

A watercolor illustration of a tree with two small birds perched on its branches. The background is filled with soft, overlapping washes of color in shades of blue, green, yellow, and pink. The tree's branches are dark and detailed with small leaves and clusters of berries. The overall style is soft and artistic.

Catherine
Bagnall &
L. Jane Sayle

in the temple

Catherine
Bagnall &
L. Jane Sayle

in
the
temple

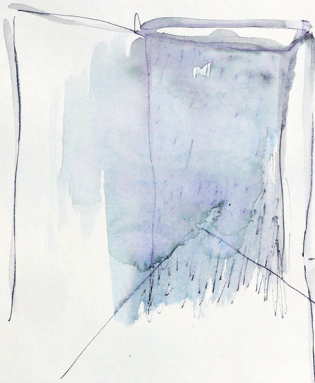


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Contents

John Weeks	9
G.P.S.	12
Future Past	17
Night Walk	18
The Strait	19
<i>Falling slowly . . .</i>	20
Nightfall	22
True to Life	23
Five Ancestor Poems	26
Space Flight	29
<i>When her mother died . . .</i>	31
Englischer Garten	33
Where Venice Is	34
Journeys	35
Spy Notes	38
My Military Training	41
The Water Snake	42
Nablus	43
Paradise Valley	47
In the Temple	50

In Camellia Time	52
Scroll White	57
Tant le Desire	58
As When	61
The Singing Tree	63
<i>Gasteranthus extinctus</i>	67
List of works	71
About the artist	76
About the poet	77



John Weeks

For C-B

The wind is flying through the French doors
and the garden disappears
if you approach it the wrong way

Sadness is everywhere
but it's not everything
said one of those annoying girls
who notice everything

And where is the velvet landscape
that I might go there
and bide awhile?





G.P.S.

Walking the narrow path
from Mākara to Ōpau Bay
between the bushy hills
and the shingle beach
it came to me
that there might be someone there
who has lost their way
that no-one else
could show them how to get back
and that I must help them

A handsome diver passes
striding along the path
the wet hessian sack on his back is filled
I know
with blue-boned butterfish
and pāua the colour of wet black ink

How is it that
I hardly need to look around
to know where I am
where the spirited air
invisibly holds
everything in its place





Future Past

Today I planted the grey reeds
by the front door
painted it mauve

Now it's a quiet autumn evening
in the backyard
and I'm burning a chair

Jack Kerouac's rough young voice
comes out from the dark kitchen
he's saying: 'I remember a girl'

And I'm thinking
I'm thinking
I never would have thought this
and
'What will happen?'