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STARD



JACOB SIMET comes from Good Hope School and is studying at the University of Papua New Guinea for his arts degree.

BASTARD

SIURAS KAVANI comes from the Eastern Highlands and graduated in arts at the University of Papua New Guinea in 1971.

poems by

Jacob Simet

and

Siuras Kavani

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TRANSLATION

Through the undergrowth
 Over the rocks and boulders,
 Above the hills,
 From the little brook,
 E
 M
 S

And away on a hillside
 The water gently by
 Smoothly and lightly,
 Where the hills
Jacob Simet
 come to bring
 And entered the creek

to flowing down the creek
 With the light and the clouds,
 Leading up to the mountains,
 Symmetry and grace
 For a moment,
 A vision they have

JACOB SIMET comes from East New Britain and is studying
 at the University of Papua New Guinea for an arts degree.

RUSS KAVAN, comes from the Eastern Highlands and
 graduated in arts at the University of Papua New Guinea in 1977.

Jacob Simet and Russ Kavan

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TRANSITION

Through the undergrowth
Over the pebbles and rocks,
Above the fish,
Flows the little bubble,
Getting further and further,
Away from its source

Miles away on a hillside
The water gently flows
Smoothly and freely,
Where the little bubble
came to being
And entered this creek

Its flowing down the creek
With the ferns and the shrubs,
Leaning over in admiration,
Sympathy and sorrow
For a reason,
A reason they know

NOTES

Through the wilderness
Over the hills and valleys,
Above the lake,
Flows the little bubble,
Gathering further and further,
Away from its source

Miles away on a hillside
The water gently flows
Sweetly and freely,
Where the little bubble
Come to rest
And around the creek

In flowing down the creek
With the foam and the swirls,
Leaving a trail of foam
2 and 3 and 4
For a moment
A moment they last

Nothing they can do,
For the creek flows,
And the bubble is a part,
For if it stops,
It has to be out of the water
But on it must flow

It will flow on and on,
And enter the River
The great dirty rushing river
Where nobody will notice
Or even care to notice
That a little bubble exists

It will be swallowed up,
In the fast flowing tide,
With the rubbish and dust
Among the twigs and leaves,
Fighting for continuity,
Always possible to end

And when they are no longer visible
Can't be stopped.

An object it will become
Identified with the mush and rubbish,
And no longer be a bubble
It will be branded,
It will be studied,
It will be protected by the river,
Only in the name of the group

It will be praised,
It will be rewarded,
For the little oxygen it carries,
That provides a purpose,
But apart from that,
its nothing, just nothing

Why does this have to be,
Little innocent bubbles,
To be swallowed up into a river,
Where nobody cares,
And where they're seen as oxygen carriers
Can't this be stopped.

Big creek sources,
Leave the little creeks alone;
And let them flow,
Into nothing,
Through the undergrowth,
Where they'll exist and disappear

Don't they ever get enough?
How much more,
How much more water
Do they need in their stream
For recognition
Wan't they ever stop?

Exploiting the small streams
Never sharing the vapour
Always destroying their banks,
And uprooting the undergrowth
God if this can't stop,
Its a fucked up nature

COWBOY

Little big man

You play your guitar

Amidst big big men,

And big little men

Who stare and laugh at you play,

For the sake of yourself

People, are they you wonder?

Souls, have they you ask?

No, No, doesn't matter

Play on,

Play your music,

For the sake of yourself

They're listening,

But not hearing,

Yes they're people,

But with machine-souls,

So play your music,

For the sake of yourself.

COMEDY

Little big still
 Y'all say you're
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still

Y'all say you're
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still

Y'all say you're
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still
 A little big still

Cowboy you're a little big man,
 That is why they watch
 All big and little men,
 Who hate each other,
 So play little big man,
 For the sake of yourself.

They'll never know your music,
 For they want to know nothing
 Apart from how far
 They're up the ladder,
 So just play on little big man,
 For the sake of yourself.

..... my grateful thanks to Miss Helen Louise McNeil without whose
 patient help and guidance I would not be what I am not today.

