

broadsheet

new new zealand poetry

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Editor: Mark Pirie

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All submissions will be returned. Thank you.

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Brentley Frazer: 'Elizabeth Arcadia' is from *Aboriginal to Nowhere* (HeadworX: Wellington, 2016).

David Karena-Holmes: All poems are from the collection *Genesis* (Dunedin: Maungatua Press, 2011). Versions of 'Beside the Reservoir' and 'Sunrise' first appeared in *Glottis* 5 and 8 respectively.

Mark Pirie: 'Crash Course' and 'Cicada Summer' are from *Rock & Roll: Selected Poems in Five Sets* (Brisbane, Australia: Bareknuckle Books, 2016).

Preface

David Karena-Holmes (born 1938) first came to my attention when I was editing *JAAM 7* with Kapka Kassabova in early 1997. I didn't know at the time that David had been writing since c1949 and was well-known in Dunedin poetry circles. When Richard Reeve and Nick Ascroft founded *Glottis* in 1998, David was one of the regular writers in their magazine. In 1999, I lived in Dunedin briefly to write my MA thesis at the University of Otago and met David at the Arc Café readings.

Much earlier, however, distinguished poet and critic James K Baxter had noted a young Dave Holmes in his 1967 lecture 'Aspects of Poetry in New Zealand'.

I followed David's work as a subscriber to *Glottis* and appreciated Richard Reeve's important profiling of David's work outside of more established literary channels. More recently David appeared in Richard Reeve's edition of *Landfall 212*. In 2009, I included David myself in the anthology *Voyagers* that I co-edited with Tim Jones.

It's nice to get the opportunity to feature David's work in *broadsheet*. To my mind, David is an important New Zealand poet whose work should be more widely known and anthologized. His use of language is often muscular and striking and his wide reading knowledge shows in his philosophical and spiritual tendencies. His adherence to more traditional forms, revision and craft, and the longer poem as with other poets like Niel Wright b.1933 (who wrote the epic *The Alexandrians*) makes his work more unfashionable but no less important to more dominant contemporary styles and modes.

David's poems included are from his limited edition book *Genesis*, a selection of his shorter, more lyrical poems, selected from many years of his writing-life. David is also the author of *From the Antipodes*, a long poem, and Maori-English grammar books.

As with other *broadsheet* features, I asked some of David's friends to appear alongside him in honour of his work. Richard Reeve, Nick Ascroft, Blair Reeve, Peter Olds, David Eggleton, Kay McKenzie Cooke and Michael Steven answered the call.

broadsheet has never promoted an established or emerging group of New Zealand writers, and I am pleased to include new faces like Rob Hack and Hugh Isdale and welcome back Brentley Frazer from Australia and MaryJane Thomson of Wellington, who recently published her third book this year.

Mark Pirie
Wellington, November 2016

H O U S E , K I D , D O G

House, kid, dog: file under things to regret as the years
avalanche in.

Birthdays are miserable, let's not pretend otherwise.

Like Christmas, weeping alone on the toilet.

I was convinced insurance was a racket, then the earthquake.

When you were ill and needed me, I was on holiday, bored.

Were cities ever compassionate, or always these shuffling
scarecrows?

The rich get nouveau richer.

The poor get richer too, but everything costs more.

We get richer but bitterer.

We get sicker, weaker, blander but less patient with each other.

Where's the fire of youth?

Where's the pessimism of youth that felt cool and not yet
terrifying?

I prefer your birthday to mine, out of spite.

Nostalgia's like a meal of sand.

We have no regrets because we didn't do anything.

Our successes were years ago and now small, but we cling on
with our teeth.

Everybody is younger and more celebrated than us.

Our families find us selfish.

Our neighbours hate us.

We still torture ourselves with dreams.

The grass will be greener under a mountain of debt.

The grass will be greener when our child abandons us.

The grass will be greener when the dog shits on it.

There was always a certain shame in pride.

But the truth is uglier: all pride is shame.

