



Anzac Day, Mount Fyffe, Kaikoura

All afternoon
as I climb this mountain
above the peninsula,
volleys of gunfire
have been coming up
from the rifle range below -

the percussion shakes the hills
& the sound rolls out
towards the ocean
where whales are cruising

in the silence between,
a bird calls,
& a cicada;

a mountain covered in snow
stands
in a deep blue sky

a warm wind bends the grass

in the valley
the river flows
like a ribbon of polished steel:
& in the hut logbook, this:
"To all the Kiwis who died
dreaming of mountains".

Poem 2

Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane

It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Mother Tongue

As ants return to
their nests,
a woodpecker
returns to the wood,
and the airplanes return to the airport
one after another
stretching their wings in the red sky,
O my language,
I return to you,
when my tongue feels
stiff from
remaining silent,
hurting my soul.

(Translation of "Matribhasha," a poem from *Akaal Mein Saaras*)

Poem 4

How Far I'll Go

Lin-Manuel Miranda 1980-present

<p>I've been staring at the edge of the water 'Long as I can remember Never really knowing why I wish I could be the perfect daughter But I come back to the water No matter how hard I try</p> <p>Every turn I take Every trail I track Every path I make Every road leads back To the place I know where I cannot go Where I long to be</p> <p>See the line where the sky meets the sea? It calls me And no one knows How far it goes If the wind in my sail on the sea stays behind me One day I'll know</p> <p>If I go, there's just no telling how far I'll go I know everybody on this island Seems so happy on this island Everything is by design I know everybody on this island Has a role on this island So maybe I can roll with mine</p>	<p>I can lead with pride I can make us strong I'll be satisfied if I play along But the voice inside sings a different song What is wrong with me?</p> <p>See the light as it shines on the sea? It's blinding But no one knows How deep it goes And it seems like it's calling out to me So come find me And let me know</p> <p>What's beyond that line? Will I cross that line?</p> <p>And the line where the sky meets the sea It calls me And no one knows How far it goes If the wind in my sail on the sea stays behind me One day I'll know How far I'll go</p>
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Poem 5

Autumn

By Alexander Posey

In the dreamy silence
Of the afternoon, a
Cloth of gold is woven
Over wood and prairie;
And the jaybird, newly
Fallen from the heaven,
Scatters cordial greetings,
And the air is filled with
Scarlet leaves, that, dropping,
Rise again, as ever,
With a useless sigh for
Rest—and it is Autumn.