

# *a fine line*

New Zealand Poetry Society Magazine  
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

EYE

AUTUMN 2022

**Featured Poet:** Johanna Aitchison

**Featured Article:** Juanita Hepi

**Interview:** Tim Jones

**Cover Art:** Donna Demente

**Reviews:** Vaughan Rapatahana, Molly Crighton

**Members' Poems • Haiku • Art**

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The Magazine of the  
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Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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**Managing Editor:** Gail Ingram  
**Editorial Assistant:** Lily Holloway

## *Quotation of the season*

*from* "Mad Girl's Love Song"  
by Sylvia Plath

"I shut my eyes and all the  
world drops dead"

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Donna Demente

#### Contributing Art

Anita Mortlock, Tiana Malina, Jan Fitzgerald, Aine Whelan-Kopa,  
Edna Heled



# Editorial

## Gail Ingram



Anita Mortlock

One thing that sets poetry apart from other genres is the writer's examination of experience through the inward 'eye'. As our guest poet **Johanna Aitchison** does when she examines the sexualised female images of 80s pop from her own perspective as a female creator; 'How do they make their tongues look so wet?', her younger self asks of a poster of 'airbrushed lesbians' she sees in her friend's house, 'As if I could reach up & touch those tongues, / & the juice would pour down my arms.' There's something so creepy about that, and that's the point. What better way to show the emotional complexity around issues of female exploitation in 'art' than when the lens turns in on itself?

Indeed, our 'eye' theme has elicited some deliciously perceptive and fresh poetry and haiku! Through the eye of an needle (**Susan Howard**), through Hā, our breath (**Aine Whelan-Kopa**), through the eye of the archaeologists of the future (**Alexandra Fraser**) and potato eyes (**Peter**

**Free**) plus many others, we examine our strange world and emerge with our eyes wider, wiser.

I'm also thrilled, in this edition, to introduce **Juanita Hepi**, our feature article writer, who brings insight and passion to the story-telling of our Kāi Tahu writers, where we feel the swell of their work rising in sorrow for the inequities experienced by our indigenous peoples and their whenua, as well as in hope. We interview **Tim Jones** our anthology editor for 2022, who tells us about his editing process and shares some of his own work and writing processes. In the reviews section, **Vaughan Rapatahana** and **Molly Crighton** bring well-observed opinions to their readings of *The Gnawing Flood* by John Gallas and *I Am in Bed with You* by Emma Barnes.

Our talented artists once again embrace and enhance our kupu ā-kaupapa – thank you; keep on sending us your wonderful art! And if you are as mesmerised by those extraordinary eyes staring out from our cover as I am, you'll find more of **Donna Demente's** work at the Grainstore Gallery in the heart of Steam Punk Oamaru.

In NZPS news, we still have some copies of our gorgeous 2021 anthology: orders can be placed online at [poetrysociety.org.nz](http://poetrysociety.org.nz). We have the announcement of the AGM for 15 June 6–7.30 p.m. on Zoom. Come along to hear the remarkable and best-selling poetry of **Chris Tse**, our guest reader. All welcome. Please RSVP to [info@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:info@poetrysociety.org.nz). And, most importantly, you have only until 31 April to polish and enter your poems into our celebrated annual competition. There are opportunities here for both poetry and haiku, adult and youth, so don't miss out.

Next issue, the Winter edition, will be our student poet feature and there will be no theme. Please send up to four poems (40 lines max), up to four haiku and your artwork by 10 June 2022 to Gail Ingram, [editor@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:editor@poetrysociety.org.nz).

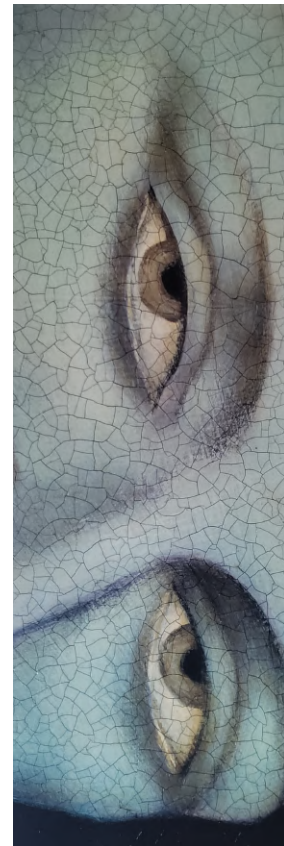
Kia kaha, poets, we appreciate the strength and beauty of your words in these fraught times.

# Featured Poet

## Johanna Aitchison

### My Friend from High School

Lived in a rented house which faced the road  
& was identical to the house next door.  
Airbrushed lesbians pashed in a poster  
in the lounge & I remember thinking,  
How do they make their tongues look so wet?  
As if I could reach up & touch those tongues,  
& the juice would pour down my arms.  
A naked Nastassja Kinski lay along the wall  
by the stairs, which led to the stepfather  
& mother's bedroom, a Boa Constrictor's  
forked tongue paused against her exquisite ear.  
Her stepfather & mother were always starting  
unlikely businesses, which bloomed & twisted,  
died out as quickly as they began, her stepfather  
snapping photographs for her modelling portfolio.  
It was the 80s & spiral perms, bikini shots, you know  
what I mean? The back of the house clawed out  
at the native bush: raw with Manuka, splattered  
with bloody little pink flowers. One day while I  
was perched on the couch in front of the enormous  
television, my friend showed me a photo in the family album.  
She was lying on the couch that we were sitting on.  
In the *photo*, I mean, she was lying on her stomach  
on the leather couch in a red lace negligee. "It's a teddy,"  
she said. That word, *teddy*, so creepy as I type it now,  
the voices of the cafe swarming in the background,  
harsh coffee grinder cry, half-glass of merlot, swinging  
just below the legal limit line. I'm trying to imagine  
the logistics of the shoot. Her stepfather pausing  
in his incessant snapping, lowering that expensive  
camera, which his face was always shoved into,  
its grotesque black nose, extending & retracting.  
He must have run out back to the rabbit perched  
behind the chicken wire. He would have held that rabbit  
so tenderly in his big hands, with the dense black hairs  
sprouted across the backs. He must have felt the hammer  
of her little heart thudding, the appalling softness  
of her stomach, her tender rabbit nose, twitching,  
as he lowered it, carefully, into that spot,  
that gap, where the butt crack meets the thighs.



Donna Demente

A version of this poem was highly commended in the 2018 New Zealand Poetry Society International Competition, and was first published in that year's anthology, *The Unnecessary Invention of Punctuation*.

## **Nastassja Kinski and the Serpent**

Touching marks, superficial dents,

surface scratches in raking light.

The encounter between  
Kinski,

and the serpent that tricked Eve

to take  
an apple.

## Miss Dust Asks About the Snake Shoot

I was bored and  
Polly was bored and  
Dick was bored.  
Do you have any hobbies? Polly said,  
or anything  
that turns  
you on?  
Oh, yes, I said, I do  
like snakes.  
Would you like to do  
a shoot with one?  
Oh, yes, I said, but only a  
big and beautiful snake—  
and I'd rather do it in the nude.  
The snake was  
bored.  
The snake handler was  
bored.  
Two hours  
and a concrete floor.  
Suddenly  
the snake  
starts  
winding its way  
up  
my  
body.  
The snake stops at my ear.  
The snake is sticking  
its tongue  
into  
my  
ear.  
This is it! says Dick.  
This is hiss, says Snake.  
This kisskiss.

This poem imagines the response of the subject of the photo shoot which resulted in the image “Nastassja and the Serpent” when questioned by Miss Dust. It is a fictionalised version of what I imagine took place, based loosely on interviews of Vogue stylist, Polly Mellen, which can be seen in Artland magazine and AnOther mag. Dick is a reference to the photographer Richard Avedon.

