

GARDENIA BLOSSOM*

Fresh Spring breeze of fragrant moist air
bubbling ever green
and prolonging our breath
my gardenia blossom upon the branch
of the last flowering tree
Your vanilla white brilliance
like ice cream soft sweet and refreshing
never melting in the heat of many suns
Innocence and purity have preserved you
from poisonous fumes of civilized man
With dirty fingers men try
to tear apart your powerful beautiful petals
but posterity has always been on your side
Their greedy hands cannot capture
your elusive body
Their stuffed noses cannot detect
your heavenly aroma
for in their murderous burning
of your family trees
they lost the art of smelling love
My gardenia blossom upon the branch
of the last flowering tree
faithful as each colour of the rainbow
reappearing always in the same order
wise as the owl that hoots and refused to talk
you made love to the wild bees the free air

*First published in the *Hawaiian Anthropological Association Newsletter*, November 1986 issue, Volume II (3), Anthropology Dept. University of Hawaii at Manoa, Honolulu, page 7.

TE PUERA TIARE MAORI

E matangi angiangi reka e te kakara
kua pu'ipu'i ua kare e akamutu
kua riro ei akaroa i o matou pukera
taku puera tiare maori i runga i te rara
o te tumu tiare opeanga i teia nei ao
Toou teatea vanira kaka
mei te aiti kirimi maru vene e te oraora
kare rava e ta'e roto i te vera o te ra
na toou ngakau ma koe i paruru
mei te awa'i poitini a te tangata nei
kua timata o ratou rima v'i'ivi'i
i te a'ae i toou rau purohu e te maturu
inara kare to muatangananana i akaruke ia koe
To ratou rima noinoi kare e rauka
i te opu i toou kopapa karape
to ratou putangiu piripiri kare i akaongi
i toou aunga reka
no ta ratou takingakino i te tutungi
i toou tumu rakau kopu tangata
kua ngaro ia ratou te tu i te akaongi i te inangaro
Taku puera tiare maori i runga i te rara
o te tumu tiare opeanga i teia nei ao
toou tu tiraratu mei te au kara o te anuanua
kare roa e tienanga i to ratou nga'i
e kite pakari toou mei te puero kare i inangaro i te ruatua
kua akaipo koe i te rango meri te mareva ora

A DREAMER*

I met a dreamer last night
who said she chose her parents.
She appeared to know everything
about this life and her nine others.
Then she enticed me to open
my ears my soul;
I did so with fear yet willingness
faintly knowing that we shared
one body destined
to dream of floods and rainbows.

*First published in *Small Talk* (newsletter) no. 8,
September 1985, Participant Services, East West Centre,
Honolulu, Hawaii, page 6.

TANGATA MOEMOE

E taunga kua aravei au i napo
tei akakite mai e nana i iki tona nga metua.
Oonu tona kite i te au muna
o teia nei ao e tona au oraanga e iva i mua atu.
I reira kua taparu aia iaku kia akatuera
i oku puta taringa e toku vaerua;
Kua pera au ma te matakutaku no te mea
kua kite au e ko teia taunga koau rai ia
i roto i teia vaine fei tapekaia kia akaoti
i tana moemoea vai-teruri e te anuanua.

A NEW SUNRISE

A cold wind blew through her bedroom window
from the dark West
She awoke to see two floating heads
above her sleeping pillow
one of a warrior the other a maiden
both smiling and laughing at her
She laughed also
for the heads had no teeth and looked so funny
but realizing the maiden's face was her own
she laughed without a sound
grabbing pillows
to blacken her eyes from seeing
Still the heads appeared
With violent passion they kissed
long and hard
clashed and crushed into one face
her locked eyes had to watch
Black blood raining
over her white night-dress
she ran to the stream to be cleaned
The blood stains remained
She ran to the sea to be cleaned
The blood stains remained
Crouched upon a white coral stone
she sat weeping until a new sunrise
the stains evaporated
but only where her tears had fallen
She raised her head to see
two white terns flying across
the bright Eastern glow

ITIANGA RA OU

E matangi anu kua aangī mai ki toto
i tona pi'a moe mei te Opunga poiiri
E vaine kua ara kua kite e rua upoko tangata
i roto i te mareva i runga i tona urunga moe
Ko terai upoko e toa e ko terai e vaine
te akara karakata mai nei kiaia
Kua kara katoa aia
no teia nga upoko kare e ni'o akaranga komiki ia ai
inara i tona kiteanga e te tutu o te upoko vaine
mei tona tikai kua akamutu tana kara
No tona inangaro kia ngaro tana e kite nei
kua taruku aia i ona nga mata ki roto i te urunga
inara kua ata mai rai te nga upoko kiaia
kua ongi inangaro te nga upoko
kua roa te ongianga
kua tutuki nga upoko kua riro mai ei okotai
kua akara tona nga ua-mata kare e rauka i te uri ke
E toto kerekere tei ta'e mai
kua na runga i tona pona moe teatea
kua oro taua vaine nei ki te kauvai
kua tama i te toto inara kare e ma
Kua oro taua vaine nei ki roto i te tai
Kua tama i te toto inara kare e ma
Kua piki aia ki runga i terai toka punga-tea
kua aue e iti ua atu te ra ou
i reira kua akamata te toto i te ngotea
e te ra i te ngai tei ma'u i tona roi-mata
Kia akara mai aia ki runga
e rua tavake te rere atura
na roto i te rangi marama ki te Itinga

PAINTED FACE

I saw four faces
on the ground forming
black eyes
white cheeks
red noses
yellow lips
all flowing together
into one pure pool
of colours
the clear reflection
of a brown
painted face.

TUTU TANGATA

E a tutu tangata taku i kite ana
uamata kerekere
paparinga motetea
putangiu muramura
ngutu rengarenga
kua ta'e kapipiti ratou
ki roto i tetai poko
tuketuke te kara
i runga i te one
kua ata mai
ei tutu tangata paraoni
kua penia ki teia au kara.

THREE COCONUTS

Three bold coconuts crossed
oceans of universe searching
a place to be born
Into the mind of the sky
one coconut yearned for
understanding and found
upon penetration perfect form
in the ground and became earth
The other two coconuts floated
through dark lakes of heart space
until one joined the waters of ecstasy
and softened into flowing streams
and great warm seas
The last coconut drifted
away until it stopped on land
embraced death
and sprouted into spirits

AKARI TOKOTORU

E toru akari ngakau toa kua tere
na roto i te moana o te mareva i te kimi
i tetai ngai anauanga
Kua o atu tetai akari ki roto i te manako rangi
kua mareka i tana marama i reira
kua rauka tona kopapa manea
i te koanga ki roto i reira
tei riro mai ko teia nei ao
Ko tetai nga akari kua panu atu
na roto i te vai poiiri o te ngakau
kua kairo atu tetai akari ki roto
i te vai o te inangaro kua maru ei kauvai
ei moana maata karoa
Ko te akari openga kua panu

e kua pirita ki runga i te enua
kua tatomo i te mate
kua tupu mai ei au vaerua

MANOA: STREAM OF ROMANCE

Beside Manoa stream they embraced
not thinking just breathing
breathing and panting heavily
bodies vine twined
in locked embrace
Bathing in Manoa stream they swam
not splashing just floating
floating and feeling wet
bodies wet outside and inside
Inside their minds they were dry
Beside Manoa stream they argued
swearing and dressing frantically
not looking which clothes belonged to whom
She ran away with his pants
and he was left with her skirt

MANOA: TE KAUVAI O TE INANGARO

I te pae i te kauvai i Manoa kua akapepeka raua
kare e kimi manako te akaea ua ra
akaea ma te akaea viviki
o raua tino kua pipiri
mei te rakau takaviviri
I roto i te kauvai i Manoa kua pa'i vai raua
kare e putakaiti kua pae aere ua
kua pae ma te ma'u
o raua tino kua ma'u a vao e a roto
A roto i to raua manako kua maro
I te pae i te kauvai i Manoa kua taumaroro raua
kua tao e kua kakau viviki ua ia raua
ma te kore e akara e noai tikai te kakau i aaoia
Kua oro te vaine ma te piripou o te tane
kua akarukena mai te tane ma te pareu o te vaine

WIND OF FATE

Confident as the hurricane
in demolishing islands
she blows fresh words
through passive ears
numbed with corrupting idleness
Her white dress twirls into a dancing tornado
All have to take notice
many lulled by the magnetic music
of her metallic voice
as she dances her way into their souls
Now she has imprisoned their attention
their faces sweating under her lusty breath
loving every sound and sight of her
She moves in for the kill
a sudden breeze to freeze
and shrink them to palatable size
then instant reverse to superhot breathing
The strong remain clothed in faith
the fools stripped naked
their souls burnt to ashes!
Where to now? Wind of fate!

MATANGI O TE ORA

Ngakau ekokokore mei te uritia
e takinokino i te enua
kua pupui aia i te au tuatua ou
na roto i te au taringa muteki
tei kona i te au manako puapingakore
Tona pona teatea kua takaviri kua ura
mei te puatolo kua akara te tangata
kua keiaia to ratou manako
e te reo imene o teia vaine
tei ura ma te taparu i to ratou vaerua

I teia nei kua mouaui to ratou manako
to ratou koringo mata kua vera i tona ao
kua mate i te inangaro i teia vaine
kua rere tika mai aia no te ta
Kua pupui i te matangi anu
kia emi to ratou kopapa kia mama te kaianga
i reira kua pupui mai i te matangi vera pakapaka
Kua autu te aronga tei ki i te akarongo
kareka tetai pae kua kiriri i to ratou kakau
to ratou vaerua kua ka i te a'ii
Ka rere kiea i teia nei! E te matangi o te orai!

