

Poetry Notes

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About the Poetry Archive

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Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 29 of *Poetry Notes*, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

Poetry Notes will be published quarterly and will include information about goings on at the Archive, articles on historical New Zealand poets of interest, occasional poems by invited poets and a record of recently received donations to the Archive.

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The newsletter will be available for free download from the Poetry Archive's website:

<http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com>

Jim Boyack: In His Own Words

Lawyer and poet Jim Boyack died last year. He left behind a substantial body of work, including the published volumes: Gracing the Wind: Selected Poems (foreword by Brian Turner) and Drug Court Poems (a very contemporary poetry book collecting dramatic monologues in modern forms from his time as a Drug Court lawyer). A collection of Jim's jazz poetry is in preparation. The Poetry Archive recognizes the significance of Jim's work never before reaching a public audience. We would like to reproduce here (with permission of his estate) an autobiographical essay printed as the

Afterword to Jim's Gracing the Wind in memory of him and his work.

'I am putting my poems in the public place for the very first time. I have assiduously avoided having the poems published for this long period of time. It is not so much that I did not believe in them, although there is something of that in my hesitation, nor was it that I did not have faith in the yearning and consciousness which produced these poems. The small amount of reassurance over the years that has been my meek uplifting is that I have continued to write, even as I write these words, and that process of writing is the only empirical basis for satisfaction.' Jim Boyack, April, 1971, unsent letter to Anne Waldman

My life began in New York in 1943. My mother and father lived in a one-bedroom, rent-controlled apartment on Madison Avenue at 67th Street secured by my mum in the 1930s. This apartment happened to be in the best neighbourhood in New York City. The apartments on Park Avenue one block east of where I was born and raised were opulent beyond description. Paintings by famous artists floated on their walls. Each apartment was a small museum. My poor friends lived in these palaces. One of my friend's living rooms was roped off with velvet rope because the furniture had come from the palace of Louis XIV. I grew up in a filthy, dirty apartment. The first five or six years of my life were happy though. But when I turned six or seven each of my parents was very ill, my unemployed father with alcoholism and

my mother with the deterioration of her mind. The problems which beset the three of us began then. I remember multiple visits to the hospital with pneumonia ages six, seven and eight. I was undernourished. I was different from the boys with whom I played in Central Park, one block away on 5th. My inclination to self-pity emerged, as did an inchoate sense I needed to write of my experiences. My father spoke five languages and was a newspaperman when occasionally employed as a freelance writer, so banging on a typewriter was normal in my home. Some social worker in a hospital took stock of my fading health age seven or eight and suggested I be sent to a convalescent home in Norwalk, Connecticut, run by the Community of the Sisters of St. Mary. (The Sisters continue to care for children today.) This hospital relocated to Bayside, Long Island, and I remember being there also. In Connecticut I held by the hand 83-year-old blind Sister Mary Theodora and walked her through the field of daffodils behind the hospital, describing to her the flowers and field and birds and whatever I could see. I was her wee poet. I spent six months in Connecticut surrounded by the love of nuns and kind nurses

The nuns baptised me and sent me back to New York to attend the Church of the Resurrection between Park and Lex on 74th St. I became an altar boy. My soprano voice was noted by a priest. Soon, aged nine, I went north on a 5th Ave. bus, left at 110th St., across the top of Central Park to Amsterdam Ave. Hopped off, found my way through the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine at 112th St. and knocked on the door of the Choir School. I sang *O Come All Ye Faithful* before the door opened at 7:30am. I became the sole day boy for the balance of that school year, a boarder the next. I had armed with water pistols the two dorms (Sharps and Flats), 20 boys in each, and an almighty water pistol fight took place over-night. When I arrived for breakfast the next morning, Canon Greene the headmaster was berating all those involved. When I smirked, I was ordered into a corner back to the dining room to contemplate my sins.

