

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 life-style 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

## 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 untrimmed 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.

## 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 whakatauaaki mo tenei Korero paki

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

Story and translation  
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## Brother

... saw my brother on a bus today  
drunk  
dirty  
he sat near me  
I turned my head away in shame  
disgusted ... with him  
he spoke to my little girl  
— kei te pehea koe?  
— katy pie. She replied. She's only three.  
— ka pai, ka pai.  
... he touched her hair  
dirty hands  
dirty fingers  
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 wives ... 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 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.