

For David

David, will you remember the sastrugi below the Yankee Face
Ice clear pointing west into that wind
That cuts through your gear and chills your bones
And makes you look away?

David, will you remember the stillness of the crater lake
No one else at its side
Just the steam gently rising up
From the cloudy green into the piercing blue?

David, will you remember those 50/50 days
When wind and whiteout tossed their coins
And we stayed inside the hut
Which creaked and shivered but we were warm?

David, will you remember those evening meals
When cooks were plenty and cleaners were scarce
When the food was hot
But the singing was not?

David, will you remember Te Heu Heu's constant view
In the setting sun
Always searching for beautiful Pihanga
Nestled down below?

David, now we will never know
As you rest in peace
But we have memories of you
On beloved Ruapehu