I took bets on the Kentucky Derby that year. In the chapel I sang *Morning Song* and *Evensong* and several Masses during the week and two in the Cathedral itself on Sunday, with much rehearsal in between. The Book of Psalms and hymns sung were my first experience of poetry. The idea of me becoming a writer was being nurtured. One of the boys was writing a novel; he read the latest chapter to a small group of us each evening before lights-out. One teacher, Mr. Hannan, threw a book at me because I refused to acknowledge the existence of negative numbers. I was kicked out of the Choir School at the age of ten. My father beat me for a week.

When I was about twelve, the father of a friend of mine received tickets to attend a midnight jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. My friend and I snuck out and went to that performance. It included the Modern Jazz Quartet, Sarah Vaughan and the Maynard Ferguson Big Band. I had not experienced anything like this intimate encounter between probably two thousand well dressed and mostly African-American couples and the musicians on stage communicating with each other as a group and individually with the audience and also as a group. I remember to this day Sarah Vaughan literally conversing with people in the top balcony as if they were in her lounge. I was learning about communication between people. And so music, jazz music, the American idiom, entered my life and became background music to the words and rhythms I would use as a poet.

When I was thirteen I was given a scholarship to Collegiate School, an all boys' school on 77th St. between Broadway and West End. I attended this school for five years until graduation at the age of eighteen. I had an English teacher by the name of Henry Adams. I fancied myself a dab hand with words. I struggled to do better but only succeeded once in five years to get a mark higher than a C+ from Mr. Adams. His exigencies inform me today. 'Never let a word go by without grasping its meaning!'

While at that school a person of some accomplishment would come from time

to time to speak to us in assembly. One was Richard Eberhart. He read his poem *Groundhog*. I had never heard a poet read a poem before. I had never seen a poet before. I was writing poems without any actual human role model when Eberhart read that day in assembly. I didn't really understand his poem except for the fact that it nailed my attention with the detail of the years passing and Eberhart reflecting each year on the greater decomposition of the groundhog at the place it was killed by a car. He had stopped on the highway, confronted death there, and then each year that passed he stopped again to see the remnants disappearing until only a few hairs remained. I became aware of the concerns of a poet and how these sounded.

Another dignitary who graced the stage at my high school auditorium was John Hammond. His son John (a famous blues singer) was in my class (although I was put back a year within a few weeks of arrival because the students in the class I was put in, Year Nine, were doing French and Latin and the teacher thought that was rather much to ask for someone who had done neither, so I was put back to the Eighth grade). John Hammond was a jazz producer, lived in MacDougal Street and was famous for discovering and producing jazz musicians and singers like Billie Holiday. At assembly he played records sitting on the stage with his record player. He kept time to the music with his nodding head and his upper body. His eyes were closed. He taught me how to listen to jazz unselfconsciously. He taught me a connection between words and rhythms.

New York City, if it is nothing else, is a city of words. Everybody is talking all the time. Advertisements blast from the media and call out on Broadway. Sitting around with my friends I used to lie in wait like a Mongoose for a split second's reprieve from the monologue by another to get my two cents or two dollars in. We were an opinionated bunch, very young, very articulate. The radio was our television. We sat around critically listening to words adults spoke and surprising an adult or two with a well-informed observation. There were

words everywhere on the street, in the subways, in the salons of the rich and in the complaints of those, the many of them, who lived in poverty. I was in this second group. I was adopted by the first because I lived in their midst on the Upper East Side. I went to Collegiate School with their children, played baseball with them in Central Park and went with them to parties all over the island of Manhattan.

I wrote at the start of this Afterword the words from a letter which it seems I did not send to a friend of mine in New York. By 1971 Anne Waldman was an accomplished poet. She lived in Greenwich Village to which on weekends I made my pilgrimage from uptown to hang out on the corner of Bleecker and MacDougal, outside the Café Figaro adjacent to the Hip Bagel. *Hey man, what's happening?* This question had two aspects of hope – anyone know a party and anyone have a smoke? I also popped into places like Café Wha? and the Gaslight and the Fat Black Pussy Cat and other coffee shops where beatnik poets like Diane di Prima read. I also checked out Gerdie's Folk City where Bob Dylan first performed during this time.