HOUSE, KID, DOG

House, kid, dog: we sink our teeth into the gristle of living.
Birthdays are suffered with grace: we die celebrating.
Like Christmas, gagging on gooseflesh.
It's humbling and wonderful, to be returned to nothing.
In your despair, I emailed hugs.

History is written by the writers of history.
The rich get funnier.
The poor get smallpox, and we laugh at them.
We get richer but persevere.
We get fatter and greyer, and laser eye surgery.

Young people are awful.
They want to change the world, so let them try and fail.
I prefer your birthday to mine, out of sweetness and
sycophancy.
No, pleasure is timeless, guiltless.
And regrets are for the half-hearted, and John Dolan.

Our anxieties are vainglorious, if elegant in their misery.
The discerning few respect us.
Our families can't find us.
The neighbours are hidden behind their hedges.
They leave us to the sins of aspiration.

Our house will be a summoning of wood and light.
Our child will be short and strange.
We'll never get a fucking dog.
Living is a pratfall but clock me around the head with it.
Stand proud: small, powerful, appalling.

Note: This is a single poem in two voices.

THE ONLY GAME

my mum's turn
to wash the jerseys

the whole numbered team
swinging by the hips

from our line
green and gold hoops

the year I played
third grade out of Hamlyn Park

also the season our coach
got pinched by the cops

for dealing in
stolen car parts

so our captain and halfback
the typical

yappy little joker
took over

and I remember
lumbering across for a try

off his pass against Eden
and his endearing

expectation I'd do it again
every Saturday from then on

MAX

perhaps my favourite
of all movies

Touchez pas au grisbi
a k a *Hands Off the Loot*

(Jacques Becker 1954)
features Jean Gabin as Max

so smoothly groomed
the bullets glide past him

and an elderly party
the image of Jean-Paul Sartre

(glasses pipe tweed sportscoat)
who when the chips are down

rips enthusiastically into it
with a tommy-gun

but when his silly best mate is killed
Max's grief is genuine

after all he'd lent the man
pyjamas and a toothbrush

one night when he stayed over
in the secret hideout

and they sat and ate
rather scattery crackers and paté

in a lengthy tribute to the quotidian
more typical of Italian neo-realism

MANIOTOTO

The clouds are black.
The sky is blue.
It's a black and blue day.

Tussocks as flexible as air,
give way.

We look for the Picnic Area.
You remembered trees.
I remembered rock.

Everywhere, the ground has been kicked over,
stones shoved into tottering piles. "Look," I said,
"It's so windy, all the cows are sitting down".

A gutted hill.
A fence-line hung with animal skins.
A hundred hawks.

KING TIDE, NORTHSIDE

The moon is close, at her perigree, imperious,
summoning the salty fever of a king tide.
Volcanoes seem to change position,
to drift further out, or drift closer;
and creeks are frothy-mouthed.
What's salvaged from ocean
might splash up on shore,
ferried from creaking timbers anchored well out,
gilding what it covets with a kia ora tatou,
and a good sousing for whatever can be caught.
Tank Farm to Silo Park, they are keeping
their heads up, though boardwalks are lapped.
Paddlers frolic; sand flaunts its wet silks.
Crowds are shoaling like inanga.
The king tide purls on Meola Reef pathway,
and makes a long grab for East Coast Bays,
The king tide casts a net for gasping creatures,
for reclamation of the waterfront,
for the holy scallop of sand in every blessed cove,
knowing that if you cut a thousand metre channel
between Otahuhu Creek and the Manukau Harbour
you could create Aotearoa's third largest island
to ebb around, searching for wetlands.
And Auckland's flapping like a kahawai,
flapping greeny-blue and silvery,
above all the speckled cockled shelly beaches,
as long-legged girls walk by the creep of the tide,
and the biceps of blokes bulge, hefting a rugby ball.
Pohutakawa know the king tide well;
they cliff-hang like trapeze artists,
branches parallel to the ground
and demanding elbow room.
They have a ring-side seat.
At night, the old soak of the sea
will go rolling rolling rolling home,
dark beneath the phosphorescence of the city.

