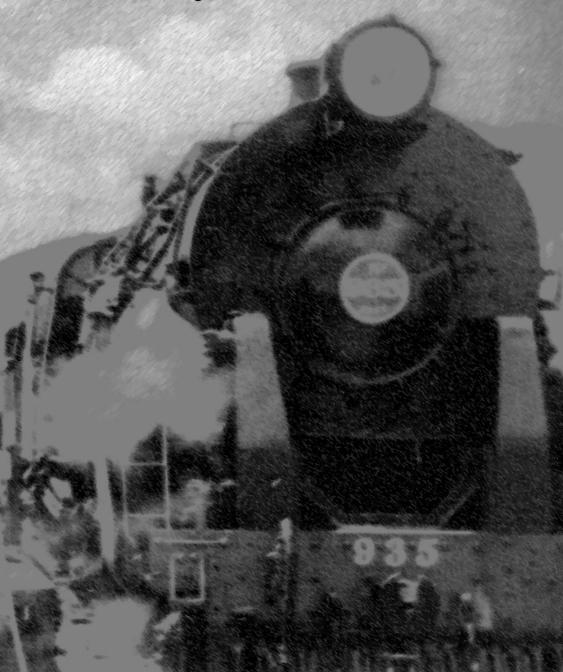
Rail Poems of New Zealand Aotearoa An Anthology — edited by Mark Pirie



The railway has been a dominant presence in New Zealand life for a century, connecting freight and people. In this new collection of rail poems, editor Mark Pirie presents a fresh and vibrant journey through many facets of the railway and explores its significance in our daily lives. Contributors include Fleur Adcock, Marilyn Duckworth, Michael O'Leary, F W N Wright, Kim Eggleston, Louis Johnson, Jan Kemp, Fiona Kidman, M K Joseph, Alistair Paterson and Peter Cape.

Rail Poems of New Zealand Aotearoa

EDITED BY

MARK PIRIE

PANZA
Wellington

Selection © 2010 Mark Pirie

Poems © in the names of the individual contributors

Cover Photo: F W N Wright private collection

Every effort has been made to trace the copyright holders. Information regarding those authors we were unable to contact can be forwarded to the publisher.

Edited/designed: Mark Pirie Printed by Massey Printery

Published by:

Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa

PO Box 6637

Marion Square

Wellington 6141

 $Website: \ http://poetry archivenz. word press. com$

in association with:

Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

PO Box 42, Paekakariki

Aotearoa, New Zealand

Email: pukapuka@paradise.net.nz Website: www.earlofseacliff.co.nz

ISBN 978-1-86942-119-9 (Print) ISBN 978-1-86942-147-2 (Online)

Contents

BEGINNINGS Anon	7
THE OKAIHAU EXPRESS Peter Cape	8
THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS Jean Hamilton Lennox	9
NIGHT TRAIN TO URBITON Alistair Paterson	10
LIVIN' INA AUCKLAN' Michael O'Leary	11
LOCOMOTIVE MAN'S "IF-" Scribbler	12
THE SHUNTER Will Lawson	13
OLD RAILWAY GUARD <i>Jan Kemp</i>	14
TRAIN Marilyn Duckworth	15
TRAIN SONG Fiona Kidman	15
ELEGY IN A CITY RAILYARD M.K. Joseph	16
TOFFEE AND BUNS Mark Pirie	17
RAILWAY TRAVELLER'S CALENDAR F.W.N. Wright	18
SONNET ON A PAINTING OF A STEAM	
TRAIN Mark Pirie	19
'STOKING ON THE "PAEKOK":' Will Lawson	20
NORTHLAND RAIL Simon Williamson	20
THE MOONLIT ECHOES Ron Riddell	21
COUNTRY STATION Fleur Adcock	22
TAUMARUNUI Peter Cape	23
From THE TRAIN Rhys Pasley	24
MANAWATU MEMORY Hugh Isdale	25
NORTH BEACH: RECOLLECTIONS OF SPRINGFIELD	
Hugh Isdale	26
WOMAN ON A TRAIN Roger Wrighton	27
STATION Kim Eggleston	28
SUBURBAN TRAIN Louis Johnson	29
LONE SHUNTER Stephen Oliver	30
NIGHT TRAIN Simon Williamson	31
WATCHING A FRIEND ON THE 'SOUTHERNER'	
SPEED THROUGH SEACLIFF HEADING NORTH	
Peter Olds	32
SOUTHERNERS CROSSING Michael O'Leary	33
About the Editor	34
Acknowledgements	34

