

## running with scissors

*for Hannah by Liam*

a long finger of Te Rā  
dripping the last hours of rust  
slithers over ants in spirals  
on the window-sill  
and  
a Kōwhai stretches  
its thin shadow over the rug  
until it swallows the house  
and  
clung to a fence of hip, a tūi  
carries through the window  
the lullaby of a far-away Pūriri  
and  
the bedroom door whistles  
to the pool of mold  
on the mantelpiece  
and  
the neighbour's dogs  
bark at the sharp wind  
and  
the walls crawl toward me  
and  
creak like bones  
and  
the rising breath of Hina  
is a cool web of fog that  
climbs the window to curl into the black  
chest of Rakinui  
and  
she wrangles a gentle grin from  
the swirling grave shadows of Te Pō  
and  
among the glass  
a soft forest of faces  
melt into each other  
in kākahu of shifting clouds of  
pohutakawa-leaf-ochre-  
peach-yellow-  
fire-pink-greens  
and  
wet-brown-tree-bark  
and  
old bodies  
blush the red of clay  
and

the gold of cheap beer  
and  
pull from the wind  
a memory that'll wander  
forever  
and  
through a broken phone  
Marlon croons  
*Make Way For Love*  
(the live version)  
and  
wriggling its way  
through the house  
an excellent yawn  
digs through my body with  
the sound of great-nanas  
and  
nannys  
laughing  
and  
singing  
from the other sides of our faces:

*“hoki mai my darlings! hoki mai!”*