

# a fine line

TE RŌPŪ TOIKUPU O AOTEAROA New Zealand Poetry Society

AUTUMN 2023



*History/Tāhuhu Kōrero*

**FEATURED POET • Margaret Moores**  
**FEATURED ARTICLE • Kiri Piahana-Wong**  
**COVER ART • Tupaia**

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## *Quotation of the season*

Inā kei te mohio koe ko wai koe, I  
anga mai koe i hea, kei te mohio  
koe. Kei te anga atu ki hea.

If you know who you are and  
where you are from, then you will  
know where you are going.

— Māori proverb

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**Cover Art** Tupaia (high priest and navigator circa 1769)

“A Māori man trading a crayfish for a piece of cloth with Joseph  
Banks” (British Library, London)

**Contributing Art** Margaret Moores, Aine Whelan-Kopa, Katherine  
Raine, Gerard D'Mello



## GAIL INGRAM

I'm super excited to bring you this tāhuhu kōrero issue. We had a record number of submissions, and so, as a one-off we jiggled the budget to bring you more poems than ever... and didn't I have fun arranging your words into a wonderful poetic and potted history of Aotearoa.

We open with our guest poet **Margaret Moores**, winner of the 2022 Little Kathleen Gratton poem series, digging deep into her personal past to understand how a family secret impacts the present in stunning prose poems that mimic the look of old photographs. **Kiri Piahana-Wong**, poet and publisher, takes us through the history of Anahera Press that she founded, and why we need presses like this for Māori and Pasifika.

Our members' poems begin with 160 million year old trees and babies (**Nola Borrell**) and **Aine Whelan-Kopa's** brilliant poem that captures the pain of a stolen Māori history, through to the stories of our Irish, Chinese, Italian migrants (**Denise O'Hagan, Katherine Raine, Michael Giacon**), historic events and places ("Jerusalem" by **Jeni Curtis** and "Culverden" by **Harley Bell**), and how it all impacts us here today.

Our reviews editor, **Erica Stretton**, has found us two lively new reviewers for **Tim Upperton** and **Vaughan Rapatahana's** recent collections, and we have some vivid haiku from new and returning contributors.

In NZPS news:

- You can still get yourself a copy of our gorgeous 2022 anthology *alarm & longing* [here](#).
- Our AGM this year will be on 14 June 6.30–7.30 p.m. on Zoom. Come along to hear our guest reader (TBC). Please RSVP to [info@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:info@poetrysociety.org.nz). All welcome.
- Our celebrated annual international poetry competition is open! Please note, we have two competitions this year, one for adult and one for youth. Our youth comp is themed "mythology", and opens April 20. Both competitions close 31 May with winners published in our 2023 anthology. So get cracking, polish and enter your poems and haiku [here](#)! And remember, members get a discount on the entry fees.

Next issue, the winter edition, open theme, is our student issue, featuring a student poet. Please send up to four poems (40 lines max), up to four haiku, and your artwork by 10 June 2023 to Gail Ingram, [editor@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:editor@poetrysociety.org.nz).



*Her Natural and Industrial Resources* c. 1943 – Gill MacDonald

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## MARGARET MOORES

– a selection of poems, including from "Absences", winner of the 2022 Kathleen Grattan Award for a Sequence of Poems

### Kept Hidden

My grandmother Ida first appeared in a conversation as surprising as the one in which my mother revealed that all girls bleed. My mother knitting, needles clicking in and through the yarn, hands busy, eyes on her fingers. My eyes on the tartan pleats of my winter skirt, arms loosely folded across my chest, imagining how to keep secrets.

I was given a book with clear pages in which a girl could be opened or closed. The womb and the heart are muscular organs. A baby was curled upside down, its fingers in its mouth. Soon I would want a diary for marking days each month. My mother was four when Ida died and was replaced by a stepmother who folded bedsheets into hospital corners. At four, you understand absence in a way you did not when you were a baby and your mother played peekaboo with a scarf. Absence becomes the day your father takes you by the hand to explain *Gone and Never Coming Back*.

Long after I have stopped circling days in a diary, I wonder about light – whether the click of a shutter might have captured something still to come. A scar, or the fleeting shadow from pneumonia in Ida's lungs.



Ida Evelyn Row c. 1923



## DNA

When my grandmother's photograph was found, it suddenly became clear where we had come from. Strands of DNA had produced our dark hair, small whorled earlobes and delicate collarbones. I couldn't see her feet to check for the strange thing with the toes, but her shoes seemed huge. And there was the way she faced the camera: her sideways, guarded glance and thick eyebrows; a glower that had settled into one of my boys.

I was recalling these resemblances as I parked beside the chapel, put on my jacket and began searching for her grave. A blustery wind brought the smell of brine from the Tasman, and I could taste salt. When I paused to take stock after an hour among lichen-covered cherubs and crosses, the wind buoyed me up as if it meant me to fly.

A van drew up beside my car and the driver let out a yellow dog which ran up the fence line, pushed through the wires and loped across the paddock disturbing gulls into petulant flight. Perhaps it was the gulls that drew me towards her. I skirted slabs that held several headstones and there she was: her headstone like a pillow on a smoothed counterpane. A windblown bouquet of plastic flowers bleached until they resembled cartilage rattled against the concrete surround and beside her name, a drift of pine needles and three white pebbles. I picked one up and put it in my mouth, it felt like a tooth.

First published in *Flash Frontier* February 2017

## A Disturbance

In a photograph, someone has posed in front of a lens and remained there forever. My grandmother as a young woman at the beach, my mother as a child in a garden. Pasted in an album, slipped into an envelope, in a box. Box-shaped instants. I cannot delete the photographs of my mother in my phone. The images are still alive like her voice on the answering machine. A disturbance like a clock ticking in an empty room. In front of the lens, she is at the same time: the one she thinks she is, the one she wants others to think she is, the one the photographer thinks she is. A subject who becomes an object. A care facility is not a home. She had not imagined living with people who sang in the entranceway or danced with tiny mincing steps. At that time, though, we could take her for a drive to Petone or Days Bay, or she could watch for the Wairarapa train on the rail bridge at the end of the road. The noise of Time is not sad. If we turn away, we might miss it.

Some phrases in this poem are sourced from Roland Barthes's *Camera Lucida*, Vintage, 2000, pp 11-15.

## That-has-been

*The Photograph does not necessarily say what is no longer, but only  
and for certain what has been*

— Roland Barthes

A stiff northerly at Lyall Bay. Planes hover out at sea, wings pitching against the wind before plunging toward the ground in a rush of sound. We are eating fish and chips safe in the shelter of the seawall while overhead, passengers white-knuckle their armrests. Remember the brace position. Oxygen masks. Before attending to anyone else. Red rocks, breakers, and grey sand. We used to come here to watch the surfers, my mother with her camera waiting for the right moment to catch her own waves.

