and soul. really grounding down to connect once again with the soil, nurturing our leafy green goodness.

the vulnerability that lies from moving from a fragile (waiting to be cracked or chipped) place, to a grounded, rooted in love place, is where pockets of connection are waiting to be unlocked. finally reaching out from my centre, journeying along the way to continuously fold and unfold.

finding the power and strength from within to touch down onto the soil, feeling each part of me return home. as the sun spreads across my face, there is a knowing which delights at the home coming of these pieces within, once denied and suppressed for so long, now home.

the same delight that is present at the growth of our rainbow silverbeet and greens, on the same day as a double rainbow appears overhead and 3 new flowers blooming to reflect the spectrum of colour.

how magical it feels to (re)connect with these parts of self, reflected externally through the form of our garden. the bees which find their way from flower to flower, occasionally landing upon me in between.

coming to a place of radical self-acceptance for who i am and where I am at on this journey, allowing myself to receive the same tender, love and care that i offer these plants and bees, feeling that love flow through me, moment to moment i go, oh how we grow.

the chills that travel through my body, each cell feeling the call to action ~ healing through the hurt, transforming to the light.

once awoken to the happenings of the bigger picture, it is difficult to say the least, to fall back to sleep.

⁷ A honey bee must visit 200 flowers to make a drop of honey. Each honeybee makes only 1/12 of a teaspoon of honey in its lifetime.

for one will begin to get curious about all that one has learnt in this life.

moment by moment the lessons lay, awaiting us to wake to be, the beautiful beings we came here to be.

Taranaki Soul Searcher

Lillian Lakes

Searching so hard, I know what for
Seeking stimulation, someone to explore

Hard to find, even harder to see
However what beckons, its inside of me

Not so much lost, not so much found
Lost self-captive inside of me, naked cold & drowned

Upon myself I've always frowned
My superior self, I'll always push down.

Waitui Wanderer

Trevor M. Landers

Along Rumatauteka Road

the tall fescue gone to seed
fills the air with a thousand sneezes
in the ripe pulsing of summer
the aroma of hay bales and hayfever.
Awake to swollen eyes
summer's irritation
slurry of sunlight and pollen

Teen Angst: Touch Me Softly Like....

Joanna McCallum

You swore to me
you would never
leave this heart of mine
you promised me that forever
our tender hearts
would entwine.

You walked away
& laughed at me.

I wondered who you were
I can see what
your life will be like now
the life you have with her.

Promises that shattered
my mind
& filled my heart with fear.

Your life and mine
I wanted to bind
but now you refuse to know
may your life be happy
go fill it with joy!

But will you break that girl's heart, too?
for never again will I trust a boy
who makes so many promises
and keeps so very few.....⁸

⁸ EDITOR: This poem was written when Joanna was 14-15 years old and has all the hallmarks of teenage angst. I am so glad that she did not throw this away as she came to terms with the dissolution of an important relationship. It stands as a signpost that things will and do change, even if in the moment, we are convinced that our world has come to a cataclysmic end. It is very brave of her to expose our adolescent selves to view as adults, and I commend Joanna for capturing breaking up with a boy-friend so evocatively during this time. As adults we are frequently tempted to tell our adolescent stories in the voice of the adult when we reminisce or attempt to revisit the past. Rather, we should let our teenage voices tell unvarnished tales if the source documents exist, as they are important insights into human experience. Here is some high octane, and high quality writing. Have you got poems you could resuscitate? Send them to us @: matatuhitaranaki@gmx.com.

An Elegy for Jeff Tweedy

Kristan Horne

If you can keep watching your middle-aged hero
lolling around in his pyjamas

singing on a nearly daily podcast
past midnight,

that might be devotion.
If you ask, I will say I like his voice

I heart the honesty of the music,
the words he uses, the turn of phrase

his wry sense of Americana snarling back
the poetry, music and the bad-boy redeemed.

The Keats Missive

Jacqueline Högler

It was honoured here
that fleeting anniversary of Keats

Word scribblers, attempts of meagre efforts
to share and resonant in the tangible feel
of elusive emotion.

In New Plymouth town, Keats 'friend'
Even has a final resting place

Kindly let me know you got this & that the brief minute
plus that was sent along is viewable.

Thank you Terry so much for your newspaper clippings
from the New York Times and various other papers
that you send as they are truly appreciated.

P.S. Jane Campion's film, *Bright Star*. Check that out.

Testing Times

Gary Bovett

They found Covid
in the sewer
Things passed are
no longer pure
oh God! Just what
are we to do?
Some ozzie
cuzzie's flushed the loo!

(it could not be
the Kiwi team
we are all "pure
as" is my dream)
Though I am
thankful for the text
informing me that
I am next

. . . month to
receive the jab
This chance is
one I, grateful, grab
Promoted to the
group of three
being at greater
risk you see

though not yet
turning sixty-five
still keen to end
the year alive . . .

Perhaps if you've
been to Australia
and gained some
souvenir regalia
might I
sensitively suggest
you use the long
drop as your rest?

The Big, Glittering Universe, considered from Okurukuru

Trevor M Landers

The big, glittering Universe
is everything that happens.
outside the shadow of my emptiness

It is bodies of excitation
shaking the grass
under the gleam of midnight

It is your eyes in the wind
whispers in the crimson of Rātā trees
even the sea feels like your hunger on my skin

The universe is an unelaborated secret
floating in the infinities of time and space
I cannot imagine it without you

Love is the metamorphosis of a butterfly
craven obsession of a lepidopterist
the very jungle where nightly we come to dance.

The Universe is larger than the infiniteth part of us
made of nights and destroyed stars twinkling decay
It must be for us, if we can still fall in love.

Patina of obsidian glow on the waves near Okurukuru
moon and the sea renewing their courtship
cling with arms and legs & our heads spin like planets

In your hands, atoms and molecules of ancient beings
her breasts rising like the silhouette of the Pouākai range
a landscape of seduction since time immemorial.

Windswept at Ōpunakē Beach

Trevor M. Landers

The warning signs sign

says: 'These Cliffs have Crumbly Edges'
so do we, but we have a poem and a lifetime
of compromise and negotiation to prevent
major subsidence.

An assertive tide comes stridently in

a cordon of spume advancing up a deserted beach
far from desolate, you are with me in the car
I tell you what this climaxing ocean says to me
but you stop me—you already know.

Out beyond the breakers,

wind's fury whitecaps a bristling ocean
the southerly's scimitar slices right through us
& you clasps my hands like a lover's return
such erotic power in unbidden fingers.

We marvel at the rips and undertows

bodies of water beguiling the foolhardy
today the sea is olive, we are the immiscible oils
leaving kaleidoscope patinas on the sand
where once undressed bodies cavorted in a long, lost summer.

On shore, the hapless Norfolk Pines stands asymmetrical

denuded of branches, save some stubs, on the windward side
wavering in the breeze, full and abject surrender
still, in all defiance, determinedly overcoming

& we both assiduously noted, there were two such lovers
looking like the barked and branch incarnation
of two other lovers with familiar faces,
in the meantime, the southerly still howls,
wild horses in the surf.

Climb on board my sinking ship

Helen Lehndorf

When I said I needed someone
to hold my hand, I meant literally:

Somewhere to put my hand, to
stop it shaking, somewhere with
blood and a pulse. Squeeze me
so I can feel my edges again.

A grounding. A grind.

When I cuddle up to the abyss,

I lose my outline. I need new skin.

Clothing that binds. Funny how my heart can beat in my throat
ears, temples and back of my knees.

My child sleeps wedged between
his bed and the wall. I get it. I gave it.

All the ways we need to be held

and how crumbling starts so easily, with just a rub.

It might look like just hugging but no, the weight of you,
a compression,

a hold-steady,

a jacket of life.

Różdzka Wiatru (Wind Wand)

Tadeuz Ladowniki

I sit beneath

my head is a suitcase of questions

how? why?

New Plymouth, impassive by the sea

offers few answers

the foreshore walkway strangely empty

but still I am captivated

by caprices of wind

the red ball discombobulating atop

as the wind stiffens

the shaft arcing

the strains of gravity & breeze.

keep us anchored.

Berlin

Katherine Joyce

Meine lieber freund Trevor,
how can I describe Berlin to you now?
Your 'city with the most palpable heartbeat'
still beats, beats loud:

Unter Der Linden
Zoologischer Garten
Tiergarten
Postdamer Platz
Kreuzberg
Charlottenberg

beats still, every kind of beat, *jawöhl!*

Berlin, world HQ of
the art of the possible
inhale like oxygen
that is ozone
feels like
ketamine rush not merely exhilaration.

Berlin,
the cultural *é*trépot
awash with
cultural *é*trepreneurs
the bravura of
Berlinale
and the *Spree*
side-winding
like friendly
Salamander

through arts & music:
Karneval der Kulturen

Herr Landers: Ich vermisse Taranaki nicht, aber ich liebe sie.
This is your postcard from Berlin in a nutshell,
the city you fell in love with remains.

Taranaki Energy Poem

Julia Tittidottir

Everything is upside down
recrown
what do we really know, wondering if it's just a show
mother earth marks the polarity, the barbarity
what will arise from this insanity?

Clarity: It still doesn't make sense
deeper cleanse, change of lens
jump the fence
new perspectives, dream detectives
highly effective.

