

09 07 25

a sovereign image, at my age, reads iwa, whitu, rua tekau mā rima, curious as I appraise the land my eyes run along the range. a rite of passage which coincides with the month Hōngongoi¹, as if I am a child again and have misunderstood, *the land doesn't care for my concept of territorial authority?*²

a ubiquitous yellow crust of the day, the acrid fruit of my twenties. I'd undergone the same observation of the tree. a confronting doppelgänger of an empty bog and muddied shoes. I'm suspicious of returning to these sites.

i am learning to live without myself within your image. i've been wondering about this paradox. only a few weeks remain until you've circumvented my needs, and our attention shifts toward your future, not mine. my sense of urgency to scaffold a pedagogy for my own learning; the distance from *where we were from* and the reality of *where we lived*, will be of any relevance to you?

¹ Hōngongoi is the second phase of the maramataka, a period of wānanga and reflection.

² ahi kā is to exercise one's title of the land, a metaphoric expression today of keeping fires burning.