Idle now
the pier last night
was lit by a hundred suns,
portholes glaring down
from the cruise ship’s wall of steel.

It was the Princess Something-or-Other
or the Islander Whatever—I forget—
moored into connection with our town.

Perhaps another name,
perhaps it never came at all
but something left
a stain of alien wealth
upon our ground.¹

This text is taken from *Touring Pacific Cultures*, edited by Kalissa Alexeyeff and John Taylor, published 2016 by ANU Press, The Australian National University, Canberra, Australia.