Asleep in life's waiting room
wake up, let your imagination bloom
isolation
scary revelations
honest relations
anxiety has many faces
the mind travels to many places
The heart is greeting the phases
while following the souls traces
back to wholeness, reset to fullness

Back to beginners mind
where it's enough to just be kind
curious to find that we are all the same on the inside
we are in this life-ride together
action, reaction, normalize the natural, all is fractal
calculations, collaborations, Rainbow generation
We are one nation
coherence, single minded clearance
we are each their' appearance: Together we rise
An interconnectedness
conscious being, under disguise
come out, come in
look within, feeling is not a sin
fear means that it's real
unseal, unveil.

The heart says
look inside the sorrow
where it feels hollow
in the wound, in the womb
lays the medicine
we all seek
look around, wild wisdom to be found

From the wind in the trees
the roots in the ground
listen to nature's song
this is where we belong
ruth is in our hands
no matter which land
you were born
transform, reborn, chaotic storm
claiming back the rights to our own authorities
the lightworkers are no longer a minority

we are starting to remember
that it takes one single ember
to start a whole wildfire
but if we feed the fire with love instead of hate
we can stop asking the questions "What could we have done?"
"Is it too late?"
follow your souls unique fate
create create create

Set the stage for the future to come
overlook history, hear the revolution drum
things are changing the unknown is the most present
stay curious and reinvent
you are divine light, heaven sent
Keep on doing you and
break free from this

'look behind you!'

Janet Charman

1.

in our church
there was no Mass
since Mum found Communion
tasteless

that meant the first theatre they took us to
was a Christmas Panto

which took to us
every tier stuffed with kids

as if kids are all that matters
hanging off balconies

risking death in falls to the orchestra pit
you could not help but think of it
but on this occasion

we all chose
to postpone the indignity

hanging on to our gold fringed
velvet swagged boxes
with their hollow chocolate moulded fleurs-de-lys

driving back to Upper Hutt
some gender dissenting Methodist impulse
has me hunger for the minimalism of tights

and boy-chick boots to sing in with a switch
to get the lyric dot hopping
along that line

my sister wrote
starred and directed

a play for the neighbourhood
with my femme reasserted

as we fought over which of us
would wear Mum's
blue [i'll-tell-you-why-when-you're-older] lace

wedding dress with its panels of Madonna-crushed plush
whose grown out of this? we ask
she won and the show goes on –Madame Director

learning from Mum
plays her own heroine

in a renegade's virgin birth
–springs unbeknownst from a cardboard box

it was a triumph

the children in our terrace audience astounded
save the smarty pants

but Mum makes us give their collection money back
idiot
said their parents might resent it
offers them instead blood and flesh
raspberry cordial and shortbread

2.

then for Dad's Career
we shift here
to Taranaki

in the first month
we are summoned out of town
to Waitara

where we're given free

seats revealed to be
for guests of honour

who are we?

poi whirl
a night of karanga waiata action song haka
flaming satin shifts
lines of metrical piupiu

shudder into the world of light
drop dead gorgeous

a head school prefect
prances the aisle with a taiaha
he doesn't attack us
we live in New Plymouth

seated in the front row of the auditorium's
dress circle
Dad whispers into the blackout
'thank God we turned out'
but how did we turn out?

on The Voyage Home
to settle our excitement
the grown-ups rehearse the dying-language mantra
invoke the sanctified butter churn of Richmond Cottage
the First Ships
the Founding Families –none known to us
the inescapability of Redcoat Lane
the blood drenched Huatoki Stream

drip drip
dripping

into our veins
the virgin-birth amnesia
as preordained.

Thinking No.2

Adam Harris

A guide to thinking.

Stop.

Pause.

Listen.

Take everything slower.

In the gaps of your thoughts

you will gain:

greater clarity

and/or

more questions will appear.

Take time

to note

what is arising

what is arising

arising.

Exercise your imagination

Exorcise your limitations

Energise your actions.

Allodoxaphobia (Stratford)

Trevor M. Landers

The focal point
the rugby club on a Saturday night
a flurry of rum and cola--the social lubricants
un-loosener of tongues
un-doer of fumbled buttons and recalcitrant zips
haphazard mixer of genes
in a time old tradition, spilling out all along Broadway
into the takeaway joints and the atmosphere-less pubs
an odd juxtaposition this: with Shakespearean lovers coming,
cooing out, the Glockenspiel standing regal, and at the base,
a drunk man urinating on it, offering mucky advice to friends
(sheath your ideas son)
just nod and keep moving
shelve any original, radical, intellectual ideas,
keep your plans dry on the bus, son.

Folding Laundry near Tukapa St

The Paisley Collective

Standing four feet apart,
you take one edge of the sheet,
I take the other
Two continents slip off their moorings.

We walk towards one another,
creating order
crispy cleanliness of bed-sheets
rituals of the laundry room.

Solemn campers folding a flag
in the sagging afternoon light
But this is no flag.
This is the ensign of love and sleep.

There was a time we forgot to do this—
to fold with and toward one another,
to make the edges clean together
Folding laundry near Tukapa St

We forgot for a while
that one large blanket
is too difficult for one chin to hold
and two hands to fold alone—

There is shimmering beauty
in walking toward the fold,
and in the shared labour
at both ends of the process.

Try-Stanza: 1st Bledisloe at the Awakino Pub

Trevor Landers

I.

Unusual rogue's gallery above the bar
five feral tuskers grinning down
a chunter of chatter cutting sound into chard
Bit of shush, please love
The Mōkau Bike Trail Trust
is being launched over here
never mind your grandmotherly FB pics
(delivered at 90 decibels in the corner)
Maureen, a pint of cider when you have a minute
or when the blabbermouths have shot their bolt.
Portraits of four Rangatira look down
as if they have seen it all before
garrulous Pākehā doing their own bloody thing regardless
these rude over-talking savages
Ah, kai arrives!
Fresh Gurnard and garden salad
as the anthems are recited
building an appetite for the Bledisloe
the game that coagulates community bonhomie
curdles loneliness, delivers absolute hush for the haka
the ebb and flow of emoting
grassroots wisdom pithily offered
The referee, bane-bearer of changeable truths
is reviled and revered in the space of a minute.
We are underway!

II.

The 25 coaches
and 28 selectors
clamour to assert their wisdom
the pub in unison roars
Mo'unga slots another one handy to the sticks
almost as if a giant sea-lion inhabits the back bar.
A buxom middle aged woman sits opposite
side-by-side with her unshaven pighunter-beau---
I cannot help but feel she is settling for propinquity.
The younger men and woman of the district
congregate at the bar for a convivial chat

a pregnant women expectant in October
strokes her belly uxoriously, her girlfriend stands admiringly
“Tackle Black” A loud, larrikin voice shouts
as a Wallaby gases it into space, the black cordon breached
Try Australia! Andrew Kellaway.
The seers, lager-bards and Ouija-boardists offer predictions
and in a flash, Sevu Reece, over!
16-8 at the break. Refreshments!

III.

At halftime the experts
indulge in buzzword bingo:
JK: ‘Physicality’
Marshy: ‘contact zone’
Goldy: ‘multi-phase plays’
KT: ‘speed on attack, using space’
Bernie pipes in with ‘urgency’ and ‘intensity’
Kris and I nearly have the full set.
Meanwhile the air is exhaled out of the room
Ladies have discovered the lavatories
the gents, ecologically recharge their engines
the electricity of amber fuel in a simmering quietus
The lull, the doldrums, the waiting for gladiator’s’ return
the coliseum demands superiority, victory and tries
Plumtree says ‘territory and control’
(good Hāwera boy)
like his words have apothecary-induced magic
just from artful recitations
The golden mantra builds...
unrestrained uproar after an All Black try is disallowed
sensibly two visiting Australians
limit their gloating to culturally prescribed norms.
Travesty! is the only patriotic conclusion
Intercept! ----all is forgiven ---poetic justice, ref!
23 (+ 5 +5) 8 (+5 +5+7)
the calculus for an unconvincing win.
Final whistle, and punters drain out
like water in a bath
now, the post-mortems, the autopsy, the coroner’s reports
Nevertheless, the stars are luminous
in the blackened skies of Awakino.
We must acquaint them with offerings.

Glistening

Adam Harris

See the power,
see the light,
sun setting every night.
Mother Nature at its best

Time for
her
to
take
a rest.

Now's
the
time
for us to pause,
evaluate our own cause.
See the haze,
the gaze &
enter the maze,
hypnotic view as we all lay praise.

Zoom Room Tombs

Christel Davis

When we zoom the whānau
Utah and Aotearoa
seem like just next door
and yet on different planets,
our lockdowns are so different
here, people are hospitalised
& they die
through Biden's push to vaccinate
makes Trump look even more reckless &
foolish than he was—don't elect clowns.
Your case numbers are low, but the risk is real
I had COVID: so did some of our friends at church
& do what you should to avoid it.
I like the crunch of the kiwi twang again
my own American accent does not feel mine
the Māori girl on screen seems surreal;
my cousins chirrup away like hungry birds.

Keep COVID Delta out of Taranaki

Anonymous

I should be kind but leave the loony anti-vaxxers
out in the snow as Inuit do to elders in times
of food scarcity or make them sign a pledge
not to seek hospital treatment or clog up ICUs
if they contract Delta let them isolate
in blissful ignorance and take responsibility:
the reckless endangerment of others.

Now, I understand
those unable, for medical reasons
to have the jab
---that is different---
they are the vulnerable we are protecting
I am talking about
those are choosing to thumb their noses
at hard evidence but who
would race toward a ventilator in ICU
if their kith or kin so much as sneezed
increasing the risk to doctors and nurses
with their undiminished microbial loads
for the schadenfreude of appearing wise and erudite:
Listen, Pfizer, Janssen or Astro Zeneca or
any vaccine is not a panacea
but Pfizer affords good protection:
4% chance of death if a vaccinee catches Delta
14% chance of hospitalisation
passing on a less virulent disease to others
we will may boosters as the strain mutates
is a lot of upside.

