

My Treasure...

When I look at it I imagine a chicken drumstick, when I touch it I feel a museum of memories and a narrow sharp edge.

I hold with a firm tight grip and wonder, "what was it used for?"

Deadly sharp edges and weighted quite a bit - I guarantee it was in the war. Another thought could it be a paddle. Then my eyes wander off searching the sculpture for magnificent Koru patterns carved into the patu. In its time it probably would have been a weapon but today it sits on my cabinet like an ornament – a reminder of times past.

By Cory

