

Te Uru

ABOUT 1964

PAEA
TAKITI

Te Uru, take me back
To the land of your birth.

Countless miles a century ago,
A few mere hours today.
Te Uru, why are you cast here in hell
While your sisters grow so far away?

The valleys, they are green
And the mountains, they are tall.
The sea, ~~is~~ a beautiful color.
But still we know that
This place be not your true mother.

Your form here is slender,
Your leaves do not shine.
Small fruit your sad arms bear
For that home left far behind.

Te Uru, take me back
To the land of your birth.

Late 1960's By George H. Balazs
When GAZING upon BREAD FRUIT TREES AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII AT MANOA
CAMPUS

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