



Mark Young's first poem 'Lizard' in 1959 was a clever bit of Eliotesquery. I am prepared to believe subsequently Dennis List shared some similarities with Young in the 1960s. I described the sort of poetry we might go on to write as "more nihilistic than in the past in New Zealand, unsentimental and humorous rather than tragic."

I read four of Mark Young's recent poems. Young is writing serious social criticism, coded as it may be. This is the Modernist approach.

I agree Young's are intellectual constructs, he can be traditional, and Mark Pirie appreciates Young's oeuvre in the William Carlos Williams and semiotics genre.

Pirie is including one of Mark Young's poems and three of the American traditionalist Cameron La Follette in *broadsheet 14*. Mark Pirie has selected a poem of Mark Young's that has a more obvious coherence than is usually the case with him.

I tell this story to show how links and influences continue over the decades among people who end up with some interest in common. Another of my contacts in the 1960s is now the prestige publisher operating out of the capital. Same story. Another name would be Bill Sutton, who read and admired my poetry in the 1960s, and has just had his first book of poetry (at 69) appear from said publisher. And I could give dozens of other cases showing how what happens in the capital continues to resonate among a group that I deliberately set out to build up from 1958 onwards following the death of A R D Fairburn in 1957 which I saw at the time as the extinction of 1930s Modernism in New Zealand.

Citations

Citations substantiating and elaborating points made above  
The prescriptions I gave for poetry are stated in my *Notes to The Alexandrians*, Books 1-60, page 54, and the article 'The Literary Scene in 1968' which originally appeared in *Salient*, 24 May 1968.  
*Notes to The Alexandrians*, Books 1-60, page vi: "By late 1958 I had come to accept the existential motivation

expressed in the Germanic motto, Als ik kan ik vil. In this frame of mind I returned to literary activity....My strategy in this writing was to do what I could, without literary pretension or sophistication, simply in terms of the cultural background. Necessarily it was impersonal and objective, and drew on pop." and page xxviii: "I was convinced in the early 1960s that conditions on the literary scene in Aotearoa were right for a new start....My critical stance to our literary predecessors at this point, 1965-1966, was dismissive; but it is fair to say that at least the new start which I wanted to see was in place."

*Coleridge's Definition of Poetry Biographia Literaria*, Chapter 14, pages 148-150, in the Everyman edition: "A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having this object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part."

The four poems of Mark Young I read recently were in *Falsely Goethe* (2007), pages 5-8: Day One, Day Two, Day Three, Day Four.

Mark Young's 1959 poem published in the *New Zealand Listener* was 'Lizard', reprinted in *Big Smoke* pages 42-3, giving *New Zealand Listener* (11 December 1959) for original publication. The note on page 342 is in error about the year.

*Experiment 7* no date 1960, Mark Young as editor writes only a short editorial.

*Experiment 8* no date 1961? includes four poems by Mark Young.  
*Argot* Vol 2 No 4 = *Argot 9* October 1963, edited by John Parkyn, includes four poems by Mark Young.

Mark Young was the editor of *Argot 10*, February-April 1964, where he appears as translator of a poem by Paul Eluard; and of *Argot 11*, May-June 1964, in which Dennis List first appears with a story; and of *Argot 12*, October 1964, in which Young appears as translator of three poems by Paul Eluard.

Louis Johnson's *New Zealand Poetry Yearbook* 1964 includes Mark Young as

a new contributor with one poem 'The Quarrel'.

Dennis List was one of the editors of *Argot 13*, Autumn 1965, which includes three poems by Mark Young who is described as a former editor of *Argot*, now at Auckland. *Argot 14*, Winter 1965, had the same editors and includes Bill Manhire's poem 'Threnody' with a profile of him as a new contributor. *Argot 17*, August 1967, includes a poem by Niel Wright.

Comment on Dick Bird

DICK BIRD'S NEW ZEALAND CRICKET POEMS

In this Summer issue of *Poetry Notes* and with the ICC Cricket World Cup approaching, it seems appropriate to include a cricket-related article.

