

'Brushed Strokes' 2020

Artwork inspired by Poetry

Brushed Strokes is a creative collaboration between the **International Writers' Workshop NZ Inc and Estuary Artists**. Fourteen poets with 14 artists with a focus on Te Reo, in response to New Zealand's Maori Language week

07 to 27 September 2020

Aims:

- To encourage artists in their creative fields to present **Artwork inspired by Poetry**.
- So the audience may experience an enhanced interpretation of the written word through visual art.

Artists will select a poem of their choice written by one the International Writers Workshop NZ members

Only two artists can use the same poem, so choose soon. (First come first served)

It is advisable to have a selection of choices to avoid disappointment.

All registrations to be received on selection of poem (no later than 16 June 2020)

No cost to enter

Artwork can be for sale with the accompanying poem or for display purposes only

Registration:

Name of artist: _____

Email: _____ **Phone:** _____

Poem selection choices: 1st _____ **2nd:** _____ **3rd:** _____

Important Dates:

Delivery Dates for artwork:

Friday to Sun 4,5,6 Sept 2020 between 9am and 4pm daily to Estuary Arts Centre

Exhibition setup: Monday 07 September

Exhibition dates: Tuesday 08 Sept to Sunday 27 September

Exhibition Opening function: To be confirmed

Artists – Please read the poems and make your selection. **FIRST COME FIRST SERVED**

Email: manager@estuaryarts.org to secure your poem.

List of poems:

1. Art-Kai to share
 2. Beached
 3. Bubble Days
 4. I am One
 5. Kirihimete o Aotearoa
 6. Late in the Day
 7. Mara Kumara
 8. Moana
 9. More than words
 10. Nga Marama o te tau
 11. Novel World Old World
 12. Tangata whenua
 13. This mere mortal
 14. Whaine Toa
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No 1: ART-KAI TO SHARE

Kia ora.

My **ART** is **KAI**,

ART-KAI for the spirit.

I hunt and gather, seeking out
subjects, forms, marks and moods
to tempt the taste-buds of heart and eye.

This is my latest *mahi*, my ART-KAI.

While creating this ART-KAI I visualised you.

Standing there.

Thoughtful.

Judgemental.

And me? Tentative,

hoping you'd like it

— hot from the *umu* of my heart,

wanting you to dig right in,

slap your *puku*

and say something good, like,

'*Kapai*, this hits the spot.'

Me — your 'artist/chef'.

You — my 'viewer/sampler'.

No need to *hongiri*, hug or handshake.

Just help yourself.

Ponder. Contemplate.

I hope this Art-Kai ain't too hard to swallow.

Give it time to digest?

No rush.

Here's my subject, treatment, colours.

Here's my soul laid bare

Maybe it's not to your taste?

Maybe it whets your appetite for more?

Kai's like that, isn't it?

Smile. Enjoy my Art-Kai.

Kia ora.

No 2: Beached

from the seaweed
pingao sees kakaho
by the sand-dunes

flowering toitoi
tossing his plumes

she leaves the sea
trudges towards
her beloved

caught in wet sank
she sinks

splashed by Tangaroa
stranded

between sea
.....and shore

He waves proudly
In the wind
Does not hear her cries

Only united
When plucked

Kakaho and pingao
Woven together

In the tukutuk
Of the wharenui

No 3: BUBBLE DAYS

High in the kanuka, a tui sings, plays I SPY

I see your flash of white as you fly by!

Pukeko stalk, keep two meters apart

Know the rules of isolation by heart

Solo, I meander the lonely track

Sun in my face, a breeze on my back

Song of the birds for company

Lofty toi toi, fern and tea tree

Sparkling water tickles and teases the ghostly boats

I sit at the water's edge, see how the tide floats

Ponder the mystery of the mangroves

Poakas prance on delicate legs and toes

Mata watch with green eyes that magnetise

Look! they entice, see, taste,

Feel the spirit of the colour green...

Floating in on each breath

Immerse myself in the richness of emerald and jade

Enveloped in its essence, I taste every tint and shade

Swim in the lushness of Peace

Breathe Healing to the world.

No 4: I am One

The sun rose gradually in the east
as I looked for land in the west
Aotearoa

The boat moved at one with the sea
wind filled the sails
I stood at the bow
Dolphins showed me the way\
seabirds squawked above
land had to be near

Clouds covered the horizon in the distance
'the land of the long white cloud'
rose from the sea and filled the sky.

Smell of wet clay
green forests
Bird song
silence
smoked fukked the air
a home at peace.

