

Nafanua the Samoan goddess of war talks about her friends in Philly

Last night I spoke to the prophet
in Philadelphia by phone
I told him Lucky Dube was dead
That is just about the last straw he said
Lucky has always sung about peace
and now we need a sniffer machine to find it.

Today, Tammany (who is often mistaken for Jamaican)
gave that look to his uncle
Tammany never washes the pots
just eats the food and lets it rot
Uncle threw the pot at Tammany's head
and banged him up against the wall.

Now, no one can find him
he's turned into something and flown away.
There is a boy called Willy Cramp
who lives next door with his mother
she makes him stand outside the eye hospital
while she brings coloured sailors home.

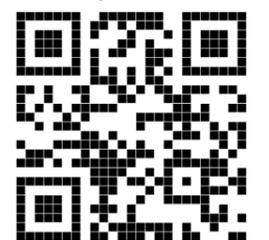
I watched through the side window one night
when Willy Cramp came home
I didn't know whether to laugh or cry
there he was, standing in the rain
wearing a ruined umbrella like a skirt.



Photo: Martin Hunter

Tusiata Avia is a poet, performer and children's author. Her one-woman show, *Wild Dogs Under My Skirt*, premiered in 2002 in New Zealand and has toured in places as diverse as Moscow, Jerusalem, Vienna and Morocco. Known for her dynamic performance style, Tusiata performs and publishes widely and has held a number of writers' residencies. Last year she was the recipient of the Janet Frame Literary Trust Award.

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