At a book fair, Mark Pirie bought for PANZA a collection of poems and writings by New Zealand poet Dick Bird, an emigrant from England, privately published in 1984. There is no ISBN and no copy in the National Library of New Zealand. He is the near namesake of famous English umpire Dickie Bird. Two cricket poems (as well as rugby verses) c1970s are amongst his collected newspaper poetry:

Dick Bird

UNTITLED

In these toilsome, troubled times  
There are international crimes  
Which may cause an Englishman to  
raise his brow,  
Things like famine, fire and food  
And revolutions, spilling blood,  
These are things he understands and  
will allow.

But what he cannot tolerate  
Is one filled with hate  
That he deserves no place upon this  
earth,  
Understanding not the cricket  
He mutilates the wicket  
By digging into spots of sacred turf.

Such crime is so unreasonable  
 It's definitely unseasonable  
 Without the slightest wit of rhyme or  
 reason  
 No-one could be that bad  
 Unless, of course, he's mad,  
 I mean to say – this is the cricket  
 season.

### WELL BOWLED, SIR

There was an age in times serene  
 When cricket on the village green  
 Was a gentle game, all vicars, tea and  
 tents.

But we've left that age behind  
 And the game today, we find,  
 Is much more warlike, savage and  
 intense.

Today each bowler must have pace,  
 He must show he hates the human race,  
 He must also love the art of bodyline.  
 So that each express rip-snorter  
 Will cut off the batsman's water  
 Or at least push all his ribs back through  
 his spine.

He must giggle, grin and chuckle  
 As he sees each batsman buckle,  
 Be convinced each ball will triumph  
 over bat.  
 And when his victim's lying prone,  
 Just survey each broken bone.  
 Then smile and quietly ask, "Howzat?"

Poems © Dick Bird 1984

(from Dick Bird's *Writings and Poems*,  
 1984)

**Dennis (Dick) William Bird** (1925-84), was born in Tottenham, London, England, and emigrated to New Zealand in July 1950. He worked for the Railways Workshop, Woburn, Lower Hutt, and then moved to Auckland where he was married in 1951. He spent 33 of his 34 New Zealand years working for the Post Office and living in various areas of New Zealand with his wife and children. He published his poetry in a regular newspaper column for a regional (probably a Central Hawke's Bay) newspaper. He lived during that period in Waipukurau. His family as a memorial posthumously published his writings in 1984 after he

died from cancer. His booklet contains around 160 popular rhyming verses c1973-1984.

## Classic New Zealand poetry

This issue's classic New Zealand poetry is by New Zealand children's writer and poet Dorothy Gard'ner (1884-1955) and is contributed by Rowan Gibbs:

Dorothy Maitland Gard'ner was born in Avonside, Christchurch, on October 18th 1884. Her parents, Maitland and Kate Gard'ner, had arrived in Christchurch from London in 1883, moving to Dunedin in 1899 where Dorothy attended St Hilda's Collegiate School. Hers was a large musical family – her father, originally a merchant and run-owner, had studied and taught music in London, and became a leading local singer, singing teacher and choirmaster, and was also an amateur actor and playwright; his wife Kate accompanied him on the piano, and Dorothy's sisters Cecily and Helen were accomplished singers. Dorothy was acting at age 15 but a lengthy illness prevented her from going to university; however by 1902 she was teaching music in Dunedin and singing (soprano) in concerts. In 1910 she moved to Melbourne spending three months learning musical comedy with Clarke and Meynell, then in March 1911 joined Edward Branscombe's 'Frolics' troupe in Perth; the company included English comedian Cuthbert Rose whom she would marry. She and Cuthbert later played in Branscombe's 'Blue Dandies' and 'Violet Dandies' companies, touring widely in Australia and New Zealand. Dorothy was known for her vivaciousness and versatility, very popular as a comedienne, singer, mimic, and "monolingualist", and she wrote and co-wrote a number of sketches, songs and recitations for the company. In her five years with the Dandies she became one of the earliest female stage producers in Australia.

She and Cuthbert then went on the Fuller vaudeville circuit, and in the summer of 1917 started the 'Pebbles' company, centred in Geelong and touring through Victoria. In July that year they left for what was to be a six-month engagement with the Steel-Payne Bellringers in South Africa, but they settled there, successfully touring comedy shows and pantomimes and then founding a school of elocution in Johannesburg. Cuthbert (born in Cornwall in 1879) died there in 1946 and Dorothy in 1955.