Beginnings

Give us the railroads, Vogel!

Never heed detraction's cries,

The ties that link our state to wealth

Are certainly railroad ties.

Could narrow minds but have their way

They'd tear up each outbound track,

And leave us nought but a toll-bound bay,

With private jobs at their backs.

Give us the railroads, Vogel!
We need them one and all,
With them our state will grow rich and great,
Without them she will fall.
Over the mountains and over the plain,
North, south, east and west,
Twine and twine the priceless chain,
Over New Zealand's broad breast.

Penned in 1874, probably in a newspaper, recording controversy over Prime Minister Julius Vogel's decision to build a nationwide railway.

The Okaihau Express

She starts out from Otiria, the smallest train you've seen *This is the Okaihau Express*An engine and a guard's van, with a carriage in between *This is the Okaihau Express*

The driver doesn't worry if he takes the journey slow When he's driving the Okaihau Express

He's got all day to do it in, and thirty miles to go

Driving the Okaihau Express

She was going round the bend doing ten miles an hour The whistle began to shriek But she hit that bull in the middle of the brisket And the engine smelt of steak for a week

There's puppies in an apple box, pipis in a sack

Riding the Okaihau Express

But no-one knows the difference when they're dripping from the rack

Riding the Okaihau Express

She stops at Lake Omapere to take some water in This is the Okaihau Express

The fireman takes the bucket, the driver takes a swim This is the Okaihau Express

Okaihau to Otiria – it's just a single track,

When you're riding the Okaihau express

Can't turn her at the terminus, they just reverse her back

That's the Okaihau express

Peter Cape

The Midnight Express

Coupled with dreams is the ghostly cry
Of the flying night express
From a world of sleep to a stirring morn
From the shadowed hills to the plains of corn
Puffing and panting in dire distress —
Goes the passenger night express.

Who can tell of its human freight
What issues there are at stake
Of the trouble stored in a restless mind
Of the thrilled expectancy one would find
Flying the dark to a world awake —
On the passenger night express.

I only know when the iron horse
Of the gleaming rails goes through
That my dreams are stirred with the vague unrest
Of the wild romance of its eager quest
Know that I long to be travelling too –
With the passenger night express.

Jean Hamilton Lennox, NZ Railways Magazine, July 1933

Night Train to Urbiton

I am travelling South with two other men, both tall, both military, who talk with sombre gravity of history, war and politics (the arts that feed on blood and violence), of what happened to Corporal Jones last year

and of his red-haired wife Elizabeth, of how the Brigade is running down and the General grows short-tempered, fat ... After the meal we order beer while I listen and occasionally interject, attempt to steer the conversation

towards a common ground (something that might be appropriate to travellers and travelling, the lighted carriage, the way the rails slap, the clock moves round). They pretend to be interested and stare politely, silently back.

What are we talking about? Two tables away the young schoolmaster looks at his bride whose eyes are hugely black; we all move at the same pace invisibly from yesterday along tomorrow's track. Somewhere outside

the conversational trap, the void sweeps down smashing its way over mountains, bridges and broken stones, the windows display on rising ground sudden patches of light: Golgotha and the fourteen terrible Stations of the Cross.

