

Kia whakatōmuri te haere whakamua / Home is where the kai is.
a response by Waiariki Parata-Taiapa



Tōhoku Tūrakawaewae — Puketeraki

These reflections are not of my own,
But of those of blood and soil...
Of this land...
In which we belong.

Are in constant motion,
In our heart's mind.

Puketeraki	Flickering through memories
Āraiteuru	Welling up tidal emotions
Huirapa	Grounded in cultural identity

The Ahi kā flame burns
Every time our Pepeha
Is at the tip of the tongue

Ko Hikaroroa te Mauka

Home is where the kai is.

Kumara served in the belly of Huirapa
Although, it does not grow here...?
“Let’s eat! Mātauraka Māori”

Tuaki open at the hot hands of Maririhau,
“Aroha’s cockle fritters! Mmm...
Namunamuā!”

I am connected.
My tīpuna made it so.

My whakapapa,
Is of this land,
It is me.

So, i eat...

Haumi ē
Hui ē
Tāiki ē!