

THE TAYLOR RIVER WRITERS' WALK POEMS

I am one
 I am many
 As I cascade down the moss covered rocks
 In a flurry of movement
 I settle in the river
 Where shadows linger
 Departed souls
 Settle in tranquil waters
 Feelings of inquietude
 Have been left at the water's edge
 The sun sets on my surface
 As I pass high stone palisades
 Moonlight dances on my waves
 My journey has ended

Fynn Sawyer
Springlands School (2010)

Water's Life

Water boatmen and backswimmers,
 Swim rapidly under my surface.
 I rub gently over the rocks,
 But I do not get snagged.
 I glisten and sparkle in sunlight.
 I freeze solid in Antarctica,
 I turn hot in the tropics,
 But I stay the same.
 I am fed by smaller streams,
 And together we make our way to the open sea.
 I harbour aquatic life,
 Slippery eels glide through me,
 Shy fish hide in me,
 Birds fly over me.
 I am liquid,
 I am water.

Travis Kendall
Redwoodtown School (2011)

The Taylor River flows through Te Waiharakeke,
 Glistening in the sunshine,
 Drifting with the wind,
 Peaceful.

Trees for shade,
 Paths and bridges,
 Water for life,
 Grass and seats to rest and ponder.

Autumn brings floating leaves,
 Winter brings frozen streams,
 Summer brings chilling screams,
 Spring brings new beginnings.

Our rivers are precious,
 Take care of the Taylor River,
 For tamariki and ika,
 It is an extraordinary place to be.

*Anthony Forbes, Bailey Robinson, Leana de Joux
 Mayfield School (2012)*

The Taylor River

Water clear as crystal,
 Its path conveyed by the wind.
 The lush grass,
 Shaded by green trees,
 A haven overlooking the sparkling river.
 The melodic sound of birds calling,
 echoing with the wind.
 The warm sun,
 Giving life a balmy glow.
 The fresh fragrance of the swirling pollen,
 brushing through the flourishing grass and
 floating over the crystalline water.
 The budding flowers,
 Whispering goodbye as I finally
 pull myself away from the piece
 of heaven on earth – The Taylor River.

*Yasmin Burdis
 Riverlands School (2013)*

You Feel Loved

Close your eyes ...
 You are the Taylor River
 Trees sway respectfully as you rush past
 The sun beams down on you
 So beautiful you are blinding
 The rain drums into you
 You smile solemnly as it makes you grow
 Larger, stronger, faster

Smaller, weaker, slower
 In your shallow waters, the people wade
 You splash their pants with a mischievous grin
 You remember the time when men rowed boats on you
 They weighed you down with butter, meat and flax

You wonder about the future
 Will people treat you respectfully,
 As they do as this moment?
 You feel loved ... for now.

*Samantha Grammer
 Whitney Street School (2014)*

Once I was only a trickle
 From the Wither Hills I came
 Gathering flow and strength
 Journeying towards the sea
 A home to many creatures
 You arrived, realised my potential
 Water wheels for energy
 Flax mills, a boat highway
 Occasionally rebelling, surging free
 You tethered me; stopbanks, dam
 Preventing flooding over Te Waiharakeke
 You enhanced my banks, dredged my weeds
 Habitat for many creatures once again
 Now you walk beside me
 I take pride in myself
 Care for me my guardians, kaitiaki,
 and I will never die.

*Eve Anderson & Lauren Doherty
 Witherlea School (2015)*

The river swirls in hypnotic beauty.
 Alluring a diverse audience
 with an essence of an unspoken language,
 Slowly pondering along the riverbank
 the world around you slows to a solitary stop,
 The sound of light footprints softly creasing
 the grass,
 children's laughter sifts in the breeze,
 Dogs race past, bee-lining towards the river's edge,
 Pouncing on the river,
 water dancing around them.
 The rhythm of beating feet pound
 the hard concrete as runners go by,
 Community coming together,
 piecing the unspoken message
 As one, we realize,
 this is the river of our community
 Ours to look after
 A taonga.

Yazmin Shipley
Marlborough Girls' College (2015)

The River

The river was usual enough; it had
 A bridge, a footpath, a train track, a seat
 To rest on and a hill
 I liked to roll down. My family and I
 Did what families do – hid in the
 Harakeke, listened to the tuis, caught
 Koura, fished for eels and
 Biked along the paths
 Doing nothing important

Inspired by James K Baxter

Sophia Liddicoat
Blenheim School (2016)

All is Bound

Lingering at a towering Oak,
 Leaves descending as Autumn woke.
 Leafy giants scrape the sky,
 Establishing a haven for those who fly.
 Tawhirimatea composes, the breezes blow,
 Urging the wooded giants to guard the awa's flow.
 Water's ripple, safe and sound,
 Ora mohoao, awa, kapua, whenua,
 All is bound.
 Stone ruins, a scene of before,
 Creates a delight for future more ...

*Nesa Wardman
 Renwick School (2017)*

Dear Taylor River

Meet us,
 We love to watch your glistening surface ripple
 And bubble in the warming sunshine.
 This sunshine warms not only our skin, but our hearts,
 As do you, Taylor River. You are full of life and beauty,
 And we respect you so...
 At least that is what we say.
 The plastic floating through your bubbling depths
 Did not discard itself,
 We are a disgrace.
 After all you have given us, this is how we repay you.
 We say we are sorry, but we are not true to our words...
 As we are not actioning them.
 We have been mindless and heartless
 And inexcusably selfish.
 All we ask of you
 Is your forgiveness.
 And we will dedicate to your renewal
 We will repair what we've done,
 And we will bless you with new life.

*Sienna Payne
 Seddon School (2018)*

The Seasons of the River

The summer sun beams down on the river,
 parching everything lightly.
 Water glittering like thousands of sapphires.
 Lush leaves start to change.
 A whirlwind of red, orange, gold, brown.
 The colours dance across the surface of the water.
 Stripped skeleton trees line the water like ghosts.
 Grey clouds circle the river.
 In flood the Taylor River unleashes its fury on the land.
 Trees and plants start to flourish as a new growth appears, spring is coming.
 Song birds return, everything is renewed.

This is the Taylor River.

*Jack Frew, Amelia Storey & Emily Harper
 Fairhall School (2018)*

Water

Child of the mountains
 A braided mess
 Bringing joy and good times
 But also power and destruction.
 You need me to survive, however I could be your fate
 I am life Balanced
 Kept prisoner by these banks, I am infinite with no destination
 The mother of my enemy, polluted by my children
 I used to be uncatchable
 Until you came with your bottles
 I trust only the stones over which I flow,
 Born from the clouds above and the springs below
 I am you, I am them
 I am water

*Margot Taylor
 Rapaura School*