

poetry broadsheet

three – 2020



Sunday

Driftwood,
well washed and grey
everywhere today
at Kairakau.
Someone
has stacked it,
there on the sand
like a home for folk
from a far off land.
Two figures came
walking,
one was lame.
Not wealthy
in material ways.
But oh! So rich
hands held tight.
Just so right.
He called as he skipped
“It’s yours
I built it
It’s Mother’s Day.”

SONIA MACKENZIE

will it rain today?
ink-smudged clouds pepper the sky
let it rain on me

JUDIE GARDINER

Moving On

Returning for the first time
to a place that once was home
brings to the surface
many half-forgotten memories;
people, places, landscapes –
the same, yet
somehow different.
Reconnecting
affirms
the proper timing
of the move away.
Should I never pass this way again
I know that portion of my life
is complete.
I needed to come back
to say goodbye.

JOY MACCORMICK

Let Go

Rest, close your eyes, breathe, sleep, wonder.
Magic flows, rivers run and still you lay here.
Let your mind wonder, let it off its reigns.
Let it fly from country, to hill, to mountain, to valley.
Let it flow, run, pour and soar.
Mind free, when you dream.
Close your eyes, breathe, safe and sound.
Lay still, think, wonder, let go.
Travel the stars, visit new creatures, create new realities.
Let your mind tell you what is wrong.
What is right and what’s to come.
Go on a journey over clouds, inside of caves.
Sleep, create this journey, close your eyes.
Breathe calmly, let your mind wonder.
Be Free
Let Go

TARA BROWNE

1899

Our grandmother
Margaret Hurley Arcus
who died quietly at Waipukurau
Hospital in the year 1965
told me once she sewed small
stones into the hem of her dress
to weigh it down, thereby stopping
the howling Wellington winds
lifting it briskly from the ground
in the year 1899

MARGARET KITT

She

Even as
ghosts
dance in the rain –
Through mist clouded
eyes –
She enquires
again
and
again
Happy?
‘She’

MD ROGERS

My ANZAC

I was born on Anzac Day
Death and remembrance
I was born on Easter Sunday
Death and resurrection
Named after my uncle
Killed aged 21
On a railway crossing
Pushing his bike
Loved younger brother
Of my father
Death and birth
Life’s conjunctions hover
I listen to the last post
Then ‘Reveille’
The last high note
In the otherwise silent air
Hangs like a prayer.

IAN MCQUILLAN

Love Song

How wanton you are
You spread your body wide
over the land
I drive each day
between your long green thighs
My eyes catch
your warm
embrace,
see the long furrows
circling bush
nestled close
where they meet
So open to the sky
so naked in soft ecstasy
so unashamed to lie
when all else
passes – indifferent to your
passion
I love your calling
your invitation to enter
your secret places
How open
how vulnerable you lie
Nowhere am I where your arms
do not enfold me
My love
My Aotearoa

ERICE FAIRBROTHER