

## *Legend of Paikea*

It was when the blue hand subsided,  
Did it wash over me,  
That that hand snatched my Rangatira and brothers.  
The salty realisation,  
That now I had to ship the cargo,  
To everyone at Hawaiiiki.

But Ruatapu,  
Refused to let me raise my sails.  
He summoned the dark hand.  
Only this was greater,  
A fist.  
Five fists clouded with strong ihi.

To Tangaroa I turned,  
Making my Karakia.  
He shot it into the sky,  
Like a bird with flippers for wings,  
It flew me across the ocean,  
Away from the deadly clasps of the fists.

Where I resided safely,  
The fists collided with the shore,  
And redirected their blow.  
To Ruatapu they went,  
Gripping him with foamy talons,  
And dragged him under.