## **Miss Dust at the Scanner**

At the airport, officers yell “take off your shoes!”  
Miss Dust kicks off her leopard print slides.  
She lays them on a plastic tray.

Airport officers ask her to remove her belt.  
Miss Dust pulls the strap through the loops  
& coils the snake beside her slides.

The officers are afraid they’ll have to examine  
her peepers as well. Miss Dust scrapes out her eyes  
& drops them onto the tray.

The airport officers are really sorry, but they’ll also need to  
scan her teeth. Miss Dust unscrews each  
tooth & spits them out.

The molars are mountains extracted from red earth,  
snow yellowed at the roots & patches of melt.  
The snow is waiting for the eyes to push through.

# Featured Article

## Juanita Hepi

### Te kōpū uriuri o Kāi Tahu.../ The swelling of Kāi Tahu....

Kāi Tahu storytellers are the lifeblood of our communities – they occupy and hold space wherever they land, their stories span generations and genres from tribal histories to love letters, legal documents to plays, their/our words are prolific, expressive and sovereign, and to me they are almost always poetic. At the heart of Kāi Tahu stories and storytelling are Kāi Tahu relationships with whenua (land) through which we are connected by whakapapa. Whenua embeds stories in the corporeal body providing an inner compass to navigate change, layer by layer, phase by phase; we find ways of being in relation with the world around us and with ourselves. It is why we trace our whakapapa back to Raki, Pokoharua Te Pō, Mākū, Mahoranuiatea and eventually nothingness, te Kore, where we imagine a reality sustained by the natural world, both ordinary and unique; but still, these views are far too simplistic for a culture as expansive as ours. The point here is that it is our storytellers, our mothers who give life to it all, through blood, breath and clay.

*Kei a Te Pō te tīmatanga mai o te waiatatanga  
mai o te Atua.*

*Nā Te Pō, ko Te Ao.*

*Nā Te Ao, ko Te Aomārama.*

*Nā Te Aomārama, ko Te Aotūroa.*

*Nā Te Aotūroa, ko Te Koretēwhiwhia.*

*Nā Te Koretēwhiwhia, ko Te Koretērawea.*

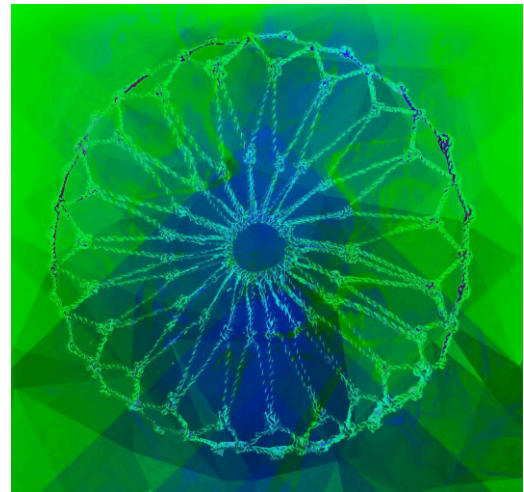
*Nā Te Koretērawea, ko Te Koretētāmaua.*

*Nā Te Koretētāmaua, ko Te Koretēmātua.*

*Nā Te Koretēmātua, ko Te Mākū.*

*Nā Te Mākū, ka noho i a Mahoranuiatea,*

*Ka puta ki waho ko Raki.*



Hana a lau a lau ke aho, alaila loa'a ka i'a  
kāpapa o ka moana.

Be well prepared for a big project.

*Tiana Malina Te Rongopatahi Mo'iha*

My māmā is Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe, Kāi Tahu, Ngāti Kahungunu, Moriori and Ngāti Mutunga. My pāpā is Ngātiwai, Ngāpuhi and Ngai Te Rangi. I was born, raised and live on the whenua of my ancestors, close to my marae Te Rāpaki o Te Rakiwhakaputa, where still story, poetry, movement and sound forms all around me through kaikaraka, kaikōrero, waiata, mōteatea, kitchen talk, whakairo, tautohetohe, pūrākau, pakiwaitara. These are story-forms that live in my dreams and body, full of possibility, not as siloed disciplines in an arts hierarchy but as inseparable and integral to my very being. I am wahine, I am māmā, I am whānau member, and I come with all these things in my kete, intersections – where the flax meets – but I'm just one kete in a Kāi Tahu sea of tens of thousands, and who knows what this article would have looked like had it been written by, for, with and to the collective? Ergo, armed with my individual bias, I centre and frame wāhine Māori in a tale about Kāi Tahu bodies, landscapes, language and identity. To see us, you have to see yourself.

*I am not a person to say the words out loud*

*I think them strongly, or let them hunger from  
the page:*

*know it from there, from my silence, from  
somewhere other*

*than my tongue*

*the quiet love*

*the silent rage.*

– Keri Hulme



We, Kāi Tahu, are the most written about iwi in Aotearoa, and we are acutely aware of the false narratives and loose stereotypes attached to our bodies. Early European ethnographers, anthropologists and holy men got it wrong when they recorded my ancestors' experiences: they lacked both te reo Māori proficiency and a context of relationality; their inherited biases contributed to wāhine Māori being erased from the literary canon. It is deeply concerning that the climatic events and extractive wounds inflicted upon our whenua in the name of modernity is mirrored in the non-homogenous experiences of Indigenous women globally. There are countless waiata, mōteatea, oriori, pātere, waiata-ā-rika and haka dedicated to these ubiquitous acts of violence upon lands and peoples. We have learned to hold the contradictions of those early anthro/ethno writings because they contain precious pieces of our fragmented history.

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***These are story-forms that live in my dreams and body, full of possibility, not as siloed disciplines in an arts hierarchy but as inseparable and integral to my very being. I am wahine, I am māmā, I am whānau member, and I come with all these things in my kete, intersections – where the flax meets...***

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To honour our wāhine, the title of this article is taken from a Kāi Tahu waiata-ā-rika (action song) *Kōpū Uriuri*. It celebrates the rakatira wāhine of Kāi Tahu, Kāti Māmoe and Waitaha, their mana etched into Te Waipounamu nomenclature from Te Tai o Marokura (the Kaikōura Coastal Marine Area) to Kā roimata o Hinehukatere (Franz Josef Glacier) and beyond. If we were face to face, I'd tell you about all of the beautiful metaphors and geographical locations in the waiata, I'd tell you about the great mountaineer, Hine (girl), Huka (snow & ice), tere (to move) and her kā roimata (tears) for Wawe, the love she lost in an avalanche. So poetic is the content of our storytelling that the only real question is where/

how will the story manifest next? Film? Dance? TikTok?

*Ko te kōpū uriuri*

*Te puna hekeka takata*

*I rere i a Waiariki-o-āio*

*I a Hotu Māmoe e (i a Hemo ki te Raki)Ka hora te aitaka a kā hākui e*

*Tū mai rā Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe, Kāi Tahu whānui e*

*Takamori te hauwahine*

*I te tai o Marokura*

*Tērā te whānau puha*

*He tipua, he taniwha (he tipua, he taniwha)*

*Hoatu ki te tai o Mahaanui*

*(Koirā) te hau kaitakata*

*Topa tītaha ana te toroa*

*I Ārai Te Uru e*

*Whāia te Ara-a-Kewa*

*E Te Hau Pūnuiotoka e*

*Tūtū a kai....*

*Tūtū a manawa e*

*Mariki iho ana kā roimata*

*O Hinehukatere*

*Ki te tai o Poutini taniwha*

*Kā uri o Waitaiki e*

*Whatua kā aho o te whare*

*O te kāhui kura*

*Haere tōpuni e te iwi*

*(Au aukaha, kia kaha)*

*Ko te kōpū uriuri*

*Te puna hekeka takata*

*I rere i a Waiariki o āio*

*I a Hotu Māmoe e (i a Hemo ki te Raki)*

*Ka hora te aitaka a kā hākui e*

*Tū mai rā Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe, Kāi Tahu whānui e Tū mai rā Waitaha, Kāti Māmoe,*

*Kāi Tahu whānui e Hī auē hī!*

Kōpu Uriuri was produced by [Kōtahi Mano Kāika](#) - the ‘iwi strategy that leads the charge to reinvigorate our language within Kāi Tahu homes and communities’. I highlight the strategy because within the organisation you will find some of our prominent composers, writers, orators, and poets. Like any culture, language is critical to understanding and te reo Māori provides the context for meaning-making – it holds all nuance of our culture, and it communicates from the silence. When European and American sealers and whalers arrived in the late 1700s, they would have heard te reo Māori spoken everywhere because it was the only language spoken in this country, grown from at least 3000 years of Te Moana-nui-ā-Kiwa navigation and migration, and they liked it because many stayed, intermarried and assimilated into the cultural norms of Kāi Tahu and Iwi Māori.

