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Local Tourist on a Bus Ride Home

Audrey Brown-Pereira

cool breeze sweeping sweet sweat of sadness
(through the cold hot air of the open closed window)

look 'sweet-e'
 not with your i i dar-ling

? (anonymous object sits silently inside palm of her head)

the mist kisses the mountains
the mountains kiss the sky
 coloured pockets of green & gold & blue
 sing her a familiar song she thought she could
 never understand

<i>(fault?)</i>	<i>tuatua maori</i>	<i>no</i>
	<i>church</i>	<i>no</i>
	<i>ura</i>	<i>kare?</i>

echoed an even more familiar voice inside her head 2 herself
 the bird flies over the sun
 the sun flies in2 the sea

TOURING PACIFIC CULTURES

thoughts (r) / evolve as the km (s) clock from papa joe's watch & the
o-do-me-ter

of the yellow – yellow/jam packed/yellow/jam packed bus

(on the ½ hr anti-clock-wise of course)

10 9 8 7 6 5 4

watch the c

through the trees

through the houses

through the stones that paint each stop with a story of a somebody
a n d a s o m e w h e r e t h a t a s o m e o n e (s) s t i l l
l o v e s

can u c?

as they pass herstory in arorangi & tupapa

teuki ©

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