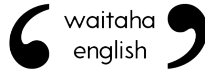


waitaha
english

MAGAZINE



**LINES
FROM
LOCKDOWN**



Welcome to the first issue of the Waitaha English magazine. We are delighted to showcase what our students are capable of.

'Lines from Lockdown' was conceptualised during New Zealand's second lockdown, and the work that you see in these pages is a reflection of that. We are proud to present work from so many students and teachers alike, and to be able to pair the writing with exquisite images from students of the St Andrew's College art department.

We are proud of the talent in our region and are eager to grow the opportunities our young people have to display this.

If you are keen to submit work for future issues of WE magazine, please email your submission to hello@waitahaenglish.com.

'Lines from Lockdown' competition winners
September 2021
Judged by James Jenkinson and Laura Borrowdale
Cover art by Rebecca Brown
Art by the StAC department students
Layout and design by Laura Borrowdale@heybb

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Photography by Naseem Buras/Unsplash

Untitled by Taylor Goddard

Not a sound could break the beautiful sight,
The world held time for a minute.
Grass clings on with all it's might,
The world held time for a moment.
For the pebbled path that drew the light,
The world held time for a second.
Trees wave goodbye the passing night,
The world held time for an instant.
A bird ascends in graceful flight,
The world releases the morning.

Untitled by Ngaio Dawson

Water swirled
around
wooden posts
Viridescent liquid
splashed
at the greying coasts
The aqua mass
sucked
into rocks
slithered like emerald
snakes
under corroding
ships
It thumped
its translucent bottle green fingers
on the shore



Photography by Tom Rae/StAC



Photography by Laura Kapfer/Unsplash

Untitled by Madison Fahey

Wood set on fire
It's a story to be told
Journey through pages

Flying Books by Aria Maxwell

My oh my, books are in the air
Whizzing past empty shops
Old and musty
No people to catch them
Just the empty streets of lockdown
Now they are free and flying

Simple Beauty by Sneha Datla

Dawn rises up to say hello, sunlight peeking through the leafy canopy,
Swish, swish, I hear the leaves rustle in the cool breeze.
Mist crawls up from the ground, dancing in the radiant beams of orange;
The whistling wind plays a gorgeous melody.
Tweet! The birds laugh and sing, as they fly in the air,
Mother Nature's billion green hands sway in the chilly breeze,
Tiny rocks spread themselves out, sunbathing in the brilliant rays,
Icy metal poles sting my skin, but I keep my fingers there.
I reach into my backpack.
Snap!
I shoot.
But the picture will never be able to capture the beauty I see
with my eyes.



Photography by Tom Rae/StAC



Digital collage by Tayla Fleming/StAC

beginnings by Anna Babington

sitting on the bus
ripped patterns, hunchback seats,
they sagged into the bus and we sagged into them
with the graceful callousness that adolescence
had draped our legs with
you pointed at your veins
said 'this is where the stardust is kept'
we have graveyards of celestial bodies
hidden in our veins
the night sky's afterlife is contained
within our bodies,
sitting on the bus
we were the heirlooms of the universe

did i ever tell you that i'm scared?
scared of of all the little things that i lose
so carelessly
like you
i lost you like another pair of socks
gone now.. i am scared of being gone as well
i am now gone to you
you sound like my greatest fears
like the regrets of war heroes
who sit by rivers
scrubbing at their hands
because the crimson
won't come off
blood is a promise
blood is the religion that the blade prays to

can you begin again?
i know beginnings are hard, like starched clothing
they don't fit at first, they are suffocating

but you can squeeze into them.
it feels like falling at first
inhale that vertigo,
repeat my name and spit it out into the throbbing air,
rid yourself of who we were
unshackle your tongue of the shape of my name
so please tell me tell me can you begin again?

i'm not sure i can

i didn't do a proper apology
i hope you saw the apology in my eyes
but i think i forgot to put it there
instead it ferments in my head
an alcoholic manifestation of my tears
you can drink it if you ever want to forget
and begin, begin again

do you see me everywhere?
i see you
you're in the bright grinning fruit at the supermarket
you dance in between the cracks in the concrete
my stupid laughter at internet memes
is lonely without your voice there too
it hunches over
falls like a dying action figure
trips over its own feet
cos there ain't no one else there to trip over
i didn't see you til i don't see you anymore

there's a certain lulling homesickness in my heart
it drowns me whenever
my eyes fall onto my veins
because i remember the stardust
and i remember the stars that you lathered my world with
and all i can see is the too dark night sky



Digital collage by Tayla Fleming/StAC

restart by Jenna Howell

starting anew
is never easy

all I had achieved
everyone I had loved
each passion
I had devoted myself to
has been lost
to history

who was i?

