

No Time To Cry

A new dawn is born
Not radiating with the smiles of the sun or the laughing of the calm breeze
Not filled with the songs of the fantails
Perverted with patriotism of intruders on the sacred soil,
Plagued with a possessed will to protect their whenua

Blazing bullets soaring overhead
The bells toll, weeping tears of misery
The soldiers' last cries a screaming silence

The remaining periled with the shattered voices of the lost
Bullets blunt with dejected despair
Tears, sheens of moisture running down the despairing soldier's cheeks
No time to cry

Each dusk the calling of curtains
Each leaking carcass painting the fields a dull carmine
Each cadaver, a result of something that was not of their making
Still
No time to cry

Was this loss?
Was this victory?

It was unbeknownst to them, tamariki playing a dangerous game
It was unbeknownst to them, the kaumatua, spanning the edges of their days
It was unbeknownst to them, pawns in a ruthless chess match

A new dawn is born
What more to come?
A tremendous loss, but a greater will to continue

Hearts of steel
Pushing past
Past the chains bounding their lives

In their wilted hearts,
Never torn apart
Never broken

Pushing past
Past the fields absent of life
Past the misery and all that has perished
There is no time to cry

For the land of the long white cloud
For those who families, in refusal, cried out loud
Kia kaha
They powered themselves
Kia kaha
They stood their ground
Kia kaha
Push past the merciless ends of war
There is no time to cry

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