TICKET TO TURTLE ISLAND

I won a raffle ticket for a canoe
complete with life-size paddlers
whose dark faces were hidden
in feathered gourd helmets
The wind and sea against us
I demanded a visit to Turtle Island
The paddlers breathing
with the heartbeat of the ocean
Their arm muscles waltzing
to the music of the waves
With my lonely chant
disturbing the air we paddled on
I felt lucky to have such a crew
obeying my every command
Turtle Island was near and so was nightfall
With my steering paddle in position
I commanded a stop
Their up-turned paddles froze in a straight line
our canoe remained in motion
The wind turned cold the sea stood still
our canoe moved on and on
My blistered hands still heaving
at the steering paddle
were not as raw as my face
The canoe would not turn back
Everything now is frozen black
even the raffle ticket canoe paddlers
to Turtle Island

TIKETI KI TE ENUA ONU

E tiketi naku e vaka te re
ma te au mataro ei oe i te vaka
to ratou au upoko kua ngaro
ki roto i te 'ue akamanaia ki te uru manu

Noaru te matangi e te ngaru
kua maro rai au kia tere matou ki te enua onu
Te akaea o te aronga oe vaka
kua aru i te pukua tu o te moana
To ratou rima ketaketa kua ura
ki te tangi reka o te ngaru
Taku pe'e takaua
kua akave'u i te rewa ia matou e tere ra
Kua manuia tikai au no teia au mataro
tei ariki ua i taku au akauanga
Kua vaiata mai te enua pera katoa te po
Taku oe kaveinga ki tona ngai
kua kapiki au kia akamutu te oe
Kua patu ta ratou oe ki runga kare e oriori
inara to matou vaka kua tere uatu rai ki mua
Te matangi kua anu toketoke te moana kua mate
kareka to matou vaka kua tere uatu rai ki mua
Toku rima tei patoia te akaue ra rai
i te oe kaveinga ma te timata kia uri te vaka
kare i muramura mei toku koringo mata
Kare te vaka e uri ki muri
Te au mea katoatoa kua toka i roto i te poiiri
e te au mataro oe vaka aru
ki te enua onu kua toka

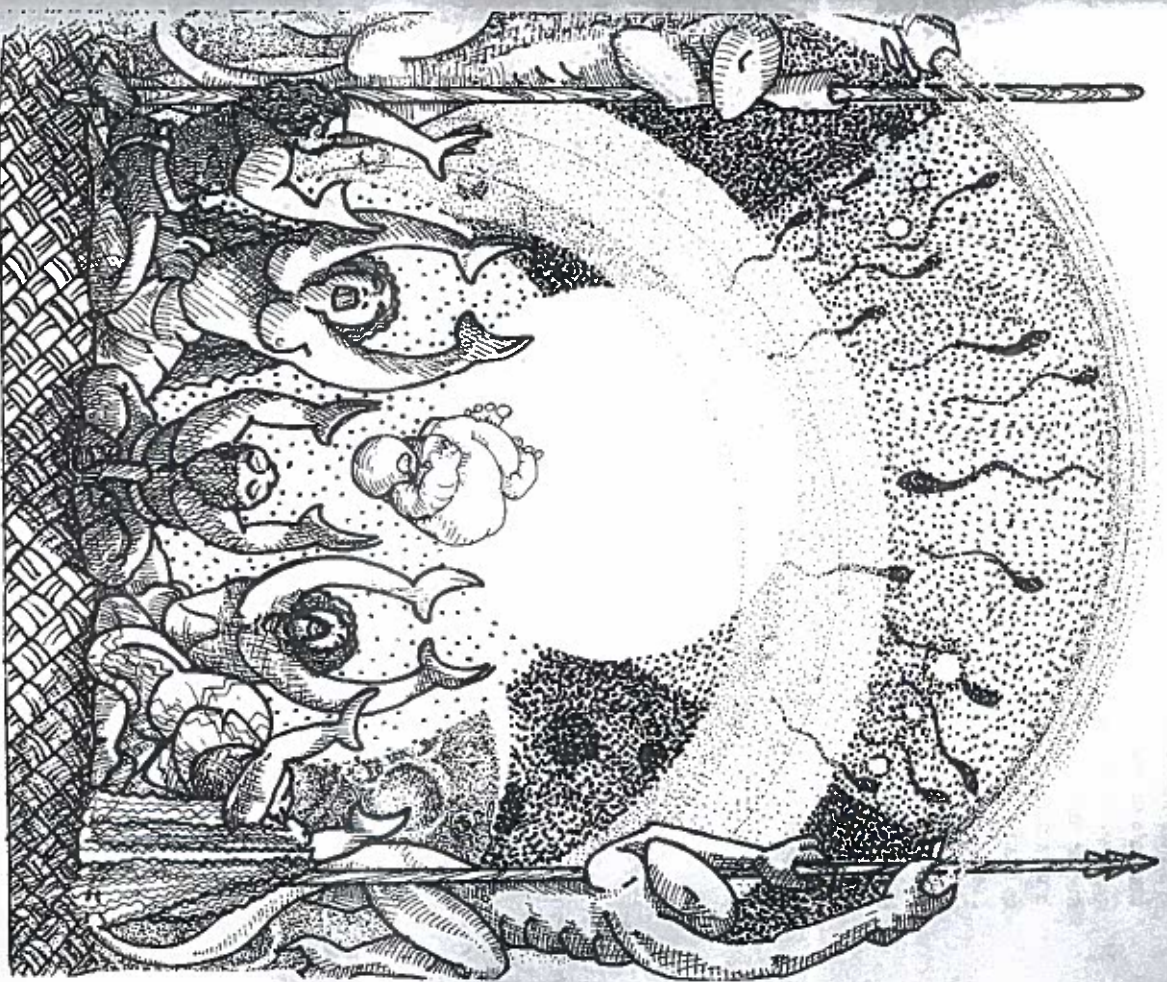
A CRYING VOICE¹

I heard a crying voice
crying and wailing
for love in the land
I don't know whose voice
There were too many sounds
in the voice
I saw a white bearded face
hanging in the air
Red tears rushing down dissolving
his beard like silver acid
until I heard that crying voice again
as if from behind sealed lips
lips that appeared to be moving
gently and whispering
of sweet taro² and fresh coconuts
but I don't know whose lips
They had no colour no shape
The voice got fainter
dying like drowning bubbles
crying out for love of the land
suddenly drowned by erupting
volcanic voices

1. First published in Frost, J. (Ed.), 1986. *American Poetry Anthropology*, Vol. VI, No. 4, American Poetry Association, California, USA.
2. An edible underground tuber (Colocasia esculenta) used as staple food in Oceania.

E REO AUE

E reo aue taku i akarongo
kua aue ma te ootoo o te ngakau
no te inangaro i te enua anauanga
Inara kare au i kite noai teia reo
e maata roa te au tangi tuke



i roto i teia reo

Kua kite au i tetai tutu tangata e uruuru va'a teatea tona
te tautau ua ra i roto i te mareva

E au roimata kura kua maringi

Kua ta'e te uruuru va'a teatea i te reira

Kua rongoa akaou au i taua reo aue nei

mei te mea rai e tei muri i tetai va'a topiritia

E va'a mei te mea rai e te teke marie ua ra

te tuatua maru ua ra te kamutanuta ua ra

i te tuatua no te taro vene e te nu ou

inara kare au i kite e noai teia va'a

kare oki ona tutu taka tikai e kare ona kara

Kua meangiti te tangi o taua reo nei

te mate atura mei te au poro matangi i te maremooanga

i reira kua puta mai tetai au reo tangi maata

mei te arruru rai o te maunga-a'i i te auanga

no te inangaro i te enua anauanga auraka kia ngaro

MOANA

Name of the Great Ocean

the dark blue sea

the mysterious

*Moana-Nui-o-Kiwa*¹

*Moana-Vai-a-Vare*²

mysterious ocean

Moana our daughter

graceful rider through space

from Hawaiiki

today you have earned

the keys to enter

the four rooms

of the mysterious

ocean of life

many will call upon

your name for guidance

for interpretation

of these mysteries

Moana our sister

you were born and raised

in the mysterious ocean

we look upon you for understanding

of the fish we eat

the waves that destroy us

for us

Moana our daughter

Moana our sister

Moana our mother

1. The Pacific Ocean

2. Means "myth" or "mysterious ocean" (Savage, 1962: 162)



MOANA

Te ingoa o te Vai Maara
te moana poiri
te moana o'onu
te Moana-nui-o-Kiva
te moana-vai-a-vare
te moana mana maata
Moana ta matou tamaine
e tamaine rere ao
no Havaiki mai
i teia ra kua rauka ia koe
te raviri no te tomoanga
ki te au pi'a e a
tei roto te au muna katoaroa
o te moana o te oraanga nei
e manganui te ka kapiki
i toou ingoa ei turama
ei marama no ratou
i teia au muna e manganui
Moana to matou tuaine
kua anauia koe kua utuutuia
i roto i te moana mana maata
tei ia koe to matou irinakianga
i te marama i te au ika ei kai
i te au ngaru te ka tamate ia matou
e te au ngaru te ka apai ia matou
ki te enua ou
moana ta matou tamaine
Moana to matou tuaine
Moana to matou metua vaine

PANDANUS VINE

golden yellow
sweet and fragrant
pandanus vine
smooth my motion
our red blossoms
with golden pollen
spread across my mat
trap around my body
our tender charms
round my heart
round my soul
I can smell you
I my dreams
I my leisure
and for my pleasure
pandanus vine
smooth my motion!

TE ARA KAKARA

toou kara koro rengarenga
nanea e te aunga kakara
te ara takaviri
akapateka i taku ravenaga
toou au puera muramura
na te puera tiare koro
toto'a na runga i toku moenga
takaviri i toku tino
i toou mana no te akaipo
akapini i toku pukuaru
akapini i toku vaerua
ia rauka iaku i te akaongi ia koe
roto i taku au moemoea
te atiangā i manakoia e au
no te akakoronga taku i imangaro
i te ara takaviri
akapateka i taku ravenagai

