

SHE

poems by

John S. Saunana

PAPUA POCKET POETS

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John Selwyn Saunana's DRAGON TREE appeared in 1971 in this series as Vol. 25 and CRUISING THROUGH THE RIVERIE in 1972 as Vol. 32. He teaches at the University's Language Department.

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THE "SHE" PSEUDONYM

To a trigonometrical bisection in the hollow of the sky,
Swirling above a Pacific islet,
Bubbling salt vapour percolate to a whirlwind of rising air,
Filling an infinitesimal vacuum.

Sudden-like a crescent formation of black fumes,
Explode with the maddening rigour of barbaric odysseys,
Abominable traffic veering on auto expressways,
Frolicking congestions and collisions of multiple particles.

Tenaciously menacing little red angels,
Winging romantically in bubbles of crumbling foams,
Swirling and twirling in diabolical peripheral circles,
Engulfing the shirking sea with the tentacles of a Mururoa
nuclear bomb.

In the nerve-centre ballroom of the watchtower, Barometer,
Zero sensitive detectors click and flick doggedly,
Spying the notorious monster in the outer zeniths,
And heralding the wake of aerial detonations.

Destructive stratospherical attritions,
Looming over the distant horizon,
Sweeps a weary vigilant watchman to fits of shock,
An awakening wish for self-salvation.

With wishful atonement in affectionate tantrum,
A penultimate toast of luck to his sweetheart,
And to his dear God, her guardian,
From his pseudonymous sweetie and fearsome annihilation.

THE DOOMSDAY BONANZA

From the placenta of the atmosphere,
Betwixt between eternity and mother earth,
Lay an infant in the birth-bed,
A "reject" born out of wedlock.

Scandalised of parental passion,
Inimical Becky, Ursula, Carlotta, and Ida,
Let loose the fire-grates of Hell,
To devour the "Heaven" on mother earth.

Swirling immaculately,
Flexing infantile female muscles,
Wetting the birth-bed with concentrated ammonia,
And tantalising sheets of flooding mud.

Salivary secretions oozed,
Meandering along ridgy centenarian cheeks,
Through well-hewn stomachs of streams and mighty rivers,
Disposing the wastes into an indifferent, revolting sea.

Farting, defecating the wrath of fiery winds,
Scattering sheaths from their muffled scaffolds,
Disputing the ultimate technological touches of man,
Remorselessly heave-hoed with one and all.

Harassing ghastly downpour of torrential rain,
Grisly gusts of whirling winds,
The hideous liquifying whirlpools,
And the tumultuous sea of mountainous waves.

Like monstrous electrical shovels,
Hewing the land to skeletal existence,
Scattering life's topsoil like powder salt,
'Tis doomsday bonanza for the Solomon Islander.

dedicated to the many homeless Solomon Islanders during the cyclones of 1972

PURGATORY ON PACIFIC PARADISE

The cylinder of man-made thunder,
A red balloon of flickering lightning,
Sets ablaze a benign Pacific with arsenic fragrance of
Purgatory,
Denuding a Polynesian Paradise atoll hideaway,
By computerised earth tremors and tidal waves.

The daylight sun skims on spools of red spittle,
Which refracts filtrates by the ominous sunset abuse,
In the stealthy swooping wings of a floating swizzle
A lone seagull scoops stained heavenly manna on its crumbling
beak,
And the "Bonito" swivels dizzily in the underwater world.

No life's worth a dime
 in the march of Francaise Civilization,
Of Scientific and Technological inventions,
Fused in the vanishing soul and condensing chalice of Communi
wine,
The hues of human resurrection jealously guarded by a mute
revitalised Napoleon.

Bordering plastic Mercator decoration,
Mangrove forested, mosquito infested high islands,
Beckoning atolls,
White sands of empty beaches,
Rippling seashore waves kissing shoreline lips.

Smiling Solomonese,
Dark and light shades and complexions,
Varied tastes and grotesque pose,
Apathic homo sapiens versus imported showpiece,
Long trousers, lavalava, floral shirts,
Sunglass world in dark taverns,
Lipsticks, high heels, black boots in betel spittle.

Native, naturalised and alien,
All who eke the daily subsistence,
From pencil, pen and paper-typewriter,
Cassocks, blackboards, hammers, 4XXXX Bitter,
Parasiting town onetalk boom.

Solomons!

Salute our country Isles!

Then heave away!

Let the tingling S. Westerlies fill the sagging sails,

Weigh the anchor of permanence,

Steer sail for the distant doldrums,

From circumferential bubbling land and marine volcanology.

Sever those octopus tentacles,

those pigtails fastened to the ocean bed,

that bind your geographical length, breadth, altitudinal height,

to seabed depth of thermal activity,

entwined apathy of frivolity,

embellising buoyance for the rocking ship,

Slowly sinking in the swell of apathy.

Inhospitable dark clouds of compressed T. N. T.,
Of velocity one-million-and-one megatons,
Buffeting Mururoa "Vive le France" Gifts In Santa Claus
dome-shaped mushrooms,
Mururoa nuclear "Fall-Out" accessories for the mamas and the
papas,
And Francaise Pandora Chests of artificial skulls and limbs for the
still born . . .

