

Poem : Junior

Winner– Anna Doak, Yr 9, St Margaret’s College



soldering a tree for an abstract painter

in a setting of darkness
the feel of wet canvas
is simple angular distorted

the totara tree
ascends in dull light
leaving a balanced flow
from one tree to the next

the flax weavers are monks
who create harp-playing clouds
to welcome the majestic totara

in the barren forest
ruru sobs in the wind
her safe house has been captured

she wishes she could
solder the forest

ka hinga te totara
i te wao nui a tāne

♣ *ka hinga te totara i te wao nui a tāne* = the totara tree has fallen
in tāne's great forest