






Poetry

Competition

Children's

shortlisted entries

2 Children's Shortlist & Winners

- 3  ***Te Awa Kairangi #3*** by Rishi Dhawan
- 4  ***The Mighty River*** by Spencer Tysoe
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- 8 ***Te Awa*** by Dylan McGregor

Te Awa Kairangi #3

by Rishi Dhawan

Engraved in the valley
Morphing its surroundings
Beautiful turquoise waters
Te Awa Kairangi



The Mighty River

by Spencer Tysoe



We play by the banks of the river frivolously
We scour the river for precious stones
We devour our picnic happily
And look under the stones for interesting bones.

We watch the calm waters rushing past, so blue
And throw tiny pebbles in, so grey
The river reminds us to start anew
Because today is a vivid summer's day.

From mouth to head,
From bank to bank,
From surface to bed,
Our luscious river is one to thank.

The river floods, the river dries,
The river curves, the river bends,
The river freezes, the river fries!
The river starts, the river ends.

Today we should all be thankful to our mighty river
Which makes the Hutt a welcoming home
And never stops, never quivers,
From lofty roots to sunny foam.

River veins

by Milo Melrose

It rushes through Papatuanuku
Like blood through her veins
Running down her body
Along the motorway lanes
When the Awa meets the ocean
And the mouth opens wide
It sprints away with the sea creatures
And disappears with the tide



The river that was

by Violet Pepperell

I was once flowing back and forth.
I was once traveling through untouched forests.
I was once full of life, full of food.
Now I am just a river.
I was once twirling through the whole valley, now lifeless.
I was once running past the bush, now past roads.
I was once a life source, now mere empty.
Now I am just a river.
I once had a spirit, now gone like the forest.
Now I am just a river.

A Thread.

by Persephone Hall

Trees arched over the water reflected on its still glassy surface,
Bridges cross over it like stitches,
The breeze blew across scattering some of its crystal clear droplets,
Leaves fell in creating ripples,
A sense of calm hung over it like mist that never left,
It's like a thread of peace weaving through the organized chaos,
Like the centerpiece of a puzzle,
Like a stream of emotions that we all made,
Like everyone gave a drop of themselves.

The treasured river

by Kevin Tang

As I flow from the ranges,
My adventure just starts
I come besides the parks
And keep on going

As I come to the highway
I see a little thing coming my way
Oh look, it's a golf ball!
It splashes in the ground

There is a train that goes above me
It zooms across with loud sounds
As the birds come around
Looking for some food

My journey nearly ends
While a trail is following me
I come out into the harbour
While the journey loops again

Te Awa Kairangi

by Amelia Thayer

The river flows through our town
Endlessly headed for the ocean

Amazing sights and swimming holes
Water flowing pushing you
Along you go just like the water

Kai used to live in me but not so much anymore
Aroha has been shown towards me,
Ika love swimming in me, but not as much as you,
Rain falls and swells me filling me up to the top just like before
Ahi not ruining me but showing how strong I have become
Not just for you but for you to share
Going down to the ocean and going faster and faster
Into the ocean the water goes putting my size back just before it starts again

Te Awa Kaha

by Eva Edwards

Rushing, rolling, through ancient bush,
Weaving in and out of empty banks, where many have swum,
Now all empty due to one little sludgy plant,
It veils stones, constructing a greasy surface,
Unsafe for children to play,
Still it continues on flowing its way
All the way out to the glistening bay
Where many souls enjoy it to this day.

The Way You See Me

by Bernardt Britz

I'm seen flowing far past the human eye, never stopping or dropping.

As I see the rocks pass by me, I still flow by the streets.

The birds shall sit, right next to me, as they chirp their lovely calls.

As I pass down through the valley and the hills you'll feel the sunset chills.

I'll then split a small part of me and let it go.

As I pass the wonderful poets, my stream gets slower and slower.

I'll gently pass the people and watch them happily swinging their golf clubs.

I'll then take my rest and give my softest waves to Matiu Island.

Te Awa

by Dylan McGregor

I stare at the flow as it calls my name with its gentle splash against the rocks,
Warnings live on the stony shore, trying to drown out the water's voice,
Algae, they say, it crawls across the rocks like a starving dog,
and poisons its unsuspecting victims without a second thought,
But the sound is like a hook, pulling me in.

Cold water gently flows past my feet, weaving through my toes like flax,
The rocks are like living creatures, trying to throw me off their ancient skin,
Stonefly larvae and backswimmers stare at me, for I am a titan in their lands,
I dive into the flowing water, and the current snatches me, pulling me along.

Down below, I see the stones, not moved since the dawn of time,
The hills are a mighty wall, protecting my flank from the burning sun.
I see the devilish algae as it greedily sucks the oxygen away from all other life,
An eel swims up beside me, braving my ferocious backstroke.

People call me back. I must swim to shore,
leaving the heaven of the water behind,
I walk along the bed, ankle deep in the tinted water.
The beauty of the flow is god-like,
I love the river like a brother, kin in all but blood,
Te Awa Kairangi, the heart of the Hutt.