

WICKED EYE

poems by

Arthur Jawodimbari

and

Dus Mapun

PAPUA POCKET POETS,

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by

Arthur Jawodimbari

## ROUND THE BEND

Ding dong goes the bell  
Flip flop rushes uncle Joe  
Elegantly dressed like a bourgeois

Bang bang the meeting starts  
Tick tock flies the clock  
Uncle curses the hippies

Merrily, merrily down the bend  
Criss cross stroll the hippies  
Uncle prays hard for wisdom

Dabbling, dangling stands uncle Joe  
Humbling, fumbling storms the meeting  
Mini skirts bad for politics

Preaching, patronizing snaps his finger  
Prompt program urges uncle Joe  
Ban big hair and mini skirts

Thump, thump beats uncle's heart  
Croak, croak comes his voice  
Ban gambling solve economic problems

Hopeless, pitiless insight of his  
Panicking parroting confuses himself  
Advocates Christianity as the ideology

Tickling trickling dreams of mini skirts  
Sweats sways and moans in disbelief  
Thoughts distracted round the bend.

## NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR

Slim and tall  
dark haired, eyes bright  
the youngest student on campus

He sits at the table  
smokes his pipe  
looks up at the ceiling

Reads over old mail  
writes uncountable letters  
but receives few

Wakes up early for food  
rushes to Joe's room  
and knocks timidly

Joe wakes, yawns  
lies back and snores  
swears comprehensively

## MY WICKED EYES

Caught a girl loafing  
my wicked eyes  
had never seen her before

Leaning against the light pole  
sat with thighs upraised  
my eyes landed on her cheeks.

Some years older than I  
her anatomy pleased me most  
her eyes flashed everywhere

My eyes searched again  
down her raised thighs  
her bare beautiful trunks

Stole another glance, then  
looked past her charming figure  
for she too was watching me

In my heart a desire to possess  
was merely wishful thinking  
but look, now she's smiling at me .



## THE RARE PAINTING

The handsome brother had descended  
leaving trails of flickering lights behind.  
The clouds paused for a brief moment  
while the sky took the back

The wind had given up pursuing the clouds  
the handsome brother painted on the sky  
Hundreds of sparrows had been invited  
to complete the painting with their dark wings

Dark blue contrasted the light blue sky  
The crimson coloured clouds shone distinctively  
Battling each other came white and orange clouds  
Sparrows painted a black ribbon on the edge

The most rare painting was exhibited  
for young and old to admire  
Some enjoyed the exhibition sullenly  
Others wished they had been poets.

## THE GHOST

Pitched Ghost, terrifying Ghost  
Just outside my house  
Stares at me every night

When I turn from my sleep  
I startle at his sight  
His anatomy is distorted

Stays up every night  
I am scared of him  
His appearance is terrifying

Where does he go in the day time ?  
He turns into a tree  
He turns into a stump

## LIVE AND NEVER UNDERSTAND

I live all alone  
since I became conscious of the dawn  
Up to my brave youthhood  
never understand why

Many friends come and go  
Here I stand alone  
no one understands me  
neither do I

I tell each one  
patience is the answer  
They pray loud to heavens  
their mission fails

I laugh all alone  
silence is my law giver  
I strive to have friends  
They all assemble

I learn to live  
to serve and be served  
Religion I have none  
*Ambition fools me*

My ancestor induces me  
to confine within myself  
to think and to rethink  
play fair game

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Dus Mapun

## A TRADITIONAL LOVE SONG OF MENDI

The gold morn is opening,  
I can hear the birds beginning to sing sweetly,  
I can hear the sun crackle in the east,  
The day is up. Oh--- Arise my love, arise.

Oh! How sweet the music of sparkling waters of my Lumi,  
As she tumbles down the mountain you'll love so much,  
You'll know what I mean.

