

Maori life and literature: a sensory perception

WITI IHIMAERA

Whakarongo! Whakarongo! Whakarongo!
Ki te tangi a te manu e karanga nei
Tūi, tūi, tuituia!
Tuia i runga, tuia i raro
Tuia i roto, tuia i waho
Tuia i te here tangata.
Ka rongo te ao, ka rongo te pō.
Tuia i te kawai tangata i heke mai
I Hawaiki nui,
I Hawaiki roa,
I Hawaiki pā-mamao,
Te Hono ki Wairua.
Ki te whaiao, ki te ao-mārama.

Tihei mauri ora!
Te whenua, tēna koe.
Te whare, te marae, tēna korua.
Ngā mate, haere ki te pō, haere, haere, haere
Nō reira, e ngā mana, e ngā reo e ngā hoa katoa
Tēna koutou, tēna koutou, tēna koutou katoa.

In the beginning was Te Kore, the Void. After the Void was Te Po, the Night. From out of the Night arose Rangi and Papa, the Sky Father above and the Earth Mother below. To them were born children who were gods, who separated their parents so that there was light. And in that light was created all manner of things, animate and inanimate. From one of the gods sprang man. He was the ancestor of the Maori. Within that mythical time when gods communed with man, there arose the demi-god Maui. Among his many feats he fished up New Zealand. It was to this land, the fish of Maui, that the Maori came.

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My name is Witi Tame Ihimaera Smiler. My father is Thomas Czar Ihimaera Smiler Jnr., and through him I have links with Te Aitanga A Mahaki, Rongowhakaata, and Ngati Kahungunu. My