Dedicated to the protestors of the French Nuclear Tests In the Pacific

THE MAP

Little red dots on a Mercator,
Strung together in an awkward cluster,
Farflung to the East,
Horizontally to the West,
Across the high ridge to the North,
Backward swaying to the South.

Red dotted islands on suspending Mercator,
Stretching in the confused brigand breeze,
Tossed about by Cyclone and Hurricane,
Awash by nocturnal tidal waves,
The islands of 2WW fame.

A string of coloured island dots,
Flexing across shallow seas,
Engulfed by the bluey Pacific,
Eastern Tikopiana to the Western Shortlands,
Bauxite Rennellese to the phosphatous Ontong Javanese.

VICTIMIZATION

Stockading the horror of a run-away advance,
Muted by an evasive mirage,
In her unfurling wings,
A deceitful schematic wink.

Wretched devil-devil man,
Lungs amuck
Abody temptuous exhibitionist,
Aside toppy gravitative busts,
Tippy-topped elastened brassiere!

Devil-devil man wedged to navel hallo,
Sneaking uninvitedly on the inverted bowl,
Inching depth charges into an engulfing gorge,
Some six-seven kilo-metric de-oxidising windfalls.

Sextant-rudder-amplifier,
Wriggling headlong along the Great Divide,
Soaking into flaxen razor-edged crevices,
Dreamtime ride on the earth's axis.

But ah oh!
Out-blossomed so soon,
To thither flowery bloom she's flown,
Amassing nocturnal victim with budding rot.

The A-Go-Go swinger,
Gluey platonic wink,
Equals sum total plus-minus dismal expectation,
Gross premium of fraudulent bliss.

Frail irreconcilable designer,
Ha!
What aftermath?
Nonsense!
Seductress's fragile!

Her dire inconsideration,
Her utter condemnation of all...
What is and has been,
Ego-eccentricism pure,
Plural adoration simple.

Own maker: self-recreator,
A superstar fashion treat,
Maxi-maxims sweeping against reluctant floor,
Maxi-minis towing the kneeline.

Neon signs ablazing,
Venus of Ballroom party-line,
Heat systematically seaming,
With aviation warnings.

Baiting the opposite S-E-X,
Please Fasten Seat Belts!
And light another cigar!
"Trips" on in minus zero one!.

PASSPORT MISHAP

A Hush Goodbye for Waiko

Flying Express

Silvery-body sprangled on the tarmac,
Exhausted of life and silent now,
Three pairs of "lean to" protractions,
'Neath the suspending tripodites,
Insignia in blue and white,
Tight letterheads owning,
QANTAS Carrier V Jet 707,
Top edged aviation cap rating,
Kangaroo hat,
 Tight fitting slacks,
 Powered eyelids,
 Oiled lips,
Shapely legs!

Passpart Mishap

A'Line information desk,
Awaiting flight confirmation slips,
Customs checks, identity kits,
Passport, visa, re-entry permits,
QANTAS V Jet Australian Service 707,
Calling passengers southern bound,
Please through Gate No. 3.

Lonesome traveller,
Heart-shock registering 100 plus Celsius,
A dozen friends and well wishers,
Eyes absorbing a two-vehicle lane,
Praying zealously for a miracle,
In a battle against imposing tick tocks,
A 3 plus-minus zero stop:

Pulling in at last!
The saviour in distress,
Travellers cheques,
International citizen,
National personification,
Masks, axe blades, tourist brochures,
Camera shattering memory blinders.

Purposeful Traveller

Globe-trotting tots and weathered professionals,
On the foot-trot through Gate No. 3,
Lady hair slicing in stinging head breeze,
Disgruntled coats and revolting ties flying goodbye,
Misty eyelids, a teary trip,
Will come back in groomed academic Doctoral Cap,
To friends and acquaintances in the burning sun:

Now trimmed to platinum zinc coated spectrum,
Abusive button automation upon automation,
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-booming rocketary limericks
Shredding decibel barrier of terminal growling,
Palm-to-eardrum momentum,
Taxying down runway One,
White dissolving hail trails,
Tilts skywards and away!

Caveat

A meteorite!
Shooting away an afternoon sky?

THE WIND OF LIFE

Gentle little waves of creation,
Oft'ntimes forgotten little waves of inhalation,
Neither yours nor mine,
But who'ver it is' final touch to the image,
Moulded out of clay only yesterday,
Repiecing prefabricated girders and rivets today,
For the eventual resuscitation tomorrow-day.

Minute waves in the breath of life,
Prompted by nature's own command,
Enter and fill the hand-made earthen carcass,
To mysterious pulsating fruition,
Bestowed to living matter,
And nurtured in the maker's own masterpiece
Of paternity and divinity, jealousy and vice.

Denying the beast of the maker's celestial beat,
Brotherhood, Love, Peace trinitarian stigma,
Escalating the Viceroy trilogy,
Hatred, Kiss and Kill ideology,
Preached and treasured in ever loving memory,
Of immobility, an unfriendly V.I.P. monument,
Keeping eternal vigilance over an eroding Grand Canyon.

Minute slaving waves of varied range and audacity,
Gently stirring an insignificant melodramatic insurgency,
Drawing and withdrawing gaseous tranquilisers,
Artistically metabolising the sword of human survival,
The authentic blade of dehydrated charged ions,
Bicycling sustentation and resurrection,
Vying in vicissitudinous rancour to succour human life from the
Abyss of non-existentiality.

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