Alistair Paterson

Livin' ina Aucklan'

all too soon it is over stepping down on to the platform (an almost perfect concrete curve of old-world technology) and watching the train move away towards the west like a memory of love

a railway is the most melancholy of transport modes and when you are aboard the motion is one of subtle love-making — as the train pulls out from the station you stepped down at ...

it is your lover leaving, rolling down the track

all this on a two minute trip to Avondale but I defend the suburban services saying romance is not confined to the Orient Express and Mount Albert is as important as Montmartre if you live there

once new and unknown love is like a railway ticket held in my hand but it has been clipped as I stand alone on wind-swept Avondale platform watching the train pull out of the station, I ...

Michael O'Leary

Locomotive Man's "If-"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you enjoy to dig and scrape among dirt that's not been touched for months
If you can lug and haul and shift a tub, that'd make a strong man grunt
If you can shovel coal and sand, muck and ash as if you were a Priestman Grab
Or "light up" on wood, in which was heard, not long since, the song of birds.
If you enjoy to go to work, when your cobbers go to bed
And go to bed while they enjoy, the sun that's overhead,
You've the makin's of a "Shiner" son or you're not right in the head.

By Scribbler, NZ Locomotive Engineers Association 75th Jubilee Booklet

The Shunter

The engine-bars are splashed and scarred – They've killed a shunter in the yard.

'He had never seen how he was struck
And he died sudden,' someone said,
The driver coughed – 'That flaming truck
Come on the slant and struck him dead.'
The fireman choked and growled 'Hard luck!'
As he was carried to the shed.

The engine whistles short and low (His blood is on her catcher-bars)
We had to let his young wife know
His soul had passed beyond the stars
Where he will hear no engines blow,
Nor listen for the coming cars.

She stared and stared – until he came
On four men's shoulders, up the hill.
She sobbed and laughed and called his name,
And shivered when he lay so still
She had no cruel words of blame –
She bore no one of us ill will.

They've washed the rails and sprinkled sand. (Oh! hear the mail go roaring on!)
And he was just a railway hand —
A hidden star that never shone —
And no one seems to understand —
Her heart is broken! He is gone!

The engine bars and cold and hard – They've killed a shunter in the yard.

Will Lawson

Old Railway Guard

the old guard sat in the old charred shed on a brittle wood chair and he smoked as he said how yer cudnt beat those old steam trains yer cudnt lick 'em

standing with his shovel shoved deep in the coal with the firebox flaming one slow sure bend in his back he kept that fire burning all the journey he'd feed it

the yellow hot flames shot out like sprouts out from those uncut black diamonds and when a little dust of wind caught 'em or you stoked it with the long pole iron there'd be sharp yellow sticks like coloured rain flyin

and yer face 'd be black solid in the creaks of yer skin and yer hair 'd be tarry and stuck down on yer head with the sweat but yer eyes and yer teeth 'd be shinin

Jan Kemp

Train

It just won't do, she told herself severely, Travelling away from that place. You just can't fall in love with any stranger Who talks to you kindly And has a nice face. But even as she murmured thus, in anger, The train surged underneath her Like a lover.

Marilyn Duckworth

Train Song

It is hard to remember parents at their loving *Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo*.

In the austerity of wartime, the bravest front was at home *Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo*.

And after, in the bleary dawns of milking morns Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo.

Farm hands were made for sickles and lips for whistling dogs *Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo*.

Still, in '43, when I was three, in a night train full of Yanks *Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo*.

He in blue, she in best, my heavy lids spied hands locked fast *Shoo-sh-shoo-sh-shoo, shoo, shoo.*

Fiona Kidman

Elegy in a City Railyard

Slategrey stonegrey smokegrey
The fag-end of evening smoulders away
The girl from the store and the produce-broker
The teacher the wharfie the city clerk
The sportsgoods man and the barroom joker
Have all gone into the companionable dark.
The ledger is closed: the hand comes down
Carefully blotting the graph of skylines
Scribbled across the dove-coloured town
Like a woolworth diamond, Jupiter shines
On a sky as soft as an eiderdown.