Be kind, but think of others too, we all have to play our part.
Hydroxychloroquine and Vitamin K won't stop Delta
any more than King Canute
stopped the sea rolling on in,
simple as that, whānau. Arohanui.⁹



⁹ EDITOR'S NOTE: Be kind, be compassionate. Though I understand your frustrations, badgering or bollocking an "Anti-Vax-er" is unlikely to influence them positively. Respect their individual decisions but stress the importance of not using belief and hearsay in place of established fact, especially with others. We all need to take responsibility for our health, and help others to find reliable information too:

See: <https://www.health.govt.nz/our-work/diseases-and-conditions/covid-19-novel-coronavirus/covid-19-vaccines>

The gravamen

Vaughan Rapatahana

I looked around the
concise chapel.

you were not there.

outside,
loading the coffin
weighted with gravitas,
I continued to s c a n
the tear-torn faces,
those eyes leaking grief.

you were not there.

I gravitate near the telephone.
expecting some avowal;
some concession that your
first-born mokopuna -
was dead.

no message came.
there have been none since.

only this gravamen
wrenched
from within my soul:

you were never there.

it was as if
we were mere
remora,
nibbling nugatory
on your
more substantial self.

burdened with your being;
a l w a y s
attending,

yet
forever
flailing
 in your
 absence.

under the weather
Vaughan Rapatahana

the sky scanned me
cursorily,
like I was a cheap can of beans;
today's \$2 shop special

his mate, the sun
merely rolled his eyes
& refused to shift
from behind the cloudy gaze.

all this time, the rain drizzled
in sympathy with his comrades,
no sense of leniency
in this constant drip
 drip
 drip.

& where was the wind
during this elemental fiasco?
 he was merely l u r k i n g -
ready to gust me home,
as u-turned umbrella,
twisted around itself -
and indeed -
not worth
so much
 at
 all.

If a bird can do it, so can you!

Sophie Collins

It's like a bird
with no wings
That teaches
itself how to fly.
In the woods
while painting
a picture with
colour green
The staircase
may be higher
but you can
see the olive tree
in the distance

Watching the Tokyo Paralympics

Carl Kelly

Surreal, Tokyo in the blazing sun
Tokyo, in the pouring rain.

The one armed archers,
the one-legged long jumpers.

Sophia Pascoe, her nineteenth medal:
a high proportion of them gold.

triumph of spirit, marvel of body
this is the high art of the possible

If you are feeling self-piteous or miserable
watch the Paralympics: it does not linger for long.



Loin (Experimental)

Ronia Haidar and Trevor Landers

*Good afternoon
this afternoon I want you
to relax
freely associate
ensure comfort on the chaise lounge.
You can begin again
at any time:*

In the increase of decentralising him,
he, *il intaglio*, an unborn image in
my saturated womb
the incision of strumming direction towards He,
the rejuvenation of dipping into the river surface of earth,
unframed prismatic lusciousness
hankering itself towards....
He is by the surface of grace
fiddling opaque in reflection
reformation in the technique of freeing the exterior;
the sombre turns dormant
potentiality of the affect
presence eagerly compelled
sheathing of lithosphere
By the red, orange blue or white,
the matrix is made reproductive
entering in the receptivity of the print
The electric impression risen
continuing into the protruding of the fiery inquiry
held close lying on top of fellow feeling.

*....and, relax
in the midst of reveries
percolate to the surface
inner most yearning & incandescent desires
we can discuss the excavations
now, and next week
the psychoanalyst's couch
will never be so comfortable
for you; perfect asylum in here.*

Sir Raniera of Patu-kukupu

Anonymous

Arise Sir,

as if re-animated
arising from the familiar past

Come forth

tennis maverick
the trick shot guru
maddeningly, without practicing.

I remember glorious

and inglorious deeds
but I loved the cheeky wit
& rapier sharp brain

Do you remember that day

in Chemistry, the “clinking beakers”
Mr G, blissfully unaware
ever the comedian, I nearly died
in side-splitting agonies.

Young man, the Michael Jackson of the town

the break-dancing genius
quick with a quip
a born entertainer
conjuring the transfixed gaze
of a small audience gripped
outside Kimihia at lunchtime.

Māwhitiwhiti

Anonymous

Strange how the roads

intersect like cross-stitch

from the taniko

& then the roads

carve up this whenua

like a Sunday dinner

and we on the margins

as parsnip and kumara on the plate

always seeking gravy

for things to go back

before the goose was half-baked.

Short Stories in English

Kōtiro Returns Home

Wikitoria Smith

She was back, and everyone gathered together to celebrate, moving slowly into the wharenuī and quietly taking their places in the seating set out on either side. Children were told to shush; two cousins squabbling on the corner were pulled apart by their parents. Kuia and Koroua, aunties and uncles, nieces and nephews, cousins too, all had come together to welcome her home to Kohupatiki.

In previous years, two of the local freezing works had closed, displacing workers, hundreds of them, affecting not only families, but also towns and cities. The boom years passed, the European market changed and international demand for meat and by-products diminished. Australia beckoned. Thud her family arrived in Sydney in the early 1980s. This new land of many opportunities was a job market that had no prejudices, come one, come all. People from Aotearoa were arriving there in droves, fleeing the homeland, when faced with the hardships of no jobs, no future. Barely out of school, Kōtiro embraced life in Sydney along with her younger brother. Her loving personality drew people to her.

Once established, life was good, everyone prospered and families would gather together most weekends for barbecues. There was never an excuse to have a party, alternating between each home. New friendships were forged from all walks of life. Al and Stolly, two gay men who lived in a sumptuous apartment in Kings Cross became a close part of the 'Aotearoa' crowd. They would invite everyone to celebrate with them at their apartment for Christmas and New Year. An exclusive group of invited people gathered, with those dressed in their flamboyant clothing sashaying around, leaning over the balcony to scream out greetings of 'Merry Christmas', 'Happy New Year!' as ostentatiously as possible.

A regular fundraising celebration would be held in Mascot, at a place called Polly's. It was always full of predominantly gay men in their over-the-top way of dressing, some with barely anything on. The show started from the moment you walked through the door. Those unused to the flamboyance of the gay sub-culture of the time would stand with their mouths agape. The gay guys were always hamming it up for the visitors, particularly if it was a new audience of straight people. For those few couples who were straight, the wives would take much delight in their husbands' discomfort. When visiting the toilets, the women's stories would be of men dressed as women who looked far better than they did.

Halfway through the evening, music would herald the start of the stage show extraordinaire! The gay crowd sure know how to put on a show, everyone was mesmerised and in awe of the 'talents' on display. Their stunning costumes were a highlight. Gorgeous gowns and furs, sequins, feathers and high heels with their beautifully sculpted bodies. It was both erotic and electric! They strutted their 'stuff' to constant loud applause from an appreciative audience. Almost every seat was empty, the dance floor was crowded and thumping. These guys knew how to party, putting the straight crowd to shame with their love, laughter and enjoyment of

good times.

The annual Sydney Mardi Gras had everyone keen and eager to be involved. One particular year, Stolly chose those from the whānau to dress as clowns to accompany their float through the main streets of Sydney. What fun it was to be in the festivities, with thousands upon thousands of revellers oggling to get a look at the flamboyant people and impressive floats. Kōtiro quickly found work with the Governor of the Reserve Bank. After taking a holiday break and travelling around America, she went on to Japan where she decided to live and work with a Japanese family who owned their own restaurant. She encouraged her cousin Min to join her there. They were to enjoy a wonderful eighteen months, with their host family. They had snapshots taken of them both in a Japanese kimono, as a special reminder of their adventures in Japan.

Eventually, they returned back to Sydney and quickly moved back into the life of a large metropolis. Kōtiro met a young Spanish man and they became quickly enamoured. Soon she was pregnant, but unfortunately the child was stillborn. Her family took the baby back to Aotearoa to be buried with their Tūpuna in their whānau urupā. Fortunately, they were blessed with a second child, a golden-haired boy named after his pāpā Juan, who became an adored moko of his grandparents. Martyn, Stolly and Mac became his godparents. Juan Jr. was a fractious child, and clingy with his mother. He had an obstinate streak she recognised. His grandparents often put him in the car and drove him around the suburbs of Sydney in order to put him to sleep. He was the newest baby amongst all the whānau gaining attention from everyone. Everyone loved him as much as they loved his mother.

I will remember that day as long as I live. It was a clear starlit Hawke's Bay night, a slight chill was in the air, and now at last, Kōtiro was coming home to Kohupatiki. Her friends from Sydney and many other places from around the world had come to celebrate. The people in the wharenuī waited expectantly for the signal that she had finally arrived home. There were those visitors new to Maori culture who froze in horror as the kaikaranga called out to welcome Kōtiro home. The call of the karanga spoke of her genealogy, her tūpuna, her parents, her whānau, her Marae. It also referenced her mamae, or her pain:

‘Haere mai moko, haere mai ki te wā kainga. (Welcome moko, welcome back to your home).

They carried her coffin into the wharenuī, past the two lines of whānau and friends sitting either side of the aisle that had been set up, to ease her past the people who had all come to pay their respects. They laid her gently on the mattresses set out for her by the altar. The pallbearers unscrewed the lid of the coffin and placed it to the side. Sobbing broke out in the wharenuī, out of grief, sadness and love for this woman who had travelled the world and come home to this, her final resting place, She would lie next to her daughter and all her tūpuna who had passed on. It was a time to celebrate her life with those who had a great love for this moko of Kohupatiki, our Kōtiro. Haere rā moko, haere rā o te ārai i ō tātou tūpuna.

