

Winter in Lawrence

lays bare summer's secrets
unpainted weatherboards
undraped windows
behind sleeping trees

carpets dull bronze
turning to mulch
slippery underfoot

sweet wood and acrid coal
blanket damp houses

white sheep mud-grey
cattle hock-deep in mire
heads bowed to brassica

they graze baleage
eating the middle
like fresh bread.

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Edna Weedon grew up in Murupara, at the foot of the Ureweras in a valley intersected by the Rangitaiki and Whirinaki rivers, with the Kaingaroa Forest on the fringe. She writes:

I absorbed everything Nature offered, from black starry skies to hot hay-making summers, cold frosty winters, blossom-filled springs and wild windy autumns. My love of poetry began at primary school with daily readings from the school journal or a golden treasury of poems. I was very fortunate in having two teachers who taught and encouraged creative writing and thinking - John Hunia and Sonny Taare - both having passed on in recent years.

My poetry writing has been erratic since those long-ago school days and has been mainly for friends and family who give constant encouragement and support. In 2002 I completed the National Diploma in Journalism at Southern Institute of Technology, and in 2006 I completed the Advanced Certificate in Creative Writing at Aoraki Polytechnic (Dunedin) under the tutelage of Diane Brown.

Deep South is the first to publish my work. In early September one of my poems won third place in the Dan Davin Literary Foundation's poetry competition.

I am a member of a newly-formed writers' group in Invercargill - southern Scribes, whose aim is to support and encourage one another in our writing.