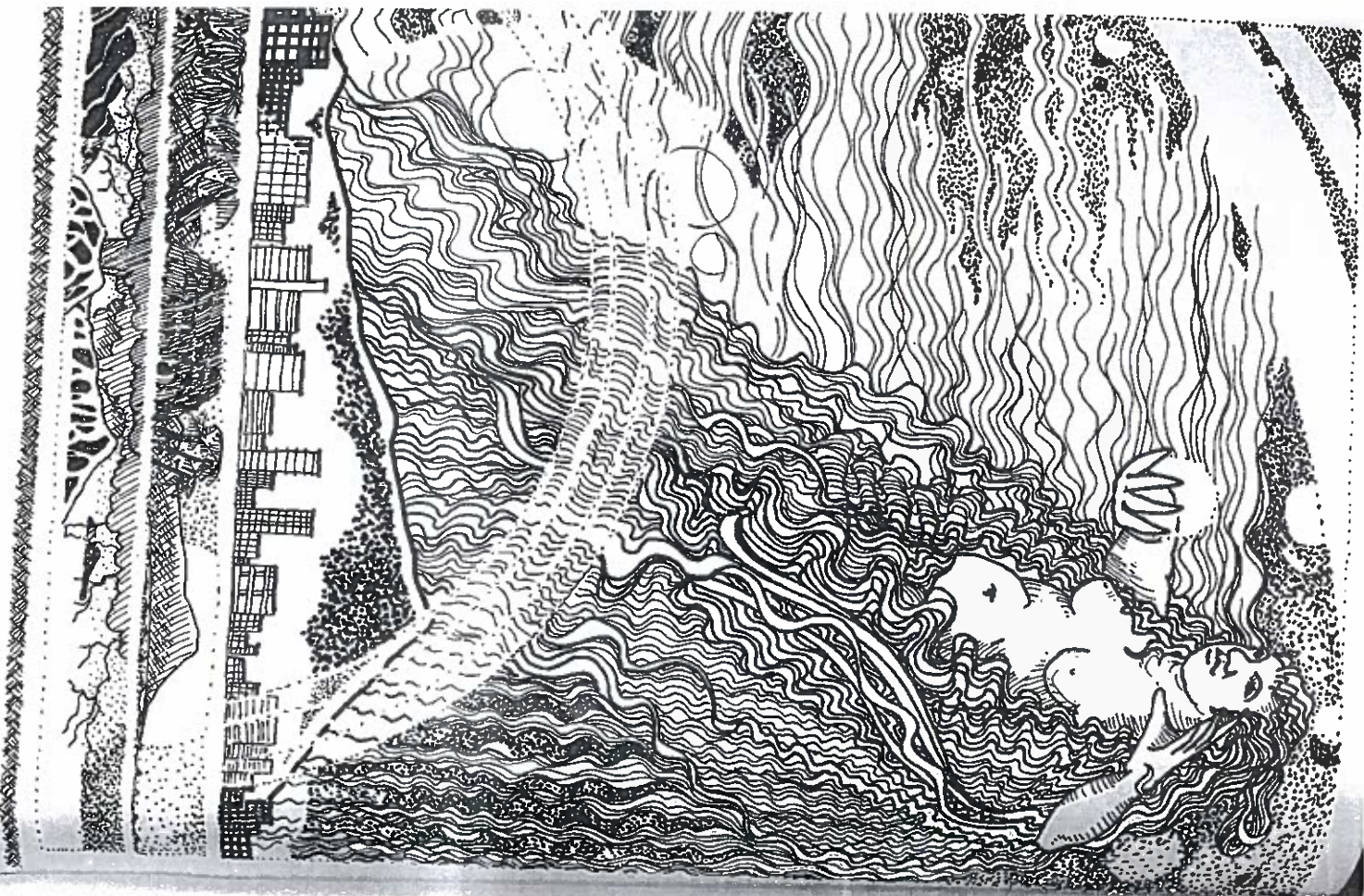
BLACK DIAMOND*

Mothered in the earth
for four million years
your colours deepened with time
but only you could know
A volcanic explosion in Hawaiki
exposed you naked to sunlight and people
who spread legends of your beauty
until no truth could still contain it
Your virgin colours faded
when sundown claimed your sparkle
your shadow even got stolen by the moon
as it rose singing
Black diamond perfect spirit
I searched Kāua'i and Hilo to find you
now I have become part of your mirage
floating in dark clouds in the sky

*First published in *American Poetics* 1986, Cambridge Collection, Yes Press, Wayneboro, Tennessee, USA.

TAIMANA KEREKERE

Kua utuutuia koe e te One enua
e a mitioni mataiti
te roa atu o te tuatua te maara atu o toou manea
ko koe uao rai rei kite
Te aruru o te maunga a'i i Hawaiki
kua takaua toou tino kua kitea e te ra e te tangata
kua akaroto'a ratou i te rongo o toou manea
kare e tuatua tika e rauka i te aao i te reira
Kua maratea toou au kara puroru
kua apaina e te opuanga ra toou kaka
e toou ara kua keiaia e te marama
i tona itiangā ma te reo imene
Taimana kerekere te mauri ora



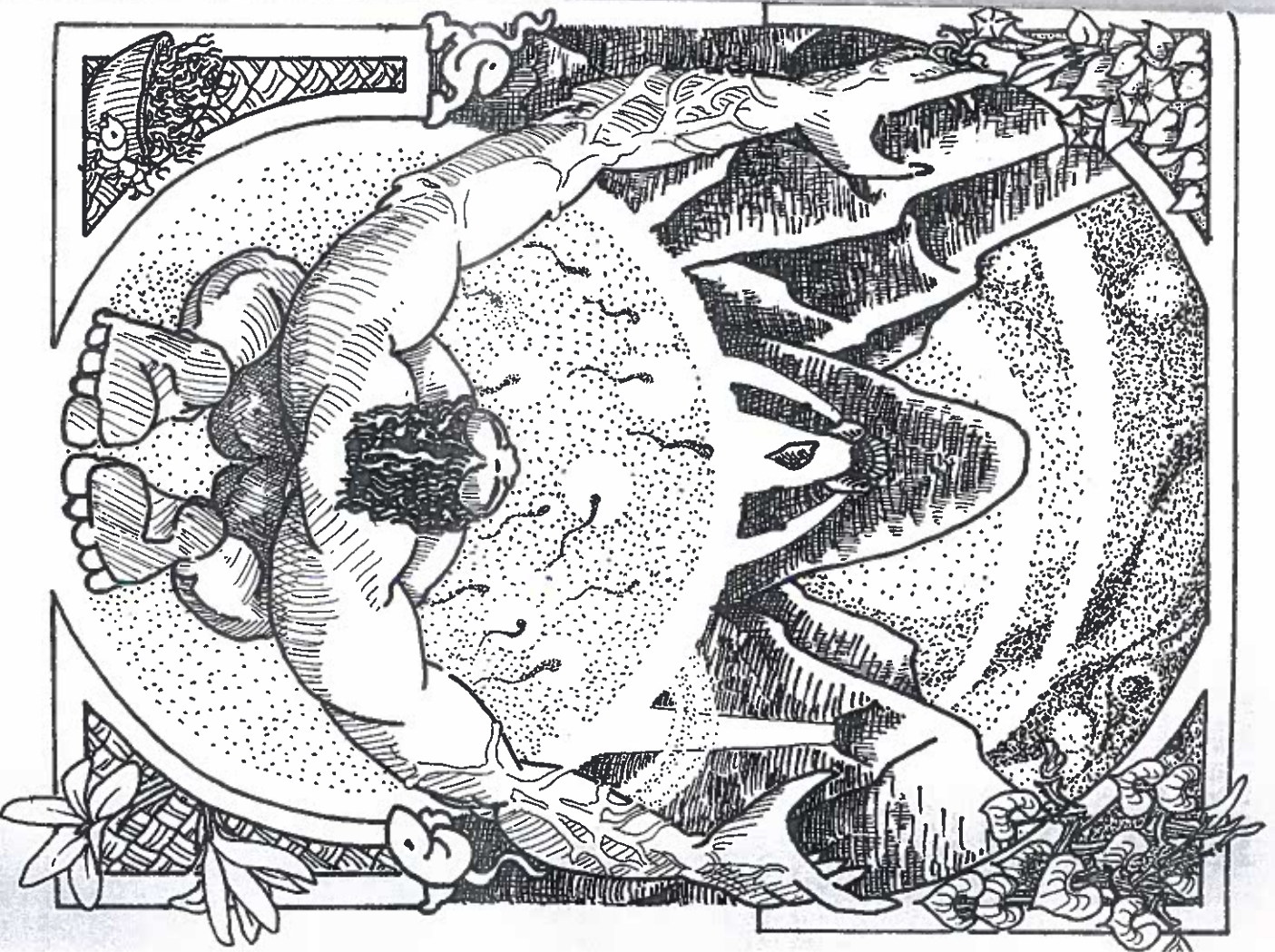
Kua kimi au ia koe ki Kaua'i e ki Hilo
rifo atu nei au ei tuanga no toou ata
tei paanu aere ua mei te ata o te tiao rangi kerekere

SPIRITS OF THE LAND

You are my last hope to be free
from the purple flower of the night
Custodians of earth medicines
my poisoned spirit cries out
The world has loaded my belly
with potions of bitter-sweetness
stung my blood veins
with liquids for various pains
yet my spirit keeps evaporating
into purple starlight
Was it the red seaweed I ate
instead of offering it to you?
Was it the four gardenia-buds I crushed
instead of preserving them for you?
Was it the little caterpillar I ignored
instead of feeding it?
Was it the ancestral bones I dug up
instead of keeping them buried?
Your pardon I beg
for whatever wrong I did
Spirits of the land
my strangled soul gasps
for your breath; my life!

TE AU VAERUA O TEENUA

ko koe toku irinakianga openga
ia ora au mei te tiare poihi o te po
i te au tauunga o te vairakau enua
e kapiki atu nei toku vaerua poiriniia
ua akakiia toku kopu e teia nei ao
i te au vairakau kava-vene
ku ara-toro kua patiaia
i te au vai tukeke no te au mamae e manganui
ara kare toku vaerua i akamutu
e ngotea e te vai pupu o te po



Ko te remu muramura ainei taku i kai
tei kore au a'pai atu ei aringa naau?
Ko te tiare maori mata-puku e a ainei
taku i komiromiro tei kore au i tuku naau?
Ko te anu'e meangitika ainei taku i akangaropoina
tei kore au i angai?
Ko te ivi o aku tupuna ainei taku i kerī
e tei kore au i vao'o ua i te ngai tanuanga?
E patianga teia naku e akakore mai
i taku ara ea'a uatu te tu
Te au vaerua o te enua
ko toku mauri tei piritia te karaponga
te kapiki atu nei i toou a'o kia'ora!

FLYING FISH*

Your blue-silver body glittering
in fast arcs across the night sea
your watery bold eyes wide
starting at me before I have time to look
How dare you parade
in the rays of my flaming torch!
Waves and sharks cannot keep me away
My net is on a steady pole tonight!

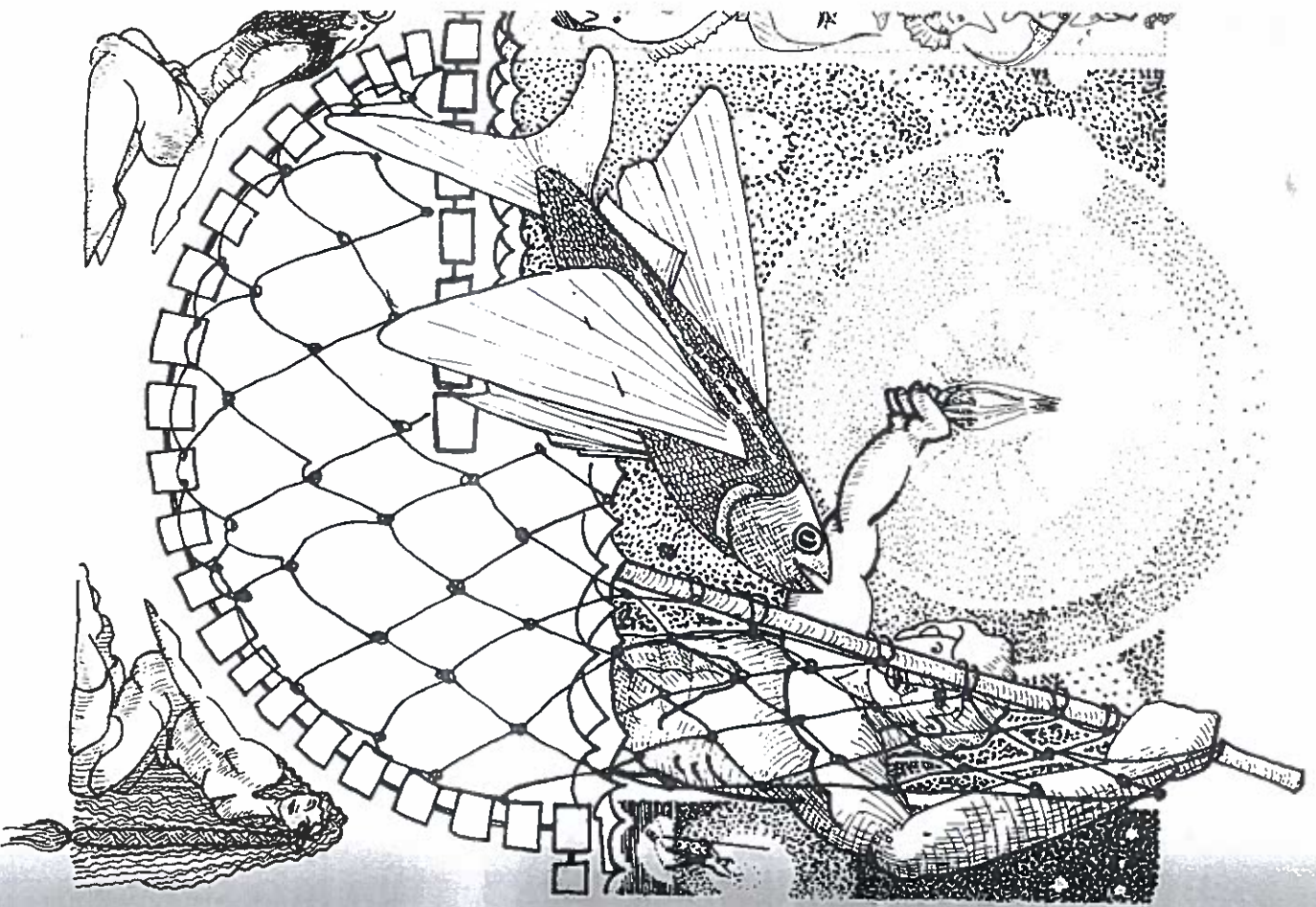
Flying fish

your life is in my net
Choose your destiny!
If to entertain then dance with me
and your supper shall be
from the flames of my coconut fronds
but if to tease me with
flying dreams upon long white clouds
and your confusing tales
of pigs in women
my net is ready to deliver you
from flying to frying now!

