sorrow — that it is often not comfortable to try and survive in your country when another group of people have set up the rules and values. But I heard too of joy, of security of belonging, and most of all of aroha.

I came away from that visit of a marae exhausted. It had been hard work to listen, to evaluate, to write, to apportion marks. But it had also been hugely enjoyable. And I also came away very much more aware of a lifestyle that is vibrant and strong, living and growing in our land which for a lot of us is something we are barely aware and rarely experience.

Perhaps I could end with an appropriate image.... May your words take wings, soar to great heights and then come to roost in the minds of others.

For then perhaps the vast majority of unaware pakeha will sit up and take notice and begin to make the efforts from their side to bridge the gap between the cultures. There will be no need then for the marae to seek them.

C.M. Wasmuth

## He Korero paki

Tera tetahi Poti tino nanakia, e whai ana i tetahi Kiore. Engari, Ko taua Kiore he nanakia ano, ā he matau hoki Ki te Whakarongo Ki nga ahua tangi o te reo. Ahakoa pehea te whai a te Poti, Kore Ke e mau i aia. Na wai ra, Ka whakaaro te Poti nei me pehea ra, e rarua ai i a ia taua Kiore.

I tetahi ata Ka rongo te Kiore e au au ana te Kuri. Ka mea ia, "Ka pai Kua watea te huarahi hei puta atu mōku Ki waho Ki te painene i te ra." Puta atu ana te Kiore, Kapoa mai ana e te Poti. Ka mea te Poti, "Koiana te pai o te rua o nga reo."

## Te whakatauaki mo tenei Korero paki

Akona nga reo e rua, Ka Kore Koe a matau Ki nga Kinaki.

Story and translation by Blossom Wairakua Mohi Maori Language Department Correspondence School

## **MAORI BOY?**

The tipuna stare with empty eyes, their faces shrouded in dusty mildew, the paintwork is blackened and grimy, and the kiekie is split, falling away. The windows are cracked, the rafters sagging, and its anyone's guess what holds the house together, there isn't a single diagonal strengthening timber in the framework. As I walk outside I am momentarily blinded and realise just how dim was the interior of the house. The exterior of the house is even more dilapidated, the carvings are cracked, rotting and dark green with mould. A great fungi sprouts from the top knot of the tekoteko, grey paua shell eyes, peeling with age, gaze on. Those eyes have witnessed birthdays, weddings, hui and tangi for over a century. They have watched over the lives of five generations of my family, my hapu and my tribe, but now they have little left to watch. Even the old totara is dying, few people shelter from the sun under its branches, now they prefer to stay in their cars. Yes, the only life visible here is a small fantail darting between the untrimed bushes. It is very quiet here.

Engines raced, lights flashed, people yelled and cussed, horns honked, I stood surrounded by people and noise yet I was alone, desperately lonely. The masses surged past as I stood.

"Watch it boy", yelled an irritated old Pakeha fella.

"What?", I asked, startled.

"Git outa my road!" he yelled as he shoved past, mumbling away to himself. "Dumb Maori boy taking up half the bleeding footpath, think they own the place."

"Eh, moko, you come back to see me have you? Eh darling, s'pose you'll go back again soon, nei. Back to the big smoke, nei. No fun for young'uns out here in the sticks," Nan yarned on (as usual).

"I donna know Nan."

"Kei te pehea koe?"

"What Nan?"

"Ah some Maori you are, can't even speak your own language. Bet you donna know who your tipuna are either, gee you fellas got all fancy gears to learn but no, you fellas too busy having a good time. Going off to parties, hanging around with your mates, going to the big city, you're no Maori, boy, for all the Maoritanga you know you could just be some Pakeha kid!"

After speaking to Nan I walked down the road past the old hall, the old school, the new pub to the marae. Hinges screamed their protest to my visit while a lump of wood fell from the gate into my hand. As I wandered past the old totara I noted the branches were bare, after six hundred years of thriving it had chosen to die in the twentieth century. The carvings were now nearing their end, the tekoteko had lost it's topknot, the raparapa had lost

## **Brother**

... saw my brother on a bus today drunk dirty he sat near me I turned my head away in shame disgusted ... with him

kei te pehea koe?katy pie. She replied. She's only

three.

— ka pai, ka pai.

... he touched her hair dirty hands dirty fingers

he spoke to my little girl

I cringed get your dirty hands off her he looked at me

he held up his little finger for me to see
— see this ring ... my wifes ... still wear
it ... still love her ... see ... got me a little
girl too ... don't see her now ... with her
mother ... be five ... yeah five now ...
still up North ... still love her see.

my disinterest showed he turned to his friend they laughed, both drunk, both dirty they spoke to each other in Maori

in Maori!
I listened.

I listened, I couldn't follow, didn't understand, couldn't keep up

kia ora brothers

... kia ora.

... the bus stopped
he stretched his hand toward me
I took it, we shook hands.
he and his friend got off
Pakeha people looked at me
they smiled — or were they laughing?
I smiled back at them
I shrugged
the bus continued

I sat in my seat I turned my head away in shame disgusted ... with me.

Gayle King-Tamehana

two of it's three fingers and the right hand amo had lost it's head.

Picked my way gingerly across the porch attempting to avoid the innumerable rotten boards. Inside it was like riding on a rollacoaster since the majority of the piles had rotted away. Kowhaiwhai patterns on the rafters were totally indistinguishable, the tukutuku panels were broken and askew. A creeper had slipped through the crack in the back window and had established itself on my ancestor's belly. My fantail wasn't there, probably just as well, I don't think I'll be there again for a long time either.