More poems for Week 3 COVID -19

**by Anne Powell**

**Soul space**

Your soul is a space

for great flocks of kotuku

to rise up

or a forest

of quiet rimu

attentive to wind

or water

transparent, quick

in a Tongariro stream.

birds

trees

water

Plant the wisdom tree close to water.

White birds will dance

wing to bright wing

transforming your ruin into joy.

**The small boat**

There is a small boat

out on the sea

that separates and unites us.

The sea has its own song

called by rhythm of moon

above our earth.

There is a small boat

far from land.

Its sails are open to the unseen wind of the Spirit.

We surrender to the wind.

There is a small boat

out on the sea

beyond maps

and there is bravery.

**Crown of stars**

The winter Te Arikinui Te Atarangikaahu died

Girlie couldn’t do the tangi.

Terrible asthma.

She rings Tumu.

“Are you going to Ngaruawahia?”

“Ae. Ae.”

“If you are there, then I am there too.”

Girlie puts down the phone

in the certainty of communion

and takes up the small tasks of everyday life.

She picks lemons

listens to homework

makes tea for Jack

and stands on her back steps seeking

a new crown of stars

on the dark head of sky.

**Anawim**



Old woman of Palestine

tends her onions and mint

the slow bend of heard

reverences earth she doesn’t own

hears the moan of wind

in the olive grove.

Old woman of Palestine bends

to be invisible

to the horizon’s glare

bends to bury her voice

beneath the olive tree

believes in new shoots.

**Dream rising**

Souks awaken.

And oh!

their sounds grow round and round

in thin alleys

where smells of tamarind and cinnamon and almonds

seep into my clothes.

Till in my dreams it seems

I am woman of Jerusalem.

By Damascus Gate

an old Arab

hawks eggs and breads

from a box on a bicycle

his face ravined

with loss of land.

Tilll in my dreams it seems

I am a place to stand.

The tomb guard

a man upright and grand

as a piano.

His ivory hands

hurry people along.

Till in my dreams it seems

I am a song

bright in the breast of a lark

rising.

**Grace**

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A warm wind is worrying the curtains

rattling flax

blowing grace

all over the place.

Grace

falling from sky

healing earth

lapping on shore

glowing in eyes

dawning Christ.