

THE STREAM

Slow slides the stream from wetland drained
Of peaty hue its waters stained
Here sunbeams shaft the sedge and flaxes
Where midges dance in fevered patches

Taupata Kowhai lush Mahoe
Nikau Karaka Kokekohe
Its course through coastal forest wends
With sparkling rills and darkling pools
At fern enhanced bends

Shy Kokopu in furtive mode
Ghost through the shaded shallows
And damsel flies of subtle hue
Alight and hover lazily
In mingled drifts of pink
And shades of pastel blue

Sweet ambience of forest stream
Your beauty lingers still
Where solitude and peace conspire
To weave their magic spell.

John Findlay