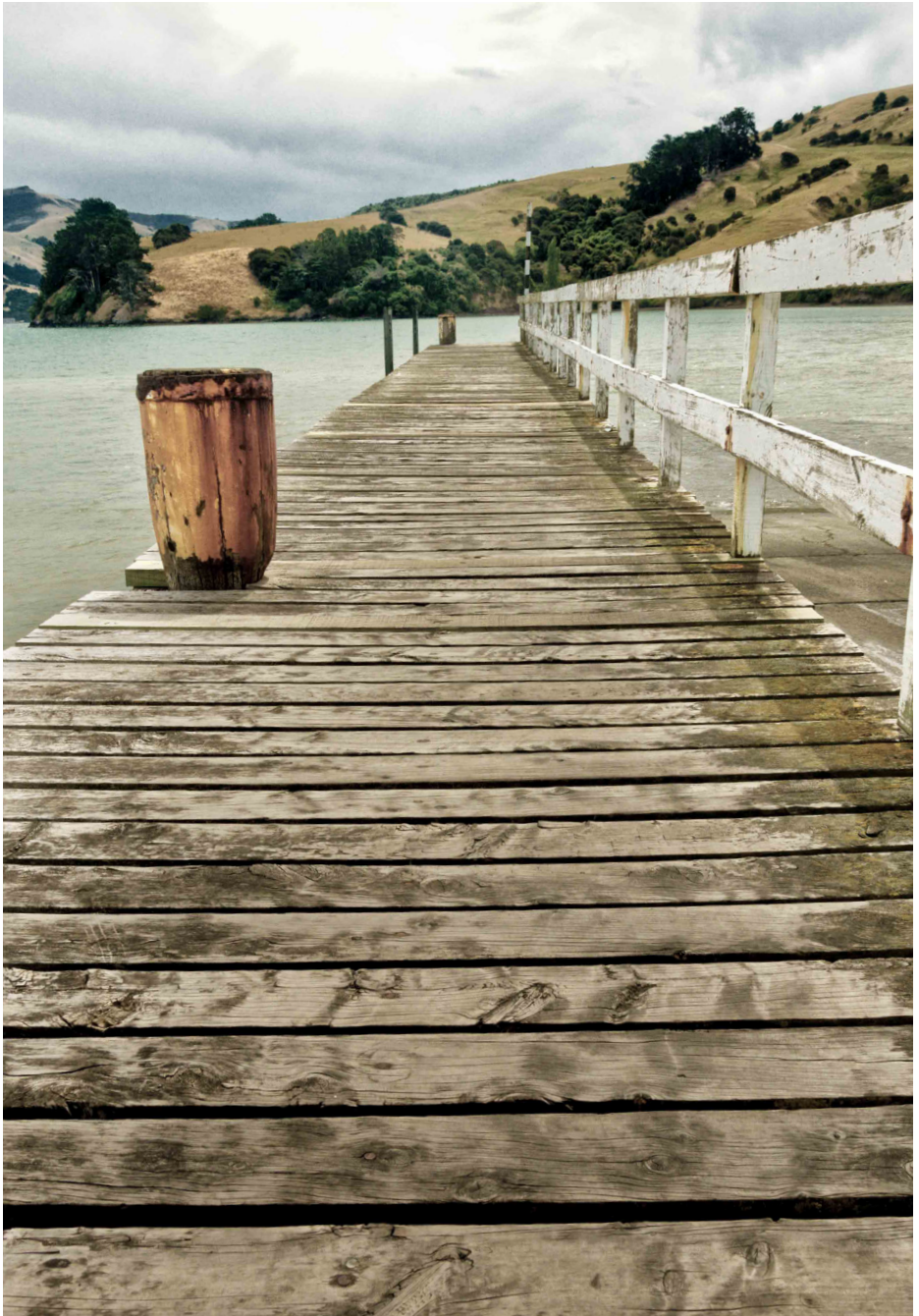
I know
that woman shined
she radiated love
and all that was good,
that woman was
luminescent.

Oh Arete,
I am stuck,
a helpless, hopeless
teenage girl
begs for your guidance

to grow once more,
take back my life
and live again.



Digital art by Moana MacDonald/StAC



Photography by Michael/Unsplash

The Jump by Tessa Marshall

Eager feet thump creaking wood
Biting wind ripping laughs into the milky seashell sky
Reliable planks become a vertical cliff face
Flailing bodies plummet into the air in a cannonball of screams
Plunge into the churning jade abyss
Frigid skin-pinching, salt-eyes stinging
Dense blue silence surrounds pounding hearts
Legs kick for oxygen
Drenched heads burst upwards in a spray of adrenalin
Fish-gulping grateful buckets of chilling air
Splashing, yelling, floundering
Heaving sodden limbs up rusty rungs of safety
Shaky legs grate onto reassuring wood
Relief floods with each blink
Do it again!