ELIZABETH ARCADIA

Ninety-nine Elizabeth
you meant so much
when growing up
in this big old
country town.

I visited you today
on google maps
looking for some slippers
not that I've gotten old . . .
it's winter
& I'm living in West End
in a windy shack.

Oh Elizabeth
your grandeur
Blonde Venus &
Cool Junk gone.

I checked . . .
The Piercing Shop
a restaurant, then an
oxygen bar. The
Bohemian next door
became a Louis Vuitton.
It's also gone . . . now
an Emu Ugg.

Oh Elizabeth Arcadia
your edge has dulled.

We used you as a thoroughfare
to Archive Books, or a short-cut
to Circle on Albert.

You always confused me with
a hundred perfumes
Nag Champa & Korean barbeque
traffic fumes blowing in from
Charlotte Street
forests of Sandlewood from the dreads
of hippies at The Source.

I rarely stray from the 4101
only to campus & then that's
all bus & freeway, but
now, outside your door
like Leonard hoping Suzanne
hasn't faded . . . I shed a tear.

You've become
a hallway, Elizabeth, a long
closet full of shoes, Little Lace
& Violent Green.
I miss your grunge & gloss
& that buzz we got as we
ambled drunk to Festival Hall.

Oh Elizabeth Arcadia
your entire orchestra
has slipped from tune.

**RADIO MAST BETWEEN MATAVERA
AND NGATANGIIA**

Guy wires hold down the skeleton of a rocket.
Framing you two breeze blown long hairs
like sixties rock stars caught in a Wellington wind.
A cluster of earrings
skinny grey stovepipes dart
from a tangle of spinach green puka leaves.

Behind you, a lacework blue and white sky.

I stand beside my pushbike
and consume all I can of this place
the place my father loved.
Where he came to work
at the radio station.
Where he met my mother
and mightily
altered the course of three young lives.

A scooter blows by
a little boy clings to his mother's broad back.
A sign ahead says, 'Mind that child'.

ALL DAY ON MAUKE

All day the reef argues with the sea and no dogs bark.
Palm fronds fall across the road where
goats tied with rope bleat
and pigs scatter through tall grass.

Low cliffs and sand tracks lead to empty beaches
white sand, where tides wash over the coral shelf
leaving coke can, shampoo bottle, a red jandal.

All day diesel engines hum beside empty drums
and coconuts drop to the ground.
Someone on a scooter waves.

All day big white churches are empty and perfect.
Outside them graves sink into the earth
like low lying islands in the sea.

On the roofs of abandoned homes rust spreads as
school kids at keyboards see a future somewhere else.

PAST LIMITS

My mother
Was born in 1912.
Daddy's girl;
She learned to drive
A tractor in 1924,
And then a motor car.

In those days, career girls
Went teaching, nursing,
Or working in an office.
She taught a generation of children,
But I know she would have liked
To drive trains.

She was a steady, intelligent motorist;
Organized, she never panicked.
She would have been good at
Driving trains.

Dynamic braking, fuel economy,
In and out of sidings
Smoothly and safely,
Crossing the country, open skies –
My mother would have loved
Driving trains.

THAMES BRANCH

(For Michael O'Leary)

From the long ridge of Paeroa
To the (sometimes) stormy sea
At Moanatairi,
It was a flat line, a straight line,
Except for the bend near the Kauaeranga River:
"No crossing here" --
But the Pakeha built bridges,
Laid rails, ran trains
Past stations whose names told of
Tidewater, river holes, flint axes,
A place of healing, and sacred food.

Last century, the train ran daily.
There was a steam engine,
And an engine driver
Whose dog came along
For the ride.

Now the rails have gone
And cyclists push their pedals
Past Puriri and Totara.
A few trees remain.

BESIDE THE RESERVOIR

(At Ross Creek)

Twenty years ago I swung
on strands of the supplejack

that tangles in sombre bush
beside this reservoir's black,

brooding water. Now time sits
heavily on me; is not

to be unloaded... Grim clouds
gather. Twenty years – and what

have I learnt? The secretive
depths of the reservoir hold

no hint of compromise. Leaves
whisper hoarsely in the cold

gusts of rising wind. I feel
my flesh gripped by a dark stain,

and watch the reservoir's eye
blur with cataracts of rain.

