

FIKA WRITERS



FIKA mai le Moana

*Kikila ake Tagaloa,
Tagaloa a lagi.
Kikila ake i kaumana o ika.*

*Look down on us Tagaloa,
look down on us with your blessings,
so that we might fish.*

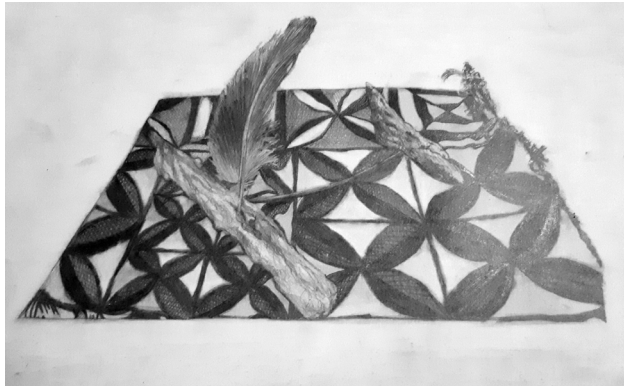
- Te Vaka, Tautai E

Moana e Lua / Two Oceans

*Matuā leaga lenei ta'aloga
Na'o le faia'ina lava le mea e maua
Oh, from the mouths of babes
We can only lose this game
When oceans bleed into one, we all bleed
Even my ancestors are on edge
Lamenting sunflowers where moso'oi, aute and teuila once
bloomed
All they taste is their own tongue and saliva*

*Matuā leaga lenei ta'aloga
Na'o le faia'ina lava le mea e maua
Even the village shopkeeper chucked change at my mother
I slapped the coins flat on the counter and glared at her
But the spinning continued in my head and set fire to my hand
By the time I made it to the lagoon
Mosquitoes had eaten the rest of my body*

*Matuā leaga lenei ta'aloga
Na'o le faia'ina lava le mea e maua
Coffee spilled on my thigh, the chair and the floor
We mopped it up with a clean sanitary pad
It was strangely arousing
I want to smear mango flesh on these walls and lick them clean
I want to reek of plantation sweat and stain this city with loa
I want to guzzle not two, but all the oceans at once
Ae matuā leaga lenei ta'aloga
Na'o le faia'ina lava le mea e maua*



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Arrival/Departure*, 2018

Glossary of terms:

<i>Matuā leaga lenei ta'aloga</i>	This game is bad
<i>Na'o le faia'ina lava le mea e maua</i>	you can only lose
<i>Moso'oi</i>	ylang ylang flower
<i>Aute</i>	hibiscus flower
<i>Teuila</i>	red ginger flower
<i>Loa</i>	red dye used for painting siapo/tapa cloth

Tagaloa still moving

The kids pick up quick,
*"I don't really like these controllers,
 this shit colonisers' game
 I'd rate this game 1 and a half stars
 You can't even win."*

Where the oceans meet,
 where the Pohutukawa grows,
 and the tides clap,
 and our spirits cup,
 each other, returning, r-evolving
 Hawaiiiki nui, Hawaiiiki roa, Hawaiiiki Pamamao,
 following the scented trails
 of Hawaiiiki

*"...take the sea away in a bottle
 and it remains the sea,
 with all its imperceptible currents
 and identical tides."*¹

Tupaia's relatives told me about Ra'iatea
 and how he'd been visiting rellies in Aotearoa,
 writing maps, hitching a ride.
 We call him names like
 genius, high priest, artist, scholar,
 warrior, linguist, navigator, cartographer, cuz.

They want to bring his bones home
 A seed from Ra'iatea, never lost
 like us.

¹ Vivieaere, J. (1995) cited in Oberg, S. (2003). *Prehistory/Genealogy* in, *The Loni and Roni Show* [Exhibition catalogue]. Christchurch, New Zealand: The Physics Room.