* First published in the *Hawaii Review* 20 (Fall Semester 1986),
Department of English, University of Hawaii at Manoa, Honolulu, Hawaii

TE MARORO

Toou kopapa auika-auro kua kanapa
i te rereanga na roto i te mareva pōiri
toou nga mata mamaata e te kaka
kua akara mai iaku i mua ake ka kite aru ei au
Eaa taau tatiaceae iaku ma te rere
aere na roto i te marama o taku rama kikaui?
Kare e rauka i te ngaru e te mango i te tapu iaku
tei roto taku kupenga i te rima pakari i teia poi!
E te maroro
tei roto toou oraanga i taku kupenga



E iki i toou kaveinga i te ao nei?
me ko te tamataora iaku ina ka ura ia raua
e ko taau kai i muri ake
ko te ngarau o taku rama kikanu
me ko te tatiaseae iaku
ki taau au moemoea rere ki ao te aroa
e ki taau au tua tiopu
i te vaine e te puaka
kua papa taku kupenga i te tienti i toou oraanga
mei te rere moana ki te rere a'i i teia poi!

POLYNESIAN PUPPET*

A plaything for man
a plaything for gods
a tool with mana
you must be lonely
being untouched for years
Now you have no strings
attached
Alas! No connections
it all
four wooden tattooed body
separated into
distinct pieces
the head
the arms
the torso
the legs
Where is the semnit
that tie you together?
Where are the hands
that once cared for you?
Alas! Only your paper image remains
to grace the books of chiefs
Polynesian puppet
the boy Maui is here
I would like
to play with you!

This poem inspired by a drawing of a puppet on John Charlot's book: *The Hawaiian Poetry of Religion and Myths* cover.

TE TANGATA-RAKAU MAORI

E apinga kangakanga na te tangata
e apinga kangakanga na te au aitu
e raku manamana
peni kua maromaroa koe
no tei kore koe i amimiria kua roa te tuatau
I teia nei kare ou taura tapeka
i toou au paupauga
Aue! Kare ou paupauga
akaou kare takiri
Toou kopapa raku tei nanaoia
kua atea ei au
potoorongakake
te upoko
te rima
te kopapa
te vaevae
Teia te ka'a
tei tapeka ana ia koe kia okorai?
Teia te nga rima
tei akono ana ia koe?
Aue! Ko toou tutu pepa ua te vai nei
ei akamana i te pukaka a te au ariki
E te tangata-raku Maori
teia a Maui-potiki
ka mangaro aia
kia kangakanga korua!

PO, THE GREAT

the Great Void
ent of Ra and Marama
ent of Rangī and Papa
ents of all the elements
ent of Tane and Hina
ent of Tangaroa and Rongo
ent of Maui and Raka
ent of all the gods
ent of all that inhabits
sea the land and sky
: offer you
le, pig and tavake
se and eat we beg you
: raise your head
we might get a glimpse
our eye-lashes fluttering
I be struck by your mana
the Deep
the essence of Hawaiki
ear us we beg you
O ...

TE PONUI

Po Nui
metua o Ra e Marama
metua o Rangī e Papa
metua o te au mea karoaroa
metua o Tane e Hina
metua o Tangaroa e Rongo
metua o Maui e Raka
metua o te au atua
metua o te au manu
moana te enua te marewa
matou atinga kia koe
onu e puaka e tavake

Noo mai ki runga kia kai koe
E akatu iti mai ana i to upoko
kia kite uaru matou i tetai ngai iti
o toou ururu mata i te panapanaanga
kia turamata matou e toou mana
Te Po Tangotango
Te Po Manava o Hawaiki
Akarongo mai i to matou reo
Io o o ...

BLACK SPIDER

pider
ack spider crawling
re dew of morning light
rushes back day
o birth
ider lightning

TE TUKUTUKU-RAO-NUI

e tukutuku-rao-nui
kutuku-rao-nui kerekere kua totoro
a roto i te 'upe o te marama popongi
a opara kia ngaro te ao
a rauka te anauanga
te tukutuku-rao-nui uira

FORBIDDEN WATERS*

We dared to fish in forbidden waters
Seeing so many friendly fish
stole our fear momentarily
A four-foot red and golden fish
swam by
Mesmerized by its beautiful dance
we watched it circle our canoe
then it stopped with its wiggling tail
not far from my tempted fingers
With one grab I pulled it aboard
while my brother hit it on the head
It cried out like a child on fire
and looked into my face with dying eyes
We watched it die beside the bloody club
Suddenly the fish turned brown
and stank like a thousand corpses
locked in one bedroom
Giant maggots crawled from its fast-decaying flesh
onto the canoe floor
In unison we scooped the body
onto our paddles and tipped it gently
over the side
We quickly paddled back towards
Our usual fishing grounds
The stench the rotting fish left behind
forced us to sink the canoe then swim to shore
In the corner of my eye I saw that same fish
following us with angry eyes

* First published in *Horizons*: Vol 1 No 1, 1986, East West Centre Participants Association, EWC, Honolulu, Hawaii, page 32 under the title "Monster Fish".

TE MOANA TAPU

Kua tere maua tautai ki roto i te moana tapu
kua ngaro to maua matakū i te kiteanga
i te maata o te au ika rarata
E ika mei te a tapuae kara muramura e te koro
kua tere mai na te pae ia maua
Kua poititere maua i te manea o tana ura
no reira kua varena maua i te akara iata e takapinipini nei
i reira kua tapu te ika rona iku kare i mamao
mei toku rima noinoi i te opu iata
Okotai rai aku opuanga i te iku kua uri mai
ki roto i te vaka e te rakau karoa a toku teina i te ruruanga
ki runga i te upoko kua aue te ika mei tetai pepe rai
Kua akara mai kiaku ma te mata pati ora
Kua akara maua i tona mateanga i te pae i te rakau totoroto
Care i roa kua kerekere te ika
Kua aunga pirau mei te kopapa tangata mate e tai tausani
ei rokaia ki roto i tetai pi'a moe
Kua torotoro mai te au iro mamaata mei roto i te ika
i runga i te ta'ua o te vaka
Kua tiope kapipiti maua i te ika pe
i ta maua nga oe kua uri marie atu i te reira
i roto i te tai
Kua oe viviki atu maua
i to maua ngai tei matauia e maua no te tautai
ara no te maata roa o te aunga pirau o te vaka
ua akatomo maua i te vaka e kua kau ki ura
maua e kau ra kua ata mai iaku taua ika nei
aru mai nei ia maua ma te mata ta'ae

RAINBOW WOMAN

You appear to me in dreams day and night
Your gold and black hair flows
Forming hills and valleys in full colour
Causing the living dead to look up
You came to me in bone and blood
The marrow still white the water flows
Creating coconut trees and pandanus groves
Leaving sweet fragrance of your hands in the wind
You penetrate my eyes with tender rays
Your brilliance doubling my vision
Illuminating the lava sealed paths in my soul
Releasing the fire and water within
You offer me omens of Po
Gifts of earth nail and hair
Of maire tuitui and ginger stone
Your rainbow from your seven heavens

TE VAINĒ ANUANUA

Toou ata tei roto i taku moe po e te ao
To rouru kooro kerekere kua ta'e
Kua riro ei one puku ma te one poko manea
Te au vaerua tei moe tei ora kua akarakara
Kua aere mai koe kiaku ei toto ei ivi
Te toro ivi te vai ora kua ta'e
Kua riro ei au tumu nu ma te tumu 'ara
Te lakara o toou rima kua mou ki roto i te matangi
Toou verovero kaka kua koputa i oku mata
Te marama kua tarua i oku mata
Akamarama atura i te mataara poiiri o taku ngakau
Kitea atura te a'i e te vai kaka
Kua arua mai koe iaku ki te orama
Te one enua te maikuku rima te rouru
Te maire te tuitui te renga te toka ora
Taaū au anuanua mei te rangi e 'itu

LOVING FLOWERS*

Loving flowers
picked fresh
from cultured gardens
in Manoa valley
by expert hands
with delicate fingers
plucking carefully
leaving petals unharmed
that are
made to be my lei

Loving flowers
embrace my neck
soothe my senses
you to whom
bees and wasps fly gladly
from far countries
your fragrance has not left
the air around my face
since we first met

* First published in Small Talk no. 5, Participant Services, East West Centre, Honolulu, May 1986 issue, page 4.

TIARE INANGAROA

Te au tiare inangaroia
katoaia i te matapukunga
mei te aua tiare akaperepera
te o i Manoa
: te rima o te pakari
e mangamanga-rima maru
tua akiaki marie
:ia kore te au puera e pakiakia
:ia rauka mai
:tai ei manea no toku tino
e au tiare inangaroia

kua takave i toku kaki
kua tamataora i toku au mero
kua rere mai te rango-meri te rango-patia
mei te au enua mamao kia koe
toou aunga reka te koropini nei rai
i te reva te akaongi nei au
mei te tuatau mai i to taua
araveianga mua

SHADOWED HEAD

'our golden brown lips
ained bloody red
lack thick eye lashes
lucked clean then painted
atural white teeth
lastered with metals
rge dangling rings
ut deep into your ear-lobes
ng black hair replaced
y wavy blonde wig
our eyes keep begging
r more shadows

UPOKO PENIIA

oou ngutu paraoni manea
ua to'u i te muramura toto
ruru mata kerekere
ua ma i te utiutitia kua peniia
i'o teatea natura
ua pateia ki te toka
ipe'a mamaata tautau
ua tipu oonu i toou taringa
nuru kerekere roroa
ua takoreia e te rouru pikika
Papaa
ou nga mata kua noinoi uatu rai
tetai au peni mata ke atu

THREE WARRIORS

In the kingdom of Kiwa
three warriors fought
to gain the mat of Hina
daughter of the Chief
each given a full-moon
to perform the tasks
Tama pleased her
with his physical feats
Kapa soothed her
with his soulful songs
Tau fascinated her
with his intellectual debates
The day came for the announcement
With her combed long hair
laden with gardenias
one blossom behind her left ear
beautiful Hina declared,
"Tama, Kapa and Tau,
You have all scored well;
I wish to marry you all."
The Chief smiled with approval
the people burst into a song
but the warriors were angry
They took out their short weapons
and fought amongst themselves
for three hot suns
Blood sprinkled the white pebbles
of the Chief's courtyard
Hina wept for she loved each one
of them
Even today they still fight
over her!

