

Haare Williams Words of a Kaumātua

Edited and introduced
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PART
ONE

Kōpara

He Waiata Pepeha

Tere mai taku waka *Tākitimu e*
Tū ana te maunga Haumia e

Rere ana taku awa *Waipaoa e*
Tau ana te whenua Rāwhiti e

Tere mai taku waka *Tākitimu e*
Tū ana te maunga Haumia e
Rere ana taku awa *Waipaoa e*
Tau ana te whenua
Tūranganui a Kiwa e

Tākitimu

Haumia

Waipaoa e

Māhaki

Tāmanuhiri

Rongowhakaata e

In the Beginning

Earth Breathe on Me

Earth the cool breath of life

Earth the slumbering pūriri

Earth the misty valley

Earth the departed sun

Earth the tingling blue sky

Earth the dark sheen of a woman river

Earth the mottling tides tumbling ashore

Earth the sweeping godwits

Earth our home

Earth the giving land

Papatūānuku

Kei Runga Above 1

Kei runga Above
Ko Ranginui The Sky
Kei raro Below
Ko Papatūānuku The Earth
Kei mua In front
Ko te moana The sea
Kei muri Behind
Ko te ngahere The bush
Kei tēnei taha To this side
Ko te puna wai The spring
Ko ngā awaawa And the streams
Kei tērā taha To that side
Ko ngā wāhi mahinga kai The gardens
Kei tua Beyond
Ko ngā kaitiaki The guardians
Kei konei And here
Ko te kāinga Is home
Ko ngā oranga Are all kinds
Katoa Of life
Kōkō ia Kōkō calls
E ara e! I rise!

A Prophetic Land

Our land is a good land
Harakeke pīngao blades of grass
Rainbow shafts in the songs
of tūi korimako kōkako

Our land is bounteous
Generous giving prophecy
Wairua made richer in the songs
of tūi korimako kōkako

Our land is a giving land
We give to global missions for peace
Kei roto i ngā waiata
a te tūi korimako, te kōkako e

Grass made from raindrops
Our Cross in the southern sky
Golden sands of Tangaroa
A garden in a summer breeze

Our land is generous
Rich in education sport entertainment
Manaakitanga in the songs
of tūi korimako kōkako

Our land is an offering land
Men and women fought bloody wars
at the altars of democracy to the songs
of tūi korimako kōkako

E Ihoa, Atua o ngā iwi mātou rā
Āta whakarongona, me aroha noa
Kia hua ko te pai, kia tau tō atawhai
Manaakitia mai, Aotearoa

Tō tātou whenua he whenua māhaki
He whenua tipu he whenua atawhai
Te whenua tipu
o te tūi korimako kōkako e

In Praise of Land and Sea

A Homage to Tāne

Here I stand in the sacred domain of Tāne

I look within the forest for the family

To the many birds, to the many trees

To all the creatures in our world

For they give life to everyone

Tū ana ahau ki te wao tapu nui a Tāne

Ka titiro atu ki te whānau a Tāne

Ko ngā manu, ko ngā rākau

Ki ngā kirehe o te whenua o te wai o te Ao Tūroa

Ko rātau nei hei oranga

mō te tangata ki tēnei Ao e

Heke nuku heke rangi Hi a ha ha!

Haumi e, hui e, tāiki e!

A Homage to Tangaroa

I speak forward to the spirit of the great sea

To the waves to the sea foam to the sea's many children

The children are singing the drifting songs of the ocean

They are the children of Tangaroa and the ocean of Kiwa!

Kōrero atu ana ahau ki te ia o te moana

Te Hukatai, Te Rehutai, ki ngā Ngaru ki ngā wai hukahuka

Tere rimurimu ki ngā tamariki o te moana e waiata nei

E waiata nei ngā iwi o Tangaroa o Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa!

Te kāinga o aku tīpuna i kumea ai tōku ika

E Māui Tikitiki a Taranga

E kōkō ia, e ara e!

Ko Hiwarau te Maunga

*Ko Ōhiwa te moana
Ko Hokianga te motu
Ko Te Upokorehe te iwi
Ko Tairongo te kaitiaki*

Rain Poems

The Valley

This morning is still
The sun just couched in the ridge
of mānuka across the valley
picking out the gloss on karaka leaves

It rained last night
soft and long
and the grass glistens silver
The soil will smell sweet
as the sun warms earth

Wai

Wai
Wai harakeke
Wai inu wai ora wairua

Wai
From Sky
Fill our empty souls

Wai
With equal amounts
Of daylight and darkness

Wai
The sun draws water from harakeke
To respire an emptiness in heaven

Wai
Waiora
Wairua

E Mā

E Mā . . .

He aha te ua i heke ai?

E Mā . . .

Why does the rain fall?

Ko Ranginui, e hine

E tangi hotu nei

Mō tana whaiāipo

Mō Papatūānuku

Ranginui, my child

Weeps for Papatūānuku

His lover

E Mā . . .