Angela Wanhalla (Ngāi Te Ruahikihiki, Ngāi Tahu) has written in detail about these early relationships and their impact on NZ society today. History reminds us that we already know how to live together, takata whenua and takata tauwiwi. The arrival of the trinity concerning the Thief, the cross and the peoples is a draining kōrero built from necessity, and ultimately counterproductive to tino rakatirataka, mana motuhake Māori and Kāi Tahu sovereignty. However implicit or explicit our writings are about imperialism or White culture accountability, we return time and time again to whenua-based narratives and seeing ourselves as we truly are. The following waiata by Kāi Tahu storyteller Ariana Tikao was originally written for a Homebirth Conference in Ōtautahi. In it she likens the whānau unit to the harakeke plant where at the centre is the child, surrounding the child is lifegiver mother and the remaining outer leaves represent our adults and elders who are all responsible for protecting the child – te rito.

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***However implicit or explicit our writings are about imperialism or White culture accountability, we return time and time again to whenua-based narratives and seeing ourselves as we truly are.***

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### **Pūharakeke**

Te rito, te rito  
 Ko te manawa, ko te manawa,  
 Ko te manawa o te whānau  
 He ōrite te whānau ki te pūharakeke  
 Te matua, te matua  
 Whakamarua, whakamarua  
 Hei awahi mō te rito  
 He ōrite te whānau ki te pūharakeke  
 Te hākui te whare takata  
 Kā reaka e whai ake nei  
 Whakamarua, kā here takata  
 He ōrite te whānau ki te pūharakeke  
 Whakaruruhia te rito  
 Manaakihia te rito  
 Kia hua, kia pūāwai

The rito (inner leaf of the harakeke) is the heart of the whānau

The whānau is like the harakeke cluster

The father

Protect and embrace the rito (baby)

The mother is the house of the people

The generations yet to come

Protect the rope of humanity (whakapapa)

The whānau is like the harakeke cluster

Protect the rito

Nourish the rito

So it will flourish and bloom

– Lyrics by Ariana Tikao

We are reflected everywhere. Tā Tipene O’Regan, Charisma Rangipunga, Lynne Harata Te Aika and Te Aritaua Pītama see themselves reflected in the birds and the waves, in the smell of kumara cooking and the flight paths of Tītī. Gabe Huria, Te Maire Tau and Atholl Anderson soar above the land, stopping to mihi to mountains and ancestors along the way. Ariana and Kelly Tikao, mokopuna of legendary orator and writer Teone Taare Tikao are raketira wāhine, moko kauae, body sovereignty.

Becky Manawatu remembers our Coasters and coal miners, manifestations and citizens of other countries. Ruby Solly laughs at ourselves crying and cries at ourselves laughing, Nic Low traverses mountains to write novels and Hana O'Regan wrote a language PhD for the great great grandchildren she will never meet in this physical realm but whom she has already met in a spiritual one. Eruera Tarena, Helen Brown, Khyla Russell and Takerei Norton recover land narratives and Pour Maurice Manawatu and Rocky Roberts provide wānaka that teaches us about ourselves, our geography and our values as Ngāi Tahu.

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***We are reflected everywhere.***

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While there are so many I have not mentioned, I hope that this small honouring alludes to the fact that we Kāi Tahu writers and storytellers are prolific, we are award winning, we are international and the truth is you don't have to look very hard to find us, but you do have to see us. I know it's painful to face a volatile past and I know we have to find a way to mourn that, but now more than ever, we need to lean into the discomfort of our constructed realities, for us and our children after us.

'Mō tātou ā mō kā uri ā muri ake nei | For us  
and our children after us'

– Matiaha Tiramorehu

# Members' Poems

## Brent Cantwell

### zoom call

I can write myself but it's not the same.  
The posture's all wrong. Cocky.  
And we all know cocky-alone is not cocky at all.  
When *we* talk – and I have something to say –  
I knit the warm balaclava of my own disguise.  
From wool to stone to – impossibly – flesh.  
Our easy back-n-forth draws  
an unconscious shape –  
a freedom,  
a maybe-me.  
I like it when we talk.  
And me when we talk.  
So we decided on a zoom call.

Thing is, we didn't invite *you*, thief between us.  
You sauntered into the room,  
whispering loudly, *pretend I'm not here!*  
as you fingered the settings.  
I know you pilfered our words.  
They have the cheap echo of a pocket.  
They clunk, now you've had your hands on them.  
But it was your little square in the corner,  
the evidence of your eye,  
the definitely-me,  
banging-on like a piece of awkward pine  
that stole what I valued the most.



"Great White" by Jan Fitzgerald

## Brent Cantwell (cont.)

### the Sounds

By the time we entered the strait,  
we had two kids but weren't married -  
and – of course – Te Moana-o-Raukawa was rough as  
but the Sounds –

the Sounds told us that the ground once shook,  
that the fault cragging this place perfect  
looked from above like the un-fury of a frayed  
knot –

closer though, from the front deck of the Aratere,  
I kept one good eye on my kids  
and a clag of bracken holding together a broken rock –  
my new-grey bones, if I'm honest –

it must have been early for me –  
I was green  
and either missing the blond flick of a toi-toi plume  
or my daughter sucking on a teething husk;

a seal pup doing the worm  
down a slippery rock into still-water who-knows-where,  
or my son,  
lost in his own excitement –

I remember feeling so much was at stake there  
and my daughter, barely walking,  
leaving a broken biscuit on the edge of a plate,  
stumbled my way, saying *daddy* –

I trembled then at the beautiful sound of *our fault*.



## Anita Mortlock

### In the Peace Maker's Garden

I'm thinking of telling you  
about Saturn lurking in the comfrey  
his sickle at my back and myself –  
how I cut and slice:  
a disorganised reaper among the flower beds.

I move a headless waxeye,  
dig in mugwort, calendula,  
carelessly slice a worm  
making its blind way.

I cut down the tree  
same age as me  
and rake it about,  
hands sticky with sap,  
grateful for its no-guts.

Slash through fistfuls of violets  
with their sweet purple sepals,  
snip willow switches,  
weave them into wreaths.

Birds argue in the kowhai,  
its faculty for yellow death.  
The rue and I eye each other up  
I decide it wins.

Then suddenly it happens –

the garden shouts in delight:  
“I, who die and gladly die again, I live!  
I, in decay, am hungrily verdant!”

And I see me.  
How deliciously small.

I will feed it  
with my nutritive self.

### Unravel

I haven't fixed the roof.  
I'm hoping it will rain inside.  
The lounge will fill with brackish water.  
My partially finished knitting,  
balls of wool,  
will float, they'll unravel.  
They'll gradually unwind,  
glide their way  
around plants, books,  
tables, paintings, preserves.  
Tangles  
of colourful connections.  
I'll become a broadband dogfish,  
swim along them, drift  
directly into the eye of  
a crisp  
azure dream.