Great art (with a capital A) in the apartments, the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd St, the Met on 81st, the Guggenheim and the Jewish Museum further up 5th Avenue, all contributed to my sensibility as a poet.

New York at the time I was growing up was the center of a new way of painting called Abstract Expressionism. It was a form of painting which was spontaneous and anti-establishment, raucous and unpredictable, with swathes and splashes of spontaneous colour. Like what was becoming free jazz (e.g Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane) it provided the background images and feelings and voices and sounds and ways of being an artist which influenced me back then. The New York School of poets reflected this new sensibility, and in due course I was influenced by Frank O'Hara, John Ashbery, Ted Berrigan and a host of other including Allen Ginsberg who presided over the Metro Café poetry night I once read at.

Finally, in 1964 Robert Creeley read at Hobart College, where I was purportedly studying but in fact doing not much except editing the literary magazine and writing sports for the *Hobart Statesman*. Only a handful of students attended this poetry reading – most weren't interested. My friend David Franks, a poet, and I went off with Creeley after the reading and enjoyed his company over a beer or two. Afterwards I wrote a poem in the voice of Creeley, my first poem in the American vernacular which is mainstream today. What I learned from him was that a poem naturally grew from the authentic voice of the poet. It took a while for me to discover my own voice.

I attended two major poetry conferences, one at the State University of New York at Buffalo in the summer of July, 1964, where I fell under the influence of poets LeRoi Jones (soon to become Amiri Baraka), Edward Dorn, both teachers at Buffalo, and other poets published in Donald M. Allen's 1960 anthology *The New American Poetry* (Grove Press, Inc.). The second poetry conference was held at the University of California at Berkeley one year later, in July 1965. I was one of six young American poets invited to read their poems at it. During the week poets gave lectures. I attended. I took notes. Each night one of them gave a reading. I fraternized with poets. I learned more to be sure that it was my voice speaking, not that of someone else. I heard the famous Charles Olson reading one night in the series of nightly readings. He was a giant of a man in every respect, and what took me aback was the brilliance of his writing and the wide breadth of his interest in the world, and the humility and self-effacing presentation he famously gave that night. His reading and coincidentally my own are available from the Berkeley website.

Jefferson Airplane with Grace Slick was the house band in the bar across the street from my San Francisco flat at the bottom of Fillmore Street that summer. Neal Cassady was the roadie for the band, Vera's sister Tanya got married to a wealthy Tahitian in Paris, unbeknownst to us, one week before Vera and I hitchhiked to our wedding in

Reno, Nevada, in September 1965. The newly-married couple stopped off in San Francisco, I drove them around in my 1953 Ford. It turns out not so long after that that both girls fell pregnant and plane tickets to Tahiti arrived in the mail.

My wife Vera and I boarded a plane at San Francisco airport on the 12th of December 1965 for the island of Tahiti. Before boarding I wrote 'Poet' on my departure card under the heading 'Occupation'.

The poems from my years in Tahiti are a reflection of the poet that I had determined I would attempt to be, as are the more recent poems, including poems written in the last weeks. In April, 1967, I began editing and publishing a small daily newspaper in English for distribution to tourist hotels. I also became a stringer for the U.P.I., then A.P., the *New Zealand Herald*, the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* and the BCNZ. My main beat was French nuclear testing at Mururoa and Fangataufa Atolls in the Tuamoutu Islands, south-east of Tahiti. From a French warship, at a distance of seventeen kilometres, I saw an H bomb detonate and felt shame. In the year 1973 New Zealand vessels harassed the French testing-site at Mururoa Atoll. Leading the charge was a frigate ordered by Norm Kirk to officially protest French nuclear testing. The frigate was accompanied by small sailing vessels led by Yacht Fri. I reported this story objectively but my heart was with the protesters. I had interviewed them at sea and during their hunger strike in Papeete Hospital subsequent to their arrest. I decided to take leave of my job in Tahiti and come to Auckland to organise the welcome home of the protesters. This I did with the help of many speakers including Mayor Robbie, Mike Moore and Michael Bassett at King's Wharf in late 1973. These experiences led me to remain in New Zealand with my wife and two children. I became the Greenpeace administrator in support of Yacht Fri's 1975 round-the-world peace ship voyage to all nuclear powers. After Yacht Fri sailed from Wellington Harbour in July, 1975, I resolved to go to law school, a long-standing ambition