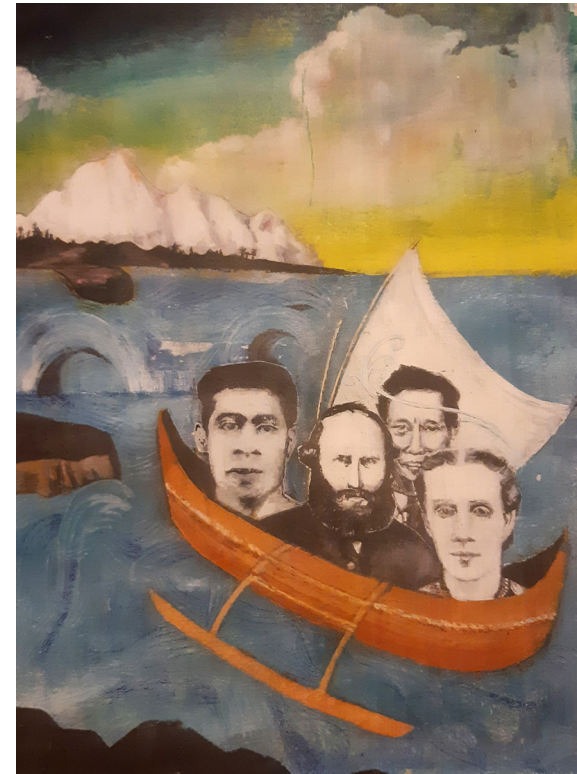
There is a coloniser inside
obsessed with your culture
sailing imagined vintage va'a
into harbours where I discover
niu stars in my image,
plastic phosphorescence
pinned to the bedroom ceiling
around a white mosquito net.
'80s vanilla princess décor
for a karaoke champ,
still singing but losing.

Still losing but singing -
*"We don't need another hero,
we just wanna know the way hooome."*

I wanna be brown girl vigilante justice,
I wanna be frizzy morning hair all day
I wanna be budget headlining black eco-fashion
tip to toe,
never in the red and green to go.
I wanna be courage in the boardroom and lazy
fire in bed,
not second life but fourth dimension body diver-
sity,
native alien next life, embodied-less.

Still *In search of fragrance*,
swimming past the doctrine of discovery.
You don't even have to believe,
just know in your bones

Self-fulfilling
like you took a pic
of the future
on a selfie stick.



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Confluence*, 2018

She's the whole mutha-fuckin ocean²

My brother once fished up a volcano
He called it a fish, but we knew
lava had fattened the soles of his feet
layers so thick
he could run barefoot over fire
and tell stories to match

My sister in law
told her eyes to the moon and back
everytime he laughed
and boasted tales of how high
he could fly on days when the kids pointed
clapping
murmurations of pipiwharauoa
Yeh, he'd say
I once turned myself into a bird
and watched those guys colonise.

A bird, a fish, a man, a tall tail,
No myths, just what you can see
through 3D glasses

Lols my sister in law says, the kids are calling
you Maui these days
they play at being you in tatau skin suits at
halloween.

Afio wants to wear a dressing gown instead
He's gonna be that f'real legend guy

Jesus

Oh my bruv says, at least legends like us are
movie stars now
Tru dat, my sis in law Sina smiles, rolls her body
into the moon,
pulls the tide up around her chin
And goes back to sleep under the sonar.

In more than one place at once, changing the
shape of sea creatures, but
never changed herself, even with beaching
whales, ears bleeding,
remnant conchs blowing breathless, - she gets
hotter all the time,
Yeh, don't say her name unless you're gonna
sing it,

Moana plugs in the mic...she'll take it from here
(wind the tape back)



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Divergence*, 2018

Name The Trees That Stood

- For Yawaru Mob

the power has been cut, open
that i may seek to occupy it

an ātea dampened by the swamp:
you mosquito, straight for the
breastbone.

temuka pub knows what he wants
and will get it, wants to go home
wants to understand

how on earth are we
how on earth is it

because of
the sun

me inoi tātou,
may i have this dance?

sixteen tī kōuka of beer
and the water between us?

make me a party out of roadkill.
make me a dark circle of family.
make me hear your calling, calling on
remixed.