Much of what Dorothy wrote was produced on stage but little was published. She wrote a number of short stories, which appeared in Australian periodicals, and published a book of her plays and two books of poems: *Pierrot, and other poems for recitation* (Adelaide, 1916); *Verses for South African children; grown up, or otherwise* (Pretoria: Van Schaik, 1936); and *Little Modern Plays for Girls* (London: Harrap 1939). (No copies are held by New Zealand libraries.)



Miss Marguerite Leroy and Miss Dorothy Gard'ner in the "Rendezvous" duet (*New Zealand Free Lance*, Volume XV, Issue 783, 7 May 1915, page 28)

### Song and poem by Dorothy Gard'ner

**SECRETS**, words by Dorothy Gard'ner; music by Clifton Boanas

A little bird has told me, sweet,  
 That, should I offer you a flower,  
 You would accept my rose, and meet  
 Me in the gleaming twilight hour.

A little bird has told me, love,  
That, should I offer you my heart,  
As steadfast as the heavens above,  
We should be one, no more to part.

Love of my soul, I love you,  
God grant the little bird speaks true.

**LONELINESS**

Alone! What meaning in that word  
To those who understand it right!  
The bitter longing for a friend –  
For sympathy in life’s hard fight.  
Oh lonely souls upon the earth,  
Who meet with friendship but to part,  
Where do you hold your silent sway?  
What is true loneliness of heart?

Is he a truly lonely soul –  
A sailor on the mighty deep,  
When far away from sight of land  
As evening shadows round him creep?  
The rolling waters are his friends,  
The heavens above with stars aglow.  
All nature bears him company,  
True loneliness he does not know.

Alone at dawn on a hill-top fair,  
No living soul for miles around,  
The very stillness breathing prayer,  
A lark’s sweet hymn the only sound,  
Is this the meaning of the word?  
My own soul sends its answer straight –  
“Alone with God is not alone –  
“I hold communion with the Great!”

But stand at noon in a busy street  
And watch the crowd as they pass along,  
With never a face you know to greet,  
A stranger among that seething throng;  
In all those hurrying hundreds there  
You stand alone – as one apart,  
No hand outstretched in friendship’s  
cause –  
That is true loneliness of heart.

(from *Pierrot, and other poems for recitation*)

# Tribute to Les Cleveland

**WAR’S DARK LAUGHTER:  
A TRIBUTE TO LES CLEVELAND  
by Mark Pirie**

I would like to make a mention of the passing of Les Cleveland (1921-2014), a tireless worker for poetry in the field of war verse. A nice and revealing piece on Les by Michael Jackson featured recently in *New Zealand Books* (Winter, 2014).

My own memorable encounter with Les came as a student in a Modern Poetry lecture in 1993. Les was our speaker on war verse, and that was following on from our study of Maurice Shadbolt’s play *Chunuk Bair* in my first year at Victoria University of Wellington.

I’ve certainly come in to contact with a large portion of New Zealand’s war verse since then through the Poetry Archive in Wellington.

We’ve uncovered all sorts of interesting war verse by little known poets, of varying quality. The Turnbull and Hocken collections contain a fair amount of troopship journals containing war verses. PapersPast is full of war verse up to 1945 from different wars going back to the 19th century.

Les Cleveland certainly left a lasting legacy in this field with his publications of soldiers’ verses and songs and work on soldier poets like the underrated H W Gretton. *The Iron Hand: New Zealand Soldiers’ Poems From World War II* is in PANZA.

Les’s work and others compelled me to write on Harold Gretton myself. But to return to that lecture at Vic that Harry Ricketts had organised, I was sitting in the lecture row listening to Les’s marvellous talk. Feeling sadness at the war at the deaths of so many, I composed a poem ‘Lines on War Verse’, not a very good poem I’d say. It was archived in *Trespassing in Dionysia* along with other early poems I felt best to leave out of commercial

collections. Nevertheless, I showed a copy of the poem to Les. It went:

Lament!  
Lament!  
For I hear the laughter,

the shell-shocked laughter  
of the blood soaked cabaret.

The following year, Les published the overseas study, *Dark Laughter: War in Song and Popular Culture*.

Years later, I rewrote that poem in 2003 for *Bullet Poems*, a collection dealing with big topics like war.