THE MIND

Although unable to prove it so,
I yet believe the mind
is like a tap-root, going down
into the dust of the universe,
into the very vibrations of atoms,
and further even – to that place
where all is known that can be known.

THREE NIGHT FRAGMENTS

I read the great book
of night, the stars, and the unfathomable
mystery of the abysm of space.

Mother of all, great darkness,
out of your fathomless gulfs have we come
luminous, numinous, with being.

Like a child's ball, the Earth rolls
beneath the voluminous black skirts
of our great grandmama, the night

SUNRISE

I surmise
that the sunrise
is the flaming gold glory
of the hallelujahing wingbeat
of the angels and the archangels,
of principalities, powers and virtues,
of dominations and of thrones and of all
the cherubim and no less of all the seraphim
who burn with the fire of fervour of their praise
of the creator surely of all the hosts of all the choirs
of all the firmament of heaven, the heaven of heavens,
whose lord none but the king of glory is, whose train fills
the temple, not only of this world, to overflowing, but of all
worlds yet to come, now and forever, worlds without end amen

THE QUESTION

At night I lie awake
turning the question over,
staring into the dark
that yields no hint of answer.

THE DREAM

“There is another world, but it is in this one.”
– source untraced.

“The crunch is coming!” Prophets of doom
are more insistent, and with reason:
climate-change, plagues, pollution, the bomb,
destruction rampant over the earth ...

Yet a dream, like an underground river,
or like a great white whale plunging
through unknown seas, inhabits our being.

Is it a dream of a lost garden
that ever was or could be ever?
(and who can on their shoulders lift
this lovely world, the dying?)

or the dream of a larval, physical body,
undergoing a metamorphosis
and emerging a gorgeous butterfly,
a spiritual body, unfolding its wings?

Both dreams, perhaps, are one.

THE GATEPOST

Who, among the orders of the angels,
if I cried out to them (and if, indeed,
any of them cared to tell) would be able
to inform me exactly why and how
this simple object – an old, weathered
and splintered gatepost, leaning,
half-obsured by lank, yellowing stalks
of cocksfoot, on a still, sad day of autumn –
is so imbued with such mysterious
powers of evocation that when it merely
impinges on my sense of vision
I experience such a surge of emotion
that a tear rises and mists my eye?

Is it because of the natural, intrinsic
sadness of an old piece of timber, with
fragments of rusted wire still attached,
as a forlorn relic, mute evidence, memorial
more poignant than a gravestone,
of the existence and labours of someone
who, years before, lived and farmed
in this place?

Is it because this gatepost
is somehow invested with some element
of the spirit of whoever hewed it from
its original trunk and stood it (then firmly)
upright here – and, if so, is my emotional
turbulence caused by this spirit actually
communicating with me (by a medium
of which I have no conscious knowledge)
something of the sadness of the transience
of human life?

Or is it simply for the loss
of the past – a past seemingly more
innocent than this present – that I grieve?

Or is it (as gathering storm-clouds darken
the sky to the South) for the uncertainty
and doubt cast over what may, after all,
be only an equally innocent future?

Probably it is something of all of these;
but now, as I wonder from what tree
this post might have come (is it matai,
for instance, or totara?) the fresh surge
of grief that fills my eyes comes
from a personal and not uncertain cause:
that he to whom I once could have turned
with such an enquiry (my father) is no longer here
for me to ask, or to give me answer.

A STAR IN SPACE

*“Mental things alone are real... One thought
fills immensity.”*

– William Blake

Years ago a star
sent out this beam of light
now captured by our sight,
sent it from afar,

sent it from a place
across a gulf of space
so vast that human thought
seems almost set at nought.

But space itself, it's clear,
is present everywhere –
and therefore vaster than
the view of any man,
restricted in his sight
to particles of light.