~~crossed paths~~ by Lucy Barge

all the words
are broke
en, capital letters dropped
off in the margins
of my mind, my sentences
sentenced to stuttering,
i don't know why i'm wearing
the necklace you gave me,
i don't know why
i hid in the girls bathroom
when you were looking
for me, and then
when i looked for you
gmail said *address not found*,
and now you're here
and i can't hear
you over the speakers
and girls throwing high
heels, jumping on blisters,
I'M sORrY!
the photo booth is free
but i don't know where
to put my hands,
YEaH, eNJoY thE PaRTy!
my words stumble back
to waiting in line



Digital art by Moana MacDonald/StAC

Splitting Point by Derrin Smith

Sweet blue wind rises slow,
fluffing up needles on the pine,
and the ruffled trim of checkered coats

worn by six young ladies, striding
in time.

Arm in arm with a

wilted bouquet and misaligned
propriety. Baskets slung

from every hip,
in each a blushing
pink pear

and a jewelled paring knife.
Both swathed in fine trim lace,
and tied with twisted twine.

Untold measure of path
passed, marked by dwindling day,
six young ladies reach Splitting Point,

that old ashy place, that ends
the known pathway.
A sharp and tactful crimson suit

stands between the fork and
lets five have their way. The last
and the lonely one,

draped now in nightly blue,
undoes the parcel and slices up

her fruit. With each hack of the blade,
dazzling as he is, she deepens
its rosy hue.



Photography by The Matter of Food/Unsplash

The Mirror Realm by Abigail Hageman

When I walk up to the mirror,
my reflection joins me
and we sit down together
to go over the day.

I catch her up on what went
on when we were apart,
on what life without
dependence on a person's vanity
was like that day.

She reminds me of the flaws
I had pointed out
while I stared at her through
the mirror
this morning.

*This is how it works, she says,
you tell me about
the outside,
and I tell you
how you really feel
on the inside.*

"I know," I say.
I stand and press my
hands against the mirror;
rest my forehead against
the glass
and close my eyes.
My reflection does the same
- she has no choice.

For a moment,
we are one,
but I pull away before
our chemistry can
shatter the glass.

For within the mirror realm
lies what I really think
about myself.
The glass is a prison
which keeps it locked away.

I am too afraid to know more
about myself
than what she tells me,
because I find there is a
danger in knowing
too much.

In what is beyond
the mirror realm.



Drawing by Rebecca Brown/StAC

Home time by Holly Easton

Home time isn't home time when all your time is at home.

Home time meant my time. Now it means go time.

Zoom time and screen time and time flies and yet...
Slow time.

Hours and hours of the same thing and sometimes,

I just wish it would take no time, no time at all,

Until we're back in the world again and longing for home time.

braided river by Anneke Smit

n. A river characterized by a network of channels that split and entwine, rather than a single channel for water and sediment.

Our lives a braided river

Whakapapa runs

Jörd, Odin & Frigg

through time traverse ancient ways

being & becoming.

Through time and space

Romans, Celtic, Franks, Empire of Charlemagne, Dukes of Burgundy, The Habsburgs, Spain, Independence, Dutch Republic, Maritime Power, The House of Orange

Twists and turns

Men invade – famine beckons.

A young woman caught up

Herded away – what is her crime?

Being of that race which crucified Yahweh. Yellow stars fall all around – tears from heaven

Channels of bravery mean

Whakapapa continues

A leap from a moving cattle train and

Her womb gives up its kicking life – yet she *continues on*.

Channels merge,

split

sediment sinks and trauma burrows deep.

Divided but never conquered

Broken and never healed.

Tears and splits further

Broken families

Economy in strife

No life left

so they *CHOOSE*

– to watch continents pass by from a moving ship whilst bundled
in the stomach of a ship yet Cape Horn beckons then the shores
– silences and new voices simultaneously. Threads *plucked from
one place* merge

Papatūānuku & Ranginui gaze

Tāmaki Makaurau, Kirikiriroa, Rangiwakaoma, Te Awa Kairangi;
Auckland, Hamilton, Castlepoint, Upper Hutt

Anglicised names

english as a second language

Second generation

Third generation –

When do you tick the Pakeha box on the form?

The heavens *twist the threads*

Jörd, Odin & Frigg greet Papatūānuku & Ranginui –
*life weaves its wonder and souls unite
destiny woven together from before time*

Whakapapa forges forward –

Aroki stands tall – *beckoning* in majesty.

Does the braid ever end?

Never single

never severed,

always stretched

elastic

bound by the past

lurching into the future

carving out paths eternal

a braided river

Whakapapa holds us



Photography by Stuart Brown/Unsplash

Colours by Danielle Donehue

Colours, pushing against the wind, straining without complaint
Smiling with each flutter
Beaming with every flap
Faces turned towards the sun, take in the landscape
Oh what a story each could tell
Stories of triumph and freedom
Stories of families, friends and lone travellers
Stories of bravery and courage
Stories of time, moments of time
Catching beautiful sun rays with each breathtaking sunset and
sunrise
Frayed and faded with age
Yet still strong and vibrant
Colours, pushing against the wind, straining without complaint

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