

Auckland on the Moon

*'What shall I do with it, with this that comes and is
so strange and different, so difficult to put in its place.'* (Helen Shaw)

for Victoria and Ina at The Pah Homestead

Albert to Hobson, One Tree
to Three Kings

each volcanic rock cast
skywards, the moon in our sights.

Brighter things we might have been
constellations in the night sky of our

selves, two immoderate
dancers, mid-asteroid

field, the sky growing
around us, with its

meteors, fallen stars
whatever jewellery the blackness

offers. And so
the volcanic isthmus is

dissembled, rendered
skyward, transplanted, with each

chunk of scoria
thrown at the moon, each

unreturning night, while
high above the turban of

our gathering thoughts:
our nearest suburb and true north

Auckland on the moon.

Gregory O'Brien