

BATLEY

Like Hongi Heke
we thundered silently
overland to salt
river my anger
hard green still
a mere to
contend with yours
a haka waging
war spitting tacks
but surprising no
one

Then Batley by
hot cicada hill
pink ocean floating
on pine trees
offers up tea
and scones safe
passage at the
ready

Your haka turned
to grief dark
as the shadow
of lost kauri
lonely as the
farmer his cows
softly bellowing as
small boats laden
with mere are
put out to
sea.

Kerry