

Haiku from Puketeraki Marae

CHRISTO PATTY
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Being on a marae is new to me. 'Newness' alerts me to vitality and liveliness. I warm up to relating to this place and the people I meet with a spirit of curiosity and tenderness... a kind of investigative vulnerability fills me up, and as I enter the marae, I notice my body soften. Now I'm getting ready to be part of this world and attend. These haiku come to me at different points of being on marae.

Crossing half the world,
On my way to Dunedin —
Big clouds promise rain

•

This house that holds us
Sleeping...eating...connecting, while
Outside cold rain falls

•

Can you hear it yet
The soulful cry of Tui
Piercing the still night

Rowan goes up the
Hill to rehearse her poems —
How lucky the cows

•

On the marae we
Create dramas, new roles are
Born — just like that

•

Sitting in the group
My eyes feel a face I know —
I breathe easier

•

Ahhh, these spring days in
Karitane — green and lush —
In Brisbane — cars grind

•

Faded pictures of
Past vibrant faces look on
As we get present

Hello! Light the lights
I'll move around in my
lovely woolen sox

•

Each night as we sleep
There is a dark workmanship
That draws us closer



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