Walking Blue

Trevor Landers

Geraldine had always enjoyed walking, even as a child, walking to school was the only way to get there and as she grew up she still walked a great deal. Long before it was a confirmed reality, regular dog walking with her whippet, Angel, became a way of life for her. Now, without a car for medical reasons, she would walk to the shops, and wander around doing errands. She would embark on a walks for no other reason than for the enjoyment of being out and away from the house and keeping fit. At 74, and with six adult children she was in great shape. There was kind of meditative peacefulness in just putting one foot in front of the other, over, and over again she would say contently, when explaining it to others. Following her husband's passing, her time was her own to do with as she wished. There was the extra bonus of having dear little Angel, her beloved dog, who could out-walk all of those burly big dogs and was twice as intelligent. Angel smiled serenely while she and Mistress walked together.

Geraldine thought it was grand to still walk to places that she had always loved. She had walked them so many times before and yet she never tired of them. They constituted a map of her life in retirement. Geraldine also loved the sea, it was so close to home and sometimes she could hear the waves rolling in thunderously. The Tasman Sea has so many moods. She knew and loved them all. Her own mother had retired to top end of Sackville St before coastal property was so highly prized, and so she knew Fitzroy intimately. There are places she can walk in the rain, and shady places, when the summer light was a little too bright and might aggravate her Lupus. There was always a destination. That is what made New Plymouth great Geraldine would say, 'there are always new nooks and niches to explore'.

The foreshore walkway after a storm, or when life seemed a little unkind, could be the greatest pick me up. Pukekura Park was always a treat, but it was a little too far for her to walk these days, and Angel preferred the walks uphill and these taxed Geraldine too much now. The churchyard at St Mary's, with its very old Oak tree and magnificent huge Spanish Chestnut tree, were also favourites. It was lovely to wander around Marsland Hill too. Reaching the top, she took some comfort in knowing she was seeing same views as they those who had come before had done; the majestic mountain, and the mercurial sea.

Most mornings would find her walking to Peringa Park where she would meet other people walking their dogs down Barriball Street or Clemow Road. Over time they had all become great friends, and the dogs enjoyed it as much as the owners. Only one boisterous Doberman was to be avoided. Angel would snarl menacingly but she was all bark. Angel would often demand a daily walk, whining pleadingly until a lead appeared and the back door was locked. Geraldine would draw satisfaction from walking beside the Waiwhakaiho River and the netball courts—she had played there many times as a lass. For a special treat she would take Angel to Churchill Heights. She loved the view from the top. Being close to the Westend Bowling Club, she could nip and watch a few ends before returning to take Angel up the hill. The Sugar Loaf Islands and busy port gave the city an ever changing face.. Turn around, and if it was not cloudy, one could see Mt Taranaki, with a different cloud formation everyday. Turn again over Western Park, and sadly, the view was of derelict old Barrett St hospital grounds

slowly crumbling into further dilapidation. Her son used to play cricket at the parlour, but his family lived in Dubai now. Somehow, it made her feel closer to him watching teams practicing in the cricket nets.

‘I’m sure they will come home one day’ she told Angel assuredly.

Angel snorted, exhorting Geraldine to throw the tennis ball again so she could show her diligence for retrieval. The lovely trees and the sound of the birds singing make walking very pleasurable for her, and it was great for walking away the blues. Most days Tūi, Kererū and Bellbirds would serenade the walkers. But it really made no difference where she walked, as she always guaranteed coming home with feelings of blue calmness around me.

For Geraldine, Blue is such a comforting colour, accepting and composed. Blue let her slow down and be at peace in the hustle of life. Walking blue helped her reason out things slowly. It gave her critical distance from the squabbling in her family. For Geraldine and Angel it always brought a feeling of restfulness and achievement. Blue is optimism. Things turn out just fine in the end. Let us find blue her walking shoes seem to say, when and if they can, they take a stroll with blue.

Royal Blue, yes, she is wiser, and really enjoying this stage of her life. Sky Blue, is the universal healer It helps her remain calm and lets everyone overcome obstacles in a better way. Pale Blue helps us let go of the past, being free of the clutter of the mind, helping to become more at peace and filtering out negative energies. Pale Blue also gives great encouragement to break loose from one’s chains. Blue is the spirit of truth and has the healing power of the voice. It’s the colour that has the ability to keep us cool. Geraldine finds a great deal of her life now flows along with the accepting, honest and loyal colour. Blue. Cobalt. Azure. Beryl. Royal. Navy. Turquoise. Ultramarine. Cerulean. Each shade and hue a different journey.

Bleu. Kahurangi. Azul. Blau. Find the blue, she thought as she ushered Angel inside, placing the lead on its customary coat hook and measuring out a portion of ‘doggy chocolate’. Angel’s tail wagged excitedly as it always did, and the regal smirk returned to her whippet face.¹⁰

¹⁰ I am grateful to a blog post by Loraine Grace whose non-fiction writing about the joys of walking reminded me that there was a fictional story to be told based on real-life characters. Thanks to Loraine for the original idea.

State of Obsession

Katherine Joyce

While languishing at Dunkin Donuts I wrote Martyn 'The Letter'. This 17-page narrative, composed on a stenographer's pad I had bought specifically for this purpose, was a masterpiece. (Or at least I thought so.) I scribbled page after page as the words flowed; my hand couldn't keep up with my thoughts. My hyperactivity, driven by a desire and urgency that appeared out of nowhere fuelled my man-ic behavior that, by this time, had progressed to what the Bipolar Disorder Survival Guide calls a "severely elevated/manic" state. I was still euphoric and highly productive (as evidenced by 'The Letter') and my mind was working faster than ever, but I was also very agitated. Small things such as the colour of my car, infuriated me. It sounds irrational because it is.

I wish I could excuse 'The Letter' as something I wrote when I had no idea what I was doing, but I was in full control while composing this magnum opus. I thought I was being perfectly rational as I criticized Martyn for his drinking and psychoanalyzed him, all the while repeating that I thought we were secretly soulmates who would get married sometime in the future. This to the man who had slammed the door in my face only hours earlier. While I thought I was being perfectly rational, my hyperactivity drove a desire and urgency all out of proportion. I was determined to finish this letter and get it into his hands along with a book that I had recently bought for him: *Generation X* by Douglas Coupland. It had themes on the disenfranchisement and disillusionment of people who had come of age in the 80's and I thought Martyn would appreciate some insight into the middle-age down-in-the-dumps feelings he was experiencing.

But I digress. Back to *The Letter*. I put the manifesto in a beautiful card, but then I was faced with giving it to him. I had gotten the hint that Martyn might not be too receptive to me if I knocked on his door, which I didn't want slammed in my face again. So, I stalked him. I camped out at his house in my car at night waiting for him to appear. I took quick breaks to grab a Moro Bar and a can of sugar-free Lemon & Paeroa from the local dairy, which I drank in front of his house. I left the empty can on the curb across the street and the Moro bar wrapper on his steps thinking that they were a sign that I had been there. When his car wasn't in the driveway, I cruised Devon Street looking for his black ute because I thought that he had been in an accident or that he had been busted for drink-driving. But in reality he was probably with a woman he had picked up that night.

After a while I would grow bored of waiting for him and I was worried that he might see me sitting outside of his house, so I moved to a parking space within covert spying distance. I bought spray cleaner and paper towels and scrubbed the inside of my car so that it was sparkling. I then ditched my key chain and every music mix CD I had created thinking that these things were causing me bad luck. There was no absolutely no logic to this and I can't quite understand my reasoning to this day. Regardless of what I did, I couldn't shake this feeling of bad energy and none of this absurd behaviour changed my luck at all. I had read Kay Redfield Jamieson's *An Unquiet Mind* several times and reassured myself that even Psychiatrists can have bipolar disorder and work their way through it. My thoughts quickly return to Martyn and

the amorous adventures I foresaw. I was still a little bit invincible at his point, but I also knew I was unwell. It is this strange tug of war between rationality and irrationality.

Finally, during one of my all-nighters I got lucky. I was talking with Harry at the McDonalds' carpark when I looked over at the growing line of cars. It had to be about 7:00am because the sun was steaming through the windows. I was ready to go home and get ready for the outpatient program when I saw him standing there: Martyn! This was my chance to deliver 'The Letter' a book I had selected for him! I sped over to the line and ambushed him; there was no escape. His reddish unkempt hair and the slippers on his feet indicated that he had just rolled out of bed. I quickly held out the book and the card, which was addressed to "Martyn, You Crafty Bastard" because I thought he had been purposefully evading me (which he probably was) and I breathlessly said, "Here, take this." He wordlessly took them and I high-tailed it out of there. I tried to catch my breath as I threw my backpack on, and hurried off towards home. I had accomplished step one of my mission!

In 'The Letter', I proposed that Martyn meet me at Elixir the next morning. I imagined we would meet, laugh about how I had been desperately trying to get his attention, and share kisses in the street. I showed up at Elixir next morning. By now, the early morning non-working risers held sway. Martyn didn't appear. I waited and waited, but no Martyn. "How could he not want to see me?" I asked myself puzzled. I kept looking at my watch: 7:00am came and went. 7:30am passed and no Martyn. I knew that he usually ran late but why wouldn't he want to see me after reading 'The Letter'? Okay, so it was a Thursday and he had to work, but I thought 'The Letter' would move him to come to the diner and to me. I ordered breakfast and coffee as I waited in anticipation of finally seeing him again.