Here’s the poem, which I would like to reprint in memory of Les Cleveland, a fine scholar and man. It’s interesting that I called it ‘The Great Wars’ because I felt both wars deserved remembrance.

**THE GREAT WARS**

*After reading Tony Beyer’s ‘El Mreir’*

When I grew up, war verse and war  
were a thing of the past.  
Now it was peacetime in the suburbs,  
everything pleasant and warm;

trees grew and flowers blazed, and  
conversation revolved around  
the latest appliances, new cars, fashion  
clothes, the size of your salary

and perks. But reading your poem, I  
hear you speak of another time,  
that other age that cast a black shadow  
over our history; ‘The Great Wars’,

‘the losses’, those boys who never made  
it home or came ashore but drowned  
or died bleeding in the desert in North  
Africa or face-down on the jungle floor

deep in the Pacific. And often I think  
that their fate could’ve been my own,  
sitting here as a young man with your  
poem in my hand. And I thought

of a lecture I once sat through on War  
Verse at Victoria, just a kid of 20,  
and hearing the shouts, the brave jokes,  
the muffled screams, the charges

I reached for my pen that day and, as a means of escape, composed a meagre verse, simply calling it 'the blood soaked cabaret'.

Peace be with you, Les.

#### Bibliography

Cleveland, L. *Dark Laughter: War in Song and Popular Culture* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 1994.).

- *The Iron Hand: New Zealand Soldiers' Poems From World War II* (Wellington, Wai-te-ata Press, 1979).

Pirie, Mark. *Bullet Poems* (Paekakariki: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop, 2004).

**Mark Pirie**, author of this article, is a New Zealand poet, editor, publisher and archivist for PANZA.

## Further comment on Robert J Pope

### ROBERT J POPE'S PLACE IN NEW ZEALAND POETRY

by Bill Sutton

Recently I started reading and thinking about poetry again, after a lengthy break, and as part of that have re-read *King Willow: Selected Poems* by Robert J Pope edited by Mark Pirie and also several anthologies that include work by several of Pope's contemporaries. I wanted to better understand my own very luke-warm response to Pope's poetry, which I felt was not entirely to do with his writing period (1902-1944) and political views.

Let me first say there are several of Pope's poems I do like, e.g. 'Australia and New Zealand', 'The Trial', 'Manners on the Trams', 'The Washer Lady's Wail' and 'Day in Peace is Dying' (as a song).

And there are several other Pope poems I somewhat like, including 'The Derelict', 'Wanted, a Leader', 'A Nazi Prayer', 'Shingled', 'Ode to the Cost of Living', 'The All Blacks' and 'The "Star" '.

The best of Pope seems to me to be fully as good as poems by Henry Jacobs (1824-1901), William Stenhouse (1841-1923), Frederick Napier Broome (1842-

96), Jessie MacKay (1864-1938), David McKee Wright (1867-1928), Hubert Church (1857-1932), and D H Rogers (1865-1933), included in *An Anthology of New Zealand Verse* (1956) selected by Robert Chapman and Jonathan Bennett. However, none of Pope's poems, in my opinion, can stand alongside any of the poems by his numerous English contemporaries included in *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse* (1973), chosen by Philip Larkin, which was for many years my standard poetry read. That of course doesn't explain why Chapman and Bennett ignored Pope. Allen Curnow's anthologies are in my opinion a special case, not only because his own poetry is so very good, but because, at least in his *Penguin Book of New Zealand Verse*, he stated very clearly his criteria for including several earlier poets he did not himself admire, and I can't personally see how Pope's poetry could have satisfied Curnow's criteria.

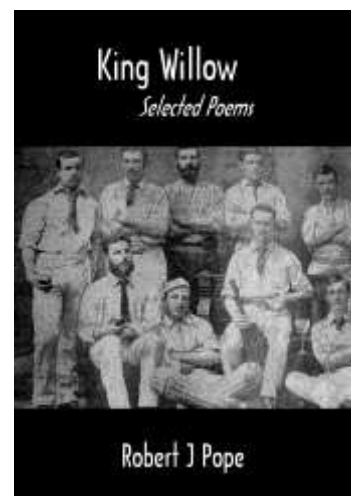
That doesn't of course mean that Curnow wouldn't have appreciated some of them, especially the humorous ones. Pirie quite rightly has mentioned the Whim Wham poems, which my own parents used to read with great appreciation when I was a boy. Some of Pope's humorous efforts do stand comparison with the Whim Wham poems. The only time I ever met Allen, in The Beehive, I was immediately struck by his sense of humour, something I hadn't anticipated. Why didn't Pope get into other earlier New Zealand poetry anthologies, 1906-1930? Pirie has pointed to unfortunate timing [Pope belonged to an earlier generation of the 1880s and had mainly a regional readership via newspapers under the initials 'R.J.P.'], but it's difficult to determine.