of mine. So I moved to Dunedin with my new partner in January, 1976. I graduated from Otago Law School in 1978 and began to practise law in Dunedin at Aspinall, Joel and Co. In January 1980 I married Margaret Lilian Newson-Boyack (Margot). After a sabbatical year in the US and Europe I threw myself into the practice of law in Auckland. My son Joshua was born in 1982, my son James in 1984. I wrote fewer poems during this period. My output increased in and around 1990 when my wife was diagnosed with breast cancer. Regretfully, due to the production schedule for this first book of poems, those that I wrote in the 1990s and early 2000s are not included here. My children are helping me to gather those poems in anticipation that they, too, may see the light of day in a second volume.

This book contains a few poems selected by my daughters Maroussia and Natasha to illustrate how I was writing in Tahiti in the years 1965 to 1973. They found these poems in a bag of poems I have carried around all these years, and they have laboriously put these typed poems individually into plastic sleeves, then into loose-leaf folders divided into years at my wife Helen’s suggestion (Natasha tells me there are 120 poems in the loose-leaf volume 1971). My other two children, Josh and James, with encouragement from their partners, are now helping out with the ongoing task of locating and similarly filing the notebooks and scraps of paper written on by me in ink over the years.

The balance of poems in this book, also first written with a pen, were culled by me from my computer documents file saved over the last ten plus years. My editor, John Weir, has taken the screeds of poems I have forwarded to him and cut them back in number to fit in this volume. One group of 85 was reduced to 40. I gladly embraced 95% of his editorial excisions, most of which coincided with my own. The opportunity to do this book has given me the first experience of sorting out the wheat from the chaff of my poetry. I have relished the chance to do so. And so from the time I left the United States in 1965 I have come full circle

back to this moment in our home at Muriwai in January 2016. I am here above the eternal ocean with my loving and caring wife, Helen Bowen. But for her love and support and wise counsel and care for my mental and physical health, I probably would not be around now to articulate my gratitude and love for her.

Thank you my dear companion, carer, friend, lover and buddy. I love you.
Jim Boyack, Muriwai, 30/01/16

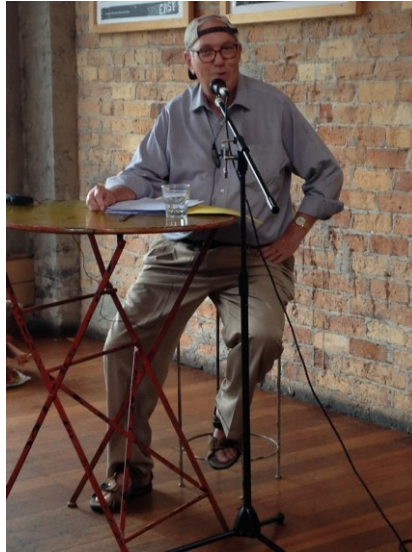


Photo: Jim Boyack reading at his book launch, 2016

Classic New Zealand poetry by Una Auld

This issue’s classic New Zealand poetry is by Una Auld (née Currie) (1904-1965)

Auld was a prolific contributor of verses to the Christchurch *Star*, 1922-1925. Widely published in Australasian papers and journals, she was anthologised afterwards in *Kowhai Gold* (1930), *A Gift Book of NZ Verse* (c1931), *NZ Farm & Station Verse* and Bill Manhire’s *100 New Zealand Poems* (1994) and *121 New Zealand Poems* (2007). She moved to Sydney in 1949 and lived there till her death. She published a fiction book, *Dr. Duncan’s Tropical Nurse*, in London, 1963.

Una Auld

THE MOUNT

O, sometimes when the rain is swift,
And stings upon my face,
And wild winds send my soul adrift
Beyond all time and space,
I find again that surging shore,
Bound by the rock-bound tide,
And dream beneath its spell once more
Of nothing else beside!

