

## PUBLISHED POETRY

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### KERRY HARRISON

#### Kawhia Lady

Still she sits  
in dignity, shell fine  
fingers knotted thin  
touch  
lips ruby set  
in brown woven, earthborn skin.  
    Placed in a wilderness  
    naked to its pride  
    that tilts soft and gentle  
your ground-grained face  
and there, mirrored within  
    legendary eyes  
    are grass wind figures  
    that shotguns dared despise.

'Hey girly, what you doin'  
in this here Kawhia place ?'  
    lush and laughing  
    honest in your flesh  
    that bathes so beautiful  
    in our salt-sea  
    shimmering mesh.  
Where are your chills ?  
pale in city thrills, slowly  
turning sour in our gold  
sun drenched shower.

'But have another beer, Lily  
that your name ?'  
    or is it lost  
    in your white soul's frost  
us Maoris we were fools hosts.

#### Seagull's Eye

Cast, subdued in earth,  
brightly coloured shells  
sprawl,  
and within  
gurgling beating hearts  
are fixed in television spells.

Far to the left  
the sea  
rolls,  
a wave of ocean track,  
slowly riding estranged men  
to wanderlust  
harnessing the blue streamer  
they saddle their return

And to the right  
trees nest in groves  
surround machine filled  
shelly coves  
the shrill of birds'  
steel drowned song  
competes, no use  
with evening throngs.