Creme-de-menthe, ember-red, amber
The lights glow out and the day fails.
Tyres burr on the road's camber
As they take the bridge above the fan of rails
Shining like lead and the sheeted steam
Tinged from below with boiler fires.

The roundhouse is silent – there seem
No live things here except the tyres
Of the buses, and the piston's push and haul
And the signal's unintelligible call
And the searchlights in their tall martian machine
Knifing the grey September weather
Where the voices of night come home between
The engines talking quietly together.

M.K. Joseph

Toffee and Buns

It was a small town on the main rail line.

The trouble is if you live in a place long enough

people get to know you, and when my Harry never did

come back from the war I never could believe it. He said

He'd see me at the Station when the war was over, toffee

and buns we'd have then. For years after I came to the Station

and ordered "Toffee and Buns" for two, knowing he would be back

soon. People got to talking about why I was there,

and soon I came to be known as just that, "Toffee and Buns".

Mark Pirie

Railway Traveller's Calendar

On new laid tracks how smooth In carriages we move, Observe a pristine scene As any to be seen Of urban open landscape, Coast views of grandest scope.

So nature speaks to people In yellows and in purple A message without sense To which the heart assents.

And every railway journey I make becomes a journal, An intermittent record, How seasons I regard.

The second of November, First summer day I number Out of one hundred twenty, High sun daylight aplenty.

The opposite of winter
The first of May we enter
With in between two months
To end, and to commence.

F. W. N. Wright,

The poem is saying we have 120 days of summer and 120 days of winter, with between them two transition periods of 60 days each. See my essay on The Reformed Calendar.

Sonnet on a Painting of a Steam Train*

(For the Paekakariki Station Museum)

Steam billows circular through Kapiti air as a train emerges from the tunnel near Paekakariki, its pistons working hard. The beach and the old island relaxing behind are much the same, but today it's electric passenger and goods trains that still run this century old line to Wellington.

This majestic painting represents a bygone era yet it exudes an innocence, a glorious aura captured so well by artist, W. W. Stewart.

Almost Wordsworthian in its idyllic presentation: the Kapiti weather calm, sky blue – as far as the eye can see, grass waving as it passes by. It's 1904, and they are still in love with coal and steam.

You can almost sense the fun for those passengers aboard.

Mark Pirie

*Refers to the painting below by W.W. Stewart.



Stoking on the "Paekok":
With thirty wagons on,
Choking in the "Paekok"
When air and daylight's gone,
And hear her roaring funnel
A-thrashing in the tunnel
A-firing on the "Paekok"
With just your trousers on.

Will Lawson, NZ Railways Magazine, February 1933. "Paekok" refers to the hill south of Paekakariki; more correctly Pukerua Bay, where trains had to climb to get to Plimmerton or vice versa

Northland Rail

The lines North are rusted and overgrown where once along them thumped people and freight.

There is silence ghosts of summers long since gone but it is being rewritten in old cars tired of the city returning to hapu and whenua.

Now outside Taumarunui I am returning to mine.

Simon Williamson

The Moonlit Echoes

At night crickets call and blue drops of rain hang from the branches

as moonlight flickers and the rumble of a train stirs the valley dark.

The row of droplets quiver, the train passes on, swallowed up by wilderness.

The abandoned echoes hover, then fade upon the air like the ghosts of lost souls;

trying to reaffirm their claims on the land – the raw ground they are seldom at ease with.

Keep up the wailing, ghosts of this country, cicada and freight train: listen ...

where each drop of water is poised in the valley.

Ron Riddell

Country Station

First she made a little garden of sorrel stalks wedged among some yellowy-brown moss-cushions

and fenced it with ice lolly sticks (there were just enough); then she set out biscuit-crumbs on a brick

for the ants; now she sits on a deserted luggage-trolley to watch them come for their dinner.

It's nice here – cloudy but quite warm. Five trains have swooshed through, and one stopped, but at the other platform.

