

Speech and Drama
10 years
Test Recital

Parcel by Bill Nagelkerke

In this poem, a Dutch immigrant discusses how New Zealand Christmas is different from Christmas in Holland.

Since we came here
Holland's become a parcel
Wrapped in sweet-smelling
Brown paper,
Sent over each Christmas by the family:
Each year they stuff it with presents
Bought at the kermis
And a Dutch calendar.
So next year will be filled
With pictures of windmills;
Of narrow, cobbled streets
And neat brown houses
Where you can see straight inside;
Of snow in December.
I've written to say that
The windmills here are spindly'
That Christmas day is dozy with sunshine;
That the streets are wide and tarseal sticky'
That the houses I see from my window
Are painted weatherboard.

Holland's a parcel
Wrapped in sweet-smelling
Brown paper.
On Christmas day
We'll unwrap Holland.