

Cords

From Karore to Ranga-ika
the cliffs are twined with the frayed cords
of waterfalls, snapped
halfway to the sea.

We spend half our lives
herding wool on the hills,
but when the waves heave mucky-grey
and the night winds salts the island,
bending iron roofs as the lights flicker out,
we know the cords have reached the sea
and we are tied as ever.

On such nights the island is torn from its moorings,
dragged a few hundred miles further
from the uncomfortable presence of land
and the lighted cities that dwell there.