## Gillian Roach

### Queen Bee

*there's gunpowder in the bark*  
*she can blow you up*    you know

by the curl in her eye as she talks this might  
not be true but you imagine yourself    you and Susan

flung    up    suspended    falling  
hurled flat    tangled in the grass

you practice being exploded  
by Lorelei    who decides

she will be exploded  
takes Susan's hand

gives you the bit of old tree to explode them  
but you don't know how

*the gunpowder works*    *you can't*  
*do it right*    says Lorelei

## Laurice Gilbert

### Tony says “I’m sorry, but you look like your mother”

Piece by piece I am consuming my mother. I absorb her eyes, needing more and more to augment my vision. Nose to nose you cannot tell us apart. Her mouth becomes my mouth, wrinkle by precious wrinkle. Her neck hangs from my chin; her upper arms wobble from my armpits to my elbows. My shoulders broaden as I take on the elderly concerns of my father, hers as she relaxes the responsibility. Although my tattooed bottom is still my own and her legs continue to occupy the space south of hers, I walk in her shoes, my feet spreading with the additional weight of hormonal deprivation. We share cysts in our ankles. When I laugh, she laughs; when I smile, her face lights up; when I bake, her scones satisfy my family, her fudge rots their teeth. Soon I will buy a cord to keep my glasses close, so I can watch her disappear.

### 10 Ways to See Chicken Livers

reading between the veins foretells an uncertain future  
averted eyes and vacant faces – who wants to know?  
the jaundiced eye sees only destruction  
marinated in anticipation, consummated in inebriation  
delicious delectable debateable

accidental cruelty; so much that’s hidden  
closed against the sun like drawn curtains  
too dark to be scarlet, too dry for passion  
yielding and blurry, soft around the edges  
achingly sweet, bloody as desire, sickeningly healthy

journeys end in chicken livers

First published, *Muse-Pie Press*, Featured Poet International

## Susan Howard

### On Finding an Orange Ichneumonid Wasp

How delicate and dainty  
is your waft across my vision.  
What filmy wings,  
what long and slender legs,  
such a slim abdomen,  
You rest imprisoned within the realm  
of the child's curiosity.  
So, you do not sting we humans.  
We observe you with fondness.  
Then, prompted to research,  
we read how you lay your eggs in caterpillar hosts.  
Skimming over the implications,  
we eye your needle of an ovipositor,  
and wait for your wings to stop  
beating against the glass.

### The Eye of a Needle

You may as well throw those bags of gold overboard  
they'll be no use to you,  
you with your heavenly aspirations.

Just make sure they don't land on the head of the hapless  
camel plodding dreamily along in the desert  
unaware of his possible role in this salvation story.

The baggage that he carries is not his own.  
His worldly possessions are limited  
to a nose peg bridle and a hand-woven saddle blanket,  
neither of which would prevent his passage.

It doesn't matter if you believe  
the words refer to the narrow gate that few can enter,  
rather than the metaphoric alternative,  
it was always going to be a tight squeeze.

## Sophia Wilson

### Line of Sight

The orbit overflows, clutches at fragments, gathers speed  
and some days all we see is our own personal apocalypse:  
leaking treasuries, leached skin, bone, nerve.

The page grows indecipherable, the needle's eye, guesswork.  
Vision turns on itself, fearful,  
creates black holes through which

the stars read, *famine. every human will die battling.*  
A man plucks out his eye, horrified at what it's witnessed.  
The physician ponders visual rehabilitation

on the frontlines of a battlefield,  
efforts to re-establish line of sight. Retina, cortex, hand.  
The dignity of pare, slice, wipe — simple things;

Gaze lifted to light's propagation and scatter,  
the eye discerning galaxies or a child's small hand,  
the way lips, palms and soles see things;

Tender tears, necessary rain  
— an elegy —  
plains, horizon, forests, sea;

The art of *seeing* that recalibrates what is seen:  
an eloquent lens — pupils wide enough,  
to see us through.

First published in the 2021 Hippocrates Prize Anthology, [hippocrates-poetry.org](http://hippocrates-poetry.org)



## Aine Whelan-Kopa

### Kite kite

Hā  
I hug trees  
The trees are me  
I can see  
What the trees have seen

Ī  
I open my eyes  
Under starry skies  
I dream the dream  
Inside a starlight's beam

Ō  
I creep indoors  
Like a small brown mouse  
Manawa kiore  
Sleeps inside my house

Ū  
Upoko games  
Up in my head  
I fight through days  
Where I wish things dead

Ē  
Everything  
Everyone  
Te mea, te mea  
Enough!

Hā  
The inhale I take  
... To breathe life in ...  
And smooth it out  
From tūpuna a gift of love

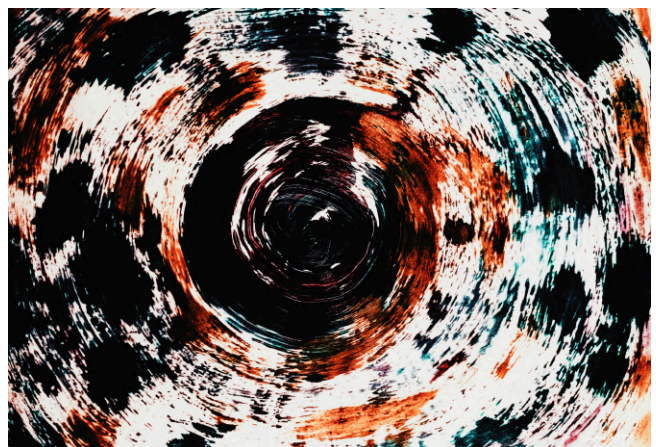
## Mercedes Webb-Pullman

### Organic GPS

Ralph and Menaker discovered  
suprachiasmatic nuclei  
while experimenting with  
foetal tau mutant hamsters,  
following Hastings and Sweeney's  
work with bio-luminescent  
dino-flagellate algae.

From the site of our third eye,  
circadian oscillations  
locked on local time  
keep track of place.

Every living organism  
on our planet has this ability;  
to automatically register  
intersections in space and time,  
and always know just how far  
we are  
from home.



*"Anahera" by Aine Whelan-Kopa*

## Alexandra Fraser

### Grave goods

Archaeologists of the future  
guddling our browning bones  
  
see a glint a refractive mystery  
fallen back in our eye sockets  
  
plastic lasts for centuries  
these unchanged acrylic discs  
  
emblems of our clearer vision  
are worthy finds collectors' items  
  
drilled and threaded  
decorating hungry throats  
  
obscure symbols of something  
that we'll come to soon enough

## Michael Giacon

### Argento and Paolo

Paolo  
poolside  
oh, my eyes  
what they prise  
the blue briefs  
off  
    Sí, there is a spare room...  
  
    he'll bring his own 'objects'  
oh  
    gloom  
        Paolo's eyes  
so wide I can't hide  
and black  
I can't decide  
the prize.

## Susan Wills

### In the March Garden

On these warm, arid days  
I see wasps everywhere –  
they fly sorties in the hedge, through the corn,  
alight in squadrons on the gate.

Rentokil says, *to find a nest,*  
*look for a flight path at sunrise or sunset.*  
This sounds easier than it is.

Accidental discoveries have come at a cost –  
direct hits to leg, neck, buttock.  
My tolerance is sorely diminished.

Today, they gather solicitously  
above the new French doors  
like pious, nipped-waist churchgoers  
following a sermon.  
No nest yet, but still...

We strike them after dinner, spray can aloft,  
flee back into the house.

At night I lie in bed, look toward the ceiling.  
Floaters in my eyes drift, wasplike  
to the edges of my vision –  
the ghosts of 13 bodies outside the door.