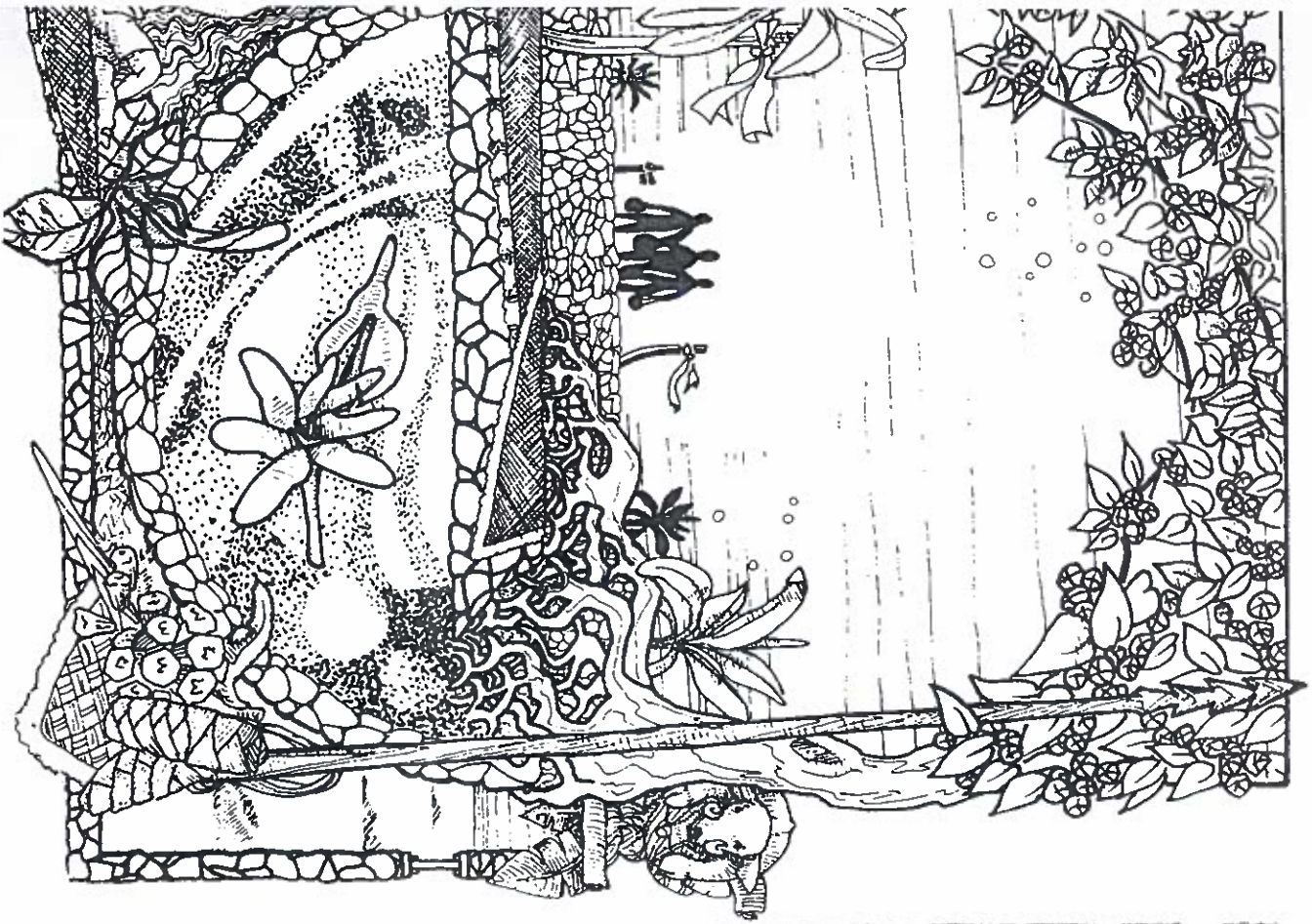
TE TOKOTORU TOA

enua o Kiva
toru tumu toa kua tamaki
iro kia ai te moenga o Hina
maine a te ariki
orongaia okotai marama kia ratou
ta'i kia rave i rei akaucaia
tamataora a Tama i te tamaine ariki
na au peu kopapa
tamaru a Kapa i te tamaine ariki
na au imene reka
akaoraora a Tau i te manako
tamaine ariki ki tana au tuarua
tae ki te ra no te akakiteanga ki te iti-tangata
tu te tamaine ariki a Hina
a rouru kerere rotoa kua ori i te peru
akamauea ki te tiare maori
rai puera tiare i te taringa kaui te poe ra aia
tuarua te purotu, "E Tama, Kapa e Tau,
ite ua to kotou turanga
era ka akaiipo au ia kotou tokotoru."
katakata te ariki e akairo kua tika iata
e urupu tangata kua akamata i te imene
ka te au tumu toa e toru kua riri
kiriti mai i ta ratou rakau tamaki
kai-tamaki kia ratou uao rai
u ra vera to ratou tamakianga
muramura te kiritiki o te marae
ariki i to ratou toto
aue a Hina
tou tokotoru
i ra te tamaki ra rai ratou
peke kia ai te tamaine a te ariki!

SACRED FISH FOR RONGO

His coconut-oiled head turned
to look for the last time
at the gardenia blossoms
in the warm morning sun
along his way
Upon arrival at the stone-pen
for Rongo's sacred fish
the young enslaved warrior
removed his *kiritau*¹ sandals
laid down his spear before entering
He stretched his naked and
shining body over the pandanus mat
his head propped up by
his polished head-stool
Shaded by the sacred *mito*² trees
it was now too late to escape
being the roasted fish for Rongo³
though plans to escape
tempted him
Wailing cries of *Purotu*⁴ his woman
still haunting his ear-drums
he slept
Three starving priests arrived
at the appointed shadow of the sun
dragged the warrior to Rongo's altar
Three blows of the stone adze to his skull
satisfied them
A gardenia blossom fell
from behind his left ear

1. Dried inner bar of the 'au tree (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*)
2. A hard-wood (*Thespesia Populnea*) often planted on 'marae'
3. A traditional Polynesian god (often that of land/war)
4. Meaning "most beautiful"



TE IKA A RONGO

Kua uri tona upoko tei miriia
 ki te manongi akari kua akara openga
 i te au puera tiare maori
 i roto i te maana o te ra popongi
 iaia e aere ra
 Kia rae te toa ki te koro toka
 no te ika tapu a Rongo
 kua kiriti aia tei taurika'aia
 i tona tamaka kiritiau
 tana korare kua tuku ki raro
 Kua takoto taka'ua aia
 ki runga i te moenga paeore
 tona upoko kua akangaroi
 ki runga i tona urunga-rakau
 Kua tamarumarua aia e te tumu miro
 kua tureti i teia nei te kimi ora
 kia kore aia e tunupakaia na Rongo
 Tana au kimikimianga ravenga no te oro
 kua timata akaou mai iaia
 Te aue orooto a tona tokorua a Purotu
 kua tangi marnae ki tona taringa
 inara kua moe aia
 Kua rae mai tokotoru taunga
 i te atianganga tei akakoroiia
 Kua puto mai i te toa ki te atarau o Rongo
 E toru ruruanga o te toki ki tona upoko
 kua marena i reira te au taunga
 Kua topa mai mei muri i tona taringa kauri
 te pura tiare maori.

SILVER TONGUES

Silver snakes
talking and hissing in a secret hole
A new student tries to wiggle in
without being noticed
but since once before
they have seen her ordinary blood-red tongue
she is already despised
Yet they will do anything to trap her soul
The instructor's silver tongue
has the most deadly point
and the most seductive hiss
It is now the new student's turn
to sharpen her tongue under
the guidance of the special committee
vibrating her tongue at the correct speed
reciting the correct words with the correct moans
one mistake will cost her much blood
The selected elite chanting
the secret ritual in progress
her tongue begins to stiffen into silver
losing its blood redness
She feels death entering
the tip of her tongue as she chanted
With a swift twist she breaks loose
and wiggles out of
that dark hole of silver snakes

ARERO ARIO

E au ovi ario
te pukapuka ra te imenemene ra i roto i te rua
kua tae mai tetai kua timata i te tomo ngaroua
ki roto kia kore aia e kitea i te tomoanga
inara i te mea e kua kite ana ratou i mua atu
e tona arero mea muramura ua rai
kua akava'ava'a takere ia aia

kareka tona vaerua ko ta ratou tikai ia e unuunu nei
No te puapui te arero ario
keokeo e te poitini rava atu
e tana imenemene e mea keia inangaro tikai
I teia nei kua tae te tuatau kia akakeokeoia
te arero o te tama apii i raro ake
i te akaareanga a te au taunga
ka akauka aia i tona arero kia tau te viviki
iaia e tuatua ra e kia tano katoa tona tukuanga a'o
me tarevake ua ake ka maringi tona toto
Kua pe'e te au taunga
ko teia peu etene kua raveia i roto i te muna
ko tona arero kua akamata i te riro ei ario
kua akamata tona kara muramura i te ngaro
Kua kite taua tama apii nei i te tomoanga mai
o te mate na te ope o tona arero iaia e pe e nei
Kua tuki pu ua aia ma te viviki katoa kia ora aia
kua totoro viviki atu aia ki va o
mei roto i taua rua poiri nei o te au ovi ario

SPRING TIME

hundred birds are singing
maidens are dancing
are smoking and relaxing on the roadside
are sunbathing after their morning shower
with an umbrella walks by
of the weather
are kissing
tereo tape-recorder is singing for the birds
like a stone among the grass
the banyan tree
familiar face that says to me,
er up, let's go for a walk
gh Manoa garden."
olds my hand and some lilies
cked along the way
fish are swimming
golden babies are eating
nly a hungry mongoose sneaks up
l a gold fish
e keep still, watching
t the gold fish beautiful!" she said
I replied, "But I'm tired of looking at them.
en looking at them from the bottom of this pond
was a stone. Then they excrete on me."
e crazy!"
make me sane with a song, a dance and a smoke."
is no need for that; it's Spring time!"