He never showed. I later saw in my steno pad that I had forgot to include one crucial piece of information in my letter; I had mistakenly left a page in my pad; the one with the details of "our" meeting. This was why he hadn't come to the diner. "How could I be so stupid?" I asked myself. Of course, he wasn't going to show up in any case.

So, I did what any rational person would do. I continued stalking him. I envisioned that we would eventually meet up. In my mind, I would casually walk up to him, and we would laugh over my churlish but ultimately adorable antics. But that paroxysmal moment never came and so in my mania, I continued to stalk him. I waited at his house until early morning when I couldn't take the lack of sleep any longer and would head home. Frustrated, I slunk home in my hybrid, hoping the electrics would noiselessly engage and my presence would be largely undetectable. Fortunately, I still had one more chance to stalk Martyn. His birthday was in early December and I was still manic. Because he seemed depressed about turning 50, I put together a birthday box for him. Although I didn't know him very well, I felt they were symbolic items that showed I really cared for him. The contents included the following:

- A Chuck Klosterman book, Love, Sex, and Cocoa puffs, because he had seemed interested in the copy I carried in my backpack
- An anchor pin I had bought at Urban Outfitters that matched the faded tattoo on his bicep, which he had gotten in memory of his father
- A gluten-free cookie that I impulsively bought at a The Old Town Hall Café in Urenui

- A stylish Italian mug I bought at Briscoes with an uplifting message to let him know that he was appreciated by me

I was so proud of the gifts that I wrapped them individually with much care and put them in the big box. I then tied colourful ribbons around the box, but it needed something more, some-thing special. A pair of googly eyes and a fridge magnet were the crême parfait as far as my sleep-addled brain was concerned. My only alternative was to make a daring visit to his house in the daytime. I felt so intrepid and like a covert agent from a movie making a clandestine delivery. I waited until I knew he would be home from work and the black truck was in the driveway. This would be the grand gesture and the paroxysmal moment! He would open up the door, see the gift, take my face in my hands and kiss me like he had before. But that didn't happen. He simply opened the door and yelled at me to go away. I was still holding the box and said quietly, "Don't throw this away. I spent a lot of time on it." That didn't matter as he slammed the door in my face once again. I was determined to give him the gift so I placed the googly-eyed box in front of the door and quietly left. Sadly, there was no music and no reunion in which we would look dreamily into each other's eyes. But, that isn't the last time I would see Martyn.

About five months after all of this transpired and I was no longer manic, I ran into Martyn. I'll admit that it wasn't by accident. One Friday afternoon after hanging out with my friend, I cruised by the Govett Brewster Art Gallery to see if his large black ute was parked in a space in front of the White Hart Hotel. I parked my car and tried to steady myself as I walked through the door to Snug I didn't see him at first, but a closer look revealed he was at the far end of the bar, depressingly, in the chair where the regulars sat. I was more nervous than I had been when I presented him with 'The Letter', the book, and the birthday box. I sat down next to him and tried to chat amicably. I was shaking so much I had to hold my beer glass in two hands to steady them. You see, I had been playing out this scene over again and again in my head for months. I had carefully rehearsed what I would say; how I would gently prod him about whether or not he read the letter, what he thought about the book, and if he liked the birthday presents encased in the colourfully ribboned box. I obsessed about this a lot. But now that I was faced with the actual meeting, all of those questions I might casually toss out and all those clever comments I might make to his responses vanished from my memory, and I was left doing what I told WITT students never to do: wing it.

I sat down between Martyn and another guy, and pretended I was surprised to see him.

"Oh hey," I tried to sound nonchalant and mildly surprised at the same time.

"Hey," he returned.

We made small talk and then I dove into the Q and A, which contained exactly one question. I immediately asked him where I was on a scale of 1 to 10 on the crazy meter, something I thought would show him that I viewed my behaviour with loveable good humour, as I desperately hoped he would.

"11," he said with a smile

"Was it really that bad?" I asked.

“Oh, yeah,” he said in a way that encompassed all of my embarrassing moments with him.

He was his same old self with the wry sense of humour that I had fallen for. I was flooded with only the good memories of being with him. I remembered all the small details that made me fall for him. The way he brought me a coffee from Chaos and kissed me before he left for work. It was the way he looked directly into my eyes when he was listening to me. It was those candid moments when he would let his façade down. It made me believe.

“You have a type,” I had joked with him.

“Tall and blonde,” I said assuredly based on the picture of the attractive tall, blonde woman I had pinned to his refrigerator.

“Actually, it’s short brunettes,” he said quietly as he turned away, no doubt thinking about his ex-wife who had deserted him and the kids. We chatted as I drank a Shining Peak ale.

“I’m sorry that I stalked you,” I said with remorse. “Thank you for not calling the police on me.”

He waved his hand in a “no problem” gesture.

I let out a sigh of relief. He hadn’t run away from me; he hadn’t yelled at me; he had actually been nice to me, despite my earlier shenanigans. I debated whether I should stay as I ordered another gluten-free beer for him. I decided why not? and ordered another Shining Peak.

I didn’t ask him about the birthday gift and ‘The Letter,’ though. It wasn’t that I had lost my courage; it was just that I didn’t want to know whether the letter and the birthday gift went straight into the trash. I had, as I said, put a lot of thought into them so I preferred the un-known rather than risk what might be the truth. Truth can be over-rated. We chatted amiably. He said that the contracting business was pretty quiet during winter and he was looking forward to a rest after a busy summer. Out of curiosity, I asked how he kept his hands warm when he was working in the cold house. He chuckled and said that of course the heat was on. I couldn’t help but think of how cold we were during our first encounter in the house his company was renovating. And, naturally, that’s what came out of my mouth: “It was freezing in that house”

“It was warm,” he countered.

“Maybe you were the warm one,” I said lamely as I kicked myself for not having a better line.

It was that exchange right there that told me that Martyn also remembered that night and that it wasn’t just another random hook up. I was secretly delighted. I felt, and I think he did, that there was a connection we still shared through my mania that endured. and that for me, was priceless treasure.

Flash Fiction in English

Marrying off the Marlborough District Library

Trevor M. Landers

Yes, I admit, I have spent a goodly amount of time in libraries. As a PhD student researching the life cycle of the endangered Redfin Bully, libraries became my second home when I was not out in streams molesting the bullies. No, really. However, I find regional libraries differ widely. Some are excellent—super fast WiFi, knowledgeable staff, constantly updating collections, and a surprising stock of periodicals and magazines. A savvy librarian makes or breaks a user's engagement. A warm, cosy library is a godsend. Other regional libraries are tired, frowsy affairs, doing their best to limp along gamely on with a clearly inadequate budget, providing a warm haven for the elderly, the unemployed, genealogists and assorted other 'inhabitants'. Their WiFi is patchy, the furniture distressed, and their aims foggily unclear. They are anthropological microcosm, I tell you.

It was while ensconced in the very serviceable Marlborough District Library (they tell me they are building a new flash library, incidentally) that it occurred to me what would happen if there was a dating services set up for the libraries themselves, because they have different personalities, Different architectures, regional differences, and what can only be classified as 'a vibe'. Libraries can be lonely places. Libraries in relationships might be much happier. Couples, thruples, as you like. No hetero-normativity need be assumed. Marry the 'How-to-be-Sommelier' schtick of Marlborough and the multi-levelled Puke Ariki with remnants of the old Taranaki Museum just waiting to be ransacked by a legion of excitable history graduates. I don't think that would work, but the new Marlborough library and Puke Ariki would be a match made in heaven. The Masterton Municipal Library and the current Marlborough Library would be excellent bedfellows. The Sargeant and the Suter—connubial bliss. Have a 'significant other' library.

Such unions could be strategic, financial, craven, productive, passionate and enervating, just like human relationships. Imagine the symbiosis of catalogue systems, the multi-useability of (quaint) library cards, your couches, and our cubicles, your seductive lighting, our stunning artworks, your guides to oenology, and our world renown poets. Not so much, the *anschlöss* of the *biblioteca* but an uncivil union for libraries and bibliophiles everywhere. You in? Décor is important, but so is profile writing. How would you describe your library? Hausfrau chic meets modern pretensions? Chic young thing with billowy shelves of magazines and contemporary world fictions? Staid old plodder with middle-of-road bestsellers in need of love, attention and Tolstoy? Multilingual pretentious urbanite with bedazzling online resources nobody knows how to navigate? I reckon there are a lot of lonely libraries out there. Even the ones that get good walk-up foot traffic would benefit from company. On second thoughts, perhaps we should rescind this idea. Imagine a divorce. One would walk away with priceless artwork and crime noir fiction and the other would demand all the contemporary world literature and the whizzbang computer terminals. Feuding libraries just gets messy.

Bilingual Works

Mein Haus als Operation Potsdam, Berlin 1945 My House as Operation Potsdam, Berlin 1945

Katherine Joyce

Not for territory, or to confront the grizzled enemy
but to open a passage to the West
Hitler orders Operation Potsdam
Fieldmarshall Keitel to General Wenck, 12th army:
‘Save Berlin! Get the Führer out!’
rescue Berlin from Soviet encirclement,
nobody considered my first house.

Nicht für Territorium oder um sich dem Feind zu stellen
aber zu öffnen
durchgang nach Westen
Hitler befiehlt Operation Potsdam
Feldmarschall Keitel sagte General Wenck, der 12. Armee
Berlin retten! Hol den Führer raus!
Rette Berlin aus der sowjetischen Einkreisung
Niemand wurde vom ersten Haus in Betracht gezogen.