## Denise O'Hagan

### On getting my first glasses at thirteen

I had stretched the moment out so long, that I was  
Irrked it had finally come to this. After all, if I sat

At the very front of class and squinted, I could still  
Separate most letters in each fuzzy clump of words;

My mind had grown efficient at filling in the gaps,  
Thrilling at the revelatory moment willed by every

Calculated guess. I knew I couldn't see what others  
Saw, but played it for a game. In a board marked out by

Adult rules, mine had an extra twist, a hidden handicap—  
To fool the others I was just like them, to outwit friends

And teachers alike. I'd been doing so well until that day,  
Waiting at a bus-stop with my mother, she read its number

Where I could barely see the bus; years of self-delusion  
Fell from me in seconds, like tissue from a gift. I sensed

An appointment in the city, a day off school, and dared  
To wonder what colour my frames might be. But later,

When the alien weight of my glasses was eased onto the  
Bridge of my expectant nose, the world that was gifted me

Was one I no longer knew. Over the coiffed, puffed hair  
Of the clientele, past the dull glint of tramlines, I blinked

At the ragged line of pine trees, their tapestry of needles  
Pinpricked by daylight, and the brown curve of cones—

But also at my erratic complexion in the mirror, and its  
Cool assessment in the optician's brooding eyes. Quickly,

I looked out again to see my father vanish round a corner,  
Shadowed by the flutter of a floral skirt too close; saw

Fatigue powdered pinkly into my mother's cheeks; and for  
A moment wanted nothing more with this sharp new world

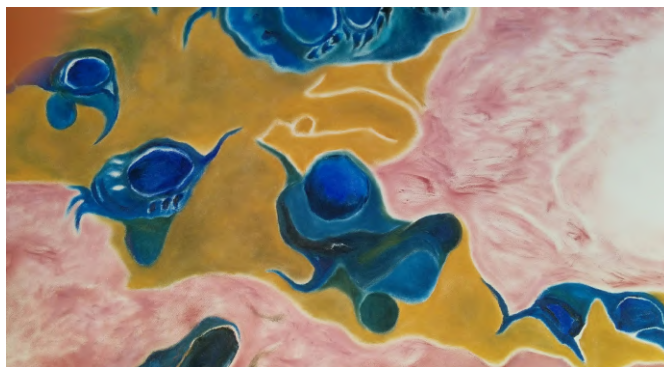
Of clear-cut edges and definitions, this merciless laser vision  
Against which human frailty stood not a chance. I folded up

My brand-new glasses, laid them in their brand-new case  
Like a child's body in a casket, and stood up to leave.

# Featured Interview

## Tim Jones

Editor of *Kissing a Ghost* (NZPS Anthology 2021) and NZPS Anthology editor 2022



“Eye” by Edna Heled

**a fine line (afl):** *Kia ora, Tim. Thank you for agreeing to be NZPS’s anthology editor again in 2022. We were delighted with the stunning anthology you edited for us in 2021 Kissing a Ghost.*

**Tim Jones (TJ):** Thanks! But I must point out that lots of people share the credit for the 2021 anthology, including Anthology Coordinator Kim Masters, Anne Harré who did all the design and production work on the anthology and chose the wonderful cover image, and Laurice Gilbert who did the final proofreading of the anthology manuscript. Plus, of course, the competition entrants who submitted so many fine poems.

**afl:** *Shall we start with that super title? How did you go about selecting it? And in terms of your own books and individual poems, is this process of selecting titles any different?*

**TJ:** I followed the usual process for selecting the anthology title, which is to choose a phrase from one of the winning competition poems — and ‘kissing a ghost’ is a phrase I really like from Elizabeth Milne’s very fine poem “Ekphrasis”, which won the Open Junior section in 2021.

But when it comes to my own poems, stories and books, I have to come up with my own titles, and I don’t find it easy. Especially for book titles, there’s a lot of to-ing and fro-ing before the final title is chosen. The title of my 2019 climate fiction novella [Where We Land](#) was suggested by my partner, for which I’m very grateful!

**afl:** *And continuing with the editing process for the anthology, can you tell us more about that? How did you go about making your selections? How long did it take? Do you have a dedicated special place for editing and writing?*

**TJ:** Each year’s anthology includes all the winning, placed, highly commended and commended poems from the four categories of the NZPS’s International Poetry Competition, which means around half the poems in the anthology are chosen by the judges. My job as editor is to go through all the remaining competition entries and select those that I like most and that will make for a rounded anthology that works as a book. It took about three weeks to make those selections, which I make without knowing who the submitted poems are written by – then comes the process of contacting the selected poets, formatting, proofreading and making corrections, which is the most time-consuming part.

I write and edit wherever I can find a space I’m unlikely to be interrupted. That’s mainly at home, but pre-COVID, I used to really enjoy writing in cafes – I can cope fine with a steady buzz of background noise as long as it’s not directed at me in particular!

**afl:** *Did you notice any themes coming through? What kind of topics kept cropping up and/or was there a wide diversity of subject matter?*

**TJ:** In making my selections, I was aiming first and foremost for poems I liked, but also for a range of styles and themes and a diversity of poets – so far as I could judge from their poems. There was a wide range to choose from – and fewer common

themes than I had expected, though I can say there were plenty of poems that featured gardening, tramping or travelling.

**afi:** *Was there anything that surprised you about the process or the poetry? What are you most looking forward to this time?*

**TJ:** I thought the overall quality was very high – there were plenty of good poems and haiku that I didn't have room for. So, if you submitted to the competition but your work didn't make it into the anthology, don't lose heart!

This time, I'm looking forward to discovering a new crop of exciting poems that make me laugh, move me, make me think, or enchant me with the skill and elegance of their composition.

**afi:** *And finally on the editing process, what will you be looking for when selecting for the anthology? What do you hope to see in a good poem? Any tips for young poets?*

**TJ:** As I mentioned above, I'm selecting poems after the judges in the four competition categories have made their selections, so I'll be looking for poems which complement those already selected by the judges and, as well as being good poems, make for a well-rounded, representative anthology. Here's what I said in the introduction to *Kissing a Ghost*:

In making my initial longlist, winnowed down poem by poem to the selection that appears here, I looked for things that made the poem stand out: that amused me, moved me, made me smile in appreciation at the poet's skill, that resurfaced memories and made new ones. For poems of the city as well as the country ... For sad poems, for angry poems seized with the desire and need for change. For poems chafing against the restrictions of a pandemic year, or resigned to them.

That will be pretty much what I'm looking for in 2022 as well, but I'm always open to surprises. One thing I'll add is that, as anthology editor, I'm also looking in the open sections for poems of different lengths: from my point of view, a poem should be no longer than it needs to be. But I'd also advise

poets to look for what evidence they can find of the judges' poetry preferences.

I was very impressed with the standard of poems and haiku in the junior sections in 2021 – and a number of my personal favourites in *Kissing a Ghost* are from some of the youngest poets included. So I don't have specific advice for young poets except to say: keep doing what you're doing! (Though I will add a small request to keep an eye on making your punctuation consistent throughout your poem.)

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***This time, I'm looking forward to discovering a new crop of exciting poems that make me laugh, move me, make me think, or enchant me with the skill and elegance of their composition.***

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**afi:** *Turning to your own writing and reading, you are a passionate about climate-change and working towards a low-carbon future and this is reflected in your novels and poetry. Can you tell us more about that?*

**TJ:** I got interested and then involved in environmental campaigning in my teens, around the same time I started writing poetry. For a long time, my writing and my campaigning – which has focused on climate action and climate justice in recent times – proceeded more in parallel than together, but two of my recent books – novella [Where We Land](#) and my recent poetry collection [New Sea Land](#) – both focus on climate change, as does the novel I've recently finished writing.

Many climate fiction authors set their work in the medium to far future, after some kind of climate apocalypse has played out. As a science fiction reader and writer, I know there are a lot of storytelling possibilities in that scenario, but at the moment I'm more interested in writing climate fiction and climate poetry set in the present or the near future, while we still have choices to make.