I return to my childhood home alone. My mother's chair faces the dark screen of the television in the sitting room. I walk through each room closing curtains against the evening, sit at the kitchen bench opposite the flowers brought back from the funeral home. Sunset. A shaft of yellow light through the skylight illuminates blue petals dropping soft onto the dining table and I do not know whether to add more water to the huge block of oasis in the bucket or let the flowers wilt.

My mother is in a white cardboard box with our names on it. Those of us who may uplift it. When we decide. To scatter or deposit. Like the waves and windblown sand at Lyall Bay.

## KIRI PIAHANA-WONG

### Anahera Press – the origins, the work, the highlights

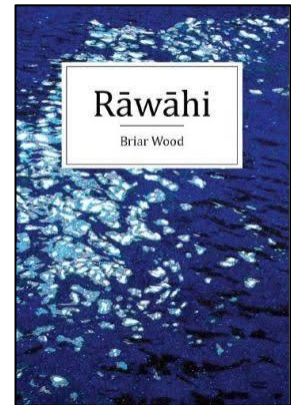
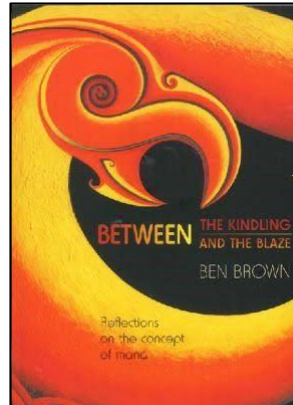
In 2011 I found myself at a loose end. A one-year contract working in marketing for Auckland University Press had just ended. Returning to freelance editing, something I'd been doing for years, was a possibility, but I felt like I needed something more. Over the many years I'd worked in publishing, it had been impossible not to notice how few Māori and Pasifika poets were being accepted for publication of full-length collections. The vast majority of poets publishing book collections were Pākehā, despite the fact that there were a large number of Māori and Pasifika poets writing and performing their work throughout the country. I started Anahera Press because I wanted to contribute to shifting that reality, even if only in a small way, and working with one author, one book at a time.

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**'...it had been impossible not to notice how few Māori and Pasifika poets were being accepted for publication of full-length collections'**

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Setting up a small press generally means a lot of DIY and putting together everything on a shoestring, and the early days of Anahera Press were no exception. I called in a lot of favours, such as asking an IT friend to set up a basic Word Press website and bringing in my cousin to help with typesetting. I met a young woman at 3am at a party, who was finishing her graphic design degree, and asked her to design a book cover for me. I was extremely surprised (and happy) when she did actually show up at my house on Monday morning ready to get started.



I thought I knew a lot about publishing after a decade in the industry, but starting my own press showed me just how much I didn't know. So I learned, and what I couldn't learn, I made up as I went along. Inevitably I made a lot of mistakes, which became more chances for me to learn and improve.

People sometimes think that working in the book world is a glamorous business – a whirlwind of launches, reading events and lunches. It definitely isn't like that. Occasionally I'll be lucky enough to attend an awards ceremony with one of my authors, and they are quite special. Book launch night is also always a very happy and celebratory occasion, the culmination of a huge amount of work and effort. However the day-to-day life of a small press publisher is mostly just sitting for hours and hours at the computer. I might be editing a manuscript, in which case I could be checking hundreds of Māori words for macrons, puzzling over adjectival hyphenation or tweaking heading levels. I spend a lot of time answering emails, scheduling production tasks, and keeping track of book sales. In the past I've had a formal distribution arrangement, but at the moment I am self-distributing, which means I pack all the book orders that come in myself,

write the invoices myself, and take the parcels to the post office myself (when I can't persuade my long-suffering partner to do it). So most days the work is mundane. The most exciting moments are things like choosing cover art, checking cover design options, viewing the typeset text for the first time, and opening the first box of books from the printer. Having said that, I enjoy monotonous work (I think you have to in order to be a good editor), so my personal favourite days are editing days and manuscript assessment. It is always a thrill to come across a really excellent poem – for me that's where the magic is, and I never get tired of reading poetry.

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**'the day-to-day life of a small press publisher is mostly just sitting for hours and hours at the computer...'**

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Anahera Press has a small output, publishing one to two titles per year. We've now released 11 books, with our 12<sup>th</sup> due out in July this year. When my son was born at the end of 2017 I took a three-year hiatus, so Anahera didn't release any new books during that time. Producing a book is never the same twice as each one has its unique joys and challenges. When I think about authors Daren Kamali, Ben Brown, Apirana Taylor and Serie Barford, I think of their mana and confidence. All four had strong ideas about the direction of their work and their purpose as authors and performers. I found that inspiring. Leilani Tamu, Simone Kaho and Arihia Latham published their debut collections with me, and it's always special to work with an author just starting out on their publication journey. Getting that first book out can give an author's career a boost, and help them really believe in themselves as writers. With Serie Barford, who I've already mentioned, and Briar Wood, I've now published two books with each of them. Being able to take a journey with these two authors, where I've been privileged to help them grow their body of work and writing careers, is a joy, and I can't wait to publish their next books. I was also blessed to work with Jess Holly Bates, who is a wonderful queer writer, on a short collection based on a stage play.

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**...it's always special to work with an author just starting out on their publication journey.'**

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I thought I'd share two poems by Anahera Press authors that have made an impact on me. The first is "Moko" by Ben Brown from his collection *Between the Kindling and the Blaze* (2013). This poem is so iconic and when I read it I always hear Ben's voice in my head.

### Moko

Take a look at my face  
Got the right shape  
for the moko  
Got the haughty jut  
to the jaw  
Got an appropriate nose  
for the koru bro

I got borstal stars  
and a crooked cross  
But I never been inside eh  
They just bullshit schoolboy tats  
Idiot stickers cost me nothing  
but an inky needle and  
some discomfort

Yeah but I wear my moko  
on the inside bro  
Old school chiselling  
in pigment and blood  
Cut with an albatross bone

This line is my father's line  
This line is my mother's  
Here is a mountain  
A river  
A suburb  
Here is the chanting karakia  
of a young man bleeding  
beneath the blade  
Tat-tat-tat-tat  
Tat-tat-tat-tat

Here is a road in the footsteps of a warrior  
Here is a path in the broken feet of a slave



This second poem is by Briar Wood, from her collection *Rāwāhi* (2017). This book was shortlisted in the Ockham NZ Book Awards – Anahera’s first shortlisting, although we’d had two previous books longlisted. I love Briar’s poetry and really she deserves to be better known! She lived for many years in London so is just getting established here again. I love the playfulness and lightness of this poem.

### **Solstice Dolphins**

A flipper in the kitchen window—  
followed by fins way out in the bay.

Like a cry of Hevva. Kāhui—  
or whatever is said at the pā

and Zahara de los Atunes  
if the bay is full of fish.

The way they surface  
like a miracle. A secular visitation.

And aihe, weaving in waves at first light  
just beyond the break

in a wake of whitewater  
while outside the bar

plumes of spray  
where orca are sporting.