DUSK

Like a dying fire,
The sun is sinking,
Sinking to the west,
Against darkness he struggles
Using his last tentacle-like rays,
But it is in vain
For he is going
Going to the west

The gulls fly south
And the pigeons fly east
The horizon creeps further
And the sea sinks lower
The hills get vague
The east comes in
Closer to the mind
But it doesn't
For the tears begin to drop

THICK

Like a dying fire,
The sun is shining,
Staring to the west,
Against darkness is struggling
thing like last sunset-like rope,
but it is in vain
For he is going
Going to the west

The gulls fly south
And the pigeons fly east
The horizon creeps further
And the sea sinks lower
The hills get vaguer
The east comes in
Closer to the mind
but it doesn't
For the time begins to drip

DISCRIMINATION

You sit all day
glued to that latched counter
like a pregnant frog
laying its young.

P
O
E
M
S
"You phone"
you endlessly whisper
the lower behind curtain
adjusting your delicate stream
in some the motion.

the watch all day
by your peeping and
the narrow hallway
waiting in broad daylight.

Siuras Kavani

"For what"
you stand constantly
waiting your next advance
like a hawk held poised
to fill us with shame.

DISCRIMINATION

You sit all day
glued to stool behind counter
like overgrown frog
laying its young.

'Yes please'
you smilingly whisper
like lovers behind curtains
adjusting your deformed carcass
to serve the masters.

You watch all day
eyes popping out
like matured baldness
sweating in broad daylight.

'Yes what'
you shout commandingly
twisting your nose sideways
like bent Koki palms
to rid us with shame.

DISCRIMINATION

It's all day
down to street behind corner
It's everywhere
to have it young.

"It's all day"
you're walking with
It's down behind corner
It's down behind corner
It's down behind corner

You watch all day
the walking out
It's down behind corner
It's down behind corner

"It's all day"
you're walking with
It's down behind corner
It's down behind corner

THE BOSS

In the heart of the city
down town from parliament
in the heat of noonday
under the coalition's nose
discrimination prevails in shops.

It's all day

It's all day

It's all day

It's all day

"It's all day"

"It's all day"

"It's all day"

It's all day

It's all day

It's all day

It's all day with the boss

THE BOSS

Shouts cut across the valley
with messages
for us to carry
his luggages.

Clothed in filthy brown
he stomps the village
like a clown
searching us

'Hai yu'

'Kam hia'

'Bloody Kanaka'

He shouts

He commands

He accuses.

Heartless dog with decayed soul.

Yellow with snow the valley

with snow

from the valley

the valley

Clouds in the sky

the sky

the sky

the sky

'My love'

'My love'

'My love'

the sky

the sky

the sky

the sky

CLIMBING UPHILL

Sweat gleam from the breast.

She was resting

eyeing the East.

Cool mountain breeze

brush against the shrunken skin

relieving the sweat.

The old head is thinking many thoughts.

Shadows of cloud

spread and roof her.

Diverting the eyes upwards

She smiled

Her heart is filled with many joys.

Scanning North and South

the head dropped

and the eyes rained

She has struck sad thoughts.

CLIMBING UPHILL

Sweet places from the breast,
She was telling
Spring the best.

Cool mountain breeze
Brush against the mountain skin
relieving the heat.
The old hand is thinking many thoughts.

Shadows of clouds
spread out and far,
Dwelling the new thoughts
She walked
The heart is filled with many joys.

Freezing North and South
the head dropped
and the eyes lay
The heart much and thought.

Lungs filled and tears evaporated
She stood forward
facing the slope
and crawled for the top.

Darkness
and light my valley.

The sun was
standing my day.

But the mountain sounds are heard
all around.

Darkness life
and the sun's light,
The sun is free
leaving the night behind,
Invisible are the sounds
of my valley.

Darkness is gone
and the sun is pouring.
The sun has returned
with its eyes and mouth.
The sun is shining
unusually.

SOUNDS FROM MY VALLEY

Darkness leaks
and floods my valley.

The sun sets
stealing my day.
But the incessant sounds are heard
all around.

Darkness lifts
and the sounds bloom.
The sun arrives
leaving the night behind.
Immortal are the sounds
of my valley.

Darkness is torn
and the sounds are pouring.
The sun has returned
with its rays and warmth.
The sounds are ringing
unceasingly.

SOUNDS FROM MY VALLEY

Kundus are beaten
and flutes are blown
The sun is set
standing on the valley.
But the loudness of the sound
all around.

Kundus are beaten
and the sound is loud
The sun is set
standing on the valley.
But the loudness of the sound
all around.

Kundus are beaten
and the sound is loud
The sun is set
standing on the valley.
But the loudness of the sound
all around.