Later, when no one is looking, she may climb the roof of that low shed. Her mother is making

another telephone call (she isn't crying any more).
Perhaps they will stay here all day.

Fleur Adcock

Taumarunui

I'm an ordinary joker, getting old before my time
For my heart's in Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

Taumarunui, Taumarunui, Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

You can get to Taumarunui going north or going south, And you end up there at midnight and you've cinders in your mouth. You got cinders in your whiskers and a cinder in your eye So you pop off to Refreshments for a cupper tea and pie In Taumarunui, Taumarunui, Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

There's a sheila in Refreshments and she's pouring cups of tea And my heart jumps like a rabbit when she pours a cup for me She's got hair a flaming yellow, and a mouth a flaming red, And I'll love that flaming sheila till I'm up and gone and dead In Taumarunui, Taumarunui, Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

You can get a job in Wellington or get a job up north,
But you can't in Taumarunui, tho' you try for all you're worth.
If I want to see this sheila, then I got to take a train
Got ten minutes for Refreshments, then they cart me off again
From Taumarunui, Taumarunui, Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

Well, they took me on as fireman on the Limited Express,
And I thought that she'd be jake, but now she's all a flaming mess
The sheila didn't take to me, I thought she'd be a gift;
She's gone and changed her duty hours and works the daylight shift
In Taumarunui, Taumarunui, Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

I'm an ordinary joker, getting old before my time, For my heart's in Taumarunui on the Main Trunk Line.

Peter Cape

From The Train

II-ENROUTE

You are so far away and I so far, the two of us misplaced, deposed, almost.

I thought of you here, as sun set on the broken fence between two crumbling country shacks in this poor land I call my own possessing nothing, but a vision of lines and lines of shining powerpoles grew between us, and so many timberyards, a century of forests in the grave: tall gaunt trees stalk between us, my journey is my thoughts of you.

VII- HARVEST

For weeks the rain has washed the island, now mud trees and flood farms line the tracks, wealth and sustenance trampled, ripped.

Beyond the shining plaza of a gas station, six smokestacks pump out bonemeal, ash all day. Good night, the bush smothers farmsteads, relics of a past, experience not ours.

Beloved, who's beloved now, between our world and their world hammering the schizophrene who knows the mask, betrays the mask. To love, conceit...

This phrase, from Leonardo's notebooks at the last: he asked again, again;

Tell me if anything ever was done.

Rhys Pasley

Manawatu Memory

Palmerston North, in the Summer of 1954, A few weeks after Tangiwai; A long livestock train Is rumbling in from Hawke's Bay, The dust of Matamau, Of Dannevirke and Woodville, Coats the slatted wagons, And the bewildered sheep within.

Two steam engines share the load, Their crews squint into the late afternoon sun. Tomorrow the sheep will go To their Auschwitz at Longburn, And face the slaughterman's knife.

I was eleven years old,
A passenger on the Daylight Limited,
Going south,
Half stupefied by heat and inactivity.
An invisible shutter opened, then closed,
And it etched the moment in my mind:
The hard, bright afternoon,
The dust of Matamau,
Of Dannevirke and Woodville,
The clanking, hissing engines,
And their lost, doomed passengers
Are mine.

They live, and would die,
With me,
But I am impelled
To spread and share my visions,
My passions, obsessions and memories,
Amazed, I find I am unable
To bear them
On my own.

Hugh Isdale

North Beach: Recollections of Springfield

Waves,
Wind,
And traffic;
I wake, listen, fall back into sleep,
Remembering
Another place, another time,
When steam engines came blasting past,
Or coasted down near my door.
Flanges screeched, brakes hissed,
The ground shook, the clinging smell
Of oil and coal smoke
Pervaded the high country air.

Steam trains:

They coloured my nights, disturbed my days. I would go wherever they took me,
And now they are gone.
Nothing will ever be so real to me again.
I lack commitment.
As I walk on beaches,
Sniff the wind,
Prowl the city streets,
I am but a visitor,
I am here tenuously
From another place, another time.

