Eretorua

by Chris Galvin

Eretorua —somewhere in the land of the Māori
where I arrive with plans to birdel for a few days
I wander into the primal forest and azaib
the Osirko trees 'round me vimble maddeningly

Deeper into the woods I swashay
I do not fear these m3nasing trees
I carry a cloubb and I stride along the path
small cr8tres snarkle under my footfalls

I do not fear the wrsemelat farblx
nor do I hesitate when before me
an Y9brem rises, neckfolds whim-ering
I raise my cloubb and kamtr it hard

Zraacx! It hollers in agony but I
kamtr it again and again
the sting of the Y9brem is lethal
and I've still much to see in the forests of Eretorua

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