Guardians of Haida and Squamish  
maybe en route to Vancouver—

a rāranga of long days  
in plankton swashing seas.

Te moana—ceaseless sea—  
as close as rāwāhi comes.

I’m going to finish with some words from Ben Brown that I think sum up small press publishing quite well. When Ben was looking for a publisher for his collection there was a lot of interest and he had the option of going with a

well-known publisher. However he chose my small press. At this point Anahera was little-known and had released just one book. One day I asked him why he chose my press over the more prestigious option. At the time he was sleeping on the couch in my flat as he was in-between accommodation. I remember he took a long draw on his cigarette and then said to me: ‘Kiri, do you think xxx publisher would let me sleep on their couch?’ Those words have stayed with me. A small press offers its authors a personal and heartfelt relationship that is increasingly rare in these commercially orientated times.

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**‘A small press offers its authors  
a personal and heartfelt  
relationship that is increasingly  
rare in these commercially  
orientated times.’**

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The very last thing to note is the changed landscape of New Zealand publishing. At the beginning of this article I mentioned that in 2011 the majority of poetry collections published were by white authors. Fast-forwarding to 2023, there is a vibrant multicultural landscape where Māori authors are finally shining in the spotlight, and many other writers of colour too. Small poetry presses are abounding, with more entering the arena every year. It is wonderful to bear witness to this change, and to feel part of a larger movement. Long may it continue.

## AINE WHELAN-KOPA

### The Commander and The Kēhua

His voice shuffles through the reo  
in gravelly tones  
underpinned by a lilt  
that you only hear from Tainui

it catches in my ear  
like tuna twined together  
thrashing a rhythm on the water  
Waikato awa

Hoea te waka!

There's a slap  
in the reo  
that declares his kingship  
ownership of the land  
and me

with it and his brilliant face  
he commands my ear  
my movements  
through one war  
and the next

Taiaha – kia mau!

There's a smack  
until there is silence  
until there is no language  
no body  
no dust  
just us



*Collateral – Aine Whelan-Kopa*

## NOLA BORRELL

### **Baby at Curio Bay**

Touch this stone conifer  
with your soft fingers.  
Feel the rock-hard link  
to a world of reptiles.

Listen with your sharp ears  
and intricate brain,  
this tree is pivotal,  
160 million years old.

Think of your cone heart,  
fern leaf cerebellum,  
gene-packed chromosomes  
and central reptilian eye.

Your bones are coral reefs,  
honeycomb and jelly –  
a long journey from  
these bones of silica.

I toss you in the air,  
all umpteen billion living cells.

*First published in JAAM 32, 2014*

## TREVOR LANDERS

### **A Moment in Matau**

Ever weather-beaten by the storms of this life  
a simple kōwhai bloom  
embodies the wish to stay alive  
to thrive in riotous living colour  
fragile moments in a fickle sun  
If not efflorescent, then fading  
like us, stripped & depleted  
an inexorable turning to seed in high summer  
and with all the bittersweet hopes mustered  
& scattered by an inopportune wind  
a slave to such serendipity.

### **Naval Hazards**

*after Verlaine and Rimbaud*

Nearing nil visibility  
the order to descend, to dive  
to the murky thrill of blackened depths  
submarine bells tolling, submerged sounds sublime  
as you capsize, your decks flooded supremely  
surrendered to the dark depths of a deeper current  
here is where, amidships creaking,  
you will be truly plundered.

## BRETT REID

### Laufmaschine

Saturday's front page pushes  
a story in the magazine section.  
1817, a machine with legs  
instead of pedals is dubbed  
the dandy horse, or *draisine*  
(after inventor Karl von Drais)  
when seen for the first time  
on the right-angled streets of Mannheim.  
The back story instructs.  
April 5, 1815,  
Mount Tambora, Indonesia, erupts.  
The following year,  
*The Year Without Summer*,  
was news around the world.  
German life was grim.  
Darkness and famine  
grew tales of starvation.  
Feeding horses was for the few.  
From the ash cloud milieu  
rose necessity and imagination.  
A wooden bicycle ensued.  
The new sensation.

## DENISE O'HAGAN

### The longest journey

*'Europeans who decided to make a new home in New Zealand embarked on the longest journey of migration in human history.'* (TeAra, Encyclopaedia of New Zealand)

On 8 December 1864, the ship *Viola* set sail for New Zealand with 348 passengers. It was one of the many ships carrying immigrants from Ireland in the wake of the Great Famine.

*We have great reason to thank God, who in  
His Providence has placed us under the care of men*

Cramped into the tired, tiered bunks in steerage  
down below deck with the vermin and the seepage  
and the cargo and other government immigrants

*not only well skilled in their several duties  
as master and officers of the ... good ship V.*

pushing and shoving and jostling and squabbling,  
the filth was palpable, the stench near tangible  
and privacy was just a word

*but also most anxious for the comfort  
and well being of their fellows ...*

there, where tedium vied with fear, waves slapping  
the deck and froth dribbling like unmopped spittle,

*she encountered contrary winds, which detained  
her for ten days in the chops of the Channel,*

and he wondered sometimes whether they'd make it  
while his wife complained about washing in a teacup,  
the potatoes and too-salty meat that never ran out.

*Experiencing ... very unsteady and boisterous weather ...  
rounded the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope.*

'Hold your tongue, woman,' he told her.  
'We're blessed to be here, and don't you forget it!'  
She turned away from him then, and didn't turn back

*Gentlemen, allow us to say ... that our ardent  
and united prayers are that you may be spared*



until the day their infant son coughed his life away  
in her arms, and he gently prised his small body  
away from the ship doctor's brandied breath,

*to successfully pursue your highly onerous and useful  
profession and believe that we shall ever remember*

his rough farmer's hands shaking,  
saw to it that he was wrapped in sackcloth  
like the other little ones before him,

*the very kind and generous treatment  
that we have all on occasion received from you.*

weighted and slipped overboard with muttered  
prayers, gritted teeth and barely a splash.

*The passengers ... all arrived in good health and there  
were 8 births, and 12 deaths (11 infants and one adult).*

**Note:** This hybrid poem references one of the many perilous voyages made by immigrants escaping famine-torn Ireland. Among those on board the New Zealand-bound *Viola* were my great great-grandparents, John and Bridget O'Hagan, and their sons, Isaac and Edward. Edward died at sea, aged eight months. The ship docked in Auckland on 4 April 1865.

The poem is composed of selected extracts from transcripts of letters to the *Viola*'s Captain, Officers and doctor as well as an extract from the official report of the ship's arrival (*Southern Cross* newspaper, 22 and 29 April 1865, and 5 April 1865 respectively, reproduced by courtesy of the National Library of New Zealand). All quoted matter appears in italics, and is juxtaposed with my own lines.

