

Teresia Teaiwa poems for *Capitalism Nature Socialism*

Crisis Poem #1

iwishi couldw riteth epoemi
wantor eadina timeo fcrisis

{repeat}

ineed towriteth epoemi
wantor eadina timeo fcrisis

{repeat}

thisi snottth epoemi
needtow riteina timeo fcrisis

{repeat}

thisi sjustat est ofawri terina
timeo fcrisis

{repeat}

Crisis Poem #2

i don't want to know who did what to whom
i don't want to
lulu wants to talk about revolution

it all fits
my deus is ex machina
the jehovah's witness told me
the devil rules the world
jesus, that's not going to help

who violated whose rights?

my fourteen year old son
wants to know
how dinosaurs fit into this picture

i am the accidental offspring of diderot
and rousseau

it's evolution, see?

*lulu wants me to say the word
that's not going to help me*

justice is never delivered
by intellectuals or the courts

who plotted to assassinate whom?
the devil is detail

we believe people will be empowered
by words on paper
who are the people?
or the military?
who rules the world, then?
who rules the nation?

i like the way
the irish say "feck off"
"shut the fuck up, will ya!"

i am the illegitimate child of fiji's independence
i am writing in the moment on a mattress
in a wellington living room
i need to read
instead i remember
an iraqi poet singing the blues
before 6,000 colombians
seeking the end of their own wars
i was there
5 years later
5,000 fijians laughed with samoans
1,000 less than the number this year
who tried to join the british army
fighting for a better life
in iraq, afghanistan
i am not there

i need to write a seapoem
not so precious
not particular
not pumped up on privileged access
i hear the voices of david byrne and hinemoana baker
sometimes it's better if flow is broken
*lulu wants me to say the word
i don't want to*
sense is so five minutes ago

these are politics that don't make
this is a poem that won't make

but the rev sent me his gut
his response to terror
suppression
act
the arrest of tame
and sixteen others

and i need to read such words on paper
poetry for the people
all the people
accidental
illegitimate
awkward
unloved
unloveable in editorial eyes
police files
military crosshairs

this is just a test of the emergency warning system
it was 01:19 five minutes ago and
12:19 when i started this poem
in exactly 14 minutes a group of
women will gather at the top of majoribanks
celebrating spring in my neighbourhood
in a garden they do not own and
i won't be there
because
i'll still be
writing
stewing
composting
digesting
breakfast
and last night's bbc broadcast
from pakistan
visions of benazir bhutto's
democracy
demagoguery
we don't need another

tina turner meets ntozake
and this is the kind of god
i believe in, son
she is a poet
and the world is a

poem that humans edit
ruthlessly

jehovah's witness changes his routine
rings my doorbell on a sunday
“we are imperfect” he says “and
sometimes we find ourselves
in the wrong place at the wrong time”
right now it would be good to be irish