Hugh Isdale

woman on a train

woman on a train lipstick curls black italian olive the walk of the theatre. ribbon traces whose cheeks set the lie facial photoset postcards sculptured in clay. we're way down 20 creeping carriage late night sniff designer room visuals. voveurs slink strike match and smoke it's all illegal though in the name of elegance. woman on a train caught from the nightspot buckle tight and legging poison scent for watchers. slow drift now half speed platforms between station light shot high on left thigh. like the coaster and the watcher and the wearer and dream filter train buckles slowing set to rise.

woman on a train in beauty there's impossibility wades through the freight line yes – to a smile.

Roger Wrighton

Station

O Lass did you spend all day ironing a shirt washing your hair, cleaning the floor the way you were taught To find he visits another one on friday afternoons and dresses in a Nazi uniform because no-one had ever punished her before

Her wisdom is the half-bred kind for her mother cried the day John Kennedy died and vowed never to breed a son He finds consolement there amongst the essays and books sucking on her breasts

But there's a late train home he never misses You're quiet in the rhythm of day and night beneath his kisses The train comes in The train goes out but the station never moves.

Kim Eggleston

Suburban Train

The man with prominent, aggressive eyes Grates words at his companion on the train In tones like rain on tin: he shies Curds of pipesmoke out – a belching blame – And tells of one who will not rise Further in the department, having found No proper channel for his qualities, No clever way to walk on special ground.

And slowly ebbs the listener's sorry pulse Receding behind silence and the cloud Of nicotine and adjectives: how else Combat the arrogant urgency this loud Destructive storm would utter, leaving spent All that it passes over? Coming up The station of escape: he was not meant To drink of the immortal's thunder-cup.

But this one, with assertion in his lids
Retamps his pipe and measures in his mind
Steady progression up the grading list;
Savours the satisfaction he will find
Soon walking up that street of ordered hedges
Where roofs like polished filing-cabinets glisten.
Well-fed he'll settle back and talk of ledgers
To the woman washing dishes, who just listens.

Louis Johnson

Lone Shunter

The lit, landed dish that is Te Kuiti back flips momentarily before my eyes

into the bowl-like configuration of

Wellington Harbour – those running lights,

yellow along Old Petone Road; Rimutakas nothing yet where that bulk blackness holds.

Here, the "lone shunter" wolfs through
the centre of town
flashing flamenco signal lights the last wagon behind.

In a small, Eastern European enclave a laden cart over cobblestone pre-supposes thunder.

I am here, a Trotsky in Te Kuiti, the first time a black sky seen in years.

The Milky Way adrift, as smoke from some distant campfire; krill-like, a god's wet dream.

There are women who press upon your breath like master organ players, to make or break.

I am here, isolate,
Te Kuiti. Omphalos. Limestone country.
These hills that dip and trough could

leave you swamped, the sky a swagger.

Harrier hawk switches half way between paddock and half way house, spiralling, radial, ever reliable stage prop.

Wind that tumbles north through trees bringing the sound of rushing water over troubled contours.

As if in that stillness from the night before the morepork had orchestrated this hour.

I am here, overseeing morning fog, twenty years shunted to a siding the other side of the Tasman. That city. *That bullwhip*. Sydney.

Stephen Oliver

Night Train

This train is like the womb long passage in darkness

The rhythm is like good love soft and gentle

I will be born in a Wellington morning 27 or is it 28 My mother waiting for her eldest this painless labour this strange machine

these half-awake dreams

Simon Williamson

Watching a friend on the 'Southerner' speed through Seacliff heading north

And there was Michael standing on the observation platform at the end of the carriage, happy as a sandboy, waving and whooping like a Red Indian (or a smiling Duke after a successful tour of the provinces): a dark bearded train-buddha speeding through Seacliff crossing connected all the way by wires (over Cook Strait) to magical Auckland where he was headed. And I yelled Hurrah! involuntarily like a kid bursting with love, anxiety and hot lungs – like when the young Queen in 1953 on tour around the country swished by (at Milton) in her black open-top car and my brother nearly fainting from madness and adoration. And afterwards (no cows to drive home) – dawdling up the gravel road carrying my penny flag - quiet because school and the town were closed for the day and life was suddenly empty with so much happening and not understanding what it was all about.

