

The truth is
Though my body wants more and more
To be comfy
I've never felt comfortable with the notion of
home

Say home and walls close in
A darkness seeps
Subtle turn of stomach
A trap

So while couches become broader, softer
Wrinkled with the bodies of time
Walls become fiercely studded
Tupuna faces
Future mixed faces
Battling their own outlines

Every shape a shard
A portal that
Melts or punches
Home outta here

*

But
Then
Hawaiki
O Hawaiki

The truth is
I'm just a body seeking warmth
from a wind that has always blown at my back
I've never felt comfortable with the notion of
home

let no one claim forsaken walls
we have learnt to carry homes
in the spiral shell
beating within our chest

a place waiting in the humid folds
where our bodies go soft
for just one night
even four walls
become a place timeless
traced in the outlines of our memories

in stories upon the breeze
in a gesture
in a whisper
we've learnt to carry home on our backs

and in those constellations
of campfire story
that gaze down

*

Murriyang!
beyond horizon

You sanctuary I can love

You happy

portal view

You never-returned-to home

You hobbiton of portholes

Ocean deep

You wormhole old

Hawaiki

You

Murriyang

beyond the sea

*

there is no rush tonight

to join those stars

Ocean deep time

where all our rivers

flow

Murriyang

No walls

Just motion

No falling

Just hands clasped

We plummet-spiral-dance our way

Towards you:

No arrival

No safety;

guided by the whispers

that rings through time touch

we go

without promise

Just

Limitlessness

return

to the place we begin

My river

well, but it doesn't start
(nor end) with me

it starts under the mountains

(or in the sky)

in the way tears are

also clouds, in

a story of a race, of

precipitation & of

sickness; a

race against the time

that isn't

b/c even then in that story

of E^RU^PT^IO^N also

water from home

was

urgent. water/home was

urgent was story was

time-pressed while

out of time.

BUT

we only now come to ~~my~~

small passage

small run small

beloved nook in

a vast ungrasp-

able surge: 7 paa each

side, our

own geometries of vantage defence sun

resource &

wai.tuna.wai.raupo.wai.repo.wai.kuumara.wai.

whakaaraara

paa.wai. these memories we live in on

in on

while not drinking, not fishing,

not gazing

clearsighted at a simple

approaching

foe. no.

instead heraclitus is

in my head, messing me up

with his flows so, living

now on quite another nook

i ask, & this? & this? & this?

& watch my

tearclouds racetime story

run away

through

my

fingers

it ends with a river

flowing out to the place

where the stars get in

one day I'll learn the names for all these constellations in the true tongue

I don't know how to sing them down in any language now

and wonder how many life times it will take to wander back to truth

I hope they will wait for me as I learn in clumsy tongue

there are so many navigation points to learn in this story

a river has no choice but to keep flowing

and what's more true than a river

only the air it bends to

I'm learning every day it takes every gesture to care for the whole

and the place where current begins can lead back

to where the muck remembers

I don't dream of lightning anymore

but thunderclouds still gather to tearclouds

tears that fall from laughing the way a waterfall laughs

laughing until I turn back to the river where all our waters flow together

to join the currents of my birthing

in flow

and breath

and tear

drop

in a vessel
a weave
a piece of clay
I keep leaving marks
for you to lift
and know home in the love
held
in these arms
soft long flowing
this is where I feel home

clay rings wrought by
ancient wheels
so with tree rings so
with smoke rings drifted
from wordless voices in the cold:
all meanings once spoke
hover on, on, on
awaiting
you: decode our silences
gather us up!