

TO THOSE I LOVE AND LIVE

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To the world I love and live.
to the world i love and live
when i take my last breath and Maui's mauri leaves my tinana
when the clay returns back to papa and im nothing but a rib
when my whakapapa become etchings on blackstone

grieve like Ranginui
covering Papatūānuku like a blanket,
carry my tūpāpaku through the arch
leave it in the maraes of my whanau,
while the photos become lively
lay on mattress together,
like tetris on the carpet
talk about me;
over tea and cookies and tim tams

run through the harakeke,
watch the sheep get gutted for the kai
watch the hua whenua get brought to the pot
shock yourself on the electric fence, next to *nice* pakeha's farms.
sing waiata laughing about the tuatara times, while fighting back tears;
how the reo left my mouth,
teeth,
soft palletete
this is my experience at tangihanga.



so i hope yous all come to my tangi
when i'm lebatomised with the kōrerorero
As my ribs become waka,
my wiri into paddles,
wacking against the storm of Tawhirimatea,
sinking to the bottom of Tangaroa's kainga
so when i share breath with our atua
hope that our bellies are full,
mind is at ease
as the rocks and flowers fall on my wooden waka
back home
off Te Rerenga Wairua
to Hinenuitepo.