First published in the *Copperfield Review Quarterly*, July 2021

## KIM MORRESEY

### **I hear an old song playing**

I wake up still and happy  
a quiet hum of an Irish lilt  
in my throat

an ancient pull  
to a place I have known  
long before the memories  
of my mother and father

It speaks of  
green hills and  
grey wild winds  
soft memories  
and devastated farewells

In my bones  
the tears of my ancestors  
shed on the wharves  
of an old country

and I wonder

does it help to know  
long into the future  
a not yet known child  
would find peace  
along the same  
wild blue waters  
that lap a faraway coast

and think of them.

## SANDRA LOCK

### **Guardians of Continuity**

Sent south, escaping Te Rauparaha's grasp  
married to Pākehā men, hunting seals and whales  
these, celestial-hued Mamas  
bore a brood of children, wore Victorian gowns  
grew root crops, and now  
line the womb, centre the heart  
of the wharenuī

Their carved wooden faces watch  
primary school children with pencil and paper –  
Māori, Pākehā, Ngā Hau e Whā –  
children's children and newcomers  
to the former colony  
learning the original ways –  
karanga, hongī, tukutuku –  
some, of their blood, here  
among tamariki, on the floor

## JENNY DOBSON

### Suffrage

*Suffrage Day 2009, Christchurch Cathedral*

The Aumbry is lit from within  
translucent stone plane  
soft golds and greens  
a Canterbury landscape  
a sweep of water, encircled light  
and the name of its maker is  
Alan Summerell

There are other names  
Frederick Gurnsey, Jake Vivien  
(Craftsmen Carvers of the Reredos)  
Messrs Salvati and Co of Italy (Mosaic Masters)  
F. J. Williams (Queen Victoria's own Sculptor)

And the less grand, Andrew Swantson  
builder and joiner, who put his name  
to a letter sealed in the stone tower  
James Shells who, 'worked on the cathedral'  
and recorded his part on the quiet timber

But who, I asked, stitched the great ships and  
garlands? Who wove the tapestries, the banners,  
the tukutuku? Who worked the kneelers?

Who made the altar cover?  
milky golds and greens a braided river  
tussock hills light and deep base shades  
of kawakawa, moss and loam

There are thousands of stitches in this place  
soft things amongst the wood and stone  
petit point prayer, embroidered hope  
the fabric and thread of faith

I do not find a name for any of them

## J E BLAIKIE

### General Strike 1913, the horse

new shod for the day  
and we go at a clip  
on clean chip seal –  
flying behind us  
a clear Hutt Road

to town  
we mill  
about  
a jostle, a jingle, a jumble  
a bodies a coming  
at us  
we di na like it  
we di na like it at all

the smell o these folk  
a smell o the sewer and a sweat  
and a hunger breath  
like vinegar  
and we di na like it  
we swivel our ears

we di na like it and our men  
our men on us are whipping us  
hard, driving us at em  
and whipping at em  
what smell a town  
we di na like it

we have na seen the like of it  
what is this, what is this war

## KATHERINE RAINE

*from a series of haiku, tanka and photographs about remnants of the gold mining years in Central Otago (1860's - 1920's)*

### Poem Series 3

places of stones

*shek harn*

in this place of stones a miner's  
rock shelter  
your home in a land  
for those beyond crying

you've just become  
a bit more real to me  
soot still marks  
the hollowed-out cooking niche  
in your earthen cave

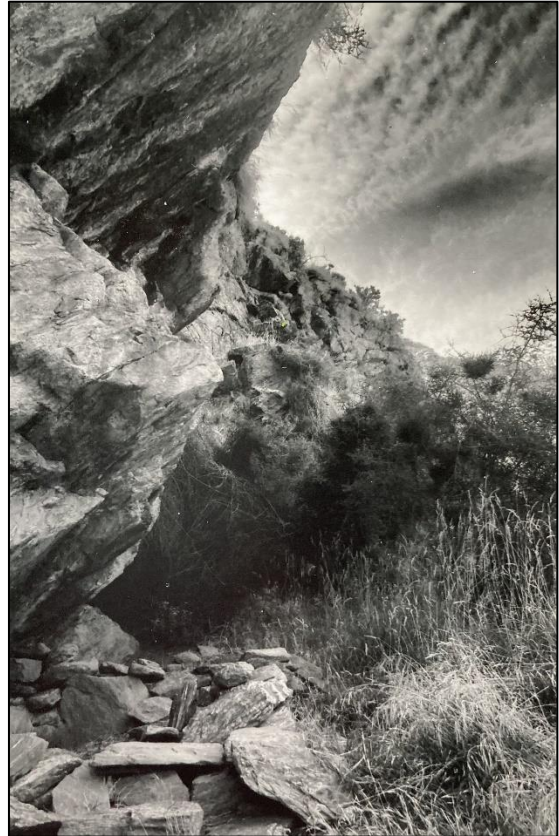
easy to see you  
here lighting a few twigs to brew  
tonight's *cha*  
your body slumped but your shadow  
dancing across the chamber walls

what was yours  
is given to me now  
a yellow moon  
rising over cloudy peak  
framed by your mudded doorway

your secret  
sunlit ledge for my morning's first  
mug of tea  
I join you here outside  
of recorded history

*shek harn* (Cantonese) – big stone ditch

Shek Harn is a remote site in the gully of the upper Fraser River in the Old Woman Range, Central Otago, where a small community of Chinese miners lived in stone dwellings in the late 19th century, while working the alluvial gravels.



*The tumbled remains of a miner's rock shelter at Shek Harn*

## ADRIENNE JANSEN

### **Spanish flu, 1918**

He's sitting up there on the driver's seat  
with his cowboy boots and his cocky hat –  
mail order from Sears Robuck,  
cost him a fortune but he's damned proud of them.  
The horse shuffles, but they can't go yet,  
he has to wait for the day's mail  
and the schoolteacher's wife,  
the only one travelling  
from the beach to the railway,  
then three to pick up,  
making a bolt for it, out of the city  
away from this flu spreading like wildfire.

He slings their suitcases under their feet.  
'You'll be all right' he says. 'You just hunker down.  
The bugger can't get you out here,  
all this bracing sea air.'

He can't hunker down. There's the  
horse coach to run and the mail to carry.  
And now there's new work, coffins to cart  
from the hospital morgue to the cemetery.  
The new motor bus could do it faster –  
he could have traded up for it –  
but he'll not touch that new-fangled thing.

His wife says to him, 'You better be careful.'  
'Nah' he says, 'it's the bloody soldiers,  
poor sods in hospital dying like flies.  
Not people like us.'

The horse coach lumps along the road.  
His coffin's slid between the seats,  
his boots and hat are set on top.  
It's the end of the line.  
Horse and coach will be sold by night time  
and the mail's gone to the new motor bus.



# KAYLEEN M. HAZLEHURST

## Pīwaiwaka

*A soldier negotiates with fantail over his mortality, 1941*

So, little flycatcher.