Counter-attack to free the surrounded 9th Army
Liberate Berlin!
Tiger IIIs, Panther VIs, Jagdpanthers and other Panzers
----Wenck knew this was a hopeless task
drive on to Potsdam v Soviet ring of steel
final German offensive
patched together divisions, mission impossible, even with
General-leutenants with Iron Crosses with oak leaves
and the Reichsarbeitsdienst, 24 April,
heavy barrage with Nürbberwerfer rockets:
did not fell my first house.

Gegenangriff zur Befreiung der umzingelten 9. Armee
Befreie Berlin
Tiger IIIs, Panther IVs, Hetzers und andere Panzerkampfwagens
---Wenck wusste, dass dies eine aussichtslose Aufgabe war
Weiterfahrt Potsdam, sowjetischer Stahlring
Letzte deutsche Offensive zusammengeflückte Divisionen, auch mit
General-leutenants mit Eisernem Kreuz mit Eichenlaub

und Reichsarbeitsdienst, 24. April,
schweres Sperrfeuer mit Nürbwerfer-Raketen
fiel mein erstes Haus nicht.

Stunning German advance

advance to Beelitz, 11 miles past Soviet positions
past when I first lived in Berlin
my bedroom was a theatre of death
bloody warfare, Red Army reinforcements, women raped near here
the next day, stopped--- then crush the German assault
pushed on to Potsdam, stopping Soviet advances
to *Berlin Mitte* for 4 days, before surrender to the Americans on the Rive Elbe:
still my house refused to buckle in the onslaught.

Atemberaubender deutscher Vormarsch

*Vorstoß nach Beelitz, 18 km hinter den sowjetischen Stellungen Vergangenheit,
als ich zum ersten Mal in Berlin lebte
mein schlafzimmer war ein todestheater
blutige Kriegsführung, Verstärkung der Armee
Am nächsten Tag hör auf und zerschmettere den Angriff Deutscher
aber sie drangen bis Potsdam vor und stoppten den Vormarsch
nach Berlin Mitte, bevor sie sich an der Elbe den Amerikanern ergeben, Trotzdem weigerte
sich mein Haus,
bei dem Ansturm abgerissen zu werden.*

My old house now stands in peace not pieces (a miracle)
Mein altes Haus steht in Frieden nicht Stücke (ein Wunder)

We are no longer enemies but perfect friends.

Wir sind keine Feinde mehr, sondern perfekte Freunde.

Berlin becomes your home like a crab finding a shell.

Berlin wird zu deinem Zuhause wie eine Krabbe, die eine Muschel findet.

A Refutation & Vindication of Audre Lorde in an Okoki Tunnel

Trevor M. Landers

He wahine mīharo tēnei
pāhitia ana engari kaore i te warewaretia
Inaha! He taonga!

I take the point
powerful as polemic but....
used imaginatively, deployed creatively
the master's tools
can dismantle the master's house
though in the current milieu
having a house
rented or owned
reason enough for raucous celebrations.

Her multicultural self is thus reflected in a multicultural text, in multi-genres, in which the individual cultures are no longer separate and autonomous entities but melt into a larger whole without losing their individual importance.¹¹

There was a woman with her house in order
Yes, your refusal to accept placement
no boxes for you, social or literary,
characteristic of your determined individualism
no tired stereotypes clothed your body
no tired stereotypes limping around
poetry in a megaphone
for the marvel of the message.

What she bequeathed behind
has a life of its own
the very artifact of who
she has been.¹²

Ka taea e tātou te ako mai i a ia
Tangohia ana kupu ka oma ki a rātau
He maha nga Audre Lorde, ka arotake kei raro i tēnei maunga
Whakātuhia mai! Whakātuhia mai!

¹¹ Birkle, Carmen. *Women's Stories of the Looking Glass: autobiographical reflections and self-representations in the poetry of Sylvia Plath, Adrienne Rich, and Audre Lorde*. W. Fink, Munich, (1996) p.180

¹² Audrey Geraldine Lorde (1934 – 1992) was an American writer, feminist, womanist, librarian, and civil rights activist. She was a self-described “Black, lesbian, mother, warrior, poet” who dedicated her life and her work to confronting best known for technical mastery and emotional expression, as well as her poems that express anger and outrage at civil and social injustices she observed throughout her life. Her poems and prose largely deal with issues related to civil rights, feminism, lesbianism, illness and disability, and the exploration of black female identity.

Musing on *Lo Sono L'Amore/I am love* at the Italian Film Festival, Len Lye Cinema, 2021

The Paisley Collective

A volte vorrei tornare a Milano, ma solo d'estate.

*Gli inverni sono nevosi e sembrano magici,
ma le mie ossa non sono fatte per un tale freddo.*

Another lush, operatic Italian drama

to leave Devon St far behind in imaginings

here is the full orchestra

for the timbre of lone violin

feast of sensual pleasures

and elegant banquet complete with adulterous chef

& Tilda Swinton, *parlare Italiano*,

regal & radiant, like a polished gem

in the Recchi dynasty's crown.

*Le scene di sesso italiane sono sempre così deliziosamente sensuali
e la sicurezza del loro corpo è così attraente*

Visconti and Hitchcock haunt this saga

with cinematic majesty

beautiful gowns,

gourmand treats at silver-served tables

the woman sparkling with the glow of riches

Si lascia alle spalle il suo pallido marito stantio

e anche la ricchezza della famiglia.

Tutti l'hanno visto arrivare,

tranne suo marito, uomo d'affari.

Puzzlingly, someone says, as we are leaving:

'it was disjointed'

we mutter 'philistines' under our breath.

It could not have been more straightforward

Italian films do not get more linear, Sir

A stately patrician himself,

he may have nodded off in

the cosy-warm embrace of the theatre.

A contender for film of the year

all the more special, it was at 'our' place

where culture & light meet for magic

the muffled of excited voices spilling

onto Egmont St.

One day/Te rā nei

Ronia Haider and Trevor M. Landers

Te rā nei,

iniānei,

he aha tōu whakaaro?

Ka tae koe ki tō whare,

takoto i roto i tō moenga, ka takoto i tō whāriki moenga

kaua hei ohia tō ngākau, ka pārekereke i whakaaro taua

kei te ia, e , ka e roa.

the split in between the kindling wood when the midday sun hits
the bracelet lying down in the rectangular pale box exposed by scatter of dust
the paper folded with marks beyond describing a determined edge
the height of a glass cup with smudged fingerprints hard-pressed from yesterday
the hanging handle covertly awaiting the pull of heaviness to move it
the pip of the date that has been tossed out alone and separated
the playing cards that scatter the floor not being noticed by their holders
the change of the knife edge as it chops another carrot for the medley soup
the swing of the door when the wind gushes through largely unnoticed
the opened book with the library receipt in the last page
the tissues that call out white all over but which rarely offer surrender
the stutter in the tap when the water is turned on and it speaks its language
the blur of the television screen as it descends into the lost static of night
the bag of lemons in which the leaves rub up against the hessian
the hard scratches on the dining table from daily inattentions
the story of the scent of the beeswax candles that dreams of no objectification
the texture that has no place in the crowded manufactured spice rack

Me tuhi pēnei koe,

Engari kua puta mai te māharahara me

te mataku ki a au nōtemea i whakakīia

aku taringa me tōku ngākau

ki te kōrero o tō tatou tūpuna i a au anō e tamariki ana

Huaina ana tēnei he mātātuhi, tēnā pea.

Untitled Waiata

Unknown (Prisoners from Parihaka sent to Dunedin)

Au mauru ere-ere pokai nei e
E tangi ra nuku ki aku nei tamariki e
Ka wehe i ngā tau ka wehea i ngā noanga e

Kahuri mai ki muri kia mihiā atu koe
Tara i te rangi rokiā I te moana kia māori e
Kia hoki tatou I ngā tai a Kupe
Kei te Tai Hauāuru e

O the westerly winds
Calling about mourning for my children
From whom we have been separated

I turned around and reflect back to Taranaki
Standing loftily in the sky about the sea
Let us return to the tides of Kupe
On those western tides.¹³

¹³ Provenance: Attested by Te Miringa Hōhaia, cited in: Danny Keenan, *Te Whiti o Rongomai and the Resistance of Parihaka*, 2nd Edition, Huia Publishers, Wellington, (2020), p. 197.

the covid blues/ te ngākau pōuri o covid

Vaughan Ratapahana

got the covid blues baby
deep down in my soul
yeah, got the covid blues baby
out of my control

can't see my daughters
sure lost me a son
hope this damned virus
not from what I've done

oh got the covid blues so bad
deep down in my soul
got the covid blues so bad baby
waaaaaaaaaaaaay out of my control

too many sick
too many dying
no one is OK but but
we can't stop trying
gotta beat this damned virus
I sure aren't lying

oh got the covid blues so bad baby,
right on
 through
 my soul
it's out of my control.

whai i te ngākau pōuri o covid, pepi
hōhonu i roto i tāku wairua
whai i te ngākau pōuri o covid, pepi
i waho o tāku mana

kāore e taea te kite i taku tamāhine
tino ngaro tāku tama
tūmanako tēnei huaketo kino
ēhara i tāku mahi

aue, whai i te *ngākau* pōuri o covid tino kino
hōhonu i roto i taku wairua
whai i te *ngākau* pōuri o covid tino kino, pepi
t i n o i waho o taku mana

tokomaha rawa *ngā tūroro*
tokomaha rawa e mate ana
kāore tētahi e pai engari engari
kāore e taea e *tātau* te whakamutu i te whakamātau
ka whiua *tēnei* huaketo kino
ka mōhio ahau *kāore* ahau i te teka

aue, whai i te *ngākau* pōuri o covid tino kino
tika tonu
i roto i
tāku wairua
kei te waho o tāku mana.

