

Poetry co-editors

Tu Tangata magazine is pleased to have the assistance of two poetry co-editors, Marian Evans and Keri Kaa. Tu Tangata will aim to encourage unpublished or little known poets and to this end welcomes contributions: Only those with stamped self-addressed envelopes can be returned.

Marian Evans: co-ordinator with Kid-sarus Publications who were responsible for The Kuia and the Spider written by Patricia Grace, illustrated by Robyn Kahukiwa, also Kimi and the Watermelon by Miriam Smith, translated into Maori by Sonny Wilson. Marian works with Spiral — a womans arts and literary magazine. Spiral will be publishing The Bone People by Keri Hulme of Kai Tahu and The House of the Talking Cat by J.C. Sturm of Taranaki.

Keri Kaa: executive member of the N.Z. Maori Artists and Writers Society. Writer of poetry, waiata-a-ringa waiata and childrens stories in English and Maori. Lecturer in Maori language at Wellington Teachers College and guest lecturer on Patricia Grace in the 1982 Images of Women series at the Womens Studies Dept of Victoria University. Co-translator with Syd Melbourne for Te Kuia me to Pungawerewere Currently translating Lynley Dodd's, 'The Apple Tree'.

Untitled

With furry eyes
the plant
watches me
its lips pout
and tiny yellow
spikes stand
alert,
to monitor my
every sound,
while the red
pohutukawa says,
pooh.
She's the only human
around.

Like wind on waves
the Colonials arrived,
sipping tea from floral cups,
eating cake from silver plate,
with the hand held high.
Birds called across the lake,
and the warriors watched.
The children laughed,
wide eyed,
touched faces,
while the women wove raupo,
as the shark-oil lamps
waved shadows...
on the whare walls.

Rosemary Lunn

Reading The Stones

A taua of wet suited warriors
has stripped a colony of young paua
from the rock wall.

Now there is a great
gathering of wood
for the hangi
in the trees
where the church
once stood.

The smoke and smell
of food
drift over the kaik.

A girl is reading
the stones,
the names she reads
are mine;
I turn away
into the sea wind.

Rangi Faith

He Putake

Let us cast out the anchor
lay the nets
sow the seed.

Too long have we drifted
without sight of land
or fish
or bird.
The anchor of Tainui
is more than an ark on Ararat.

Let us strengthen the nets
tend the crops
tomorrow's harvest will be plentiful.

Lois Burleigh

The Poet

His bearing is fixed
where his face floats
like a lodestone
across the deep gaze
of the black rock,
& under his gentle touch
the crescent moon, the star,
and the red rose
look up from Moeraki,
glowing like fires
on the headland pa —
his promise
like a beacon shining.

Rangi Faith

Aotearoa

AOTEAROA,
Fragile flower afloat
'Neath the watchful eye of Io,
'Neath the Southern Cross
Io the Great
Io the Immeasurable.
Aotearoa,
Home of the voyager, the fisherman
Sanctuary of the planter, the weaver
The mountaineer, the master carver,
the scribe
From the four winds.

Born out of the myths of Maui
Of King Arthur, Merlin
And Milton
Of Kupe, Toi and Whatonga
Tasman Cook and Batten.
AOTEAROA,
Embracing twin heritages,
Lies still, quiet, alert
Basking in light celestial
The beauteous flower
Of the Southern seas.

AOTEAROA
Gave substance to Koromiko
Matai and Manuka,
To birch, willow and lantana
Now nurtures offspring
Treasuring the Pounamu
Leek, rose, thistle.
Emblems of roots from
The distant past
Now in strength entwining.

AOTEAROA,
Focus of myriads
From the new Hawaiki
Forging links of generations
Instilling the gentle aura
The sounds of laughter
To stifle the deadly monotony
And lustreless life
Of factory floors
In cities, concrete encased.

AOTEAROA
Indeed the flower of ethereal
loveliness
Did we not sing
Of thy beauty
Five decades now gone?
Words clinging to memory
Words which stirred...
"Thy mantel of Manuka
Perfumes the breeze."
Thy mantle, now, surges from your
tamariki,
The children of the multi-hued flower
'Neath the sleepless eye of Io
Io the Great
Io the Immeasurable.

By TEUPOKOINA MORGAN
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