

*Paula Moros*

## **Bradley's Landing**

A river with ripped edges  
and a soft grass fringe  
runs below  
brick and weatherboard houses  
On Hokianga road  
its quiet rush -  
the initial placing of hands  
on a pipe organ  
ushering a sudden desire  
to sing volcanic hymns  
you don't know the words to  
as you head into town  
on the straights  
past the kumara gardens.

When you arrive, sit on a porch  
With an ironstone mug  
among wilding geraniums  
in the washed cotton softness  
of a red western shirt  
faded to pink  
still bright at the seams.