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

(fault?) tuatua maori no
curch no
ura kare?

echoed an even more familiar voice inside her head 2 herself
the bird flies over the sun
the sun flies in2 the sea
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
and a somewhere that a someone(s) still loves

can u c?

as they pass herstory in arorangi & tupapa

teuki ©
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