

A visit to where he lives

Rain shattering against our cheeks,
tumbling across old roots
our bodies woven between tangled locks of kareao

There I felt a somber embrace longing for return,
their tears running down my face

for him an icy breath

Round Hill, face scarred, flesh in sea, sold for cheap
land not mine nor his

but his home now

In his partners house, three shadows lingering
in a simple wooden stool, the hens, and the garden

The stool proud and robust
timber taken from the hill, it too carved from hand
a relic of industrious work

Hens roam free, pastures lush green
each day constant

The garden formed by past time
a memory built by hand
what lingers still yearning

—Cindy Huang 黄馨贤