I may be white with blue eyes
but my tribe
I belong
Te Atiawa Ngati Rahiri

I am home

No 5: Kirihimete o Aotearoa

we picnic under the pohutukawa
tuis shake down a seasoning of red

we swim with full bellies in the sparkling moana
run up the sand, flop down, play dead

we revive quickly – don't want melanoma
retreat to the shade, clean up, comb our hair

then exchange gifts with chatter and laughter —
the most treasured taonga the aroha we share

No 6: Late in the day

Slow the tide falls, with the same
startling predictability as the gulls
that swoop screaming, above
the gantries of trawlers that putter
up the Sound, cleaving the silvered sea.

Orange-clad, uri o Maui haul
their catch under strident attack;
throw back the unwanted, the forbidden.

Day is failing. Impossible to look towards
Tamanuiterā, in the west. His spears of light
draw tears from my eyes, like smoke
from ravaged villages. Long-fingered maunga
reach across water, colour bleaching;
still sunlit, a track carves over the pass;
on a smatter of baches, shadow is beaching,
the dying glint of a spear on glass.

No 7: Mara Kumara

Her korowai on her shoulders
Feeding all who come
Her wairua intact
When the pipiwharau calls
She receives the seed
Nurtures, holds warm and moist
Growing the kumara
Tend her, care for her, protect her
Only enter one way
She feeds many when the time is right
Generous and giving
Let her rest and feed her
If the basket fungus comes
She's warning she is tired
Let her sleep
You need her to survive

No 8: Moana

Taken by
A waka
To a place of aroha
That unites distant countries
By a glimpse of a fern in the sun
A fish in the beak of a seagull
A silver line on the blue sea spray

Expanding just enough to be carried

Wherever we go we are home

No 9: More than Words

E Ihowa Atua,
O nga iwi matou ra,
Ata.....Something
I really should learn that line
Me aroha noa
Lots of black jerseys tonight
Kia hua ko te... Nope - not sure
We want a good haka
Kia tau to atawhai;
Hum along,
You know more than lots of people here
Sing it loud
AOTEAROA

No 10: Nga Marama o te tau

Here turi koka

1

Yesterday the elm
was bare
twigs and branches
gnarled upwards

today
a short shower
leaves raindrops translucent
on the twig ends
reflecting light
from a sudden blue sky.

2

A trio of Tui
drunk on nectar
gossip in the cherry tree.

Kapai

No 11: Novel World Old World

people say *hello*, like they once said goodbye,
goodbye, like it might be farewell.

uncertain new horizons shift
rapidly as scudding shadows,
uprooting habitual bearings;

a wildfire tears through native bush.
a novel virus consumes breath.

nobody knows who will rise tomorrow, or next month-
only that the sun will rise, spilling light,
reminding that Earth, *Whaea whenua; Papatūānuku*,
is not new, not novel, not disposable or replaceable.

she is precious, elderly,

vulnerable to hypoxia
and organ failure,

in need of aroha
and of our intensive care.

No 12: Tangata whenua

Māori,

indigenous people of the land

soul of the earth

fables of Māui enlighten

unique language prevails

Matariki guides navigation and seasons

hold steadfast to tradition

come together

with the earth, the sun, the moon

with native flora and fauna

Kahikatea, rimu, kauri,

masters of the forest,

embody

Aotearoa's rich origins and people

Aku tāngata

Aku wairua

Te reo Māori

Kia pupuri

Kia whakamaua

Kia tīna

TĪNA

Haumi e

Hui e

Tāiki e

No 13:THIS MERE MORTAL

Hair and shirt sweat-drenched as he honed, hewed
and pondered until the shapes became.

With magic in his hands and love in his heart
he sculpt the belly of Tane Mahuta into
Papa Tuanuku mother earth and Rangi sky father.

The powerful gaze of Ra - the sun, warmed
Ua the rain - Rangi's teardrops.

Tane, lord of the forest, upright and strong,
prevailed in the powerful bird-like head.

Like happy children, the game of light and dark
frolicked around [these legendary symbols of nature](#).

Fueled by the strength of his spiritual belief
he defined the landscape of his fantasy;
Mana -the life force, Harmony - the give and take,
fused with Te Mauri Ora - the flow of well-being,
its cultural heart-beat."

Personal satisfaction fulfilled, he smiled at
this mere mortal. My observation shared,
my interest accepted, we quietly enjoyed
the moment and the magic of imagination.

No 14: Wahine Toa

Māori women mothered Te Reo back to life,
succoured it, as a baby to the breast pulling
supressed words from smacked shrieks.

Compelled, I fell, into the torrent.

Language flowed as milk from teats
dragging me through a vast cultural sea,
a parallel universe, no land in sight,
incoherently swimming, sinking,
occasionally glimpsing distant horizons.

They've got a lot to answer for, those wahine,
teaching me the words for guilt
and remorse - leaving me with kaniawhea.

Translations:

Wahine Toa – strong women

Te Reo – Māori language

Kaniawhea – the compunction to do something

