

Mark Vincent

A melancholy love letter to my harbour

My harbour's shore is laden with sensory extremes
From rocky outcrops with garlands of seafood
To the finest Kaipara clay
Made to mud by cloven hooves of generations past

To make a deep and lasting impression on both
You will either cut your feet or lose your shoes
Either way I love her just the same
Not the way she is,
But the way she was before me, way before me
And the way she will be after me
Aroha nui fair Kaipara.