

## SAD JOKE ON A MARAE

Tihei Mauriora I cried  
Kupe Paikea Te Kooti  
Rewi and Te Rauparaha  
I saw them  
grim death and wooden ghosts  
carved on the meeting house wall.

In the only Maori I knew  
I called  
Tihei Mauriora.  
Above me the tekoteko raged.  
He ripped his tongue from his mouth  
and threw it at my feet.

Then I spoke.  
My name is Tu the freezing worker.  
Ngati D.B. is my tribe.  
The pub is my Marae.  
My fist is my taiaha.  
Jail is my home.

Tihei Mauriora I cried.  
They understood  
the tekoteko and the ghosts  
though I said nothing but  
Tihei Mauriora  
For that's all I knew.

## EVIL WINDS

Rangi has been separated from Papa.  
Yet even in winter, the coldest season of his love.  
His rays embrace earth.  
Why are we not the same.  
Alone in bed  
You are not by my side.

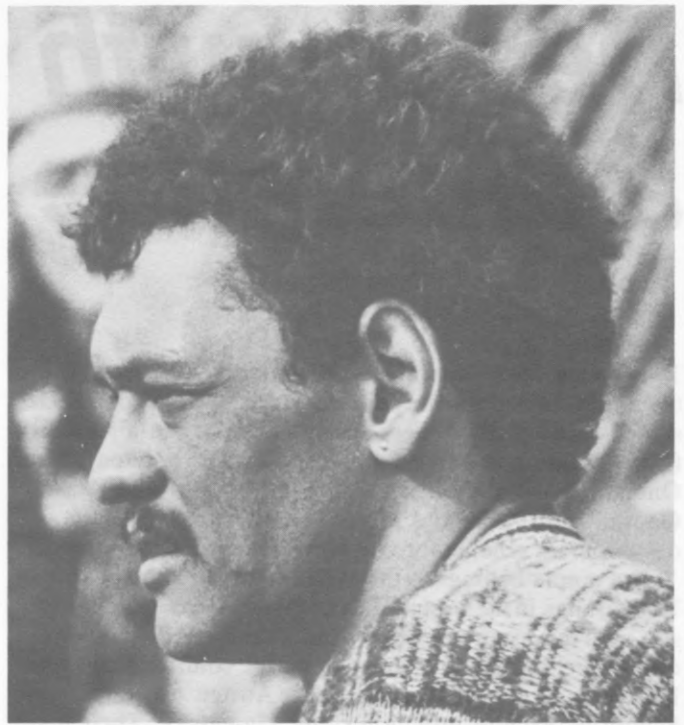
Ripped apart from drunken winds of rage  
We have been hurled  
further than the Gods.  
If only I had the sun's arms  
I would reach out  
and hold you again.

## THOUGHTS ON THE ROAD

See how the twin peaks rise  
under the hands of the sun's warm rays.  
And the arms of the rainbow  
that embrace the earth  
in moist lovemaking.

Lost in creation they are undisturbed  
by my presence  
for I am from them.

Skyfather Earthmother  
the old people were right.  
For I see the union  
of sun and earth  
and hear their songs of fertility  
pregnant with life.



*At the launching of Eyes of the Ruru*

*Above* Apirana Taylor, looking a little apprehensive.

*Below* Selwyn Muru reads, Rowley Habib listens.

*Bottom* Bruce Stewart and Whetu Tirikatene-Sullivan.



LIZ BROOK