TUATAU TUPU

anere manu kua imene
ru vaine puroru te ura ra
notoka te kai avava ra ma te akangaro'i i te pae mataara
u tumu rakau te murumuru ra ra i muri ake i te pa'i vai
ta kua aere ma tona tamaru
i irinakikore i te tu o te reva

Kua ongi te au manu
Te tepu-rekoti te imene ra ki te au manu
laku e noo ra mei tetai toka i runga i te matie
i raro i te tumu ava
kua ata mai tetai tutu matauia e au kua tuatua mai,
"Ae, e ara, aere mai ka aere taua oriori
na ko i te au'a tiare i Manoa."
Kua mou mai aia i toku rima e ko tetai ona rima
kua mou i te au tiare riri tana i akiaki i to maua aereenga
Te kau aere ra te ika kooro
ta ratou au pepe kooro te kailkai ra
Kua ata poitirere mai tetai kiore maatamata
kua tekateka marie no te opu i tetai ika kooro
e kua akara ua maua ma te kore e oriori
"Manea te au ika kooio eai!" I na toku tokorua ai
"Ae," i naku atu ei, "Inara kua 'iu au i te akara ia ratou.
I akarakara ua ana au ia ratou mei raro atu i te take o teia
puna vai i toku tuatau i toku oranga toka. E mea matau
na ratou i te tidiko ki runga laku." "Ae, kua auouoia koei!"
"E tangaro ia koe i toku neneva ki tetai imene, tetai ura
e tetai avava."
"Kare e puapinga i tena au mea; akara i! E tuatau tupu tetai!"

HILLO RAINS

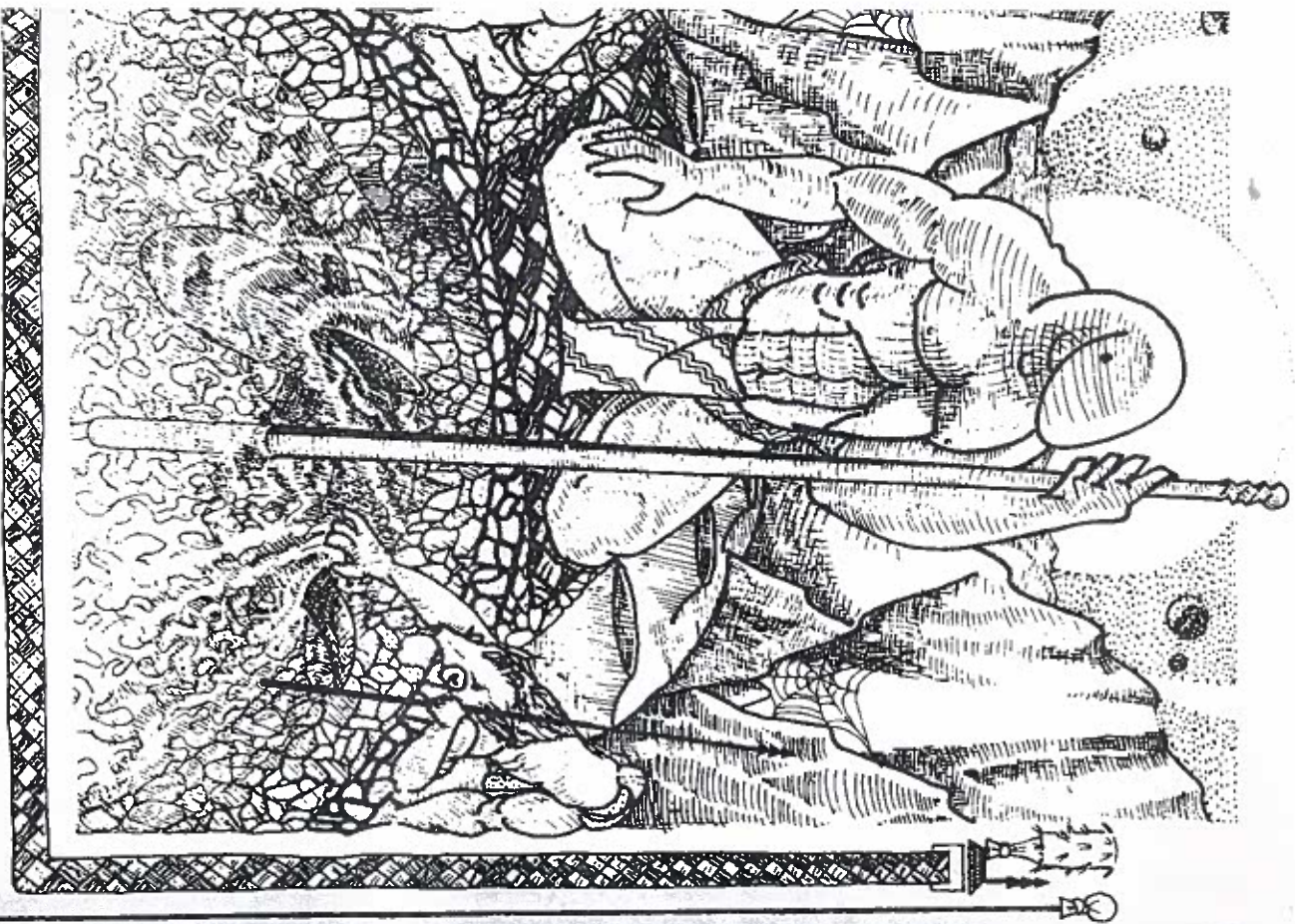
rains
ome moist in the lava heat
h your drops of red water
ny lips of burning red
ny feet in smoke and ash
a huge watermelon being squeezed
e hand of the sky giant
the glow of his monstrous mouth
r sweet fiery liquid dribbled down
sounds water down leaves
ing sleep music for rats and cats
feeling of peace from hot wings
ping through greened branches
) rains

TE UA O HILO

ua o Hilo
kaanuanu iaku i roto i te toka vera
to au topata vai kura
runga i toku va'a muraina e te a'i
runga i Oku vaevae i roto i te aua'i e te ngara'u
i te mereni maatamata tei romiromitia
e nga rima o te tuputupu o te rangi
roto i te vera o tona va'a maatamata
ou vai vene reka kua ta'e ki raro
tangitangi o te va topata mei runga i te rau
a akamoe i te au kioretoka ma te au kiorengiao
marekaanga o te ngakau mei te au peau vera
a rere mai na roto i te au atava rakau matie
ua o Hilo

TAUNGA OF THE GREAT MOKO

Oh Taunga of the Great Moko
Immense calabash of mana
Your sacred ground guarded
by long-tusked boars
from profane fingers of man
Oh Daughter of the Sun who directs light
into the cave where black spiders live
Oh Lover of the rainbow who obeys
the commands of water and fire
Oh Proud rider upon the back
of the great white shark
The blind chanter to entertain
Tangaroa at his deep sea banquet in Kauai
The four winds carry news
of your korero like lightning
Today our canoe landed
and your great white herons
led us from the beach
through the spider webbed cave to your marae
at the foot of Anahola hills
but we dare not step upon
your sacred ground without invitation
lest we disturb the wild moko
Oh Taunga of great powers from Hawaiiki Nui
according to foreign nostrils
you stink of decaying corpses
but from where we stand
the smell of your sweet mairé and ava
increases with time spent
waiting upon you



TAUNGA O TEMOKO UPOKONU

E te taunga o te moko upokonui
 Te 'ue maataaata o te mana
 kua tiakia toou marae
 e te au puaka ni'o roroa
 kia kore e tanoaia e te kuri tangata
 Te tamaine a te Ra nana e arataki i te marama
 ki roto i te ana o te tukuruku-rao-nui kerekere
 E te 'ipo a te amuanua ko rei akarongo
 ki te akauaanga a te vai e te 'ai
 Ko koe rei pilki i te rua
 o te mango tea tapu nui
 Te taunga matapo tei ikitia e Tangaroa
 ei pe'e i tana kapa i te umukai i Kana'i
 Na te rua matangi e 'a e toto'a
 i te ronggo o taau korero uira
 Kua tau to tatou vaka i teia ra
 e taau kotuku teatea upokonui
 kua arataki ia tatou mei taatai
 ki ura na roto i te ana pungaverereia ki toou marae
 i te take o te au ruavi i Anahola
 inara kare tatou e rauka i te takai'i
 ki runga i tona marae ma te kore i kapikitia
 ko te ara aea te moko ta'ae e moe ra
 E te taunga tei koropinia e te mana no Havaiki Nui
 ta te putangiu papa'a i akakite mai
 e 'aunga piraui toou mei te kopapa tangata mate
 inara ia matou e tu nei
 ko te aunga reka anake o te maire e te ava
 kua maata ua mai i te roa te tuatau
 ia matou e tiaki aru nei ia koe

MOKO

oko went into the forest beyond his home
otted the right place to perform
d sing his father's song:
Moko mai, neke mai,
Neke mai, ne!"
is was his lure for a mate
ith eggs in mind
om behind a fern she came dancing
en followed him under a stone
dance some more.

KO MOKO

ua aere a Moko ki roto i te vaorakau
ua kite i te ngai rano kia pe'e aia
ra tona metua-tane i apiti kiaia:
"Moko mai, neke mai,
Meke mai, ne!"
ana tavarenga teia kia akainangaro mai
etai moko vaine iaia
ia muri mai i te tumu maire tetai moko vaine
ua ura mai e kua aru atu ia Moko
i raro i te toka kia uraura raua.

A FLY

A fly
flew in
my last drop of soup.
It grinned when I cursed it
hoping it would drown.
I looked at her
and she simply said —
"Eat your soup
then you can fly."

E RANGO

E rango
kua rere mai ki roto
i taku kapu tiopu.
Kua akatumatuma mai i tona mata
iaku e akakoro ra kia maremo aia.
Kia akara tika aru au
kua tuatua mai aia kiaku —
"Kainga taau tiopu
kia rauka ai ia koe te rere."

