

Te Kuia me te Pūngāwerewere

Patricia Grace

Ko ngā whakaāhua nā Robyn Kahukiwa
Ko te huri ki te reo Māori nā
Syd Melbourne rāua ko kerī kaa

A richly illustrated, colourful
story book for children. You'll
enjoy finding out what happens
when the kuia and the spider
have a weaving competition

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Te Rauparaha

Your stronghold is peaceful no longer
your shores are but a curiosity for the disrespectful
your kainga pervaded by the uncaring
the call of the weka no longer enhances the still night
it has long been overpowered by forces that bind this modern day

Te Waka — Tainui — Kei hea ia
— Kei hea ou iwi hoki

GONE

I envision you as swift as the flight of the Kingfisher gliding upon your sacred path, to alight upon these virgin shores
You speak to me through the mist, your voice is weak, but still I hear.
My tipuna within me, listen to your words, my own wairua listens with them
TRUE, your history did not grant you glory in the eyes of the people, but who are we to judge you?
Condemned I see you restlessly wandering upon the beaten track continuously seeking an open ear to relieve the aching loneliness as te rangi scrapes your puku
I weep — for your mana is no longer

Karen Parata
(Ngāti Toa)

FAREWELL

Sole pohutukawa tree, spreading,
silent-
Stands sentinel over the marae,
looking seaward
Grey horse grazes in silence, close by
A haze hovers over the swampy shore
White grave stones pierce through.
Such stillness!
For our mother, alas, is still.
Camelias, carnations, orchids
Satin and lace
For our mother, so still.
The wailing gently breaks the silence heralding
Waves of mourners, from afar
Old trusted friends from nearby
Heads bowed, bathed in the morning sun.
Sounds of mourning ascend
Folk gently voicing their lilting
Melodic monotones
Of soothing sounds from yesteryear.
Of sounds echoing vibrations
Of eons of tupuna
Sounds of weeping tears
Wracking torso
Sounds upsetting
Muffled by tangled waves
Distorting inner muscles, deadening limbs.
At last, the final farewell from mokopuna,
From sister, daughters and an only son
Haere ra e Ma; farewell!

Teupokoina Morgan
26-8-81

KAKE

Patience is with the aged
my brown brother
it comes with the slow time of living,
with the dribble and tremble
and dreaming in the sun.
Fire has died in the veins
of the old ones,
tasting the years
with the past's quick tongue.
Only in dreams does the haka of war ring like thunder,
tearing the past from the past
bringing a song to the heart.
The Heritage is a volcano,
it is not a spirit with stealthy feet.
It is a fury of rushing water
a Kauri — a strength,
Patience is not for you yet
my brown brother,
Kake! Kake! the mountain is waiting,
be powerful, be truthful
and challenge
your right to a place in the sun.

Roma Henden. Tawa.