

One summer...

in Waikaretu,



One summer in Waikaretu,
I'm sure I saw a cockatoo
With feathers white and sulphur crest
I really thought it was the best
If it's a parrot so I thought
I'm certain that the bird can talk
"Hey bird" I said, " I'm going to teach
you words",
He answered with a screech.



The screech was just a parrot shout
Soon lots of cockatoos came out
And flew towards that old pine tree
They really were quite close to me.
At least a hundred perching there.
The tree was white most every where.
Yellow feathers on their heads,
While I watched from the shearing shed.



With strong black beaks they found a feed
By opening pinecones, finding seeds.
The pinecones then dropped to the ground
A few white feathers scattered 'round.
The next day as the sun was rising
All those cockatoos were flying
North towards Waikato's port
The last one waved and gave a squark
"See you mate" in parrot talk.



One summer at Rotoehu
I saw a baby kangaroo
“Hello Joey, come play with me”
“I’m not a ‘roo, I’m a Wallaby
I love to eat your native trees
You know your fences don’t stop me.”
“Oh! you’re not welcome here today”
He turned and quickly ran away.



Roto...

... rua,

...iti

...ehu

...ma

...ngaroiti

...ngaro



...roa ...tuna ...kauri ...kura ...ngaio ...manuka ...tapu ...whero ...mahana ...manu ...rangi ...kura ...pai