

Bones | Iwi

Written at Kāwhia by a descendant of Toarangatira

I can still feel my bones in the land.
Fragments of myself cradled in the earth.
Tissue inscribed with memory and story,
corporeal archives of my dead.

A lament still hangs on the wind,
echoing the ache of dislocation.
A song for the tides and soils
that no longer sustain my *iwi*.

I still imagine a final glance
at ridge and harbour,
and try not to exhume the grief they buried
with the bones they left behind.

Ammon Hāwea Apiata