Even so, can Pope simply remain ignored? I don't think so. Where Pope should still be included is, firstly, in New Zealand anthologies of sporting poetry – like *A Tingling Catch* and *Touchlines*. And he has been so included, by both Pirie and Ron Palenski. Secondly, in any comprehensive anthology of New Zealand light and humorous verse. This would only, I fear, bring Pope to the attention of those with an historical interest, because Pope's sense of humour may seem dated. But he

shouldn't be excluded on quality grounds.

And let me conclude by saying again how much I admire the hard work Mark Pirie has put into researching and preparing Pope's selected poems for publication.

**Bill Sutton** is a Hawke's Bay poet, who has been a scientist and politician in his working life. His first collection *Jabberwocky* was published by Steele Roberts this year.



*King Willow: Selected Poems*  
by Robert J Pope edited by Mark Pirie  
(HeadworX, 2012)

*Postscript* by Niel Wright:

### A NOTE ON ROBERT J POPE by Niel Wright

The New Zealand poet Robert J Pope was born in 1865 the same year as W B Yeats. So how does he stack up against Yeats?

Yeats died in January 1939 so did not see World War II. Pope lived to 1949, and wrote poems in 1939 that actually reflect and helped to define the attitudes the New Zealand public took to WWII. I was there as a child and picked them up at the time. Bill Sutton also responds to such poems of Pope.

Yeats's earliest poems appeared in print in 1885, and there are readers who rate Yeats's work at its best down to 1911.

Pope’s surviving notebooks give poems he wrote from 1902. But Mark Pirie notes that Pope’s home burnt down in 1911, and manuscripts and records of poems prior to that date may have perished. So I would not be surprised if fugitive poems of Pope’s do turn up from 1885 on.

After 1911 Yeats’s poetry developed towards Modernism, with C K Stead increasingly critical of such work of Yeats in *Pound, Yeats, Eliot and the Modernist Movement*. So Mark Pirie’s selection of Robert J Pope’s poems *King Willow* gives us the opportunity to see how an exact contemporary of Yeats evolved as a poet in the Modernist era since 1911. The comparison may well be to Pope’s advantage. To get the measure of Yeats in the 21st century see the selection by Michael Hulse and Simon Rae in *The 20th Century in Poetry*.

### New publication: *When Harry Met Marion* by Rowan Gibbs

This year researcher Rowan Gibbs published a very interesting book about the forgotten figure Harry W Emmet. Rowan sent us a brief biography of Emmet for *Poetry Notes*:

Harry Emmet (born Henry William Denby in London in 1858) had a successful stage career in New Zealand, Australia and America between 1876 and his early death in New York in 1896. He arrived in Lyttelton aged 18 in August 1876 and first went on stage in November that year, touring round New Zealand and then Australia. He was known for his versatility – actor, comedian, singer, stage manager, journalist, playwright, librettist, songwriter and poet. In Dunedin in 1876 he took part in the first public performance of ‘God Defend New Zealand’ and in 1885 wrote the libretto for ‘Angelica’, advertised as the first New Zealand opera. He travelled to California via Hawaii in 1886, then moved to New York where he lived in “Tin Pan

Alley”, continuing to act and writing plays, poetry, and a host of popular songs, before succumbing to alcohol and tuberculosis the day after his 40th birthday.

An account of Harry’s career, and those of his two actress wives, Marion Melrose and Irene Leslie, and many other stage people whose paths he crossed, is given in *When Harry Met Marion*, by Rowan Gibbs (Wellington: Smith’s Bookshop Ltd, 2014; ISBN 9780987668424; \$40; email: [rowan.gibbs@paradise.net.nz](mailto:rowan.gibbs@paradise.net.nz)). Rowan didn’t include his songs and poems in the book but he has sent them to us for inclusion here.

