# Tui's Cry

I sit in a low-slung lawn chair.
The sun is the glittering eye of god.

Astonished, I look on it as if for the first time,
pushing vague fingers through my hair,

straining to catch the tui's cry,
bored by the weather and finished reading,

it seems the next best thing to do
is to go inside and bake a cake.

A mother bakes but never speaks of anger.
Floured fingers from the chosen task.

I run the house from an open book
into its day of quiet work.

# A Change of Scenery

It would be so easy to offer you a change of pace
where waters of all colours remain transparent.

A landscape of light failing, filling the air
and the restful evening with gentility.

At the corner of the town lies a monument.
It is not the beginning but a start beyond

the time I didn't know his name.
The chattered nonsense of a crowd of tourists

skips along the dusty road into
the gathering darkness, but

our way lies along the haiku pathway
where the big black dog noses deftly

at the carved stones, leaving her mark
for all to follow in the late sunshine.

Overhead the dark birds, below the breeze.
Hardly a sound now: a ghost of words. Whispers.

# Not Myself Today

If you could come to where I wait
I would feel your absence become a presence.

Searching for a number I came across
your name written many years ago.

My pencilled letters feather-light
as though at any moment you might fly away.

I tiptoe to my desk where you will see me
writing at a desk: haiku, tanka or poems.

The scenes of our past life may have gone
but I am still here, sporting that same air

of inevitability. I've the same eyes
that spotted you so many years ago

across the room and thought then
that one day we might grow old together.

It is my turn to haunt you now,
to see where you have flown.

The petals of yesterday's rose
lie around the vase you gave me.

Take note. I am seconds away.
Not daring to glance at your coffin.

**– Patricia Prime***

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