How can we comprehend
this space without an end?

Perhaps we can't – but this
reveals the mind's abyss:
for all we know we know
is made of mind, and so
we may contend at last
that, though vast we find
the universe, the mind,
even of the blind,
must be just as vast.

NOT BY BREAD

1.

It is not
by bread one lives
but by the stars'
imperatives.

2.

Not by bread
ought one to live,
but by love's
imperative.

LOVE ALONE

In love alone
we have the key
that can unlock
eternity.

THREE DUNEDIN WALKS

1

Lying on my back
on the grass
under First Church's spire
pointing up to God
or the blue sky
whichever comes first

2

The next day
I'm looking down
from the town-belt
as if *I'm* God
& seeing where the steeple points
like a match-stick
without a flame

3

The sun behind me
hot with smoke
from Aussie fires
arriving without
a passport
on a ripping wind

TATTOO DREAM

The man swimming holding his breath three feet
under water has a tattoo of a crucifix on his back.

The person sleeping beside me tells me we all
learn to wipe our own noses sooner or later.

Meanwhile, the man swimming has decided to heave
himself up out of the pool on the far side wetting

the feet of the pool attendant ... Let me tell you
about the pool attendant's face:

It looks like a crucifix: a dark wave (like hair);
a slight depression (like something you'd expect

in the weather);
like a gap in the water where a body has been.

The tattooed man disappears into the steaming
changing-room. People peer at the bottom of the pool

looking for something. White marble shines back;
the over-head lights ripple.

CRASH COURSE

He was a rebel.
He drove his car through barriers.
He was broken.

In two. Minds, he was.
Iron Maiden was the T shirt
He wore. Eddie was his mate.

Was he a beast, too?
He couldn't add up. His numbers.
The length of his hair.

His mind grew outwards.
He found God among the fallen;
The Crosses by the roadside.

He was a rebel.
He drove his car through barriers.
He was broken. Found.

CICADA SUMMER

(a song)

These summer nights, cicadas hum,
but despite the warmth they evoke,
no sunshine days come in my life
with the absence of you.

Hollow songs make hollow love
in my neck of the woods. The trees
tend their roots to a drought of water
amid the dry earth of summer.

When you come, you change everything,
your smile can comfort the leanest moment
of the day. Passion is rare but beauty
disturbs me, as do your eyes.

In this cicada summer, I long to see you,
to talk, and continue our conversation.
Warm breezes and sunny weather
bring false security for the chill of autumn.

These summer nights, cicadas hum,
but despite the warmth they evoke,
no sunshine days come in my life
with the absence of you.

NEWBORN

When I heard your first screams
I knew you didn't want me either.
"As ugly as a newborn," I muttered
knowing it was the truest of similes.
I hurled you in the back seat
and raced home to catch the end of the game.
Got a call from my wife saying
I'd left her at the hospital.
You were trying to tell me something
in a language made only of vowels.
For a newborn your enunciation was impressive
but I found the sentiment petty-minded.
This is no gift from God, I thought,
sneering at the grandparents
trying their best to pretend
you were cute. Nice try, love.
As for your parents
better luck next time.

STUCK IN A FEEDBACK LOOP

Distracted while practising
for an audition
I watched planes flying overhead.
Found myself willing one to crash, just one,
into an apartment building,
with me watching from a balcony
ready to capture everything on my iPhone.
I'd be the one to sell my footage
to the media, I'd be the one
on the TV news, traumatised
by the tragedy I'd seen
through the lens of my second eye.
Later, some sceptics
would say that it was a hoax
and that the nightmare which haunted me
was self-inflicted.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Here lies Harry, who never won a raffle.
Henry the Unlovely, palsied raddish,
his pickled mouth effusing in life as in death.

Here lies Sarah, a right can't from birth.
Possibly in the scrotal pasture of an ancestor
some milder gamete bleated, a dark lamb.

Here lies Jones, who never raised a cent.
His mother knew it, he was inherently lazy.
Insolent, uncooperative, altogether a haemorrhage.

