

“I’M NOT SURE MOCKING CHLOE SWARBRICK IS THE SMARTEST WAY TO WIN AUCKLAND CENTRAL”

I have accumulated:

The surface, and my confrontation.

Looking for, yes, a serious celebrity, in my celerity, I tick the box.

It is the photograph on the website. It reminds me of symbolic spaces in museums, it reminds me of

The Deer Hunter:

Meryl Streep runs from her wedding
and dirties the dress.

Later her boys sit Russian roulette
caressing weapons, making memos...but

in the cinema the old boys
fall from their chairs, to the popcorn
soaked ground, scattered Pepsi in envoy,
entertainment – its smell – atop the televised war.

It plays in splendid chromatic technicolour.
They could have sworn they were right back in it.
In the lapse between screen and feeling, he stutters,
(I stutter), the viewer, the shadow of a story

wriggling through his lips. In the daylight
outside the screening room, those words disappear,
fog elevated upward toward the deepening night,
and around – all round – there are no symbols, just spaces.

A doorway to go back in.
Hard to say no.

She touched the room in Wellington.

Another day in Saigon – these references, their confrontation,

I have accumulated.