



Catherine
Bagnall &
L. Jane Sayle

in the temple

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MASSEY UNIVERSITY PRESS

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John Weeks

for C-B

The wind is flying through the French doors
and the garden disappears
if you approach it the wrong way

Sadness is everywhere
but it's not everything
said one of those annoying girls
who notice everything

And where is the velvet landscape
that I might go there
and bide awhile?





G.P.S.

Walking the narrow path
from Mākara to Ōpau Bay
between the bushy hills
and the shingle beach
it came to me
that there might be someone there
who has lost their way
that no-one else
could show them how to get back
and that I must help them

A handsome diver passes
striding along the path
the wet hessian sack on his back is filled
I know
with blue-boned butterfish
and pāua the colour of wet black ink

How is it that
I hardly need to look around
to know where I am
where the spirited air
invisibly holds
everything in its place





Future Past

Today I planted the grey reeds
by the front door
painted it mauve

Now it's a quiet autumn evening
in the backyard
and I'm burning a chair

Jack Kerouac's rough young voice
comes out from the dark kitchen
he's saying: 'I remember a girl'

And I'm thinking
I'm thinking
I never would have thought this
and
'What will happen?'