Songs/Waiata/Mōteatea and performance pieces

Read between the lines

Luke Millard

You're trying to tell me,
that my currency is currently shrinking right in front of me?
If we sell all our property,
we could probably stay afloat in the economy?
Sounds more like lobotomy,
paving the path for a monotony of sodomy
You must be out your mind!
I see you teaching, I see you preaching,
I see you reaching in the pocket of your brother
Pinching every penny from your mother,
trying to tell the people that you love us
Breaking all the rules from above us,
you shove us back, hide that fact, talk that smack
Well, you can take your fat stack bullshit back
I'm here to educate,
set it straight for all the people on which you're defecating
Taking all their dreams, breaking all their means,
trading them for zeros and ones on your computer screen.
Until the markets crashing, the cash your stashing,
it turns to ash and the dollar that you birthed is worth nothing at all.
Your eyes, disguise your lies, chastise, baptise, our world, it dies
But I, advise, we will rise, your ways demise, your ass goodbyes...

Read between the lines,
see between the blinds
Might not like what you find
but it'll open up your mind
Read between the lines,
call bullshit what it is

Hey Mr President, Mr Heaven-sent,
can you shed a little light on where the cheddar went?
Why taxes are better spent saving the banks from the loans
they should've never lent
And the rules they should've never bent,
while us fools can barely pay the rent
Cuz every cent we're saving,

hour we're slaving can barely pay the path they're paving
And you're just smiling waving, on that pile of cash they gave and
pretending that you're brave and that you're here to be our saving but it
Seems that you forget,
we're drowning in our debt,
so, your promise ain't changed shit yet.
See history got wrote on the back of a dollar note,
so, you can quote me
Hopefully, you'll see most these votes be, nothing but a joke see
Ain't no candidate remotely, coming close to showing hope we
Gotta see behind the smoke,
it's time we woke, spoke, provoked and broke free

Read between the lines, see between the blinds
Might not like what you find but it'll open up your mind
Read between the lines, call bullshit what it is

What it is.....

Tell the man what it is yeah!
What is real is what you feel,
that meal that house that home don't let them deal
Don't let them steal let them take shit,
give you fake shit, it's time to make shit right!
It's black and white, it's time to take that fight
and you just might have
Something to give your kids and kids to come.....
So wave you're fist at the system we've been living in
Finger to the man tell him ain't no forgiving him
Toast to the people who think with a like mind
And power for the people to...
Read between the lines, see between the blinds
Might not like what you find but it'll open up your mind
Read between the lines, call bullshit what it is.

Poetry styles

- In the next four issues we will cover 20 poetry styles you can be aware of. We start this segment with the occupational poem, an erasure poem, a sonnet,

An occupational poem

On using a glue stick at work

Kassandra Hart

No time after throwing Oxford cap skyward
The undergraduate is rendered immaterial—
an open secret as rent pumps up for decades

Old recessions, factors visible without macroscopes
to academes, evolutionary biologists, *Übermenschen*
networking beyond capacities of Gen Z pay grades.

Even non-Māori children who have parents without
driver licenses, trust funds, privilege pullies
Mourn lost opportunity, worship anti-usury.

You are a secretary. You thought this would be good.
In light of near nothing family taonga
An easy bar to manoeuvre upon

Yet still caught at entry level
With no chance to try
like a mop left soaked in bucket

Mobility charges in youth per second
Coffees, opiates, amphetamines, fake pearls
Menial tasks shroud life in cloaks of sour

A resentment divinity. Like rancid, deaminate, mephitic denial,
prolonging the damper on prospective—what to do!
Knowing yourself to be unlike the others

Who cannot differentiate affect from effect.
You are not alike to those angels of the house
Presiding above your head, bestowing their wisdoms

across the office stalls, not malleable enough to fashion
Words together, to armour, to enamour, to provide
only finite victory, giving you the title of Lady Beck'n' Call

Nor do they believe your efforts merit reversal, a handover—
Try humbleness they said, no publishing house will take seriously, your woes, you daughter of
toothless, illiterate father

Damn you all! Fat hedgehogs in country summer stanch.
Clickity clack rulers, short pencil skirts with no brains.
Defending business that does not sharp the sharpeners

Damn the binders, laminate magnates, overpaid procrastinators who still fax

...

May we request—you remain author unseen
Except us paid ones—stuck you stay.

...

amid women—whose hyena laughs, their homed eggs,
their husband's farms, their smiles—chew the cud from one-hundred-and-fifty years before
fulfilled still by striking toasts in the tearoom

I dream of hole punching my baby-making co-workers to death, I want no enslavement, nor to
hear their shreds of heaven, from 9 until 5, where they sing seven hellish layers of pitch perfect

Nothingness, calling their life real and my dreams not.
Though not a sentence of theirs spelt correctly
Nor in line or for rhyme, or on time,

While I stay on the pay roll—
not a tune, not a verse.¹⁴

¹⁴ The popularity of occupational poems has waxed and waned. Poems about work form an important part of the socialist tradition, and found popularity with poets such as diverse as Spike Milligan (Me) and Sophie Hannah (Occupational Hazard). Some are celebrations of workmanship and artisanship like Walt Whitman (I Hear America Singing) or critiques of economic and financial times like Langston Hughes (Po' Boy Blues), overtly political manifestos like with Phillip Levine (What Work is) or the sublimely funny and bitterly tragic feminist critique of gendered clerical work by someone like the incomparable Marg Piercy (The Secretary Chant). The latter is a brilliant poem, and you can find it here: <http://wordsworth2.net/poems/secretary-chant.htm> (Last accessed 6 February 2021).

Erasure Poem

Erasure Poem composed at Butler's Reef, Oakura from the Taranaki Daily News, (Story on lifeguards)

Trevor M. Landers

a

constant danger—

people who desire

exceptional experience

in controlling flotation devices 'rubber duckies'

swell bouyancy.

nature and scope of work:

Drowning in

milk and ice-creams next door.¹⁵

¹⁵ Erasure poetry, also known as blackout poetry, is a form of found poetry wherein a poet takes an existing text and erases, blacks out, or otherwise obscures a large portion of the text, creating a wholly new work from what remains. Like blackout or redacted poetry, erasure poetry is also a form of found poetry. Redacted poetry is deliberately created by not altering the placement, position, or sequence of words. In my example, I have erased and moved the placement and position of words, but not their sequence. Erasure poetry was extremely popular during the Trump administration, with cancel culture, curtailment of rights, and lampooning chief among themes. The raw material for Niina Pollari's poem Form N-400 Erasures is the long, opaquely-worded application form for becoming a naturalized U.S. citizen. Expansive and arduous, the application holds a looming significance for newcomers to the United States. Pollari deletes most of Form N-400's text in crude, black strokes to form her poem. "Have you / been / in / total / terror?" the poem asks, then gives you a choice: Check yes or no. We would love to see more local erasure poetry. In erasure poems there is a desire to re-examine the institutions and narratives that shape our lives, from government bureaucracy to new media. Poets reassert power over language that has typically been used to determine who does and does not belong. And while poets have been reassigning meaning to texts in this way for at least a century, erasure has gained new energy at a moment when the USA (in particular) is deeply polarized—when official documents may hold radically different consequences and meanings for different people. The erasure poem of Trump's inauguration is an exercise in truth-telling which is exceedingly clever, brilliantly done, and a reclaimed portrait of Trump, tyrant.

A Sonnet



'The Moai of Matemateonga' © Trevor M. Landers, (2021)

The Moai of Matemateonga

Trevor M Landers

Walking in truth, and green in verse, the charm to share,
snazzy new boots, some pleasure from my pain,—
The longing road, the winding trail, cool, weather fair,
knowledge might pity outwit, dry sleep obtain,—
I sought cussed words, purple face of woe;
studying mapped certainty, songs to entertain,
gnarly root step, coolest clear rivulets flow
relentless hike out, doughty boots entrain.
Up and round, down and under, the first day
blisters big and blue, open wound halting play,
sweet invention, gauze and tape, comes and goes
Others' feet still seemed fine, strangers in my way.
Thus, silent ordeal, helpless in my throes,
Moai! Biting my lip, feet complain, bipedal spite,
Homage, race farce, ridicule, jape? I just write...¹⁶

¹⁶ A sonnet is a one-stanza, 14-line poem, written in iambic pentameter. The sonnet, which derived from the Italian word sonetto, meaning “a little sound or song,” is a popular classical form. Before William Shakespeare’s day, the word sonnet could be applied to any short lyric poem. In Renaissance Italy and then in Elizabethan England, the sonnet became a fixed poetic form, consisting of 14 lines, usually iambic pentameter in English. All sonnets break down into four sections called quatrains. The rhyme scheme of a Shakespearean sonnet, for example, is ABAB / CDCD / EFEF / GG (note the four distinct sections in the rhyme scheme). Sonnets are written in iambic pentameter, a poetic meter with 10 beats per line made up of alternating

An Inauguration Poem

Mātātuhi Taranaki

Katherine Joyce

From Manaia¹⁷
with vim & drive.
A shy kaihoe,
the paddler
propelling this waka down rivers of thought,
chicanes eaten
from the land,
the shallow, turbid rapids
the deep pools of apathy
Steer nimbly, Trevor,
the rains of detraction come
the suns of accomplishment
burned brighter.
I wish this barque well,
I crash the champagne
on the bow-sprite
the people will paddle
in time, you will just
navigate, as overseer.
Poet Godfather,
what a project,
single-mindedly,
 singlehandedly
from the divine centre.
Enduring legacy assured
with every line.
Bless all that sail in her gunwales
This ship is at sea!
Coastal waters may buffet,
hold the sextant, stay in control
This waka needs you and us

unstressed and stressed syllables. The original form of the sonnet was the Italian or Petrarchan sonnet, in which 14 lines are arranged in an octet (eight lines) rhyming ABBA ABBA and a sestet (six lines) rhyming either CDECDE or CDCDCD. Another form is the sonnet crown, a sonnet series linked by repeating the last line of one sonnet in the first line of the next until the circle is closed by using the first line of the first sonnet as the last line of the last sonnet. Shakespeare's Sonnet 18 is the most famous, but a good overview of different sonnets can be seen here: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/70051/learning-the-sonnet> (Accessed 1 Feb 2021).

