Threnody in D flat minor

By Dean Ballinger

Let my shade flit between the mingimingi and the coffee cart,

Let my spectre boogie on the traffic island,

Let my soul echo through the gullies.

Place pumice on my eyes

And a sprig of miro in my hands

And cast my corpse out from the long gravel banks

Upriver, not down,

up through the tannins and fats,

up past the pictographs and the chimneystacks,

up into the loam and the ignimbrite,

into the desert on the slopes of the mountain,

a wilderness full of doors,

grant me passage to the chamber

where Waikato-iwi

issues forth.