i suggest we are higher than maybe,
higher than what we still seek to know

these white noises have laughed
and laughed, too long.

at arowhenua, my left ear
screams a constant history, one pitch
one bird in the tree, linear love

and we sleep
suck the juice from the grassroots
talk firework mamae

we are the generation that remembers
toitū te whenua

when our daddies refuse
toitū te mana

when our granddaddies are dead
we guess,
and guess again.

the power has been cut, open
that i may seek to occupy it

but take the sea away in a bottle
and it remains the sea.

mightn't the wero be my own body?
mightn't the alps be creeping in my sleep
flashing me their red and wounded?

please may i be machinery with
a beating heartpulse?

me inoi tātou,
may i have this dance?

may you,
be seated.

Coconut Oil

Coconut oil for your healthy balanced body, zero
trans fats, your better way of living.
Coconut oil for your new age beauty routine, for
your teeth, your hair, your face.
Coconut oil for that all over glow, your island
dawn breaking on the horizon.
Coconut oil, we've no use for it here, export it
from our shores and take us with you.

Trust us you have not known this goodness before
this multi purpose, grease your engines, deep fry
your meats, rough up your sweets Coconut oil

My advice for best use Is to cover me in it All of
it Buckets of it Fill your bath tub and lay me in
it Pour it from my head In your stinking summer
heat watch it melt the length of my limbs, over
each curve Drop from my fingertips to my feet,
witness my skin suck up every drip Coconut oil

Extra virgin Tastes as the name suggests Fresh
from the warm breeze Brown sugar and white
flesh Your romance from paradise Your south
pacific fling Coconut oil, for your better sex life,
your baptism of sin.

The sea in a bottle

it holds the ancestry of our peoples, it is extinct,
it holds each summer frolic,
it holds the memory of Maui's birth,
it holds the memory of ice which covered the
planet mammoths moa mother,
Enfys who strode into the waves an Amazon for
whom jelly fish fled
and a small child felt limitless safety,

Tangaroa's anger lives in this bottle,
in defence of his mother
he gouged his brother's side
sand ran out between his ribs becoming
skeletal,

we are skeletal

Tangaroa is turning
plastic poisoned,
oil smeared
moko misshapen by radiated waves
from Japan, from Bikini
his Pacific face barely visible

where is the mother?
sensuous curves of brown earth
draped on the bones of the multitudes
Tangaroa worshipped her,
he longed to be deep within her
snuggled soft with his siblings

not

cast away
swallowing the world's waste
we searched for the quick fix,
the coke and sex on the beach
the discarded condom
the genome of a people
... seeping into the ocean.

