

Pōwhiri and Death: Poems

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Pōwhiri

Kaea: his splitting voice crackling through the ranks

Rōpu: their bellowing chorus echoes a unison reply

Kaea: prances midrow and unleashes another verbal onslaught

Meanwhile, arms throw turgid and feet pound the dusty floorboards

Eyes roll and protrude in ugliness

Lips part to projecting tongues and nicotine teeth

With words spitting vigorously into the now roaring air

The atmosphere gradually rises until a “Hī” invades the powerful circuit and cuts the roaring energy into silence.

“You are welcome friend.”

Death

Death Uncovers Love

Death is the funeral

Love is the tears which fall endlessly to the ground

Leaving a puddle of emotion

Which, in time, will subside deep into the soil

Taking death with it into the past