

White Feathers at Parihaka
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I hear soldiers' marching feet and the hatred on their tongues, cruelty on their minds. Nobody notices me.

The white feathers on the rangatira stand to greet the soldiers. They proclaim peace, yet the soldiers' guns proclaim war. The white feathers are full of hope for peace, full of steadfast courage, but the white feathers underestimate the soldiers' lust for land. Peace is too much to hope for from untrustworthy men. Peace is pure; whole. Distrust doesn't feature in wholeness. The courage of the white feathers only stalls destruction.

I wish I could be blind to this, yet the feathers' hope feels like an illusion, delaying the truth. Hope is in contrast to reality and saves our spirits. I must choose which is better for me—a first world where we accept war is coming, or a second world, with the same war destined to be, yet with hope in this brave resistance. Only to have this hope crushed by reality. These introspective thoughts feel like a curse.

In our situation on Earth, hope is all we can grasp to believe for a better future. I choose the second world.