

Takatāpui (Every one a Taonga)

Peeling, unrolling, one by one,
between the Totara trees,
drained, glistening, steaming, undone,

over and over, imagined obsession
lint on the forever tapestry
luminescent pango spilling within

and often, unstoppable, the conversion
of spittle on the waewae, spitting paki
words at history, a limited distance,

it catches in the throat, the fun,
the abstinent walls of the whare,
to work, fuck, see, determine,

I, I, I, I, I,

Māori, Māori, Māori, Māori, Māori

Ae! Ae! Ae! Ae! Ae!