#### TRUE FRATERNITY

Do I know what’s Fraternity?  
You’d better ask me rather  
If I know I had a mother?  
If I think I had a father?  
If I e’er believe the world has bad  
As well as better leaven?  
If I hope to die a happy death?  
Or long to live in Heaven?

D’ye see this chap along with me?  
We both had different mothers;  
But there ain’t no parents in the world  
That ever bore such brothers.  
He’s handsome? Yes, a lovely face.  
He’s lame? Too well I know it:  
That sorrow knit our hands – our hearts –  
If you listen, sir, I’ll show it.

We both were only workingmen  
Not far, sir, from this quarter.  
Bob used to carry up the bricks,  
I carted up the mortar.  
Together oft we’d smoke a pipe  
And things went like a bell, sir,  
Till Bob – he lov’d a girl with whom  
I fell in love as well, sir.

’Twas once at dinner-time, we sat  
Upon a brick-pile, eating,  
When a pretty girl came tripping by  
And gave me a sort of greeting.  
Bob – he flush’d right up to the eyes,  
I sort of palpitated;  
I look’d at him, he look’d at me,  
And we knew we both were fated.

We both were young, we both were  
spruce,  
We both were sort of witty;  
And though we look’d so rough at work,  
We often turned out pretty.  
And soon – in time – we came to know  
The girl that slightly bowed;  
But where the sky had been so bright  
For us was now a cloud.

True; Woman’s love’s as tender as  
The ivy round the oak, sir;  
But man’s love’s fierce, like lions, and –  
Well, lions seldom joke, sir.  
And where we’d both been spruce and  
nice  
We now looked rough and hulky;  
And where we’d been all smiles and  
jokes  
We now were naught but sulky.

She fancied him: I fancied her,  
And felt at him so vicious  
That love and hate both shared my breast  
With passion so capricious.  
One day, when up the ladder high,  
Just as we near’d the top, sir,  
I push’d him – as by accident –  
And heard my rival drop, sir.

I hurried down as quick as light;  
Remorse already fill’d me:  
And when I saw the horrid sight  
It very nearly kill’d me.  
I curs’d all those who near me came,  
I curs’d myself that miss’d him,  
Then took him up and carried him,  
And, as I carried, kiss’d him.

I nurs’d him nights; I nurs’d him days;  
I pray’d to God to save him;  
And begg’d instead that I might get  
The fearful blow I gave him.  
At last – at last we pull’d him through,  
He’d cross’d the fearful ripple,  
But though his heart beat just as true,  
His body was a cripple.

One night, as by the fire we sat,  
A mate came in and told us  
That she for whom love rous’d our hate  
Was false, and had but sold us;  
Without a thought for crippled Bob  
Or poor, remorseful Ned, sir,  
With some more wealthy gilded youth  
That very night she’d fled, sir.

I look'd at Bob; Bob look'd at me  
 And all our eyes were leaking;  
 I grasp'd his hand, and he grasp'd mine,  
 And we shook them without speaking:  
 And now, when joy or trouble comes  
 We both together mix it;  
 And if that ain't Fraternity  
 It's near as I can fix it.

San Francisco, March 26, 1887

(Published *San Francisco Wasp*,  
 26 March 1887, page 5)

Extracts from Harry's libretto for  
*Angelica*:

**Opening lines**  
**Villagers' Chorus**

Fresh as larks are we,  
 All the live-long day;  
 Hoping none will see us  
 At this pleasant play.  
 Nature fresh and fair,  
 Smiling soft and low,  
 Drives away all care  
 As on we gaily go.

Someone has told her  
 That we have sold her,  
 Black we are painted. Ah me.  
 His love she's hating,  
 Reasons not stating,  
 Once he was sainted. Ah me.  
 Oh, go away, and never come again.  
 No longer stay; your presence brings  
 but pain.  
 [ ... ]  
 Hang it! dash it!! blow it!!!  
 As if I ought not to know it.  
 This girl to marry for our fun,  
 And swears she hates us all—by gum.  
 Whatever has the rascal done?  
 Like me, he thought he'd chance it.  
 Oh hang it! dash it!! blow it!!!

