

## Marewa Glover

### Poem Notes

These three poems are about identity.

#### **Sea Saw**

Is about how we can love someone or something like the sea, and then they do something abhorrent, shocking and unexpected. They are not who we thought they were. Their identity as we perceived it shifts and our relationship teeters. Who changed? Has the sea changed? No. Our knowledge of it has. The size of the tsunami in Japan and the devastation was caused by this same sea that laps our shores and how are we now to behave towards it?

#### **Hebe**

Some things, the maunga (mountain) and the possibility of Māori men fishing off the same rocks, perhaps changes little over time, preserving clues to history. It is the observer who changes and what they see is dependent on their own identity, their own whakapapa and their links with land, pukeko, plant.

#### **Whakapapa**

Itself is constantly shifting, as in the poem, three generations move through time exchanging identities. Mother, daughter, grand-daughter together – precious whakapapa.

### Poet Notes

Dr Marewa Glover (Ngā Puhī), Director of the University of Auckland's Centre for Tobacco Control Research, is a leader in tobacco control, with past experience at a policy level, in health promotion and cessation programme design. Marewa has led and supported many smoking focused and kaupapa Māori health research projects: studying reducing smoking in pregnancy; reducing smoking initiation among children; teachers attitudes to smokefree; the efficacy of cessation services for Māori, Pacific Island and low socio-economic smokers; the effects of tobacco excise tax increases; how to reduce respiratory illnesses among Indigenous infants; how to increase breastfeeding; and, Māori attitudes to assisted human reproduction. Marewa serves the broader research and tobacco control communities through her work on Boards and Committees and research assessing panels. She also developed and convenes New Zealand's first post-graduate course on Tobacco Control; and supervises students at post-graduate, Masters and PhD level. In 2010, the Centre for Tobacco Control Research was recognised for its commitment to building Māori and Pacific tobacco control research capacity with a University of Auckland Excellence in Equity Award. Marewa is also a published writer of poetry and short stories.

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## Sea Saw

soft sea foam kissing feet  
seducing  
inviting  
to float, stimulate  
cool & calm  
your teeth shining white  
smiling waves  
only occasionally, accidentally  
do you close down  
on child, mother  
fisherman, brother  
your hunger usually hidden deep  
more often an unwary boat  
catches a surly mood  
& sinks from view  
what angers you today?  
that you bite deep  
into an ancient culture  
swallowing in one foul feast  
land, homes, elders, babes  
Majestic sea  
today, we frown on you  
& spurn even the scent of you

## Hebe In The Dawning Light

Came over all photographer this morning  
struck as I was by the nonsensical isolation  
of My Auckland, so-called 'big' CITY (in the country)  
You can run out your front door & be  
engulfed in the warmth of the ice cold winter bush  
Why do people sleep (in their heat-pumped homes)  
when there's this to break their fast:  
hebe in the dawning light  
pukeko unafraid stripping soft flesh from reed  
pohutakawa bud, dormant promise  
roped off paths slipping into the sea to defiantly run along  
the haunting call & flap of hurried flight  
birds disturbed by my running feet  
on gravel, shell, clay  
the echoing horn of the Half Moon Ferry  
horses coated, one stretches over the fence to lick dew  
a paddock of cows, toadstools  
forefront Maungarei, standing roughly round  
like an undiscovered passage tomb  
This is what fitness is  
Hauora  
Auahi Kore  
appreciating the survival of indigenous taonga  
living on

despite colonization, urbanization  
the pukeko, hebe, the Māori man line-fishing off the rocks  
carrying on ways from the past  
carrying on

## **Whakapapa**

I'm in the middle of life  
Daughter 6 on one side  
Mother 86 on the other  
One where I've been  
The other where I'm going  
A copy of a copy of a copy  
I marvel at both  
Curious to see through a mother's eyes  
What I might have been like as a child  
Resistant, I cringe at the spectre of my future  
Body shrunken and frail  
Scared of falling over, bleeding, being alone  
Makes me want to run  
Build legs of steel that might rust but won't break  
Have arms strong enough  
To always be able to lift my baby up and hers  
Run to stave off wrinkles and softening flesh  
Run  
Running  
Ran