

Spirit of Kaitiakitanga

I dance through the breeze into the world outside.
I flow through the tumbling air, observing the damage.
Smoke. Smog. Black. Grey deserted land. Ashes.
My eyes widen to the size of karepe.
Greedy red eyes stare at me.
Taking, taking, taking.
Making me watch.
Flaming red arms destroy.
Green bushels fade to dust.
Water laps metres away.
Handing over the nearly lost souls.
Lying in the sand.
Friends lay still waiting for me.
Their guardian.
Where Tane Mahuta can't go.
What he can't reach.
That is where I go.
Pulling the essence of the stars from my surroundings.
I carry them back to the safe haven.
The bubble of paradise.
The one patch of pure green.
I lay my friends in the infirmary.
Tuatara lie tired.
Maui dolphins click slowly.
Fur seals drip red.
Kahu's no longer in flight.
Patupaiarehe work away.
Using the Rongoā we are blessed to know.
Placing my feet gently on the ground.
Soil fills the gaps in my feet.
Sun rays plough through the gaps in the leaves.
The white blanket of clouds pushed from Tamanuiterā's reach.
Tamanuiterā pulls the blanket of clouds back over himself.
Pukeko lower their heads.
Little penguins huddle towards me.
Trees slump.
The pulse of the river slows.
Even I feel my head bow.
Spirit slipping from me.
A new bud pushes the soil away.
Stretching.
Reaching.
Longing for the sun.
Survival for them is key.
Their survival is key for me.
When green reigns again.
When the animals are safe.
I leave until I am needed.
But not now.
I will continue.
To nurture.
To care.
To heal.
To tend.
To guard.
I am the spirit of Kaitiakitanga.