

## **AUTHOR POSTCARD TEXTS**

### **Peter Olds**

The beach is full of philosophers.

The birds know it but they're not talking.

I walk to the end of the beach, turn

& walk back again.

QUOTATION: From 'The philosophers', *you fit the description: the selected poems of Peter Olds*, Cold Hub Press, 2014

### **Kay McKenzie Cooke**

a bee nosing fallen flowers, the slain dried stalks,

and beyond the dunes the muted fury,

that wild pale roar of a wind-ploughed ocean

QUOTATION: From 'Roadside verge, St Kilda, late summer', *Upturned*, Cuba Press, 2020

### **Huberta Hellendoorn**

"The Pacific Ocean, always changing but always there in its beauty, wildness and with its beaches and marine life. Even with my eyes closed I can see all these parts are they are now stored in me."

### **Barbara Else**

"A leafy corner in a fair southern town with pearly harbour and (sometimes) a lemon sky, where bellbirds clamour in the branches and wood pigeons ply their greedy pathways through the air."

QUOTATION: From *Wild Latitudes*, Vintage NZ 2007; Endeavour Press UK 2016

## **Iona Winter**

'where sun  
kisses the earth  
in benediction  
twice a day  
its colours alight  
there I will meet you  
should you ever become lost  
from me"

QUOTATION: From 'There I will meet you', *Te Hau Kāika*, 2019

## **Michael O'Leary**

'Walking beside shadows in soft rain  
I see faint images of what has been  
These shadows form mirages on a wall  
Which I see is my life and it is all  
Behind me now..."

QUOTATION: From 'Walking Beside Shadows in Soft Rain', *Main Trunk Lines Collected Railway Poems*, HeadworX Publishers, 2015

## **Jenny Powell**

"Eye squint toe toe spinning in sun,  
macrocarpa jumble overgrown."

QUOTATION: From 'Harbour Cone, from Hoopers Inlet'.