**Kundus are beaten
to weave sounds and chants.
Flutes are blown
to override screams and cries.
Myths and legends told at intervals
for all are sounds of the valley.**

to the sound of the flutes and songs.

I looked at my father's eyes
and saw the tears in his eyes.
My father was dead
and I was the only one left.

Uncertain tears clouded my eyes
at memory of his living face.
Water dropped from my eyes
when I saw his living face.

I looked up at the dripping water
and back at the coffin.
Some people say it is true -
my father had been his son.

...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man
...and the old man

TORN EARS

Blood dropped from the ears
reddening the blackness of his skin.
My father was weeping
to the tunes of the funeral songs.

I looked at my father's ears
and down at the tapa cloth.
My brother was dead
wrapped in smoked tapa cloth.

Uncertain tears clouded my eyes
at memories of his living face.
Water dropped from my eyes
when I saw his lifeless face.

I looked again at the dripping ears
and back at the coffin.
Sorrow possessed me to tears -
my father had torn his ears.

TO BEH. EASY

These things from the east
reflecting the darkness of his skin.
My father was weeping
to the tune of the funeral song.

I looked at my father's ears
and down to his torn cloth.
My father was dead
wrapped in a torn cloth.

Uncertain tears clouded my eyes
to memory of his living face.
Water dropped from my eyes
when I saw his living face.

I looked right at the dripping wall
and back to the wall.
I saw between the two walls
my father had torn his ears.

Those ears had compelled him
to spy and kill.

Now the son was the victim
for the deeds of his father.

What are you?

A man of gold?

A pocket of winged creation?

Not at all.

You are

that

ignorant

imperfect

You are an other world.

VIRGIN

BLACK WOMAN

Virgin,

What are you?

A queen of pride?

A paddock of untapped creation?

Not at all.

You are

fool

ignorant

inexperienced

You are an utter waste.

WOMAN

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood.
Colour of the dark soil
had made you beautiful
woman.

The skirt you import
the bra you put on
the clothes you wear
rob your beauty.

BLACK WOMAN

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood.
Colour of the dark soil
had made you beautiful
woman.

The skirt you import
the bra you put on
the clothes you wear
rob your beauty.

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood.
Colour of the dark soil
has made your lips
beautiful.

The roses you grow
on your lips
destroy your smile
rob the mystery.

BLACK WOMAN

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood,
Colour of the dark soil
has made you beautiful
woman.

The shirt you desire
the hat you put on
the clothes you wear
tell your beauty.

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood,
Colour of the dark soil
has made you like
beautiful.

The shirt you wear
on your lips
history your words
tell the mystery.

THE BASTARD

The colour of ash,
the colour of burnt wood.
Colour of the dark soil
has made you
feminine.

The goods you desire
selfishly,
the body you sell
shamelessly
brings to us
shame.

Your dream and wishes
waited like a girl
you when
pregnant.

Your virginity placed
your hands empty
you lay for love
friendship
forgiveness
like a child in church.

THE BASTARD

Born a stoneage clothed in fat
you deserted home like an angel
loaded with books and pens
to seek wealthy husbands.

We called and called
we waited and waited
your face we never saw.
But now what has happened?

Your dreams and wishes
crushed like dust
you return
pregnant.

Your virginity pierced
your hands empty
you beg for love
friendship
forgiveness
like a christian in church.

that in battle against a wall
 began no will smelt between way
 went him alone with his blood
 .shrouded yillfaw went at

belles him belles all
 below him below me
 .was never one past way
 ?battered not take you full

middle him under way
 take will belles
 .melt way
 .batter

Your vigils passed
 your hands empty
 you beg for love
 friendship
 .batter
 like a division in speech.

Our hands sway disapprovingly
 our eyes dried in shame
 our hearts impregnated with guilt
 we declare you outcast.

In the darkness of the early night
 you shall suffer your prostitution
 and vomit your first born
 a bastard.

Our old friends his and mine
 .batter
 .batter
 .batter
 .batter

discovered from the box
 with a very much of blessing
 to collect the prophetic commandments.

THE NEW COMMANDMENTS

We friends Moses and I
sat at Kone Tavern
to rewrite the ten commandments.

Ink flowed unceasingly
bottle after bottle
brown after brown
green after green.

Our old friends his and mine

Matthew

Mark

Luke

John

decended from the bar
with a tray each of blessing
to collect the completed commandments.

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