SIXTEEN BAGS

xteen bags
passion flowers you collected for me
he aroma sweet purple
hour fresh and alive
ach blossom unique on my tongue
erfect for my cup of tea
lot water from the earth
eases your healing streams
f catnip music and chamomile lullaby
f peppermint spears and lavender shields
am nurtured by your hands of rosemary fern
reat green taunga of Manoa
taste your dew-kissed lips
keeping leaves moist in the rising sun
You cool my boiling mind
Your taste needs no artificial sweetening
When the sun is high you open your arms
to demand the passionate vines be green
When the sun is low your legs you spread
to receive the shadows of the day
into sixteen valleys of the night

ENGAURU-MA-ONO PUTE

E ngauru-ma-ono pute
Tiare akaipoipo taau i akaputu noku
Te aunga kakara mei te tiare vareau
Te kara mea ou e tiare ora
Te au puera vene tuketuke i runga i toku arero
Tano meitaki tikai no taku kapu ti
Te vai vera o te enua
Ei akapupu i to auai'ora
O te imene karinipi me te kamomire
O te tokoroko pepamini me te ravenetaria
Kua rapakauia au e tooou nga rima maire rooti

Te taunga nui o Manoa
Kua ongi au i tooou va'a tei mau i te 'upe popongi
Tei akama'u'u i te au rau rakau i te itianga ra
Kua akaanuanu koe i toku manako pupu
To vai reka kua tau tikai te venevene
Me avatea te ra kua oora koe i to nga rima
kia akamatiteia te au tiare akaipo
Me alai te ra kua akatueria koe i to nga vaevae
Kia apukunaia te ata o te ao
ki roto i te o e ngauru-ma-ono o te po

MAROKURA

Marokura
loincloth of the high priest
of Ra in the seven heavens
made from the finest white tapa
by four daughters of Marama
Your body stained in red
the sacred chants of creation

Marokura
stolen by eagles for a nest
while the naked priest slept
you fell into the ocean of Kiva
and were found on the beach by Hina
who wore you with pride —
your soft touch made her pregnant

Marokura
mistaken for a bundle of rags
you were thrown to the depths
in the land of Mu
your intricate designs nibbled
by crabs eels sharks
dolphins whales and finally
eaten by white turtles

MAROKURA

Marokura
Te maro o te taunga teitei
o Ra i te rangi e 'iru
kua iriia ki te 'anga teatea manea
e te toko'a tamaine a Marama
To tino kua akairaira ki te mura
te au pe'e tapu o te kapuanga
Marokura
kua keiaia e te au aeto ei koanga
i te moe taka'uaanga te taunga

kua tapa koe ki roto i te moana o Kiva
kua kiteaia e Hina i taatai
tei tarua ia koe ma te ngakau parau-
toou tu maru kua nui te vaine ia koe

Marokura
kua manako te tangata e nga'inga'i piro koe
kua pe'ia koe ki te moana tariva
ki te enua o Mu
toou au tikorikoti tapu kua karikatia
e te tupa te pu'i te mango
te nai'a te toora te raopenga
kua kaingaia e te au Onu teatea

RAINBOW PRIEST*

Guardian of white light
that makes golden rainbows
You chant to the gods
for special berries
to paint the colours
of the rainbow
Difficult to capture
your face burns
like the desert sun
Yet you can be trusted
to create colour and wonder
Tonight you will meet
your brother from Hawaiki-Po
the guardian of black light
that makes silver rainbows
He chants to the gods
for special rains
to change the colours
of your rainbow
His face is easy to recognize
because it shines
like the shadow of the first moon

*I wish to acknowledge the help of the New Zealand poet Alastair Campbell who commented on the drift of this poem.

TAUNGA O TE ANUANUA

Ko koe te tiaki i te marama teatea
e maania ana ei anuanua kooro
Kua pe'e koe ki te au aitu
no tetai au ua rakau
ei peeni i te au kara
o te anuanua
E mea ngata te opu
i toou marama no tona kaka
e te vera mei te ra o te metepara

Inara mutukore toou tiratiratu
i te maani kara kia umereia
I teia po ka aravei koe
i toou tuakana no Hawaiki-Po
koia te tiaki i te marama kerekere
e maania ana ei anuanua ario
Ka pe'e aia ki te au aitu
no tetai ua tuke
ei tieni i te au kara
o tau anuanua
Kare i te mea ngata te kite iaia
no tona tutu mata kua kaka
mei te ata o te arapo mua

STRAY CAT

Through morning fog light
You come down street
I arrived limping to my back door
I yell to frighten you away
Each time you leave
I then reappear
Your dirty white coat
I need with lice
Your voice faint as my breath
I chance to give you fresh milk
Although my landlord forbids it
Your coat now is brilliant white
I tongue clean daily
Your voice lively
When your chicken lunch is late
You knock on my study door
Although you still limp left
Your voice still cranky
You manage to sing dance for me
You come up to my front door tonight
My black coated landlord came
I to collect rent
You but stepped on your tail
You yell our secret away
Now I must stop seeing you
Or I get kicked out
Your hot tuna dinner is cold
The shattered wine glasses
In the candle light sparkled

TE NGIAO ORI

Na roto mai i te verovero ra popongi
toou aereanga mai
te ikoke ma te tekireki ki toku ngutupa-na muri
Kua tuoru au ia koe
inara kua aere koe
e kua oki akaou mai
Toou pereue teatea repo
kua ki i te kumu
toou manga reo mei toku akaea
Kua angai au ia koe ki te u
noatu e kare te pungutuaré e akatka
Toou pereue i teia nei kua teatea tikai
na toou arero i uware kia ma
toou reo kua oraora tikai
Me tureti taau mereki moa i te tuzero
kua topāpa koe i toku kūtupa pi 'a-apii
Noatu e kua piritokoki toou vaevae kauri
e toou reo manga parara rai
kua imene kua ura koe noku
I teia po kua tae mai koe ki toku ngutupa-na mua
Te pungutuaré i roto i te pereue kerekere
kua tae mai no te ko'i moni
inara kua takai i toou iku
Kua kitea ta taua muna i toou va'a maata
Kare e meitaki kia aravei akaou taua
ko te tu'ea mai au ki vao
Ta taua mereki a'ai mā'ana kua anu
Te nga karaati uaina tei nga'a
kua kanapa i roto i te mura o te kanara

BLIND MIND

You announced there is to be
only one more question
before discussion must end
I raise my hand and wait
You look at me then away
Now from two coloured hands
your blue eyes made the choice
You pointed for the other hand
I wear an aloha shirt
it's colour like yours
I even have dyed blonde hair
golden like yours
To you my brown hand must be black
My hand was up first
but you are not convinced
of my worth and of my need
The other hand was up twice
you acknowledged each time
This my hand's only chance
this blackened hand you ignored
If I were your psychiatrist
I would prescribe
your head be cut off
and mine to replace it!

MANAKO POIRI

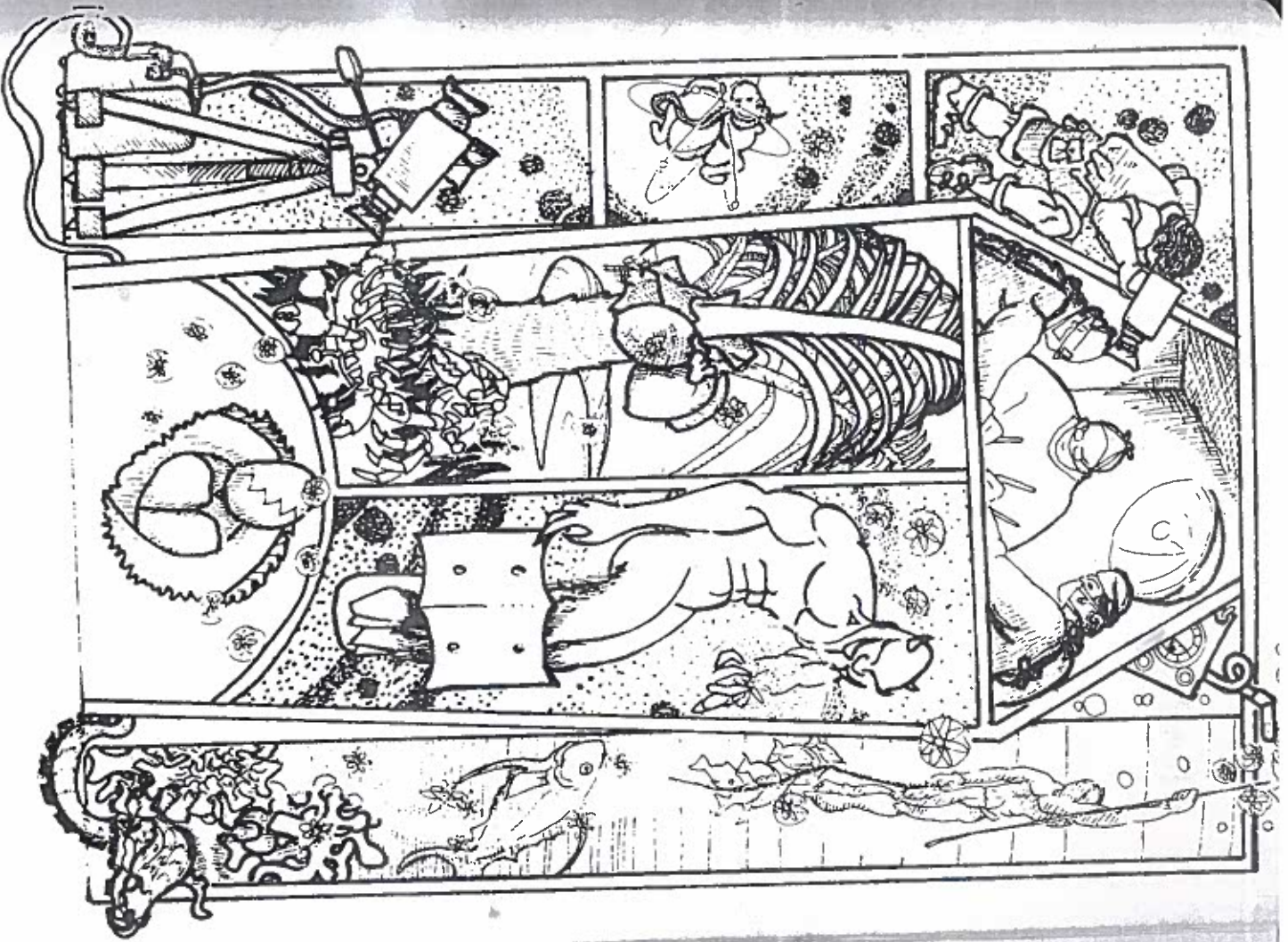
Kua akakite koe e
okotai anake uanga toe
i reira ka akamuru te uipanga
Kua taki au i toku rima kua tiaki
Kua akara mai koe e kua uri ke
E rua rima maori tei runga
Kua akara toou uanata moana
Kua to'u toou rima ki terai
E pona aro'a toku

te kara mei toou rai
Toku rouru ke'uke'u
mei toou rai
E kerekere ua rai toku rima maori
kia koe noatu noku te mea mua
ki runga kare koe i mareka
kare oku puapinga i toou manako
E rua taima o terai mai rima
kua pa'u koe i tana nga uanga
Te patanga mua a teia rima
kua akakerekereia e koe
Naringa e koau toou taunga
Kua akaue takere au
i toou upoko kia tipuia
e toku ei mono i te retrai

UNDER YELLOW PALM TREES

Loose grey hair
 wind blown out of place
 Bikini* with her head stilled
 spoke before the motion camera:
 'My son was nineteen
 when the doctors found
 he had radioactive disease
 They exposed his burns
 his brain his private parts
 or information
 o add to their files
 n effects of the bomb
 They pricked my son
 ith things to bleed him
 saw them do it
 at I couldn't stop it
 ly son died in the iron room
 ith his scars and burns
 ill being probed
 r more information
 ent to his funeral
 e doctors were too busy to come
 ey were supposed to cure my son
 ey destroyed him instead!
 r burning eyes
 amed the camera to bow
 e camera man
 nply said, "Cut!"

*The Marshallese spelling for Bikini Atoll. According to Dr D. Rubinstein of UH, 'piki' means 'flat' and 'ni' means 'coconut'; thus the term refers to a flat land covered with coconut trees. (Personal Communication, 5 June 1986).