Here lies Tony, anyone's friend.
Tony who uninvited himself
from the funeral for cut-price Daisy.

Here lies nobody, a voice but not a singer.
Remember him, he was audible in a crowd.
Shut-up nobody, nobody the unending.

THE ELITE

For Forbes

The elite congregate in old hotels, on wasted afternoons,
carousing to the lyric irony of faded alcohol posters,
their loud thoughts ghosted by extinct cigarette smoke.

The elite professionalize the margins, publish papers,
the dental arches of clients' wallets opening and shutting obediently
to their stern advice. Incrementally they adjust

in mahogany boardrooms, in groups of five or six,
making noises to round up recalcitrant decimals,
their bullet points yapping as the stock trucks arrive.

The elite having no money reside at the summit
of marxian self-approximation, semantic sparks.
Their natter fills the cold house of historical life.

The elite have moved out of prayer into the canopies
of mangrove wetlands, marketing rarest finches.
Drab wings resist the gravity of their hope.

Their smiles lit with the radiance of the internet,
the elite at three make a break for a byte to eat.
We are the true environmentalists, they confess,

winning their way through throngs to the counters
manned by experts, who serve their customers
fresh alfalfa reared under the hot glare of lamps.

A P O E M A B O U T J A M E S M c K U N E ¹

I panned for gold at the sewer outlet
where 78s of swing and bop
outplayed what came first.

In those second-hand stores, I found
my nuggets, scratched and unsold,
the real thing, the blues

and took them to my wind-up
in the YMCA, tore off
their paper covers, played them, sound low.

The joy of the chase, the decay,
mould, dust, stink of the store
negotiated, the treasure found

and this auricular orgasm,
strong black bluesmen with guitars,
keening for me, here, alone.

In my plain room, this is my secret love,
untouched by commerce,
or the gross and cheapened crowd.

The phonograph dissolves,
I'm in his cabin, he embraces me
with words and knife-slides.

And then he's gone. I killed him,
told my love, shared his song.
The chase became a billboard.

My door's kicked in.
They found me.
Toss me in the East River.

¹ James McKune (murdered 1971, probably by some rough trade he picked up), resident of New York, eccentric collector of antique jazz records, widely believed to have invented the idea of the “Delta blues” by creating interest among a very small group of connoisseurs in the otherwise forgotten recordings of Skip James, Charlie Patton, Son House, Robert Johnson and others. His story is told in Marybeth Hamilton’s *In Search of the Blues* (2007)

MAY 2, 1974

A rented pad, somewhere in East Illinois:
the author of *San Quentin's Stranger*
and correspondent of Charles Bukowski,
sitting alone at his kitchen table.

He is sculling one last pint of cough syrup.
He is drowning the ghosts of two dark decades,
watching cockroaches scuttle across
a window-screen made of wire lace.

Through the prickly haze of a codeine high,
this minor poet of the Korean War,
sad voyager, soldier-addict, prescription forger,
flawed hipster on a doomed trajectory

reassembles the components of a fractured life
he has constellated into a stark poetry –
the Jeep he rode in exploding from enemy shelling
while conducting routine patrol exercises;

the warm tidal bliss of that first morphine shot
as a patient in a field hospital near Pusan
he would spend the better part of a lifetime chasing;
the beatified victim of a jail yard stabbing

memorialized in his most famous anthology piece.
He remembers the addicts entrapped by rogue federal agents
and handed consecutive life sentences
for peddling dime-bags of junk in southern states;

the woman and child who left him at the prison gates;
meeting a wolf, after acid, between the thighs
of a new lover; learning the secret luminosity of the coastline,
swimming on mescaline south of Monterey.

The poet, who said he would carry a lunch box
if it weren't for those muttering voices,
the urgent phrases rattling round inside his brain.

The poet who laughed in the government's face
now takes up a pen and begins to write
the poem that stops him cold like a landmine.