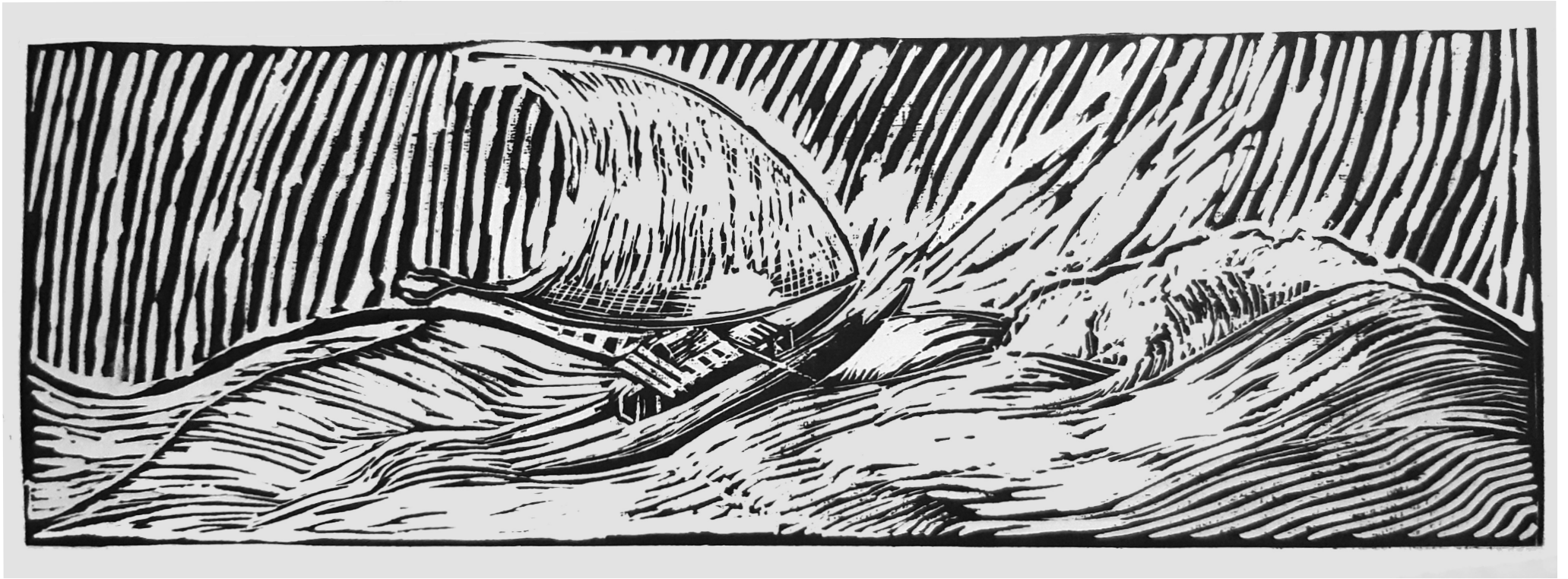
he longed for the abundance she sheltered in
her crevices
sustenance for the generations to come

she died

a death that tortured her over decades
she roused in struggle, regained the power of
her limbs
but then they attacked her heart, the blood
stopped flowing
she began to rot...

we are skeletal, putrified, dissolved

the sea in a bottle...



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Va'a*, 2018

The day Cook rolled into tāone

I
I don't
I don't want
I don't want you
I don't want you to
I don't want you to take
I don't want you to take my
I don't want you to take my history
I don't want you to take my history or
I don't want you to take my history or my
I don't want you to take my history or my tūpuna
:
:
Auē. Away. Auē. Away. Auē.
Auē. Away. Auē.
Auē. Away.



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Same, Same*, 2018



Solomon Luke Ihonui Vasa Davis, *Culmination*, 2018

Love Letter

Let me lay across your bloodied hands
Swathes of thick black
Run down your knees
Tie your feet to
the ground

Remove my head from its body
Kiss it gently
Throw it into the ocean

Let me lick the dirt from your inner thigh
Calloused hand upon your throat
A vase for harakeke shoots
I'll dig a trench
you hide

Remove your head from its body
Kiss it gently
Throw it into the hangi pit

Part I: Are we there yet?

More motion
In the ocean – times two
Like a backwards K
Carved into the legs
Of the kitchen table.

The savages
Ate the invaders
And lived happily ever after

Pineapple oil, breadfruit smoothies, banana juice
Taro biscuits and chestnut chewing gum.

They held art exhibitions
In a swimming pool
Shaped like a bottle

They wrapped things in boxes
And traded cell phones with their neighbours

They would shout at the Captain
Are we there yet Jim?

Which Jim are you?
He would reply

Part II: Infection

Pressed up against the glass
I can only see plastic:
A raffia handbag from the sixties
One that smells of chemicals
But comes all the way from China
A red crate, a blue mat, a red crate

Are we there yet Jim?
We seem to be travelling in circles.

I'm not sure I've been vaccinated?

To stop them from making us sick
We covered ourselves
In pig fat and refused to make contact.

We wore sticks and feathers
Frightening masks
And the children yelled
WE HATE YOU
From the shore.

Pressed up against the glass
Looking inwards
The sea is still the sea
The ocean, still the ocean
Said Jim

Carefully watching the tides
We played cards and waited.

