

Wainui

The salty air is sent in ripples
towards a runny nose
and golden sand
tickles my small toes.
Water reaches up to the
children's boogie boards
and beacons me in
as my ankles dissolve
into the crystal blue.
The bellbirds tweet
their morning song
and the tui's fluff of white
echoes through the dawn.
Among the evergreen trees
Toitoi, Rimu, Kauri
Cabbage trees and Totara
Nikau palm and
Kohekohe
Pohutukawa
and lots of others
that come from
long, long ago
spraying the far away batch
with lots of green grasses
and twilight spreads
across horizons
with streaming ribbons
of pinkness
while the blueness
shimmers with light
Over my connection,
of Wainui

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