IRARO I TE TUMUNU RENGARENGA

E rouru inaina
kua mato'a i te matangi
Kua tu tika te upoko o Pikini
i mua i te nene'i teata kua tuatua:
"E tamaiti naku e ngauru-ma-iva mataiti
kua kitea e te au taore
e maki nukeria tona
Kua akara matatio ratou i te pakia
tona roto tona au mero katoatoa
no te koikoi kite
ei akaputu ki roto i te puka
no runga i te maki nukeria
Kua patiatia ratou i taku tamaiti
ki te nira kia ta'e tona toto
Kua kite mata tikai au
imara kare e rauka iaku te tapu
Kua mate taku tamaiti i roto i te pi'a-auri
tona au pakia ka
kua kokoa atu rai
kia rauka mai tetai kite ke atu
Kua aere au ki tona tanuanga
Kare te au taote i tae ana
To ratou akakoranga rapakau
kua riro ei tamate i taku tamaiti!"
Kua riro te ka o tona nga mata
ei taakama i te nene'i kia piko
Kareka te tangata nene'i
kua tuatua aia, "Tipu!"

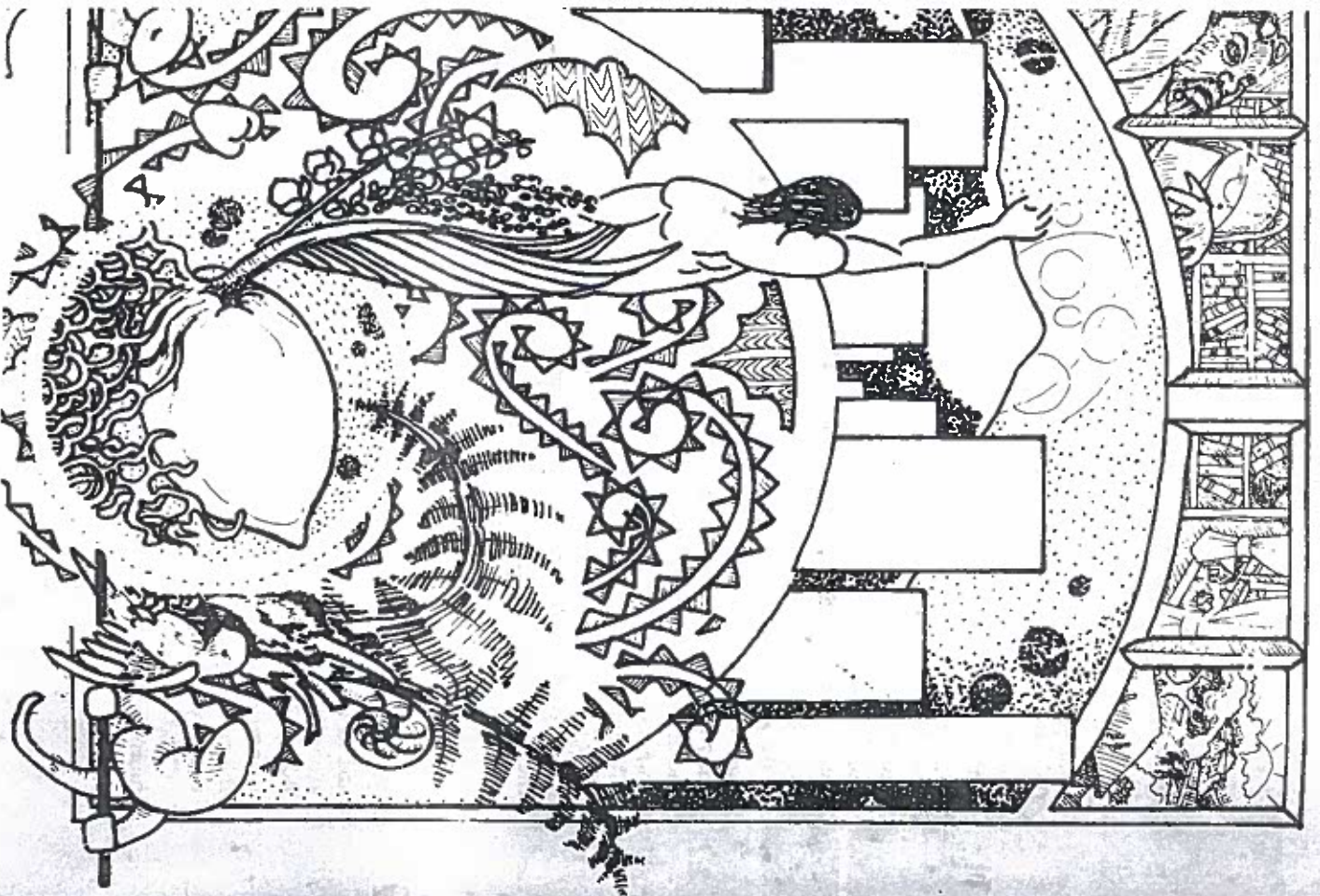
70

A SONG*

A song I rehearse silently
within my lungs
from birch till blooming
within seasons
like a gardenia bud unfolding
a thorn bird like me
must stretch its wings
to beat more power
more grace from autumn
studying daily
their black shadows
on the mid snow hill
I fly just once
to eat black berries
from the thorn tree
the green sun is ripe
the moon is full
my white feather body
is a red ripe cherry
my secret song I now
sing once aloud
for you thorn tree
when I thrust this white heart
against your black thorn
before the dawn my death
our snow child within
will silently sing again

* I wish to acknowledge the editorial assistance of Dr Paul Sharrad of Australia for this poem which was first published in *Spring Poetry Festival* 1986: *Opinion* Vol 15 No. 3, Oct 1986, South Australian English Teachers Association, Adelaide, Australia, page 13.

71



TANGATA MAORI

Kua anauia koe mei roto mai i te ua paraoni
 o te one rito o te enua ko Hawaiki-Nui
 e 'ua tei utuutuia e te vai ma te rango meri
 e one tei tamarumarua e te maire maunga
 kua imene te rupe e te moakirikiri
 i te rongoanga i toou reo mua ki te ao nei
 Toou au rau ou rengarenga kua pakari kua matie
 Toou nga rima kua karape i te amiri e te ta
 Toou tino puroru kua tupu tika ki te rangi
 Toou pukuaru kua pamu toto e rau te tuatau
 Toou au aka kua 'oonu i ta ratou keritanga
 Toou inangaro oraanga mutukore kare e mutu
 I teia nei tei runga koe i toou ro'i
 i roto i te pi'a tamatangia e te tamai
 kua mouauri koe i te ture o te are-maki
 inara kua mataora ana koe i te uraura i roto i te matangi
 e te inu kava kona no te rangi mai
 ko te tuatua e kare taau au tamariki
 e kite ia koe i toou mateanga kare ia i tamanamanata ia koe
 E maata taau au tamariki tamaroa e te tamariki tamaine
 to ratou tupuanga kua ta'ipa mei ia koe i toou ruauanga
 kua taruika kua motoro kua ta ana ratou
 penei kua tatrewake taau apianga ia ratou
 kia rave ua i to ratou anoano kia akaipo
 e kua akangaropoina i te oraanga tupu tika
 ki roto i te ra
 Penei ko te murumuru ra anake to ratou inangaro
 e kua akangaropoina i te korero taurai e te tanu
 ma te aru i te arapo mei ta te ui tupuna
 te arapo ko tei iki i te atanga no toou anauanga
 Kua rapa te uira te mangungu kua po te rangi kua ua
 te marama kua na roto mai i toou maramarama
 kua ongi i toou paparinga pakitea ma te tuatua,
 "E moe e te tangata-maori; kia tinainai taau moe e taku tama.
 Me popongi i reira koe oki ei ki te ra koia toou metua-tane."

THE MESSENGER

A *torea*¹ landed on the sea rock
while I was gutting *awa*²
for roasting on the hot coral stones.
The bird surprised me by saying
that my elder brother in the North
was dying from a whitening disease.
“Don’t bother me now,” I said,
“My fire will die if I don’t start cooking.
I must do it before I can attend to your problem.”
“Ah, but this is not my problem. I am only the messenger.
Your brother knows the place where your *pito*³ is buried.
If you do not go to him now
you may not catch *awa* ever again.”

1. A migratory sea bird commonly known as the Lesser Golden Plover (*Pluvialis dominica*)
2. Milk fish
3. Umbilical cord

TE KARERE

Kua rere mai tetai *torea* kua tau ki runga i te toka
iaku e tuaki ra i te *awa*
kia tunupakaita ki runga i te toka vera.
Kua poititere au i te tuatuaanga mai te manu
kua akakite mai e ko toku tuakana i te apa Tonga
kua rokoia e te maki akamotetea.
“Auraka e tamanamanata mai iaku,” I naku atu ei,
“Ka akamata au i te tunutunu ko te mate aea
mai taku a’i. Aritia ana taua ka uriri ei i roou manamanata.”
“E koe, kare noku teia manamanata. E karere ua au.
Ko toou tuakana tei kite i te nga’i tanuanga o roou pito.
Me kore koe e aere kiaia i teia atianganga
kare koe e manuia akaou i te opu *awa*.”

RAINBOW LAND

Your coloured hills dazzle me
immaculate and innocent
your sailing winds
soothe my hot head
your watery body
cushions my flesh of stone
this rainbowed land
scented with gardenias
a bowl of gold
in the vast continent of lights
guarded by butterflies
and inhabited by spectral warriors

TE ENUA ANUANUA

Toou au tuaiwi karakara kua keia i toku inangaro
te manea e te ma
roou tereanga matangi
kua akaanuanu i toku katu vera
roou tino kua raketia ki te au vai rere
kua akamaru i toku kopapa toka maori
te enua anuanua
kua takakaraia ki te tiare maori
e 'ue koro koe
i roto i te mareva maata o te au marama
kua tiakia koe e te au pepe
e akapunganga koe no te au tumutoa o te anuanua

BURNING AVA TREES

A battered victor from the battle
of eagles bears and dragons
the armoured beast staggered
to look for its prize
through the land of fire and snow
where only ava trees grow
His blood still hot
his belly hungry
he remembered the sweetness
of the ava juice and leaves
He opened his mouth to eat
but the fire in his breath
had not died in the snow fall
The ava trees burned
He swallowed the Pacific Ocean
to extinguish the fire pit within
Now he could chew the ava
but it tasted like salt
on a fresh and fleshy wound
He had to spit it out
So the ava survived
the steel jaws of the black beast
who had once found the ava sweet

TE AVA KA

E tumutoa autu no te tamakianga
a te au aito te pea te moko tuputupua
e taae i roto i te rakai tamaki kua
timata i te ru no te kimi i tana re
na roto i te enua a'i ma te kiona
te ngai e ava anake te tupu ra
Tona toto tei te veraanga
tona kopu kua pongi tikai
i reira aia i maara ei i te venevene
o te vai ma te rau o te ava

Kua amama tona va'a kia kai aia
inara kare te a'i no roto i tona a'o
i tamateia e te anu o te kiona
Kua ka te au tumu ava
Kua apuku i te moana nui o Kiwa
kia tamate i te vaarua a'i i roto
I teianei kua rauka kia ngau aia
i te ava inara e kava tikai mai te
miti i runga i te pakia ou e te oonu
Kua tutu'a aia ki va'o
Ora atura te ava
i te ni'o auri o te taae kerekere
tei kai ana i te ava i tona veneanga