Peter Olds

Southerners Crossing

Train pulled out of the old stone station Followed the line north along the coast It was in the long dark tunnel That I first thought I saw your ghost

The haunting image then joined our journey Staying with the train until the light of day The movement and the motion just like the ocean I knew that you were here to stay

We were travelling together Although I was travelling on my own You were there beside me all the way But everyone could see I was on my own Yes everyone could see I was alone

First time I saw you was from your carriage Many years before this recent travel When first our two trains stopped for each other But where we go now only time will tell

We share the same lines in this life But, time nor train waits for no one Relentless movement to our separate fates Means we can never be as one

We were travelling together
Although I was travelling on my own
You were there beside me all the way
But everyone could see I was on my own
Yes everyone could see I was alone

Michael O'Leary

About the Editor

Mark Pirie is a Wellington writer, publisher, anthologist and critic. Recently he edited *The Pop Artist's Garland: Selected Poems 1952-2009* by Niel Wright and *The Earl is in...: 25 Years of the Earl of Seacliff* (ESAW, 2009), to mark the 25th anniversary of the publishing company ESAW. Among his many poetry collections are the verse novel *Tom* (Poets Group, Christchurch, 2009) and *Gallery: A Selection* (Salt Publishing, UK, 2003).

Acknowledgements

Fleur Adcock: *Poems 1960-2000* (Bloodaxe, 2000) and the author; Marilyn Duckworth: Other Lovers' Children (Pegasus Press, 1975) and the author; Alistair Paterson: Birds Flying (Pegasus Press, 1973) and the author; Michael O'Leary: Paneta Street (HeadworX, 2008) and Toku Tinihanga: Selected Poems 1982-2002 (HeadworX, 2003) and the author; Anon, Jean Hamilton Lennox, Scribbler, and Will Lawson: From the anthology Of Trains and Things compiled by Lynette Fowler (L. Fowler, 1986); Simon Williamson: Storyteller (HeadworX, 2002) and Rob and Dianne Williamson; Kim Eggleston: From the Face to the Bin (Strong John Press, 1984); Ron Riddell: Paths of Flight (Writers & Artists Press, 1982) and the author; F.W.N. Wright: The Pop Artist's Garland: Selected Poems 1952–2009 (HeadworX, 2010) and the author; Fiona Kidman: Wakeful Nights: Selected Poems (Vintage/Random House, 1993) and the author; Hugh Isdale: Another Place, Another Time (Hugh Isdale, 1986); Roger Wrighton: One Way Trip to Heaven: Poems 1987-1989 (Zylberberb Bliss Press, 1989); Rhys Pasley: Two Poems: Cafe Life & The Train (Hawk Press, 1977) and the author; Jan Kemp: The Young New Zealand Poets ed. Arthur Baysting (Heinemann, 1973) and the author; Louis Johnson: New Worlds for Old (Capricorn Press, 1957) and Cecilia Johnson; Stephen Oliver: *Harmonic* (IP, Brisbane, 2008) and the author; M.K. Joseph: Inscription on a Paper Dart (AUP/OUP, 1974) and Chuck Joseph; Peter Cape: An Ordinary Joker: The Life and Songs of Peter Cape (Steele Roberts, 2001) and Gladwen McIntyre; Mark Pirie: Paekakariki Xpressed newspaper for 'Sonnet on a Painting of a Steam Train' and the author for 'Toffee and Buns'; and Peter Olds: The Mad Elephant (ESAW, 2006) and the author.