The real work of climate action isn't necessarily very glamorous! We need inspirational leaders like



Vanessa Nakate and Greta Thunberg; we need big, dramatic actions; but there's also a place for folks like me who slog away in the trenches, trying to reduce emissions in specific sectors against the headwinds of corporate greed, institutional inertia and politicians who can always find a new reason to kick the climate can down the road. Right now, there is still a chance to avoid the worst effects of climate change, and (to mix yet another metaphor) we need all hands on deck, contributing wherever and however they are able.

**afi:** *Would you be able to recommend any reads or poets in particular that have really spoken to you or have astonished you recently?*

**TJ:** I was very lucky to be a guest at last year's [Blackball Readers and Writers Festival](#), where I bought a copy of [Rejoice Instead: the Collected Poems of Peter Hooper](#), edited by Pat White (Cold Hub Press, 2021): the Festival included a celebration of Peter Hooper's life and work, and it was great to see that alongside an interview with a very successful contemporary West Coast author, [Becky Manawatu](#). I lived on the Coast from ages 2-4: formative years!

I knew Peter Hooper from his marvellous eco-fiction novel *A Song in the Forest*, but I didn't realise what a fine poet he was. Poems about nature, the Coast, the passage of time – and poems about the difficulty of fitting in with the people and society around him. I found a lot that echoed my own experience, expressed better than I could have expressed it: that's always inspiring!

**afi:** *What writing projects are you working on now?*

**TJ:** I've recently finished writing a novel, and having written only occasional poems over the past few years, I'm now digging back into poetry. There's an archaeological aspect: my last three poetry books ([Men Briefly Explained](#) (2011), [New Sea Land](#) (2016) and the chapbook of music poems *Big Hair Was Everywhere* (2019)) have all been themed, but that meant that poems and poem ideas that didn't fit those themes were abandoned on the midden of my hard drive. Since Xmas, I've been

excavating those fragments: many were inconsequential, but I've found a surprising number of ideas that seem worth developing further, and even the occasional complete poem. It's exciting, but also a little concerning: what was I thinking about when I jotted down some of these things?

**afi:** *We're looking forward to reading your new work. And thank you, Tim, lovely to kōrero.*

## Tim Jones

### Villagers

We often wind up one step away from freedom,  
staring up at you with our stupid, hopeful faces  
from some peril we've gotten ourselves into.

All we want is a straw hat and a sense of purpose.  
Days spent tilling the soil, nights of dreamless sleep  
as the moon furrows a starless sky.

When we're well-fed and secure, any two of us  
might come together, generate more heat than light,  
create a bouncing baby to race around our fields.

Only a fool would depend on us. Sometimes  
we wander off, sometimes all we can do  
is shake our heads and utter sorrowful sounds.

Yet we're wiser than you: the edge of the map  
is not a place we wish to find. In our modest houses  
everyone is guaranteed a roof, a door, a bed.

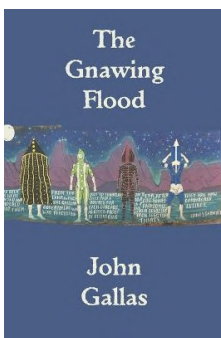
Consider us. See us fill our days with industry,  
tend our crops, welcome you with eager eyes.  
Watch us nod our heads, trade bread for emeralds.

# Review

## Vaughan Rapatahana

### *The Gnawing Flood - John Gallas*

(London: Cerasus Poetry, 2021).  
ISBN 979-8592286063. 68 pp.



This collection, which won the bronze medal in the Cerasus Poetry Olympics of 2020, is the work of prolific England-based kiwi poet, John Gallas. The title is a sound bite from a statement by Chief Black Elk of the Lakota Sioux Nation, which epitomises what Gallas articulates throughout the collection:

Once we were happy in our own country [...] but the Wasichus [Whites] came and they have made little islands for us [...] and always these islands are becoming smaller, for around them surges the gnawing flood of the Wasichu; and it is dirty with lies and greed.

The book, then, is an intensive and acerbic depiction of (mostly) white men's gross inhumanity to non-white masses across the globe, across centuries of murder, slaughter and genocide. The conquistador North invades and exterminates the sublimated and all-too-often hunted-down Indigenous people of the South. When I write 'mostly,' as there are depictions of members of the sublimated taking part in the mayhem, this is because the conquistador forces have impelled and propelled them to do so, in the form of their own attempts at obtaining utu and blood revenge on their callous conquerors – as in the 1804 Haiti Massacre.

There are also some depictions of internecion as seen from the stance of the sublimated after a

heinous atrocity, such as in “A Chukchi Visits The Catherine Palace To View The Portrait Of Tsarina Elisabeth, Instigator Of Their Genocide”; where the Chukchi obtain their own measure of retribution on the portrait by stabbing the portrait with the needle-bone. Then there is the supreme irony of Empress Wu Zetian of China attempting to become whiter because, after all, ‘In Heaven / everything is white’ (“Empress Wu Zetian Attempts to Whiten Her Skin By Eating Pearlpowder, 705AD”).

Moreover, while most pieces are from the contemporaneous perspective of the progenitors of death, disease and decimation, not all of them are direct expositions of the crime involved but are sardonic descriptions of their aftermath – as when Binh Nhi Hang Hanh finds US Maverick playing cards after the US ‘withdrawal’ from the 1968 Battle of Khe Sanh. Some pieces also concern the extirpation of indigenous fauna and flora – as with the mass deracination of native plant life in the Cape Verde Islands from the 1450s onward, and the bloodthirsty bombast of ‘big game hunters’ in Bechuanaland during 1844–7.

But all these poems, whatever their perspective, have an underlying acerbic anti-hegemonist astringency: Gallas is raging at this plethora of plundering and pestilence brought about by white men sailing, flying and marching in from the North. Bayonets fixed, their inevitable and often evangelical bloodlust is satiated only by the deaths of their self-constructed antipodean Other.

---

***His manifest and intransigent sarcasm throughout is to be commended as he unrelentingly lacerates these mass-murdering butchers with his caustic invective...***

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The irony, of course, is that Gallas is, through birth and education, a member of the former bloc. As well as an invoker of the prime imperialist tool: the English language. There is little non-English parlance in this collection. Is it politically correct for a white man to detail the angst and anger of the very people he is poeticising about in the tongue of the coloniser? Perhaps not, but at least he is showcasing these atrocities in open view, and this

needs to be done, and done emphatically. His manifest and intransigent sarcasm throughout is to be commended as he unrelentingly lacerates these mass-murdering butchers with his caustic invective, often placing their thoughts and associated rants in italics. As just one example:

‘Oh give me a hand,’ says Mister Bond,

‘and I’ll give you a bottle of rum.’

McRae hacks off the Howenh’s arm

and takes out His eyes with his thumb.

(“The Great Spirits of Tierra Del Fuego Look  
On The Destruction Of Their Kind, 1882”)

Gallas has done ample research into the carnage portrayed throughout the pages – themselves embossed with stark black and white photos of the atrocities involved – and extensively enumerates the referenced sources and picture credits at the back of this compendium.

There are 27 poems, and they are not chronologically arranged in terms of historical content/context. The atrocities also range across Newfoundland, Congo, Aotearoa, Philippines, Tasmania, Indonesia, Siberia, Libya, Egypt, Austria and Jerusalem – and these are but some.

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***This is a powerful collection from a clever poet who obviously cares.***

---

Most are in the form of stanzas of irregular lengths, several with rhyme and, of those, a variety of rhyme schemes. There is also Olde English within the collection, as can be found in the penultimate set of verse regarding the fall of Jerusalem in 1099. Biblical jargon also sometimes emanates from the colonisers’ mouths. Then there are the Uruguayan children’s letters in response to both José Fructuoso Rivera y Toscana and Juan Díaz de Solís. The latter of whom ‘discovered’ Uruguay in 1516 but was eaten onshore, while the former was the deliberate decimator of the Charrúa people in 1831. Everything Gallas writes here is pithy and very pointed, regardless of the rather variegated poetic formats employed, the poems themselves paralleling the diverse imperious actions of the assassins.