**Finale**

*Chorus*: Treasuries of Fairies  
 Never in rhyming story  
 Show half the care  
 Is taken with age's glory.  
*Quintette*: Time rolls on,  
 And curls are gone;  
 Eyes are dim,  
 And faces wan.

*Chorus*: Still angels smiling,  
 Hover round us gaily;  
 Old age beguiling,  
 Making us live on gaily.

from: *Angelica: Opera Comique in  
 Three Acts* ("Libretto of the  
 Opera"). [Christchurch]: Printed at the  
 Caxton, 1885 (Alexander Turnbull  
 Library collection).

**PARTNERS IN POVERTY**

How do we come to be partners,  
 When we ain't got a cent in the world?  
 Well, it isn't the gaudiest colors  
 That cut the best figure unfurled:  
 It isn't the loftiest mountain  
 That brings the most good to the creek;  
 And the tie that's the truest and strongest  
 Is oft 'twixt the humble and meek.

There ain't no offense meant to you, sir,  
 Because you're arrayed in fine clothes.  
 It was honor that kept us such  
 partners –  
 That's riches that very few knows.  
 We mates had a poor ruined cabin  
 Beside an old broken-down claim;  
 As for eating – we'd almost forgot to –  
 And drinking was only in name.

But sometimes came a bright girlish  
 creature,  
 And brought enough food to exist;  
 We'd just learnt to love her like fathers,  
 When we heard she'd been suddenly  
 miss'd.  
 She'd fled from her home in the camp,  
 sir,  
 With a stranger, both handsome and  
 rich –  
 Then we soon got so weak and so weary  
 That we scarcely knew t'other from  
 which.

It's a hard thing to sit still with hunger,  
 And know you must meet him each  
 day.  
 We were too old to look after work, sir,  
 Also crippled to wander away.  
 But one night we heard "Thud!" at the  
 cabin,  
 And we opened the door, and look'd  
 round;  
 There she was, sir, all damp and  
 bedraggl'd –  
 Our darling – full length on the ground.

We hurried her in, and in whispers  
 She told us her story at last –  
 'Twas the old tale of love and desertion,  
 Through which so many angels have  
 passed.  
 She knew she'd done wrong, but we  
 couldn't  
 Reproach her as dying she lay;  
 But we just held her hands and each  
 other's,  
 And listen'd to all she'd to say.

She gave us a package, and told us  
 'Twas marriage lines. Asked us to find  
 The boy babe from her they had stolen,  
 When wicked love ceased to be blind –  
 And a wondrous strength seemed to  
 come o'er us  
 As we solemnly knelt by her side,  
 And in her cause swore to be partners –  
 Faint, she smiled back her thanks, and  
 – then died.

She was buried by some of the people;  
 And then we marched out on our vow:  
 Old paupers, we tramped the world  
 over,  
 And we've just kept on tramping till  
 now.  
 Want to look at the package? Well,  
 here, sir;  
 What's that you say? She was your –  
 what?  
 Your mother! Thank God; then, we've  
 found you;  
 We knew that the truth must be got.

Keep on shaking hands? Yes! Oh no,  
 sir,  
 'Tain't money as pays for our will;  
 'Twas gratitude forced us to find you,  
 And we're partners in poverty still.  
 Remember that she was an angel!  
 Good-bye, sir, we've only one claim –  
 That there's some as does goodness by  
 stealth, sir,  
 And blushes to find it out fame.

San Francisco, March 19, 1887.

(Published *San Francisco Wasp*,  
 19 March 1887, page 5)

**TRUE LOVE THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND:** Words by Harry W. Emmet; Music by Chas. B. Ward.

A maiden her fate was bemoaning,  
'Neath the shade of the wide-spreading  
yews,  
And half to herself she was owning  
She knew not which lover to choose.  
"Oh! tell me," she cried in her anguish,  
"Is affection a smile or a sigh?  
Can I find love that never will languish?"  
The leaves whispered down this reply:

*Chorus*

Love in the springtime is young,  
Love in the summer is bold;  
Love in the autumn with mem'ries is  
hung,  
Love in the winter is cold;  
But whether in sunshine or storm,  
Love everywhere may be found,  
And love has no reason, whatever the  
season,  
But true love's the whole year round.

