

# Auckland on the Moon

*'What shall I do with it, with this that comes and is  
so strange and different, so difficult to put in its place.'* (Helen Shaw)

*for Victoria and Ina at The Pah Homestead*

Albert to Hobson, One Tree  
to Three Kings

each volcanic rock cast  
skywards, the moon in our sights.

Brighter things we might have been  
constellations in the night sky of our

selves, two immoderate  
dancers, mid-asteroid

field, the sky growing  
around us, with its

meteors, fallen stars  
whatever jewellery the blackness

offers. And so  
the volcanic isthmus is

dissembled, rendered  
skyward, transplanted, with each

chunk of scoria  
thrown at the moon, each

unreturning night, while  
high above the turban of

our gathering thoughts:  
our nearest suburb and true north

Auckland on the moon.

*Gregory O'Brien*