I do have a couple of gripes. There is the misspelling of Pampanga as “Pampagna” (my own whānau has a home in Pampanga, where we often reside) and a lack of macrons in several kupu Māori, for example, in the words takahē and kākāpō – the plurals of which do not take an ‘s’ either, by the way.

These are not major grouses, however. This is a powerful collection from a clever poet who obviously cares. His persona laments:

O Wounded Spirit of the Rolling Plains,

I’m not Mankind but I apologise

for all the gimcrack glory in your eyes

and all the crying shame that put it there:

bad men who would massacre the stars

and use their names to consecrate their cars.

(“Linus Van Pelt and The ‘Indian Photo  
Advertisement, 1960”)

Gallas bookends this plaintive plaint of pain with a whakataukī (which I happened to recommend to him):

Kei muri i te awe kapara, he tangata kē. Mana te  
ao, he mā.

Shadowed behind the tattooed face, a stranger  
stands. He owns the world; he is white.

Enough said.

To review books for *a fine line*,  
please contact Lily Holloway,  
reviews@poetrysociety.org.nz

# Review

## Molly Crighton

### *I Am in Bed With You - Emma Barnes*

(Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2021).  
ISBN 9781869409388. RRP \$24.99. 88pp.



Emma Barnes' *I Am in Bed With You* establishes a surreal landscape of adoration, phantasmagorical sexuality and vividly-drawn revulsion. Some poems are strange streams of consciousness:

The way

a cello sings an A if you sit a tuning fork on it  
I'm the song singing of wrack

and ruin

("Good girl, good girl").

Others tear back the sheets of silence over motherhood, sex, love and gender, bearing them to the neon lights of Barnes' inquisition.

Some of these more vividly illuminated poems are almost hard to read – Barnes explores the thorny territory of motherhood and daughterhood and the inherent conflict and symbiosis between the two with an unblinking eye:

My own mother wanted the shape of my body to be understandable.

I was on my own with my mind. She was at war with my body ...

The duty of family is a heavy coat I took

off and put in the cupboard ... The cleanest body is the one that

doesn't exist.

("Mother's Day")

This theme of the strange extra-terrestrial nature of bodies, growth, birth and motherhood, stays taut throughout the collection. The mother's body – its shape and varied functions – are reduced to 'meat encasing newer meat', as though the deconstructed mother is displayed to the reader on a butcher's hook:

I know many women who are growing embryos.  
I had hoped it was done in

mason jars with water by now. But I have been informed that it's still much

meatier than that ... The growth of the next

generation of meat people seems tenuous when you consider the lumbering

vulnerability of a pregnant person, their meat encasing newer meat...

It is difficult to say meat over and over in the context

of humanity.

("Meat")

The spectre of daughterhood continues to be present throughout the first third of the collection: 'They've made a dress in the shape of the / perfect daughter and now they'd like you to put it on' ("Standing"). Barnes takes the mother and the daughter shapes and examines them like a cubist, drawing them over and over again from different angles, until the mother/daughter become the same lenticular print switching between two images:

I am her reflection: she is my reflection ... I realised in this instant that I had al-

ways been here with her. Right from the start when I popped out of the oven, just like this

("Landslide")

By the end of the first part, *This is a creation myth*, the two are almost reconciled.

---

***This theme of the strange extra-terrestrial nature of bodies, growth, birth and motherhood, stays taut throughout the collection.***

---

The second part of the collection – *Sigourney Weaver in your dreams*– is the beating heart of the book. In it, Barnes' expertise comes to the fore – it is experimental, wistful, electric and written with a mastery of hallucinatory revelation that they sustain throughout the mundane and the unbelievable. They form the body not just as mother-shape or daughter-shape, but as a lover: 'I've seen / her hands. She's seen my pet rabbit. It evens out in the end' (Sigourney Weaver and the Dream Father”).

This second section is a richly-written medium through which Barnes explores the lifespan of a relationship:

We write to

each other like the recently bereaved. We don't talk about the not

talking about but the not talking about is all we want to talk about

(“Sigourney Weaver and I correspond only via email”)

Sigourney Weaver becomes partner; past and future; the 'dark, dank tangle' of a back garden ("Signourney Weaver buys property in Aro Valley"); and, perhaps most confusingly of all, 'a woman of complicated desires' ("Sigourney Weaver and I rent a movie"). Reading through the poems, the narrator seems like a cyborg – an alien – someone entirely new to the notion of love but at the same time entirely jaded by it. Because of this dissonance, they also feel entirely human: 'Sigourney Weaver leans across me, and places her mouth / in the same space as my mouth occupies. As a person I know this is a kiss' (“Sigourney Weaver and I come down”).

---

**...it is experimental, wistful, electric and written with a mastery of hallucinatory revelation...**

---

Towards the end of the section, motifs repeat like a zoetropic dream – birth, motherhood, children: 'You mother your own mother and she mothers you' (“Sigourney Weaver in the womb”). Barnes is bold enough and deft enough to let us occupy a space with them that flickers constantly

between desire and disgust and lets us try to make sense of it while gently reminding us that 'we can't make sense of a world where we could desire and act in equal measure' (“Sigourney Weaver confronts the limits of desire”).

The final section of the book – *The run-around* – blooms botanical and anatomical in the wasteland of desire that Barnes has spent the rest of the book building. The world has begun again; love can make sense; two can be two:

All beginnings are

endings. I'm holding your hand even when we're not together. This beginning

is our very first ending

(“Begin again”)

But even despite the stripping down and naming of things that Barnes manages in this section, the old wounds come back to haunt like neon ghosts:

The good girl's mouth is always

closed and the sun never sets and the ruin stays inside where it was put in

the first place, where it is meant to be

(“Good girl, good girl”)

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**Barnes explores the thorny territory of motherhood and daughterhood and the inherent conflict and symbiosis between the two with an unblinking eye.**

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In *I Am in Bed With You*, Barnes does what they promise – they manage to lie alongside the unconscious reader, whispering poems into their ear and promising that despite our bodies, despite our futures and despite our pasts – we might find a place in which to exist.

To review books for *a fine line*, please contact Lily Holloway, reviews@poetrysociety.org.nz



## Members' Haiku

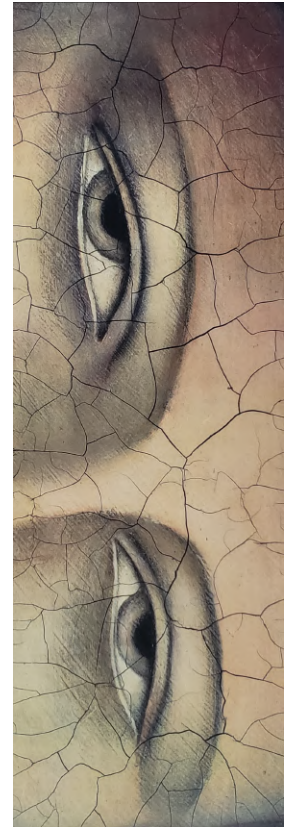
We gratefully acknowledge the support of the Windrift Haiku Group. Their generous donation to the NZPS will support ongoing haiku projects, such as this haiku feature in *a fine line*.

