

POEMS BY ROBINA ADAMSON

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THE LANGUAGE OF STONES.

Stones speak, did you know ?
They know things -
for they have seen things,
of which you and I
may only dream.

Stones were here, before we came.
They will remain, long after
you and I depart this earth.
They live and breathe;
They hold the secrets of life,
within their atoms.

Stones are travelers through time.
Hold one in your hand - and listen,
for your stone is old and wise:
From Alpha to Omega - our God.
If you listen well, you may learn
the language of stones.

by Robina Adamson

FOR RANGI

(a young woman incarcerated for life in a State Institution)

Someone loved you once - they called you Rangī.
Today you sit - with knees drawn up.
Your beautiful curly head rests bowed there.
Your face you hide in shame.
Your deepest, sadness, lies unspoken.

Were your family told "Just leave her there,
She will be safe, well cared for.
The experts will know what to do."
But today you sit in shame,
Your lower body bare.

A young woman now
Your moontide flows
In bright red rivers,
All down your lovely golden legs.
While men at work on ladders
Cast furtive glances.

Oh Rangī!
I still have tears for you.
I will hold you in my heart always,
And with all my love.
Someone loved you once
For they named you Rangī.

Rangī was born visually impaired and had an untreated cleft palate.
She was placed there very young. She is Maori, and her name means Sky.

Robina Adamson



MOTHER GODDESS PĀPATUANUKU


Sacred vessel from whom life flows
help us your rainbow children
to listen and venerate you.

Help us to understand:
If we have no Mother to sustain us
we will surely perish,
then there will be no future for us,
or our Mokopuna.

Oh rainbow children listen to the cries
of our Sacred Mother!
The poisons of man are deep within her soils.
They enter our bones and blood,
indeed to the very hearts of man!

Dearest Mother Goddess – Papatuanuku.
Let us your rainbow children
learn ways not to harm you.
Let us always love and cherish you,
For you are the Sacred Vessel
from whom all life flows,
and we are your Rainbow Children.

Robina Adamson.





THE LOST MOKOPUNA

Impressions on an ancient Pa site
by Robina Adamson

In the mist from the sea, he stands on the clifftop.
A grandfather, whispering and calling to the lost Mokopuna.
His skin is phosphorescent - as he sings to the stars,
And communes with the albatross.
He sings to the trees and blesses them
Now crimson adorned - spilling.
And the sea is wild - it roars and foams and swells
Gnawing at rocks and roots.
But these hold fast - they have the power,
From long ago - to now.

Today - mist has gone and sky is clear, Blue as the quiet sea.
Sunlight glints on tiny wavelets And heats the land.
These trees still stand - beautiful Formidable, enduring and noble,
Roots attached to rock and crevice. They will endure.
Dark shadows flit beneath Like dancing fantails.
Crimson flowers - full again. Some scatter - fallen
Like old memories of blood spilled, Yet also of life renewed.

Today the Mokopuna stands in this place.
His skin glows - phosphorescent
As he speaks of this land,
Her people and the sea.
Trees behind him nod
In a gentle breeze, sun warmed.
They still hold scarlet - once again.
The grandfather is calling - softly now.
His voice rustles the words - "look to the albatross".
Then he smiles a secret smile - it is for the Mokopuna.

(‘Mokopuna’ are grandchildren or descendants)

REFLECTIONS ON WAR

by Robina Adamson

This announcement comes - five days since war began.

What awful thing is this

"We'll hunt and kill and maim you
the citizens of your own lands.

Later we'll send supplies and resources - to patch you up"

The anger is rising in my throat,
with visions of children - dead and bleeding,
orphaned and hungry.

They sit pale and numb with shock, tears dry,
in rubble remains of their homes and schools.

"In thirty six hours - or so - we'll start and send you aid".

What kind of thing is war?

This sickness and madness of humankind
that hunts and kills and maims its own kind ?
I think of innocents - women, children, the aged

Their enemy leader says -
"Humanitarian aid we'll send - it will begin to flow
in thirty six hours - or so"!

The young are ripped and torn and bleed,
wounded bodies - they might heal.

But what of all the inner wounds,
the scars that never heal ?

They flame and fester through the years.

And when these little ones have grown,
what kind of things will they remember ?

Could it lead from pain to bitterness, revenge
and vengeance ? And men and women stand - again
ready to fight and kill and die ?

Ah man - you teach your children well

When will war and carnage stop ?

How empty are these words - "Humanitarian aid - we'll send.

It will begin to flow - in thirty six hours or so" !

ANGEL ON MANGERE MOUNTAIN

While driving home one day,
from Manukau city shops,
I felt a powerful presence there with us.

It was the strangest thing !
It felt quite solid - tangible.
Such stillest of stillness,
I have had never felt before.
It pervaded the car, it encircled us,
and the sky.

As the road curved round,
our mountain lined up
squarely in our sight.
I looked up in speechless awe.
There, towering - gigantic
into voluminous cumulonimbus cloud,
right atop our mountain
in stunning splendour - and loving stance,

A golden angel stood !

Robina Adamson