Will you come out to boldly challenge me  
when I approach the place of Hinenuitepō?  
Or will I be renewed like the moon and restored to life?

Nō reira e te kaihopu ngaro iti.

Ka māia tō puta mai ki te takitaki i ahau  
I ahau ka tata atu nei ki te kāinga o Hinenuitepō?  
Ka whakaorahia mai anō rānei pērā i te marama hōu?

Will you laugh and dance  
when I come alive in the sunlight?

Will you love me when I come to you at dawn?  
Hah! And they said Māui would never return!

Ka kata ka kanikani rānei koe

Ina ora mai anō au ā te whitinga o te rā?  
Ka aroha mai koe ina hoki atu au ki a koe i te ata hāpara?  
Ha! Me tā rātou kī mai, e kore a Māui e hoki mai!

Māori translations by Raheera Shortland, translations editor Basil Keane

First published in *Who Disturbs the Kūkupa?* Kayleen Hazlehurst (Blue Dragonfly Press, 2023)

## MICHAEL GIACON

### **il Club Italiano**

La Signora Bellascura from somewhere gone  
harrowed beauty haunting me now.

A lovely smile would flicker from sadness to set  
back in sorrow her kind warmth searched  
her marriage and shivered.

But what did we know then, just kids running  
through the supper room for *dolce*, Sunday night  
after Mass, the Monaco on Federal Street grown-ups  
dancing to Silvio de Pra and his *fisarmonica*

*Dove sei, cara mia,  
mia cara, dove?*

black cocktail dresses, stilettos  
open shirts, gold cufflinks flashing, cigarettes.

Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi,  
*gli uomini e le donne*, La Signora.

*Sono tutti andati da qualce parte*  
all gone somewhere, *tutti*.

*dolce* – dessert

*fisarmonica* – piano accordion

*Dove sei, cara mia, mia cara, dove?* – Where are you, my dear, my dear, where?

*gli uomini e le donne* – the men and the women

(*Sono tutti andati da qualce parte*, all gone somewhere, *tutti*)

Silvio de Pra (1925-2012) and his *fisarmonica*, an acclaimed local entertainer and internationally recognised piano accordionist; Italian actors Marcello Mastroianni (1924-1996), and Virna Lisi (1930-2014); the Monaco nightclub opened in the early 1960s at 220 Federal Street, Central Auckland.

## BARBARA STRANG

### **A Dressmaker's Touch**

Even now, between  
my thumb and forefinger, I feel  
the tablecloth of crisp white linen  
in my grandma's house,  
and the rough gingham runner  
to keep it from my messiness,  
the soft Viyella of baby brother's gowns,  
brown seersucker  
like crisp chocolate box paper,  
which mother sewed in matching dresses,  
and ridgy piqué collars of our summer uniform,  
teachers all in grey flannel,  
the crackle of a paper nylon petticoat  
under a four-yard skirt, I pushed  
those gathers along a slender thread,  
the pearly shimmer of turquoise satin,  
my first ball dress, the comfort  
of a pleated woollen skirt,  
poodle cloth, its cosiness,  
the stiffness of sailcloth,  
insubstantiality of organza  
and crispness of white choirboy collars  
starched and ironed by our mother—  
without even noticing  
we stopped using starch.

## JENI CURTIS

### **Jerusalem**

I've never been to either of them  
the one divided gold dome  
black hats and a wailing wall  
the other way up river  
a small village where the prophet lived

I saw him once surrounded  
by acolytes in his black coat  
and sandals long hair in greasy love-  
locks older than a century the young  
priest bending to his words

what would they make of today  
either of them how do we chain  
that sun of burning gold stem  
the greed and desire arrows  
hold no weight as clouds unfold

the uncertain future waters creep  
onto the land glaciers plummet  
drought strangles green and pleasant  
pastures Blake's vision here  
or there needs more than mental fight

# HARLEY BELL

## **A Carpark in Culverden**

The river rises in the Spenser Mountains  
and I am trying to sleep  
on a bed of gravel  
between parallel painted lines  
while insects orbit my dreams.

What is this place but a few Conifers and some grass?  
It is sheep. It is cows across the Amuri Plains.  
It is tributary creeks that flow east to the ocean.

It is me after driving through the dark,  
after soaking in the hot pools of Hamner Springs,  
after feasting on lamb shanks and mashed potatoes.  
It is long-haulers and 18 wheelers;  
it is a pitstop and a good place to piss.

It is potholes in dire need of asphalt.  
It is a sign that reads: freedom campers  
cannot spend more than 1 night in 30 days.  
Culverden, I understand, someone must scrub the toilets.  
Someone must empty the trash.

Culverden, I am with you in the early light,  
waiting for the bakery to open. Culverden,  
there is lichen growing  
through the cracks in the concrete.

Culverden, there are birds  
on the branches of the Conifers  
that makes themselves known  
with song  
and it fills me  
with the type of blossoming  
usually reserved for flowers.

Culverden, the night dragged me in  
and I shall be gone by mid-morning.



## BRENT CANTWELL

### **World War II Observation Battery, Timaru**

between the basalt beach and the freezing works,  
there is a grey slab, waiting –  
a singular rectangular eye –  
the not-quite-hopeless window of a World War Two

Observation Battery

still watching, though the men who watched  
and waited  
for the Japanese this far South  
are long gone –

\*

and I find myself writing my way back there  
now I have children –  
I find myself crossing the bridge  
listening to the under-hum of a cold wire

fence –

hoping, I hop the wooden enjambment  
of a stile –  
the iamb of my ankles tickled on a tussock track –  
to an irrigation ditch that once kept the lagoon from the road –

\*

with a salt-preserved stick I find in the shingles  
I dangle a sodden plastic bag –  
used once –  
sniper-sighting the place,

the place between –

by the still-there aluminium of a squeezed empty can  
I wait –  
by the bottle-tops bent in half  
with the maybe or the might of an opposable thumb I watch –

\*

what else? the popped-out plastic of someone's sunnies –  
a plastic flood the colour of a world bruised new –  
because of this, this methamphetamine of freedom,  
this obesity of Christmas I write

my fences

not because I am afraid –  
I just have to bare this cold-wire witness –  
I have to sniper-sight the slow surge  
of every single sentence

## ROBYN RESTIEAUX

### **Moving forward**

My neighbour's a wiz with cumin and chilli  
I need more  
of her snack size zip top  
top ups but my son –

Ngāti Kahungunu on his Dad's shoulders  
and always listening for the forest whispers  
for the shameless green grinning valleys of  
my father's Chhindwarra –

my son stops reading his Koran long enough  
to remind me of my grandmother

how she watched her Maa throw fistfuls of Jeera  
into her sabzis lemon aniseed and tree bark  
fragrance dancing, DNA interweaving  
mounds of Dhaniya smiling, milky citrus

and Grandma's Auckland kitchen  
short-lived shrine to something distant  
historical, sang each night, onions sugaring, curling in ghee.

