

## Robert Burns Poetry Competition – Unpublished Category

### 1st place winner

The Collier's Shadow  
by Christina Hulbe, Opoho, Dunedin

*(an air to the tune of My Collier Laddie)*

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?  
Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

Time rolls on in thick green hills  
I follow like my father.  
The blood black thread, the riverbed,  
Draw we men and earth together.  
The blood black thread, the riverbed,  
Draw we men and earth together.

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?  
Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

Ember sun, when low it sinks  
Calm, clear at dawn tomorrow.  
But like the mine, it turns in time  
'Til it turns again, we borrow.  
But like the mine, it turns in time  
'Til it turns again, we borrow.

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?  
Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

No prospect now for profit made  
Say the colliers' way is ending  
Not for the poison'd men or air,  
But for the dealer's mending.  
Not for the poison'd men or air,  
But for the dealer's mending.

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?

Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

Gone are those who cleared the way,  
Who from darkness chased the night.  
Gone too are those that never chose  
But took the work they might.  
Gone too are those that never chose  
But took the work they might.

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?  
Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

Come down now my father's line,  
We're not bound to others' folly.  
But the ghosts all drowned when the mine shut down  
And won't be here to guide me.  
But the ghosts all drowned when the mine shut down  
And won't be here to guide me.

How live ye my brawlie lad  
Where do you cast your shadow?  
Out on the strand where sea meets land  
Tho' I cannot say tomorrow.

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner

### Tae Carin An' Sharin

by Stewart Webster, Dalmore, Dunedin

Sae Dunedin is a Gigatoon,  
Och aye, that's quite a feat!  
Wi' broadband here, an' wi-fi tae,  
Tae mak oor lives complete.

The Internet is oors tae own,  
In a' its breedth an'wunner,  
As fest as licht in tae yir hoose,  
It streams in frae oot yunner.

Aye, frae cyberspace it streams richt in,  
Tae places big and sma,  
Nae place is free, nae place immune,  
Nae place, nae place at a'!

It fu's maist mins' wi yisless trash,  
An' things that dinnae matter,  
Like lemmings thir a' drawn tae it,  
Tae min'less empty clatter !

Minwhile, the real wurld close tae hame,  
Fur mony seems sae dauntin,  
Nae internet connection there,  
Tae numb the pain an' wantin

Wi auld fowk sittin a' alane,

In cold an' empty places,  
An' wee yins ga'en aff tae schuil,  
In threidbare claes, worn shoes an' socks,  
An' dour wee hardened faces!

An' the floods in Sooth Dunedin,  
Drove mony frae thir hame,  
The drookit souls, thi lost it a'  
An' Nature took a' the blame !

While ithers hae nae work tae dae,  
Thi weel-shod rake in wealth  
An multiply their assets fine,  
Thir fortunes grow wi stealth !

Aye, life's a sair fecht a' the time,  
Fur them that fa' behind,  
The sick, the lame, the hameless fowk,  
An' ithers o' thir kind.

Am nae religious, nae not a bit,  
Bit somethin's wrang I fear,  
When some hae muckle an' ithers hae neane,  
Noo that Gigatoon is here !

Aye, Gigatoon will tak us on,  
Tae a future fu' o' winner  
But mony will be left behind,  
An' simply left tea ponder,  
Whit the future huids fur them,

As thir quietly ga'en under!

Aye, when a' is said and done ye ken

It's nae yer stash that metters,

Sae, gie a wee bit every day,

An' care fur them in tatters.

Sae when ye reach the ither side,

An staun afore oor Makker,

Ye'll bi sae welcome tae abide,

Wi' mony guid fowk up there,

Fur it's nae whit ye hae that'll get ye in,

Bit hou much ye cared tae share!

In this Gigatoon o' oors !

End

3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner

Written at War Memorial Archway ANZAC Century  
Commemoration 2015, Veterans Passing The Baton of  
Responsibility to Youth.

By Alex Familton, Palmerston

One hundred years of ANZAC brace,  
Guarding freedoms for the human race.  
Their first century was of loss and gain;  
Freedom wrought through searing pain.

Today we gather our wee village;  
Ne'er subject to assault or pillage.  
Auld comrades speak in stifled tone,  
Around our Archway of solid stone.

Names engraved in marble and mind:  
By foreign villages - bodies enshrined.  
Veterans look through memory's Arch,  
Feeling the throb as thousands march,  
Through jagged ruins and battle reek,  
'round broken bodies and hostile peak.  
Memories of precipice the edge o' life;  
Tension in caring for comrade's strife.  
Tyrants cruel-grinding all that is just,  
Until themselves - ground to dust!

Pipers and band rend a soulful tune,  
pulses race faster; nobody's immune.  
Chords spiral and roll 'round the burn,  
We remember those who didn't return.  
They're away forever but ever here,  
And in a spiral of music they appear.  
And in the valley below as blossom fills,  
Hear the peaceful call of the bellbird trills.

But Thor is poised - ready to plunder;  
In a flash appear on a spiral of thunder.  
Harsh tyrants poised and ready to go,  
With the poison claw of evil crow.  
Ready to slay and foil and pinion,  
In attempt to build foul dominion

By little villages our slain are laid  
Sheltered by their honour'd shade  
Veterans speak after sober thought  
Of sacrifice and what was wrought

Veteran Quested, determined, frail;  
Steps upright; has learned not to fail.  
That's not tears but reflection of pride,  
As grandson Callum steps to his side.  
Squarely binding the family with nation;  
On the level for the first presentation.  
"This Matai baton from a mighty tree,

Durable and resilient for next century,  
On the path of life may you finally see,  
Democracy bury remnants of tyranny.  
May you play your part and trust in God,  
You're present at the finish to turn the sod"

Rangatira Ellison, Veteran of trust:  
Honest and brave; knows what's just.  
He stepped up - deliberate advance,  
With lamp in hand and kindly glance;  
Dignified and recognised in Maori cloak;  
Turned to Madyson Witehira as he spoke:  
"This taonga, light, allows you to see,  
Ancestral paths leading to dignity.  
Na iwi katoa – work to set all free,  
With cultural emphasis next century"

Veteran Dunckley obeyed wartime call,  
With a sense of duty looked up to by all.  
With a certificate recording this day;  
To express the sound and genuine way.  
With passion she spoke, very moving,  
To Olivia Ollerenshaw leader proven.  
"On life's path we can be cruelly tripped!  
Adding reality to this special script;  
Describing leadership just and kind,  
with wisdom as the crowning bind"



The people gathered quietly 'round,  
Witness to links so deeply profound.  
Baton; lamp; script: accepted with gratitude;  
By talented youth with a positive attitude.

Direct responses with clarity verbally;  
Commitment given fairly an' firmly.  
Mature response beyond their years;  
Towards the future - mitigating fears.

Youth run! Heaven be thy guide;  
Veterans, sage; are by your side.