OPAH I BAY

Betelgeuse, Jupiter, the belt of Orion
above this emerald archipelago,
this jade river where fishermen negotiate
the rocks returning with chilli-bins,
their rods and the day's catch . . .
Laughter and smoke from the shacks
and cookhouse below the urupa,
where families sit about makeshift tables
sharing plates of scallops and snapper.
The dolorous voice of the morepork:
reporting back to the listening dead
as Fairburn's ghost crashes through the bush
to the shoreline where his six-foot
skiff is floating on the phosphorescence.

YONDER SUN

I do not want to say what moves me,
it simply happens and I am not still,
my eyes go blurry,
there is no fury,
just planets aligning my stars,
fixing the engine that drives my emotion,
I am stirred and changed,
ready to escape, jump fate,
 go from ship mate to captain,
the sea is calm now.

Yes, I can see the horizon.

**THE BEGINNING EXIT
THE END ENTRY**

Highway ending at a roundabout,
I think I'll go round again.

PIT STOP

It fuels you within, night comes
 and the stars come out,
they warm you.

You grow, knowledge of fire,
the sun's deflection,
brings your reflection,
we are all the same colour.

1 5 1

The earth moves,
a sword will not fall on you,
it will not be drawn,
you walk away from battle,
the guns are down,
the lights are low,
you are outside the city limits

in the desert heat,
awaiting the fate you'll meet,
the serpent will circle you until
you yield and find it a throne,
it wants to be king like the
war head,
wants to push through empowered

to disempower, to weaken.
To be at the mercy of the serpent,
to be at the mercy of the bomb,
life will tell you this is not the
one hundred and fifty-first psalm,
they have all been sung,
your death has no meaning.

A TREE

My love knows no *category*.

I am no *sexuality* but a *tree*
searching for *humanity*.

Notes on Contributors

NICK ASCROFT lives in Wellington. His new collection is *Back with the Human Condition* (VUP, 2016).

TONY BEYER is a writer in Taranaki. His recent work has appeared in *Otoliths*, *Poetry NZ* and *Takabe*.

KAY MCKENZIE COOKE lives in Dunedin. She has had three books of poetry published and is currently working on a fourth collection.

DAVID EGGLETON has published seven books of poems and a number of books of fiction and non-fiction. His most recent collection, *The Conch Trumpet*, won the 2016 Ockham New Zealand Book Award for Poetry.

BRENTLEY FRAZER lives in Brisbane, Australia. His new collection *Aboriginal to Nowhere* was published this year by HeadworX and launched at the Queensland Poetry Festival.

ROB HACK has connections with Niue and the Cook Islands and wrote 'Radio mast...' after his first visit to his mother's island of Rarotonga in 2002 and 'All day on Mauke' on his latest trip there in 2015.

HUGH ISDALE was born in Wellington, New Zealand, in 1942, brought up on the Thames Coast, resident in Christchurch since 1960; likes climbing hills and riding a bicycle. Married; one daughter and one son.

DAVID KARENA-HOLMES lives in Nelson. He has been writing poetry for many years and is the author of the selection *Genesis* and the long poem *From the Antipodes* and several Maori-English grammar books.

PETER OLDS's selected poems, *you fit the description*, was recently published by Cold Hub Press in 2014. He lives in Dunedin; former recipient of a Janet Frame literary award.

MARK PIRIE is the editor of *broadsheet*. Bareknuckle Books published his selected poems in five sets, *Rock & Roll*, this year. More information at his website: www.markpirie.com

BLAIR REEVE lives in Hong Kong. He holds an MFA from the City University of Hong Kong, and has had poems and short stories published in journals in New Zealand, Japan, Hong Kong and the US.

RICHARD REEVE's latest collection of poetry is *Generation Kitchen* (Otago University Press, 2015). He lives in Warrington, Dunedin.

NICHOLAS REID is an Auckland historian and poet. Two of his collections have so far appeared: *The Little Enemy* (2011) and *Mirror World* (2016), both published by Steele Roberts.

MICHAEL STEVEN is an Auckland poet.

MARYJANE THOMSON is a Wellington writer, photographer and artist. Her third collection *Songs of the City* has just been published by HeadworX.