



(Pani Waapu born 23-3-48
died 27-2-82).

A moderate man
Died last Saturday...
He wasn't tall...
His shoulders were broad
And his chest deep...
His hair was black
And defiantly curly...
His eyes were dark —
Deep as the dark soft night...
His voice was soft
And he walked with
A light springing step...
His talents were many
And he shared them
As his gift to people...
Song...
Rhythm...
Drama...
Aroha in unmeasureable
Quantity...
All these he shared and more...
The excitement of hockey...
The encouraging of many...
He was a butcher,
And a union Secretary.
He hated injustice;
He fought, but with moderation...
For he was a moderate man.
A man who devoutly
Loved his God...
My friend of deep feeling...
My grief is deep —

No more will I see
You coming down the street
With that jaunty walk...
No more will I listen
And talk with you...
Sharing with you,
As if time had not
Been, since we
Last spoke...
Sometimes months
Were between —
But always it was only
Yesterday...
You and Dick,
Singing the chant
Telling the story
Of Wai-Ora ...
You and Dick... again
In that never-to-be forgotten
Little play...
"So good to be home."
And now you're just this...
Home... among your people...
Leaving others to carry on
Your plans... your ideas...
You're not supposed to
Stop in mid-track like that!
Testing, were you?
To see if we had
Been listening?...
Listen to our tears falling soft...
Hear our heartbeats...
Beating as one gigantic heart...
Man of warm heart, Pani...
Now stilled...
We feel you near,
On a different track
Where we all one day
Will follow...
You have gone ahead
Sign posting, no doubt,
As usual...
"Wood pigeon and fantail"
Farewell, farewell, farewell.

Tuesday 2-3-82.

Wendy Morgan

(From "The Tide of Aroha")

1. "Wai Ora" — Pani and Dick Puanaki had grown up together and they performed together, in a musical expression on the Environment.
2. "So good to be home" — a thought provoking play, in which both Pani and Dick appeared, with the Asterisk Theatre, Napier.
3. Reference to part of "Whakama" (Both "Wai Ora" and "Whakama" are from "The Tide of Aroha").

A PATU FROM THE PAST.

A patu from the past is on my table lying,
an ancient relic, discarded by a maori a
century ago
when the age in which he lived was dying
and steel was taking place of wood and
stone, and so
waterlogged in river mud it stayed
submerged
'til dredging operations found it yesterday,
now, scrubbed clean, it is on my table
lying.
A common wooden patu aruhe
that prepared its owner's meals a century
ago,
waterlogged manuka, half petrified by long
immersion,
an ancient wooden kitchen atifact,
used by toiling stone age Maori,
of no great value now, scarcely worth a
silver coin,
but brought once more to light of day, sub-
ject for a poem.
Curio value only has this ancient patu
aruhe
pounder for preparing fern root a century
ago
softening fern root, bruising tawa seeds,
cracking shells, a handy taputapu
around the umu and the midden,
until the owner, with the passing of the
stone age
cast it into the river down below.
Brought again to light of day, this common
wooden patu
(1) is treasured as a relic of that age, a cen-
tury ago,
when men in nature's hard way sought
their food,
fought for every mouthful of existence,
no knives, no flour, no sheep, no govern-
ment dole,
and even fought with one another, the
weakest always dying,
(2) valued is this waterlogged, ancient relic, on
my table lying.

Bernard Teague.

The Puriri Tree

See how the young Puriri tree grows
as with tender leaves
he licks the sky
The birth of all that seeks life
is to me
like this Puriri tree
Surrounded by deaths darkness
reaching
beyond the night
As with hope newly born
on each delicate stem
he fights each day of life

Apirana Taylor

PATTERNS

They carried my ancestors ashore
taught them to make a raupo hut
smoked pipes on their doorstep.
They sang us their waiata
taught us about Ruahine and Ruataniwha
taught us to heed the tapu,
so show me the white line
that sees the taniko woven on the water
the moko on the tree trunks
the koru of my mind.

Lois Burleigh