He aha te kohu

I piki whakarunga ai?

E Mā . . .

Why does the mist rise?

Ko Papatūānuku, e hine

E hotu manawa nei

Mō tana whaiāipo

Mō Ranginui

Papatūānuku, my child

Sighs for Ranginui

Her lover

E Mā . . .

He aha a Āniwaniwa i haere

Kōtaha atu ai i te rangi?

E Mā . . .

Why does the rainbow bend?

Ko Kahukura, e hine

E takahi nei i te ao

Ko Kahukura, e hine

Ko ōna wae tapu kei

Ngā ao e rua

Kahukura, my child
Strides across the land
Kahukura, my child
With a foot in two worlds

E Mā . . .

He aha te rā i tō ai?

E Mā . . .

Why does the sun set?

Ko Hinetītama, e hine

E rere whakamā atu ana i a Tāne

Ko te wairua, e hine

E hoki ana ki tōna ūkaipō

Hinetītama, my child
Flees from Tāne
The soul, my child
on its last journey home

Ka Riri te Whānau a Tāne

Ka riri te whānau a Tāne
Tuiaina ki runga tuiaina ki raro
Tuiaina ki waho tuiaina ki roto
Tuiaina ki te muka wairua
I takaia ki te akatea
I tikina mai ai a Tāne
Rere mai ana ngā maramara
Tū kau ana ko Tāne whakapiripiri
Tū te moata tū te Ao Tūroa
Ki te Ao Mārama, e i!

Tāwhiri, Kaitiaki of Winds

Tāwhiri sent his children
to the North The North Wind

Tūāraki

To The East The East Wind

Haumarangai

To The South The South Wind

Te Hau Tonga

To The West The West Wind

Te Hauāuru

Tāwhiri then sent The Clouds

The Dense Clouds *Te Aonui*

The Dark Clouds *Te Aopōuri*

The Fiery Clouds *Te Aowhētuma*

The Clouds before The Hurricanes

Te Aowhēkere

The Clouds reflecting glowing Light

Te Ao Kānapanapa

The Clouds of Thunderstorms

Te Ao Apakura

The Racing Clouds

Te Aotākawe

Then Tāwhiri sent The Terrible Rain

Te Uanui

Long Continuous Rain

Te Uaroa

The Rain of Hail and Storms

Te Uawhatu

The Rain of Mist

Te Haumāringiringi

The Heavy Dew

Te Haumārotoroto

Finally he sent Gentle Rain Drops

Tōmairangi

And created the Rainbow

Āniwaniwa

Te Ao Maori

Every stitch along a stream
measures the mountain
Every cloud a cloak
a portal that calls others
to cross the threshold
Now you may enter
Te Ao Māori

Ko te Tapu o te Whenua Ko te Tapu o te Wahine

*He whenua tapu tēnei
Mō te tangata me ngā mea katoa
Kei tōna mata
Mō ake te whenua toitū*

This land is home to the spirit a good land a land of revelations when body and soul are separated soul returns to *pito* body to the land life born is reborn in the land it'll be here forever with these words come the sacraments land is sacred communal eternal whoever understands its holiness will never forget nor violate it for to do so would be to destroy history people future this land is intuitive a giving land a living land

I am Whenua I Live as the Land

Ranginui ki runga Papatūānuku ki raro
Sky earth sea bush springs stream swamp
Cultivations fires whenua land mother

Woman Birth
Placenta Pito
Ahi Kā

The Songs of Tangaroa Nga Waiata o Tangaroa

Te Au o te Moana

Our nation was born
in the bosom of the ocean
where the sea leans
on the land

Our stories are intimately written
in narratives of ocean canoes
sailings driftings taniwha
whirlpools discoveries
making our world
wider

The salt in our veins
brought us together
to find each other

The unrelenting pull of the sea
tugs in the blood of our ancestors

Ra'iatea

The song of Tangaroa is
in every wave foam and sea spray
scattering the seed born of Rangiātea
across the ocean straddled by Kupe:
'E kore koe e ngaro he kākano
i ruiruia mai i Ra'iatea'

Whakarongo ki te Au

Our truth is this:

we come from the sea
this is where our bones lie
not on the summits of
mountains

Hawaiki nui Hawaiki roa
is our ancestral Pacific land
and its location in history
can only be found in legend
yielding only to the sea's
timelessness

He Kuaka Marangaranga

Kotahi manu rere atu, rere atu
be not afraid to strike out alone
be like the godwit which takes wing
for the horizon, others will soon
circle and soar and then
follow

Fish beyond your reach
like Māui who soothed sea, sun
and air with metapoetic karakia
and for his adventurousness
was rewarded when the fishing line

smoked in his hands as
he hooked up Aotearoa

Nurture your voyaging spirit
do not become like the karoro
the black-backed seagull which
feeds only on the coastline
of insubstantial flotsam
fringing the sea's lure