I remind my son before checking the corned beef  
not all desis survived the journey eastwards  
Grandma soon learned to Monday grind  
Sunday roast kicking the lamb into gear with the merest  
lick of salt, potatoes greying in their stiff little sniff of butter.

All those kitchen ragas their evening ululations  
chilli and smoke kissing the rangehood –  
have faded in the tidy Auckland air  
The knowledge is lost, I tell him.

My son fingers the Mushaf  
tells me to blend my own masala.

An earlier version previously published in *Tarot*

## MARY CRESSWELL

### #Whakaari

sudden dark  
no sun

nowhere safe  
can't run

burning ash  
shaky ground

fighter's fists  
head down

collapse drop  
choke and roll

red sky  
gone world

## BEE TRUDGEON

### Mug

The pair of us  
share a secret history  
hidden in dust bunnies

I am that chipped mug  
you leave  
at the back of the cupboard

Seen in every photo of your desk  
until I wasn't  
because your habits changed

Emblazoned with faded  
sentimental declarations  
of your love

Emotionally attached  
by the residue of your lips  
upon my lip

Not pretty enough  
to share with company  
(who get your finer china)

I long to be taken out  
and reinstated to my place  
within constant reach of your hand.

## ALASTAIR CLARKE

### **Waitangi Day, 2023**

This green space. Enviably so. So quiet  
as we look to Waitangi Day – its annual

reckoning of pain. This, Hobson's shrewd addition  
to Empire. As at Putin's long table the chiefs

were seated and signatures inscribed.  
History reclaims as it overwhelms calm. To replace

in the box what was done? Undone? To see sharply  
across time. Beyond the niggling, questioning Now.

And yet, that a Treaty was made becomes an enabler:  
that conquest was not absolute. That its terms remain

remediable; that reasonableness remains.  
Can we not walk together through vivid mornings,

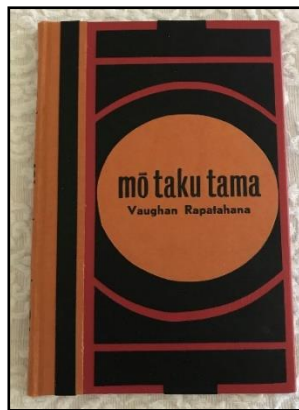
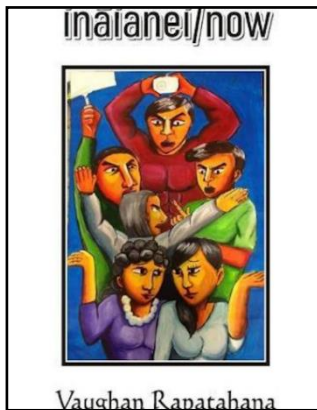
through each morning's sunrise, through this green, fertile land.  
What of most-ordinary goodwill?...

## AINE WHELAN-KOPA

*ināianeī/now and mō taku tama*  
Vaughan Rapatahana

(Cyberwit & Kilmog Press, 2021)  
ISBN 9788182537743.

### Listening to The Way Manu Sing



Two parcels arrived in the Friday post; I knew what they were because I wasn't expecting anything else. I had received two poetry collections – *ināianeī/now* and *mō taku tama* by Vaughan Rapatahana. Both new and unbothered since their print in 2021, *ināianeī/now* is glossy white with a colourful painting by Pauline Canlas Wu on its cover. *ināianeī/now* declares action.

In contrast, *mō taku tama* is coloured shades of kōkōwai, hand-bound and printed by Kilmog Press in Dunedin. I have number eight of only fifty. It feels special, because it is a keepsake and because I am a person who believes in tohu, a sign or a symbol that points you in the right direction, or a special something that keeps you company. I was meant to read *mō taku tama*, as the post came minutes after finishing a

conversation about my nephew's unveiling and three days before Blake's birthday. I sat down in the sunspot on my front step to read it from cover to cover, then I cried.

---

**'I am a person who believes in tohu, a sign or a symbol that points you in the right direction, or a special something that keeps you company. I was meant to read *mō taku tama*'**

---

*Mō taku tama* is a collection of poems about loss and being lost. It is about regret, sadness, emptiness and guilt. It is about love. In it, Rapatahana responds to the suicide of his loved son Blake and shares with us his grief and his yearning to stay close to his boy. As the reader, we have been let in on something very private, but we are not intruding. The poetry spans from "a forced reunion" to "sixteen years" and we experience the grief that is uniquely Rapatahana's, but also all of ours.

Whakamomori/suicide has its everlasting effects on friends and family who are often left wondering how, what and why and find ways, such as poetry, to process it. As we are taken through the collections' pages, we follow heavy footsteps across the graveyard in "went to the urupā" and we watch the words fall down the page like tears and sad decisions in "I should of done more".

It is uncomfortable being confronted by sorrow, which is obvious as the reo cries in “kāore he mātāmua”.

'auē Pereki  
taku tama ngaro  
kei whea koe ināianeī?'  
'o Blake  
my lost son  
where are you now'

You can easily understand a father's beseechment across all languages. Rapatahana, who has worldwide acclaim for his writing, consistently uses English and te reo Māori in his work, which has also been translated into French, Italian, Mandarin, Bahasa Malaysia, Romanian and Spanish.

The use of reo in *mō taku tama* and *ināianeī/now* is natural and seamless. It supports what we know of the poetic nature of te reo Māori and encourages more of its use in poetry. Te reo reflects the connection of sound and vibration to the birds and insects and to atua, from which te reo rangatira, has been gifted. With this in mind, *mō taku tama* feels like a long mōteatea, a lament, that you hope atua have heard as easily as they hear the manu sing.

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**'Te reo reflects the connection of sound and vibration to the birds and insects and to atua, from which te reo rangatira, has been gifted.'**

---

Some of the poetry in *mō taku tama* is revisited in *ināianeī/now*. As *mō taku tama* binds the grief of whakamomori into its pages, *ināianeī/now* urges, wills and dares us to consider more of what is it that matters, in this time – now. The collection covers kaupapa on relationships, places, histories and tragedies,

emotions and ideas. Rapatahana gives thought provoking perspectives about the use of reo, about climate change, about death, about covid, about war, about forestry, about whanau and about whenua. “taku maunga” and “te hokinga mai a Parihaka” takes us to Taranaki while other poems tell us about Mangakino, Tolaga Bay and Kerikeri. We even head overseas to the Philippines and are introduced to the slow wetness of “july in pampanga”. We are brought home again with a reminder that the past is all too often ignored; I never knew about Ōrākau or the battle that happened there. How much more don't we know? Who will tell us? When? In “ko te tāima mō he panoni nui/it is time for a big change” the message is clear – it is now.

---

**'We are brought home again with a reminder that the past is all too often ignored.'**

---

I put *ināianeī/now* up on the bookshelf with the others, the spine is crinkled a bit now, but it stands out like a new road marking. Before I put *mō taku tama* beside it, I tie a muka ribbon around my number-eight-of-fifty and say a little karakia for Blake and his father, for my nephew and the others, and then thank you for the tohu that come to keep us company.