### Peter Free

slicing onion –  
my first tears  
since his death

rumbling  
loud in the eye of the storm  
the cat comes back

potato eyes  
the next generation  
sprouting in the dark



*Donna Demente*

---

### Barbara Strang

first meeting  
the small white teapot  
steaming

kitchen lockdown  
the moth flies  
in circles

### Julie Adamson

a gap in the clouds  
as blue as a  
baby's eye

smiling eyes  
on the screen  
my far away son

---

### Craig McLanachan

last born  
Rangitoto slumbers ~  
one eye on Auckland

### Hester Ulliyart

your stare penetrates  
my star falls into itself  
a black hole



Debbie Strange

the stillness  
of a dragonfly's wings . . .  
first frost

Judge's Choice, 2016 Craighleigh Press Haiku Contest

cormorants  
we open our arms  
to the sun

Third Place, 2018 Jane Reichhold Int'l Haiku Prize

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Sue Courtney

drinks break  
the witter of wax-eyes  
at the water fountain

old pond  
the frogs' eyes  
in the soup

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Karen Peterson  
Butterworth

bifocals  
i step into  
the gap

First Published, *frogpond* (Fall 2008)

our eyes arc desire  
across  
gaps between words

First Published, *the ordinary magic* (NZPS Anthology 1997)

## Our Contributors

**Johanna Aitchison** lives, writes, and teaches in the Manawatū. Her poetry is forthcoming in *The Hopkins Review*, and can also be seen in *Turbine 21*. She completed a PhD in Creative Writing at Massey University 2021, and will publish her next collection of poetry, *57 New Words*, in 2023.

**Gillian Candler** is a nature writer, tramper and citizen scientist.

**Brent Cantwell** is a New Zealand writer from Timaru, who lives with his family in Queensland, Australia. He teaches high school English and has been writing for pleasure for 24 years. He has recently been published in *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Poetry NZ*, *Landfall*, *takahē* and *Foam:e*.

**Sue Courtney** lives in Orewa beside the estuary where godwits holiday from spring to autumn. She finds inspiration from their amazing journey.

**Molly Crighton** is an English student at the University of Otago. Her work can be found in *Starling*, *Takahē*, *a fine line*, *The Cormorant*, and *Re-Draft*.

Based in her studio/gallery in Oamaru's Historic Precinct, **Donna Demente** is an artist fascinated by the gazes on the faces of subjects throughout art history, also masks and their symbolic psychology and sociology. She is committed to community arts and culture to provide relief in these challenging times.

**Jan Fitzgerald** (b.1950) is a long established NZ poet. Shortlisted twice in the Bridport Poetry Prize, she has a fourth collection due 2022. Jan works as a full-time artist.

**Alexandra Fraser** has been published here and there for years. She is sporadically working on a third poetry collection, and has bought an A-frame house – it has no flat walls for bookshelves – a challenge.

**Peter Free** is a Maths teacher from Wellington. Born in Nigeria, Peter has spent many years travelling and working in Asia. He writes haiku to relax.

**Michael Giacon** is an Auckland Tamaki Makaurau writer whose work includes the poetic alter ego voice, Argento Q.

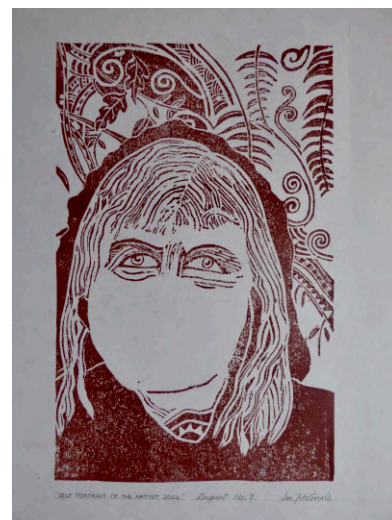
**Laurice Gilbert** has had poems published in many journals, anthologies and non-literary magazines across nine countries. She's had three Pushcart Prize nominations, published two collections and once won a competition.

**Edna Heled** is an artist, art therapist, counsellor, writer and travel journalist from Auckland. Published in *Flash Frontier*, *Fresh Ink*, *Going West*, *Poetry NZ YearBook 2021*, *The Twilight Menagere*, *NZPS anthology*, and more.

**Juanita Hepi** (Kāi Tahu) is a storyteller exploring the intersections of race, class and gender through Indigenous storytelling. She holds a Masters of Māori and Indigenous leadership and is māmā to three.

**Susan Howard** lives in a small town north of Auckland. She writes about what affects her and occasionally about what she sees as injustices in the wider world.

**Tim Jones** is a poet and author living in Te Whanganui-a-tara / Wellington. Recent books include poetry



“Self-Portrait” by Jan Fitzgerald

collection *New Sea Land* (2016) and climate fiction novella *Where We Land* (2019).

**Craig McLanachan** is a haiku enthusiast and writer of many years, both age and years of interest. He loves the way haiku captures the moment and becomes a form of diary for life's events. He constantly hones and refines them as part of the learning process.

**Tiana Malina** Te Rongopatahi Mo'iha is a Kanaka Maoli/Tongan artist, educator, scholar, business owner and hale builder. Now living and working in Ōtautahi with her Kai Tahu partner where together they are raising critically conscious Kāi Tahu babies.

**Anita Mortlock** lives on the beautiful Kāpiti coast where her garden feels like an entire world. She teaches at Victoria University of Wellington.

**Denise O'Hagan** is a Sydney-based poet with a background in commercial book publishing. Her work is published widely and has received numerous awards, including the Dalkey Poetry Prize 2020.

[denise-ohagan.com](http://denise-ohagan.com)

**Karen Peterson Butterworth's** poetry, including haiku, has been published and anthologised in New Zealand and overseas. With Nola Borrell, she edited *the taste of nashi: New Zealand Haiku (Windrift 2008)*.

**Vaughan Rapatahana** (Te Ātiawa) commutes between Hong Kong, the Philippines and Aotearoa. His work, in te reo Māori and English, has been translated into Bahasa Malaysia, Italian, French, Mandarin, Romanian and Spanish.

Auckland poet **Gillian Roach** won the NEW VOICES – Emerging Poets Competition 2018 and was awarded runner-up in the *The Kathleen Grattan Prize for a Sequence of Poems* in 2018 and 2019. She has been published in *Landfall*, *Takahe* and the *Poetry NZ yearbook*.

**Barbara Strang** lives in Christchurch. She's been writing haiku for three decades and has appeared in most NZPS anthologies.

**Debbie Strange** is an internationally published short-form poet and haiga artist whose creative passions connect her more closely to the world and to herself. Please visit her archive: [debbiemstrange.blogspot.com](http://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com)

**Hester Ulliyart** is a performance artist and writer based in Lyttelton. She is published by *Wild Pressed*, *Love in the Time of Covid*, *A Breach of Size*, *Catalyst*, and *Takahē*.

**Mercedes Webb-Pullman:** IIML Victoria University MA in Creative Writing 2011. Published extensively in various journals and anthologies worldwide, she lives in Otaki New Zealand.

**Aine Whelan-Kopa** is an emerging Maori-Irish poet, who is from Te Tai Tokerau and Taranaki. Aine is consistently working on writing and art in her West Auckland home.

**Susan Wills** is a recovering copywriter who writes, reads and gardens. She lives with her family on Waiheke Island.

**Sophia Wilson** is based in Ōtepoti Dunedin. Her writing has appeared in journals and anthologies internationally and she has received a number of awards for poetry.

## **Notice of Annual General Meeting:**

The Annual General Meeting of The New Zealand Poetry Society Incorporated will be held virtually this year via Zoom on **June 15, 6–7 p.m.**

Meeting ID 823 9974 0790

Password **777188**

Link <https://bit.ly/3LzZy6L>

### **AGENDA**

- 1) Apologies
- 2) Confirmation of the Minutes of the 2021 AGM

*These are available on request from the Administrator, Kim Martins: [info@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:info@poetrysociety.org.nz)*

- 3) Matters arising from the 2021 AGM Minutes
- 4) President's Report
- 5) Financial Report
- 6) Proposed Budget for 2022-2023
- 7) Election of Officers:  
President  
Vice-President  
Treasurer  
Secretary  
Committee Members
- 8) General Business
- 9) Guest reader, Chris Tse