Hey James,

Yeah, you
in the white wig
in that big Endeavour
sailing the blue blue water
like a big arsehole
FUCK YOU, BITCH

James,
I heard someone
shoved a knife
right up
into the gap between
your white ribs
at Kealakekua Bay
I'm gonna go there
make a big Makahiki luau
Cook a white pig
feed it to the dogs
and FUCK YOU UP, BITCH

Hey James,
it's us
these days
we're driving round
in SUVs
looking for ya
or white men like you
who might be thieves
or rapists
or kidnappers
or murderers
yeah,
or any of your descendants
or any of your incarnations

cos, you know
ay, bitch?
We're gonna FUCK YOU UP

Tonight, James,
it's me
Lani, Danielle
and a car full of brown girls
we find you
on the corner
of the Justice Precinct

you've got another woman
in a headlock
and I've got my father's
pig-hunting knife
in my fist
and we're coming to get you
sailing round
in your Resolution
your Friendship
your Discovery
and your fucking Freelove

Watch your ribs, James
cos, I'm coming with
Kalaniopu'u
Kanekepoi
Kanaina
Keawe'opala
Kuka'ilimoku
who is a god
and Nua'a
who is king with a knife

and finally
James,
finally
we're gonna
FUCK.
YOU.
UP.
FOR.
GOOD.
BITCH.

Notes:

Makahiki: Matariki

Resolution, Friendship, Discovery, Freeloze:
names of ships Cook captained or crewed

Kalaniopu'ua, Kanekapolei, Kanaina,
Keawe'opala Kuka'ilimoku, Nua'a: names of
people connected to Cook's death in Hawai'i.

FIKA MAI LE MOANA



Annemieke Montagne, *Straight through our hearts*, 2019

Savage Coloniser Pantoum

This is a dumb game
You can only lose
You will die later in the night
You are a shit coloniser

You can only lose
This is a dumb game
You are a shit coloniser
You are a dumb savage

This is a dumb game
You are a dumb-waiter
You are a dumb savage
You have a shrunk head

You are a dumb-waiter
You are a wooden servant
You have a shrunk head
This is a dumb down

You are a wooden servant
You are a cut tree
This is a dumb down
This is a dumb game

You can only lose.

Ana Mulipola is a multi-talented creative, co-founder of Fika Writers and lifelong learner of gagana Samoa. Ana was born in Christchurch and hails from the Samoa villages of Manono, Mauga, Safotu and Lalomanu.

Danielle O'Halloran (NZ born Samoan / Pākehā) is an Ōtautahi based performance poet and co-founder of FIKA Writers, with family connections to the village of Malie in Samoa and the small NZ town of Omakau in central Otago.

Isla Martin (Ngāti Uenuku) is a writer and teacher based in Ōtautahi. She has performed her work, and waiata, on stages across Aotearoa.

Jess Marama is of Cook Islands heritage and lives in Christchurch with her young son. A member of FIKA Writers, Jess is a writer and spoken word poet who performed with FIKA in *The Whale is in the Sea* at CoCA in 2016.

Sarah Maindonald is a NZ Born Fijian Indian and Pākehā poet passionate about writing and celebrating our authentic selves.

Siobhan Tumai (Tainui) is a writer and tertiary tutor in Māori and Indigenous studies, with research interests on intersections of race and gender.

Stephanie Oberg is of Cook islands heritage and lives in Ōtautahi Christchurch. An independent curator and writer, she is a co-founder of FIKA Writers and Daughters of the Pacific.

Tusiata Avia is a Samoan-New Zealand internationally acclaimed poet, performer and writer. She has had a long association with Christchurch's FIKA collective, editing their self-titled publication and remains a proud supporter.



Fika Mai le Moana was developed in response to the exhibition *Two Oceans at Once* (2019) at The Physics Room, Ōtautahi Christchurch. It also commemorates 25 years since the landmark pacific art exhibition, *Bottled Ocean* (1994), curated by Jim Vivieaere

Two Oceans at Once was curated by Cameron Ah Loo-Matamua and Charlotte Huddleston. It first showed at ST Paul St Gallery, Tāmaki Makaurau in 2019.

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