To review books for *a fine line*, please contact Erica Stretton, [reviews@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:reviews@poetrysociety.org.nz)

## TIM GRGEC

### *A Riderless Horse – Tim Upperton*

(Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2022)  
ISBN 9781869409777. RRP \$24.99. 68pp.

#### A Darker Side to the Ordinary



*A Riderless Horse* (AUP, 2022), Tim Upperton's third poetry collection, begins with a journey through some of the most famous works of children's literature:

I was Dick. I teased Anne and George.  
I was Edmund, betrayed my friends  
for a sweet. Something rotten in me.  
Cast out, castaway. For long years  
I had an island to myself.

(“My childhood”)

In the first few lines alone, we have allusions to *The Famous Five*, *The Chronicles of Narnia*, and *Robinson Crusoe* as Upperton charts a map of fondly-remembered worlds. Upperton's “I” takes many forms in the poem. The speaker can't be pinned down, shifting through space and time, from character to character, setting to setting. This kind of narration sets the tone for the wider collection.

Upperton's voice throughout *A Riderless Horse* is sharp, funny, and matter-of-fact, yet striking in its subversiveness. He takes on different perspectives: his childhood self, a school

caretaker, a sparrow, and a businessman with a killer for a father, among other oddities. Much like the children's books touched on in “My childhood”, there's something unsettling beneath the surface of every poem. “What are the odds”, his speaker tells us in “Three men in a lift”, “the three of us / stuck here in this lift, / all with killer dads?” Such observations are hilarious yet disquieting. The whole book is full of ordinary people finding themselves in strange situations. There are television game shows and tributes to childhood toys alongside poems about grief, loneliness, and regret – poems that make you laugh and break your heart all at the same time.

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**‘...there's something unsettling  
beneath the surface of every poem.’**

---

In an interview with NZ Booklovers, Upperton explains that the titular poem “The riderless horses” is inspired by a scene from his childhood where a runaway horse terrorised the neighbourhood. The poem describes a summer evening still rich in the speaker's memory, where “a riderless horse galloped along / our road” with its “empty stirrups slapping”. Their mother screams for her children to come inside while, “the horse tried the door / handle, its large eye pressed to the keyhole”. The speaker remembers the scene in vivid detail as “the fume of [the horse's] breath misted the windows”. But more than just recounting a childhood memory, the poem also shows, in Upperton's words, “the way a poem escapes your own intentions, and gets away on you.”

Upperton escalates from the peculiar opening scene into something more serious: the unreliability of memory and the loneliness of adulthood. “My brother remembers it differently,” our speaker tells us, calling the entire scene into question. Separated it seems from his family, the speaker spends his evenings



sitting alone with his dog, apologising over and over. What he's apologising for, and to whom, is uncertain, but he can't shake the pangs of past guilt still galloping towards him. What starts as a funny anecdote brings the world alive in an unexpected and poignant way, revealing an isolated narrator reflecting on the past with only memories for company in the end.

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**'Upperton reminds us that the same insults metropolitan New Zealanders use to dismiss places like Palmerston North are what the rest of the world use to dismiss New Zealand.'**

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One of the more memorable poems from *A Riderless Horse* is "The truth about Palmerston North," an ode to Upperton's hometown in the heart of the Manawatū. Upperton's work follows the tradition of James Brown's 2003 poem "I Come from Palmerston North". Like Brown, Upperton makes sense of Palmerston North in a global and historical context. We zoom out from a city where nothing "much of import happens", a place where "you can always find a [car] park, to the Musée d'Orsay and the Louvre in Paris. Upperton reminds us that the same insults metropolitan New Zealanders use to dismiss places like Palmerston North are what the rest of the world use to dismiss New Zealand. How "our entire little country" is mocked "as a 1950s / throwback with honest, rural folk."

Showcasing Upperton's conversational humour, "The truth about Palmerston North" questions what it means to be successful. The speaker longs for the exotic places of the literary magazines he subscribes to, such as *The New Yorker*, *London Review of Books* and the *Paris Review*. (It's worth noting Upperton achieves this kind of international recognition in real life, with "The truth about Palmerston North" being published in the American *Poetry Foundation* magazine.) However, these faraway places we

dream of are not as impressive as they seem. Upperton's speaker has been to Paris, he tells us,

and apart from the architecture  
and the food and some very fine cemeteries  
and of course the language it's quite like Palmerston  
North

("The truth about Palmerston North")

Like Brown, Upperton's poetry holds an understated irony. He neither tries to elevate Palmerston North into something more than it is, nor does he degrade it. In Upperton's irreverent way, the poem showcases its civic pride like a kiwi traveler in Europe wearing an "I <3 Palmy" t-shirt. Upperton opens the poem up to the world then closes it again, preferring to return home to the Manawatū river and the like-minded people of Palmerston North who are always "noticing and not noticing".

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**'Much of this collection turns the mundane on its head, and there's a loss of innocence...'**

---

Much of this collection turns the mundane on its head, and there's a loss of innocence in many ways throughout. *A Riderless Horse* takes us from childhood, suburbia and Palmerston North to simpler times and places, where "the world begins" at the end of the driveway, to the uncertainty all of us eventually confront when we venture beyond the places we know as "the riderless horses come."

To review books for *a fine line*,  
please contact Erica Stretton,  
reviews@poetrysociety.org.nz

We gratefully acknowledge the support of the Windrift Haiku Group. Their generous donation to the NZPS will support ongoing haiku projects, such as this haiku feature in *a fine line*.

### JULIE ADAMSON

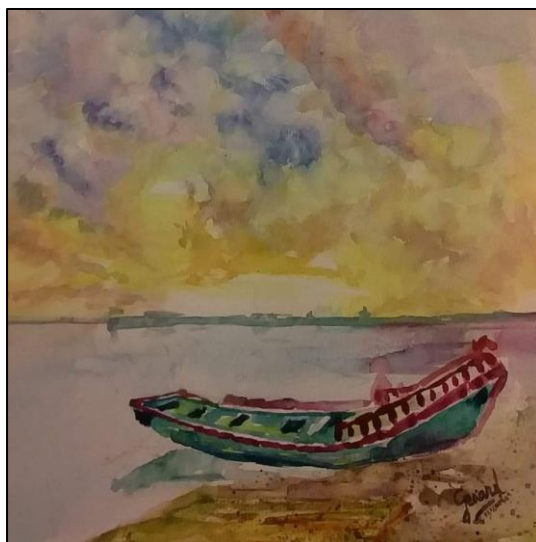
my generations ago grandmother  
nobody told  
her story