A little bird paused there for shelter,  
And a shower was arising so bad,  
The raindrops came down with a pelter,  
And poor little birdie looked sad.  
But when the storm ceased, once more  
cheerful,  
The sweet bird spread his bright wings  
again,  
And to that little maiden, still tearful,  
He chirruped this selfsame refrain:—

*Chorus*

Love in the springtime is young,  
Love in the summer is bold;  
Love in the autumn with mem'ries is  
hung,  
Love in the winter is cold;  
But whether in sunshine or storm,  
Love everywhere may be found,  
And love has no reason, whatever the  
season,  
But true love's the whole year round.

## Errata: Issue 19

Noeline Gannaway's poem 'To a Friend' was first published in the *NZ Listener*, 1968, not "c1971" as she first recorded in *Poetry Notes*, Spring 2014.

## New publication by PANZA member: *Poems for my Father* by Mark Pirie

Title: **Poems for my Father**  
Author: **Mark Pirie**  
ISBN 978-0-473-29038-2  
Price: \$15.00  
Extent: 16 pages  
Format: 148mmx210mm  
Publication: July 2014  
Publisher: The Night Press (a division  
of HeadworX)

### About the Book

*Poems for my Father* is a collection of Mark Pirie's poems for, about, and including his father. The poems form a sequence written between 1993 and 2008 and cover a range of subjects from childhood travels to family portraits and reunions. Leo the MGM lion, American President George Washington, and the Great Diviner of the Pyramid in Uxmal, Mexico form unlikely starting points for Mark Pirie's experiences. His father is ever in the picture.

### Contents:

- Poem to my Father
- Slippers
- My Father's Library
- Mt Vernon's Secret
- The Rescue
- Incident
- From San Francisco Sonnets
- The park
- Getting the Job Done
- Family Portrait
- Ice Cream, Oriental Bay
- My Father
- Riverton Beach Poem
- Leaving Dunedin, with my Father (1999)

The Night Press is a division/imprint of HeadworX Publishers and publishes the poetry journal *broadsheet* and occasional chapbooks/mini books.

### About the Author

**Mark Pirie** is an internationally published New Zealand poet, editor, writer and publisher. In 2010, he edited the successful anthology of NZ cricket poetry *A Tingling Catch* (foreword by Don Neely) and currently writes its offshoot blog *Tingling Catch*. More on Mark Pirie at his website: [www.markpirie.com](http://www.markpirie.com)

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Janet Charman – *At the White Coast* by Janet Charman.

Jack Ross – *A clearer view of the Hinterland* by Jack Ross.

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New Zealand Poetry Society – *Take Back Our Sky* annual anthology for 2014.

Mark Pirie – *How to be Dead in a Year of Snakes* by Chris Tse.

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.



# About the Poetry Archive

## *Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)*

### **PANZA contains**

A unique Archive of NZ published poetry, with around five thousand titles from the 19th century to the present day. The Archive also contains photos and paintings of NZ poets, publisher's catalogues, poetry ephemera, posters, reproductions of book covers and other memorabilia related to NZ poetry and poetry performance.

### **Wanted**

NZ poetry books (old & new)  
Other NZ poetry items i.e. critical books on NZ poetry, anthologies of NZ poetry, poetry periodicals and broadsheets, poetry event programmes, posters and/or prints of NZ poets or their poetry books.  
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POETRY! SEND IT TO PANZA**

### **PANZA will offer:**

- Copies of NZ poetry books for private research and reading purposes.
  - Historical information for poets, writers, journalists, academics, researchers and independent scholars of NZ poetry.
  - Photocopying for private research purposes.
  - Books on NZ poetry and literary history, and CD-ROMs of NZ poetry and literature.
  - CDs of NZ poets reading their work.
- You can assist the preservation of NZ poetry by becoming one of the Friends of the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA ).  
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### **Contact Details**

Poetry Archive of NZ Aotearoa  
(PANZA)  
1 Woburn Road, Northland, Wellington  
Dr Niel Wright - Archivist  
(04) 475 8042

Dr Michael O'Leary - Archivist  
(04) 905 7978  
email: pukapuka@paradise.net.nz

### **Visits welcome by appointment**

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Mark Pirie (HeadworX), Roger Steele (Steele Roberts Ltd), Michael O'Leary (Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop) and Niel Wright (Original Books).

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