

Conversations with Kuia, Kaumatua

I am beached
where the tide
here I cast my net
where water floods
and wait

on the reef of you
thunders in from the ocean
in the groove
through to the inlet
for small fish

footprints in moonlight
we all made our way
pounds the land
(a trespass by starlight

indent the skin of the sand
to this place where sea
on the shore
by sea ship or earth circling jet)

clouds shuffle
wrathful and grumbling
for more house guests

and slur over the sky
make room for the sun
who may never go home

I fill a bucket
carry a
watching me

with tiny tails
thousand silver eyes
silently wary

later
lay
cut them
look for
find
feel only

I take them out
them down
open
bones
nothing
enchantment

punga fronds unfurl
beckoning fingers
fringes of bush
calling me
deeper into
the heart of
the cloak
of your

c
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y