

Whakatauki

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Ka rongo Te Po
Ka rongo Te Ao
Te waiata te tui ...

The Colour Blue

I miss the blue of Ohiwa.
People don't laugh like that any more.

Echoes of children playing
The thick thack of rain on raupo
Insects around fire at dusk.
People don't laugh like that.

We kids with skins baked black
Jumped off the wharf
Laughter and screams ...

One day I found Windy asleep
Yet her body told me
She was expecting something
A drink maybe ...

Rimaha once told me
A dream is a story you don't get to read ...

Maybe Windy was just thinking
Of jumping off the pier
— with me.
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