

reflections on running

by Ross Himona



(animation lifted with thanks from [Pūtipūtī's Palace](#))

On a warm sunny day, I run
through sun filled valley,
bathed in the healing glow of Ranginui,
ancestral Sky Father.

In a southerly storm I run the hills:
gale rain lashed. Thunder growled,
lightning flash-warmed;
at play with Tawhirimatea, ancestral cousin,
God of the Winds.

I run the sea shore
serene in calm stillness
powerful in mighty display:
in all the moods of Tangaroa,
Cousin God of the Oceans.

I run with all the children
of Tane, procreator of humankind
God of the mighty forests,
ancestral shelter, provider.

My feet caress the soft, gentle skin
of Papatūmāku, Earth Mother;
and I am enfolded by Her,
in love.

I run in an Inner World,
led there by Tane-te-wananga;
he who ascended the upper realms
to Tīkītiki-o-rangi the Uppermost,
gained there for all mankind
three baskets of knowledge
from Io-Matua.
Parent of all that there is
in this and in every realm.

I run with Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga,
Trickster Shaman.

We play, adventure, seek challenge;
pit ourselves against ourselves,
and all who would play with us.
With Maui I laugh at the World.

I run the hills and valleys and shores
where once the Earthly ancestors ran,
bathed in the spiritual fire
that once bathed them;
and still does.

I run from Te Korekore, Potential,
Womb of all Creation
whence Universe birthed itself,
through Te Po, long darkness of Unfolding,
to Te Whai-ao, first glimmer of dawn,
into Te Ao Mārama, bright light of day.
Universe revealed.

I discover the Universe
of Io-Matua-Kore the Parentless
And I discover myself.

Acknowledgement: "Motives and Rewards" in Robinson, Roger. "Heroes and Sparrows A Celebration of Running", p18, Southwestern Publishing, Auckland, 1986.

Email Ross Himona writer@maorinews.com