As I'm looking at the glistening dew on the grass,  
I'm thinking most of your little sleepy eyes.  
Oh my love do not delay, the golden morn has open'd,  
Arise my love, arise, let's go where the mountains  
are most blue.

If you arise my love and come,  
All I own I'll give to you.  
Arise my love, the birds are singing high.  
Oh, my love arise, let's go where my Lumi tumbles  
down the mountainside day and night.

## SUNSET

She came across the shimmering sea  
like a virgin to meet her groom.  
The mighty ocean, shrouded in his glory  
was shivering like a dying cockatoo  
with an arrow in his heart.  
As she sank below the horizon  
her last golden rays trailed like a train  
across the blue sky.  
The swaying palms against the white sand  
were bending lower with the southern breeze,  
casting their long hair this way and that  
like "playboy" models  
displaying their nude bodies  
before the indifferent eye  
of the cameraman.

## LIMITS OF LIBERTY

Freedom for me  
    May be  
Death for you,  
My food  
    May be  
Your poison,  
Your joy  
    might be  
My sadness,  
I must, of necessity, shit  
    But  
You don't want the smell,  
Liberty of some  
    Must depend on  
The restraint of others,  
Harmonizing compromise  
    must exist between,  
You and me for heavens-ake,



Will you reap happiness  
Of your actions?  
For every doing  
Think twice,  
And beyond "ME" and "I"

## CHANGE

Where you saw clean blue mountains before

    You see red, battered hills,

Where you saw white, smoking falls

    You see brown cliffs,

Where you saw blue smokes of gardening

And cooking trail into the clean air

    You see the black smoke of "factories"

    push its way,

Where you saw the swift birds land to surprise the  
poor grasshopper

    You see bigger ones whose sounds pierce the  
    mountains

Where you saw brown houses before

    You see white houses "without doors"

The naked breasts that once hung down freely

    Now have to shrink and sweat "in breast bags."

O New Guinea you are changing fast to NIUGINI.

## MY LAND

Look here son, be glad I'm going  
I am leaving a treasure behind:  
Let no stranger take this land from you  
In his hands it will be a dunghill.  
A woman's virginity goes with her first lover  
The first cow drinks from the clean puddle  
The first child suckles the shining smooth breast.

So be glad my son, that I am going  
I am leaving this treasure for you  
as I received it from my fathers.  
The world I'm leaving will be yours.  
The trees on this land will shade you by day  
And by night you will kindle your fire.  
The water on it will wash your feet.

And so I am glad that when he was going  
my father left this treasure to me.

## WHEN NIGHT COMES

When night comes before dawn,  
Darkness creeps through hills and valleys.  
The birds begin to mourn for love,  
Some wail some sing above in the trees,  
The rivers lower their murmuring.  
All tell the world to beware  
For the night comes at last.

Covering the hills one by one,  
Engulfing valleys and rivers,  
It comes crawling over plains.  
Is it good or is it bad it comes?  
Many are glad when it comes,  
For somewhere lovers need to be concealed,  
Broken loves remade, families reunited  
For another twelve hours.

Night makes dreams come true,  
As it enfolds the mighty earth,

Darkness conceals the opening of wonders,  
For when night comes nature beautifies.  
Man must rest his eyes and mind,  
And let bats roam the world.  
The world must rest awhile  
And let nature take its course when night comes.

And my father waits in the sky  
and he sees me quenching my thirst in the river  
he sees me resting in the shade of the trees  
and at night he watches me kindling my fire.

## THE BIBLICAL LAND

If Niugini is anything  
It is rich soil.  
Stick a stick into it  
And it sprouts into a tree.

Mountain tops suck the clouds of heaven  
Unto the earth.  
And our ground is blessed  
With an abundance of rain.

Call it paradise  
And anything can sprout and blossom.  
Niugini is that  
"Land flowing with milk and honey."

We are nourished  
And our bellies shine with satisfaction.  
Our stomachs never cried out from hunger.  
But modernized and individualized  
Is paradise lost.

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