¹⁷ An inauguration poem simply commemorates the election of a person into high office, or the start of some service, organisation, institution, or development. In the case of Kathryn's poem, Mātātuhi Taranaki, she commemorates the establishment of the journal itself.

to be sails, ropes, and crew
More uncharted waters to revel in
Hold fast to the kaupapa
You are appreciated.¹⁸

The Pastoral Poem

The Farmers of Puniwhakau

Trevor M Landers

Clematis in bloom, the Rātā crimson smile
dusty utes speeding down narrow lands, dog's tail wagging
a hand raised, semaphore of expansive greeting,
the deerstalkers off to Rorokahu, nighting up in Puteore Hut
or the cocky hoofing down Puniwhakau Rd into town
metropolis Stratford for the accountant, or into Toko for a
tractor axle, grease liberally, Nāhinara, there is time for glum pint.

The long acreage, a slice of key-lime pie sweltering, thirsty
herds sup at concrete saloons, settle in the shade 'til milking,
these venerable hills, geological marvels, coast with a sward
of Romney, Coopworth, Corriedale and Texel, too hot for a jersey.
These are were hard yakka blocks, the hills largely denuded,
Clearances for livestock, the altars of agriculture, pioneer pluck,
Gristled women, harder than horse shoes, industrious men slogging
The families who call her home, tough-as-tawa, hard as black maire,
our hardest wood, growing freely in the back country blocks.¹⁹

¹⁸ EDITORS NOTE: I have never been referenced in a published poem, and that is humbling, but truly I am just Te Kaihoe. I will paddle and steer as long as Mātātuhi Taranaki is supported and without all of you and our readers there is no waka. Your kindness and thoughtfulness are really appreciated Katherine, however the contributors and readers are the real heroes in my mind. Tau kē! It is a very nice poem, indeed.

¹⁹ Essentially, a pastoral poem is a riff on the rural idyll. It can be critical, romantic, celebratory or otherwise evolving some aspect of rural life. , A pastoral poem can also explore the fantasy of withdrawing from modern life to live in an idyllic rural setting. All pastoral poetry draws on the tradition of the ancient Greek poet Theocritus, who wrote romanticized visions of shepherds living rich and fulfilled lives. There are no set stanza limits, or any particular rhyme scheme for the pastoral poetry form. "Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas is one of my favourites: <https://poets.org/poem/fern-hill> (Accessed 6 December 2021). Another Classical pastoral is Christopher Marlow, "The Passionate Shepherd to his love" (Accessed 2 January 2022). <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44675/the-passionate-shepherd-to-his-love>

Contributors to Vol.1, No.2, (2021):

Gary Bovett business owner, amateur musician, often prolific poet and enthusiastic participant in events including the 2019 WOMAD poetry slam, and the Phantom Billstickers Ekphrastic poetry competition. As a founding member of Pop-up Poetry Taranaki, Gary enjoys the opportunities that group provides for sharing his writing and that of others.

Janet Charman had her new collection of poems, the pistils, released by Otago University Press in May 2021. Her monograph *Smoking! The Homoerotic Subtext of Man Alone, A Matrilial Reading*, Genrebooks, Dunedin, (2018), is free to download at: <http://www.genrebooks.co.nz> Charman grew up in the Hutt Valley and Taranaki, and initially trained as a nurse and worked in social welfare.

Sophie Collins is a 23 years old woman who in her spare time loves to write poetry. Her other hobbies include music, baking and crafts. She currently lives in the province of Taranaki and loves living here. She is interested in developing her understanding of poetry and improving my ability to convey images in words. She is looking to develop all aspects of descriptive prose, free verse and literary expressions of ideas. She like the work of Lilli Reinhart and Katelyn Charron.

Christel Davis is a young Māori wahine with whakapapa roots to Taranaki who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah with her family. This semester, she is a freshman [sic] at Brigham Young University and hopes to go into some kind of ministry when she graduates college. Her poetry was published in her High School Yearbook and in a local Chapbook. She was inspired by her mother to submit this poem and she hopes her cousins will read it, especially the last line! [Ed: Her mother featured in Vol.1, No.1].

Gabriel Field is a conservationist, poet, photographer, blah blah etc etc., from Palmy, who has recently left work in Wellington to live in Ōpunakē with Naomi, his partner; where he probably can't be found because he spends most of his time hiding at home. More of his brain bile can be found on his very heady anagram of an instagram account: @bilerag

Marshall Gebbie is a transplanted Australian native who adopted New Zealand as his home many years ago and has not looked back. He has been writing everyday poetry for everyday people for over 50 years. He cites his loves as: Janet, life, single malt scotch, old Jazz, Taranaki and the All Blacks, presumably in that order. He lives in Ōkato.

Rona Haidar is a Syrian Australian who lives in North Melbourne. In 2021, she is studying towards a Masters of Narrative Therapy and Community Work at the University of Melbourne, and working as spiritual carer in a hospice setting. It is during these studies that collaborations commenced with Trevor M. Landers began. This is their first published collaborations, and it reflects on what it means to call yourself a 'poet' or 'a writer' and the nature of self-discovery

through therapy.

Adam Harris holds a Bachelor of Science from Nottingham Trent University and is the Director of Fresh Mindset Ltd, a company that aims to make businesses more efficient, save money or realize opportunities. Adam lives in Oakura with his wife and two small daughters. He is a American football fan and improvised comedy performer.

Kassandra Hart is currently working for the Auckland Writer's Festival as Mātātuhi Taranaki's very own industrial spy. (Not really!). She does have a BA (Hons) degree in Film Studies and English Literature and two of her remarkable poems featured in our inaugural issue.

Kristan Horne works as an Intensivist at Taranaki Base Hospital and never set out to write poetry it all but found it has been a 'contagion'. Born in Christchurch, from age 10 as grew up near Inglewood and is pretty sure she is about to qualify as a local any time now.

Katherine Joyce grew up in Taranaki and admits to having 'fond memories of the places, and some of the people'. She has had her poetry published in Germany, New Zealand and elsewhere and describes herself as 'a Marxist feminist deconstructionist with a predilection for the dystopian and disassembly'. She admits this is an aspirational goal. She lives in Berlin.

Carl Kelly is a first-time published poet who saw the invitation to submit poet for Mātātuhi Taranaki in his Facebook feed and decided to fire a few off. He has written poetry 'off and on' since he was at secondary school. He says his day job as an electrician does not allow much time for writing but he enjoys it, and it even helps him relieve stress at times.

Tadeusz Ladowniki did not expect to still be in New Zealand but his job in the oil and gas industry has kept him in the province. A native of Warsaw, his first ever poems in English were recently published in Landers, T., (Ed.), *In a JIFF: Taranaki Poets response to the Jewish International Film Festival*, Te Perehi o Mātātuhi. New Plymouth, (2021). This is his first time in an English language literary journal.

Trevor M Landers, is the founding editor of *Mātātuhi Taranaki*. His poetry has been published widely in New Zealand and internationally. He has previously published six volumes of poetry, including in 2021: *Drawn from Life* (Lasavia Publishing), *Whetū Mārama* (The Zealot Press) and in addition to his day jobs is working on a major new national anthology as a co-editor-- expected out in 2022.

Luke Millard is a Taranaki lad who spent his early adulthood in Sydney, soaking in his adventures and writing tunes about them. When the time came he realised what he was searching for was home. Taking soul, hip hop, funk and rock influence from the likes of Ben Harper, Fat Freddy's, Rage against the machine and Jurassic 5, his tunes all tell stories from his experiences and observations of life.

Vaughan Rapatahana (Te Ātiawa) commutes between homes in Hong Kong, Philippines, and Aotearoa New Zealand. He is widely published across several genres in both his main languages, te reo Māori and English and his work has been translated into Bahasa Malaysia, Italian, French, Mandarin, Romanian, Spanish. He performed at the prestigious Medellin Poetry Festival in Colombia during August 2021.

Suraya Sidhu Singh was born in Ngāmotu and has lived in Te Whanganui-a-Tara, Sweden and the UK. Her writing has appeared in NZ journals JAAM and Tākahe, and some UK journals. She's had a story read on BBC Radio 3 and plays performed at Arcola Theatre, London. She lives in Ngāmotu with her husband and chickens.

The Paisley Collective are a New Plymouth-based trio who like cinema, poetry, gigs and dining out; not necessarily in that order.

Julia Tittidottir, the nordic, adventure seeking pioneer from Sweden. With a history of living as a globetrotter in the creative arts world she sees it as her duty to bring forth the subjects of change and inner knowing in a quirky, abstract & playful way. Julia uses her words as a brush and the world as her canvas.