

écrire
by Déwé Gorodé

écrire
une île
un pays
où les êtres étaient
où les êtres étaient sans être
où les êtres sont sans être
sans dire
sans vie
sans voie
sans voix
sous la chape de
silence
et en coupe réglée
de la pensée unique
écrire
une île
un pays
d'eau
de pluie
de source
de mer
de creek
nickelé
d'eau
boueuse
de mangrove
stagnante
où vasouiller

ou nager
en eaux troubles
comme un poisson dans l'eau
devient un art
écrire
une île
un pays
où
la terre
et
la pierre
parlent
à la place de l'être
à la place de l'homme
à la place de la femme
pour dire
la place de l'enfant
à
naître

--

<https://www.pasifikavoices.com/film/writing/>

writing
by Déwé Gorodé

writing an island

a land

where beings

once were

where beings were without being

where beings are without being

speechless

lifeless

visionless

voiceless

beneath the heavy cloak of silence

clear felled

by oneness of thought

by thought of oneness

writing

an island

a land

of water

rain-water

spring-water

sea-water

nickel-tinted

creek water

muddy water

of stagnant

mangrove

where floundering around in the slime

or swimming through murky waters

like a fish in water
becomes an art
writing an island
a land
where
earth and stone speak
in the place of beings
in the place of man
in the place of woman
so they may speak
the place of the child
who is
to be
born
--

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they taking pictures of us in the water
By Audrey Brown-Pereira

on the count of 1.5

smile

say cheese

they taking pictures of us in the water

like we a mermaid

wearing white coral

and

quilted

illuminous

motherless plankton

mysterious

not of this world

they post and share

submerged

still

life

just breathing

visible and muted

the sea

just below

our nose

inhaling water

islands

become

mythology

tragedy and self-rescue in the making

but

no myth

no ruins

or

philosophers of brilliance

modern day man

want

need

find

throw-away

take

leave

make

break

and

leave

behind

promissory notes

of negotiated text and international law

in faraway chapeau

and science and diplomacy

and make believe

so we doubt

and forget

make believe

modern day man not responsible

when he the only one eating at the table

weather patterns changing

harvest times too

sea become terrestrial

terrestrial become sea

cannibal induced climate

climate induced cannibalism

ice cream elsewhere

be melting

and

the

living in

the

sea

getting

so

hot so hot so hot they tired they hungry
they they they
they
can't say
they don't know yet *in front of them*

30
million
square
kilometres
of
our
blue
pacific
brown and black and white and grey

birthing
breathing
being
we people
not a mermaid

we leading the charge
for our own self-rescue

without us there is no memory of the
beginning
middle
or the end
there is
nothing

on the count of 1.5

smile

you're not smiling

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<https://www.pasifikavoices.com/film/they-taking-pictures-of-us-in-the-water/>

Cry Sis
by Ruby Macomber

western memory of our Moana
mimics muscle

the way it stretches, contracts, fumbles
future tense like
these waters ain't rising

today

it's a 1.5 cry
sis

for the turtles of Sol Onau
who cannot survive a Rotuman shoreline without coral
who are no more of a myth
than climate change itself

a 1.5 cry
for the daughters who fold
ocean acidification and *calcium carbonate* into their mother tongues
as they massage the skin of elders'
necks and

hands
that hold more than heads above water

it's a 1.5 cry, sis

*but politicians say
make it quiet
polished, palatable*

scrub coral memory from aunty's skin, as she waves
the iri for both of you

how do I tell her, se fek, she cannot chant to an sick shore?

sis, I am scared

the turtles who knew my ancestors' bodies so well
will not find a home close enough to the coast
to recognise mine

so we cry to the tune of 1.5
outside the Beehive
carve the 'stats' climate denialists use to stand straight from their spines

hold them up to the sun
under a magnifying glass
watch them burn

you can cry, sis
because our Moana grief
clings to the coast more with every blind eye
oil-mined sigh
ignorance may be bliss

but crying

crying is the first sign of life that requires no language
no translation
our saltwater tears throw themselves into the Moana, where

carbon cuts deeper than coral

in the birthplace of
brave brown descendants
cry to the tune of 1.5

because we do not just want to stay alive

we will cry
we will cry

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<https://www.pasifikavoices.com/film/cry-sis/>