



Poetry Awards 2021

ADULTS

Shortlisted Poems



Ngā Puna Mātauranga o
Te Awa Kairangi ki Uta
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Night's Art

Night's brush paints with buried emotions,
Blending false memories on sleep's palette.
Impressions created, reality lost.
Self-Portrait of fractured images in a shattered mind.

Familiarity in the shards...
I see a memory of you,
I hear your tone, I call out...

Surreal, you vanish in a twisting labyrinth of churning
colour.
Entombed in memory's clay, feet fail to follow.

Reality's tears blend dark with light.
Night's canvas left with
Daylight's stains.
Waits.

- Carrie

Waiting

I've spent my whole life waiting for
My true life to begin,
Imagining I'd own a house
In Paris or Berlin;
That I would have a family,
Or at the least a dog;
That I would be in better shape
And partial to a jog;
That I would learn three languages
While roaming near and far;
That I would master Taekwondo
And playing the guitar.
But now I look much older than
I looked in all those dreams,
And all I do is drink a lot
And scroll through endless memes.

- Patrick

I am a dream

I take your face
And your hands

With your arms
I build a pair of wings

From soft feathers and wax
And hard truths

I take you to the sky
Naked

The town below
Can see your vulnerability

I am Icarus and Achilles
Impervious

Until I catch my
Heel in the sun

You spiral like
A sycamore seed

They will not catch you

The sun has caught you on fire

The sun has followed you into your bedroom

The sun has become your eyes

The daylight awakens you

And I become a shadow

As the sun disappears
Behind a cloud

- Wesley

where marigolds grow

each morning I find myself
fumbling through the process
of distinguishing dreams from reality
separating them out is like unravelling
an intricately woven fabric
of coloured threads blending
into one another
until they become blurred
I thumb a strand of soft scarlet
a conversation with you about our future / nine years left
I pull and twist it away
from the adjacent strand of amethyst
a child forgotten / a deep pang of regret
yet when I start to tell you about this
I can only recall the marigolds growing
in the cracks separating dreams
too few and too far between

- Kyra

Belonging

My Moko,
Shares his dream with me
as he paddles his waka
from Matui Island to Petone beach.
With eyes shining he speaks
of the journey of his Tangata Whenua
across the southern ocean.
Landing there on the deserted sand
He recalls how his pakeha ancestors
Sailing aboard the Bengal Merchant
From Glasgow to live among the toi toi
Happily he is proud of his tikanga and his pakeha heritage.
He is a child of both cultures:
He is contented and proud as he dreams.

- Sue

Dream Crusher

I wanted Monday
But you gave me Sunday
Painted with raindrops and hail
Coated in the winter ice
With echoes of summer sun
Dancing upon our backs
You gave me days of smiles
Hidden by false pretences
Speaking of dreams reflected
Upon our history
You picked up an axe
And you shattered this facade
There is nothing to hide behind now
And all I see is the inhuman remains
Of a once beating heart
And I finally walk away

- Aimee

Firebird

Awake to shake that dream
And live a dream that's new.

A Phoenix from the sleepy ashes.
Firebird ruby, flame bird red.
A molten dream of colour.

Blood fevered burning
Shot sloe and raven
Fantasia and fantasy.

Furnace red and carnal.

A devil's waltz

Of sultry deepen.
Opal.

Awake into a fantasy.
Dance in colour,
Turn and pause
And be that dream.
To dance the light
On sparkling tidal sides
Before the storm of flying foam.
Wind tossed, wave tossed.
Dream tossed.

Then calm to endless stillness, windless.

Then in my mind I saw her clear.
Hair black, jet black
As she stepped up to the temple door
In turquoise dress and golden.

Below the steps beyond the waters of the lake
With black, wet stones, rain wet

Along the edges of that shore.

- Bob

Dare to Dream

Dare to dream
Riveting ones
Endearing and fun
Arrangement of mind
Mystical and entwined

Dare to dream
Step out of the seams
Focus to score
To build and explore
Beautiful beliefs
Our life's motifs

Dare to dream
To plant future seeds
To step out
We engage and sprout
Far and beyond
We respond

Dare to dream
Towards new places
Less imagined
Never mined
Life's twist
A treasure exists
If we persist!

Dare to dream
The day will come
When it is real
The world will heal
And with a zeal
We will renew and feel
The beauty of a day

- Uma

The house of shattered dreams

Eva lived in poverty, she was ragged, pale and thin
Her father spent all his money gambling

He always dreamed of a get rich win

Her mother was a failing Author

She produced books no one would publish

All had been rejected by publishers

Her manuscripts often ended up in the rubbish
Neither would admit defeat

And refused to give up on their dreams
Believing in a bestselling novel or becoming rich
With crazy get rich schemes

Poor Eva she paid the price

When they sought comfort from a whisky glass
Becoming more pale and ragged

With each day that came to pass

But her dreams they kept her going

She knew education was the key

To open the doors to her dreams

And free her from poverty

So she worked hard and passed every exam
Although hungry and cold on many a day

At last she found a job with decent pay

She turned to say goodbye to her parents

Her mother was typing away

Her father rubbed his hands while placing bets
He said, boy | feel lucky today

Eva looked down at the bins filled with manuscripts
Betting slips and bills they couldn't pay

Empty booze bottles and cigarettes

She could smell the rancid rot and decay

As she left the house of shattered dreams

Eva didn't say a single word

She just turned and walked away

- Rose

Lost!

Last night in dreams

I stumbled through a fetid alleyway
Grasping at rotten window frames
With a mouth full of chewed newsprint
Clawing my way towards a light

I mumbled my father's name

I searched for him

I reached out to him

Climbing uneven stairs

Over fallen furniture

To reach a creased grimy paper glazed window
Where I thought I saw him standing

Sun shining on his gentle distorted face

I stumbled back down the loosely carpeted
Chair strewn stairs

Crawled back through the rickety door
Into the alley

I made it to the pages

But couldn't find him

Could only hear my son whistling,

Rising for work

I closed my eyes again and tried to return

Tearing at strips of newspaper with stained
fingers

But no!

Morning tea then.

Dad will wait

He's not going anywhere.

- Mike