---

### HEATHER LURIE

empty house  
the far off song  
of a korimako

across the river  
he carries his sister  
the halo of the moon



*Boat by bird sanctuary – Gerard D'Mellow*

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### NOLA BORRELL

war bunkers  
my grandchildren play  
hide and seek

*scattered feathers, NZPS Anthology, 2015*

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### ANNE CURRAN

Saturday night –  
in home jersey  
he wields a six pack

SUE COURTNEY

skiing holiday  
mother dresses us  
in red

weather map  
the technicolour hue  
of Gabrielle's eye

---

PIERS DAVIES

convective showers –  
unexplainable grief  
is sudden and heavy

---

BARBARA STRANG

New Year  
the purr of faraway  
bulldozers

subantarctic gale  
the street tree bends  
towards north

---

JENNY FRASER

an Anzac bell tolls  
a soft dip  
in her voice

Slipper Island  
Mother's Day  
on the horizon

---

SHARYN BARBEREL

dewy market morn  
coffee and pastries beckon  
a cat on a lead

---

DEBBIE STRANGE

forgotten grave  
only the small bones  
of leaves remain

Commended, 2020 Polish International Haiku Competition

dandelion seeds  
I smooth mother's hair  
across the pillow

Selected, 2018 Yamadera Basho Haiku Contest

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## Contributors

**Julie Adamson** lives in Wellington by the sea, always changing and inspiring. She has been published in *Kokako*, *Island Writer* (Canada) NZPS Anthology 2020 and *a fine line*.

**Sharyn Barberel** is a haiku hobbyist with a corporate marketing sideline, based in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland.

**Harley Bell** is a writer, poet and facilitator. His background is in art and business. He is interested in the intersection of nature and mythology. He drinks too much coffee.

**J E Blaikie** is a Wellington writer and editor who has had one collection of poetry published with Steele Roberts.

**Nola Borrell** writes haiku, tanka, and haibun in particular. Her work is widely published here and overseas.

**Brent Cantwell** has recently been published in *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Poetry NZ*, *Landfall*, and *takahē* and is looking forward to his first poetry collection *tether* being published in 2023.

**Alastair Clarke** is a New Zealand writer. Most recently work has appeared in *Antipodes* (US), *Landfall*, *Poetry New Zealand*, *Fresh Ink*, *Orbis* (UK) and in *Ezine*.

**Sue Courtney** lives by the estuary in Ōrewa where much of her inspiration comes. She co-organised Haiku Down Under in 2022 and was the catalyst for the session, 'A Showcase of Haiku from Aotearoa presented in English and Te Reo Māori', with te reo translations by Vaughan Rapatahana.

**Mary Cresswell** is from Los Angeles and lives on the Kapiti Coast. Recent books are: *Fish Stories* (Otago University Press) and *Body Politic* (The Cuba Press). Also see: Read NZ

**Anne Curran** writes haiku inspired by the landscape, seasons, people, and events of Hamilton. She remains grateful to writing friends, mentors, and family members who nurture this hobby.

**Jeni Curtis**, an Ōtautahi/Christchurch writer, has been widely published. Her poem, "talking of goldfish," set to music by Janet Jennings features in 21x21 by Jenny Wollerman. Her poetry collection *stone men* will be published in June 2023.

**Piers Davies** is a long time poet, widely published in Aotearoa and overseas, co-ordinator of Titirangi Poets with Amanda Eason and co-editor of Titirangi Poets Ezines and anthologies.

**Gerard D'Mello** is a Creative Artist, Designer, Watercolourist. Member of New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts, and the Watercolour Society, he has had art displayed at the Academy. Presently seeking new avenues into poetry.

**Jenny Dobson** has written and performed poetry for over thirty years. She is interested in feminine history, strands and echoes that sometimes survive and sometimes don't.

Born in the Waikato, **Jenny Fraser**, nature lover, musician, artist and poet, now lives in Mt Maunganui. Her haiku, senryu, tanka, haiga and haibun are published in New Zealand and International Journals.



Florals 02 – Gerard D'Mello

**Michael Giacon** grew up in a Pākehā-Italian family in Auckland Tāmaki Makaurau. He is now finalising for publication the manuscript for his first poetry book.

**Tim Grgec** is a writer and public servant based in Te Whanganui-a-tara | Wellington. His first book, *All Tito's Children*, was published by Te Herenga Waka University Press in 2021.

**Kayleen M. Hazlehurst** writes with a lyrical blend of narrative, social observation and imagery. Her anthology *Songs to the Unsung* (Blue Dragonfly Press 2023) is a collection of poetry and short-stories.

**Adrienne Jansen** writes poetry, fiction and non-fiction for adults and children. Her fifth collection of poems, *Roll & Break* (2022) is about Tītahi Bay, Porirua, her local – and favourite – beach.

**Trevor M Landers** published his first poem at age five. These days he is the editor of *Mātātūhi Taranaki: A regional bilingual journal of literature* for Taranaki and the diaspora from the province.

**Sandra Lock** lives in Waihōpai/Invercargill with her family. She likes to write and read poetry.

**Heather Lurie** grew up in America and has lived in New Zealand for 16 years. She has always loved haiku, and relatively recently discovered she loves writing haiku as well.

**Margaret Moores** lives in Tāmaki Makaurau. She has a PhD in Creative Writing from Massey University, and her work has been published in journals and anthologies in New Zealand and Australia.

**Kim Morresey** is a writer in the Coromandel. Living beside the wild sea and helping write 3 books ignited her love of words, storytelling and distilling life to its smallest part.

**Kiri Piahana-Wong** (Ngāti Ranginui, Chinese, English) is a poet, editor and the publisher at Anahera Press. Her first full-length collection, *Night Swimming*, was released in 2013 and a second, *Give Me An Ordinary Day*, is forthcoming.

**Brett Reid** lives in Tāmaki Makaurau/Auckland.

Through photography and poetry **Katherine Raine** is exploring the layered history of Central Otago, her new home. One extensive project focuses on the goldfields, especially the traces of Chinese miners.

**Robyn Restieaux** is a poet based in Tamaki Makaurau. She has happily moved from teaching literature to writing it. Her work was most recently published in the Aotearoa Poetry Yearbook 2023.

**Barbara Strang** lives in Christchurch. Her haiku and poems have appeared in New Zealand anthologies 1998 onwards. She leads Small White Teapot Haiku Group and has two published poetry collections.

**Debbie Strange** is a chronically ill short-form poet, haiga artist and photographer whose creative passions connect her more closely to the world and to herself. Please visit her archive: [debbiemstrange.blogspot.com](http://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com)

**Bee Trudgeon** (she/her) is the Porirua Children's Librarian Kaitiaki Pukapuka Tamariki. She lives in Cannons Creek, Porirua, and on the Patreon page of her alter ego Grace Beaster.

**Aine Whelan-Kopa** (Ngāti Hine) grew up in Hokianga and in Pungarehu, a small coastal Taranaki town. Her current fascinations include fortification of pā, learning the maramataka phasing and watching the choko plant grow and grow and grow...