Or when the lotus winds sing low,
From valley to high hill,
And soft and slow the long hours go
Till all the world is still:
I see beyond the veil of gold,
The gorse flings far and wide,
To where the path winds, worn and old,
Against the mountain side!

For rains may cut, and winds may kiss,
And birds sing evermore—
I only know one song I miss,
One sound I listen for—
To hear the pines go crooning deep
Above the breakers roar,
While on the Mount the thin mists creep
Along the tide-swung shore!

And so though life goes swiftly on,
It cannot from me take
The thought of that far shore whereon
The great green rollers break;
No matter what the years may name,
My heart will keep for me,
The gnarled pohutukawa’s flame
Against a grey-wash’d sea!

(*The Star*, Christchurch, 4 August 1923)

EASTER LILIES

O, still they dwell beneath that sky—
(A Man rose who went forth to die...)
The twisted pathways on the hill
Flower with grave-eyed lilies still,
And shores are soft by Galilee
As when a Voice called, “Follow Me!”
Grass is as green, and birds as sweet,
As when the Master trod the street,
And stars look down, all silver, still,
On to a dark and lonely hill,
And we, who never saw Him, cry:
(A man rose, who went forth to die!)...

(*The Star*, Christchurch, 11 April 1925)

BENEATH

They say it is “just a flower”
 I am giving you—
 Born in worlds of wonder
 Of flaming day and dew.
 They only see a petal,
 Slowly lifting up—
 They cannot feel the glory
 Enshrined in this cup.

Beyond all outward beauty
 The Master Hand wrought;
 Pale and pure and perfect,
 By a dream-mist caught.
 Gave the white of starshine,
 When the night is born,
 And the hush of little winds
 Just before the dawn.

Filled it with the worship-song,
 And left it to blow;
 That the sickened heart of you
 His deep love might know.
 So that through this fragrant touch
 You might feel Him, too—
 Say you it is just a flower
 That I give to you?

(*The Star*, Christchurch, 24 March 1925)

STAR-SONG

When the world is very young,
 Splashed with blue and gold,
 And the birds pour out the song
 That is never old;
 Then I watch the slender trees,
 And the sunlit green,
 And sing the song of seven seas
 With little laughs between!

But I love the shadows deep
 On the tall, high hill,
 When the strange, small winds creep
 out,
 And the world is still.
 Then I close my eyes and wait,
 Till the white stars swing,
 And whisper to my breathless heart
 The song the flowers sing!

If you listen very hard
 You may hear it too—
 Filled with crooning, happy sounds,
 Wet with moon-steeped dew.

Only dream a little while,
 When the white stars swing,
 And you’ll hear “within” your heart
 The song the flowers sing!

(*The Star*, Christchurch, 3 February 1923)

Comment on *Gems of Yesteryear*

GEMS OF YESTERYEAR: A Literary Zine by Mark Pirie

Gems of Yesteryear (2002-2008) is a zine from Taupo, New Zealand, produced by the poet Megan Simmonds in the early 21st Century. 80 ‘books’ or issues of this self-published booklet appeared and it’s not known the extent of its circulation, although copies were legally deposited with the National Library of New Zealand, indicating its compiler Megan Simmonds saw it as a serious venture on her part.

Simmonds (b.1946) was the author of several low-carb dieting recipe books, a booklet on Māori sovereignty, and a collection of poems on the loss of a child through suicide, *Our Children are Only Lent* (c2001).

On first glance, the quality should be regarded as uneven in style and form but Simmonds is capable of readable and worthwhile short verses in free verse and rhyming forms. Some other occasional contributors (perhaps known to Simmonds) contributed to the zine, and a large number of verses were published anonymously (presumably also by Simmonds). Trevor Rowe contributes an All Blacks poem to Book 80. Recipes, proverbs, philosophies and short prose were included.

Similarities can be drawn with another New Zealand self-published journal *Verse* (1935-1938) by the World War One poet, Donald H. Lea, of Otaki. In terms of production, *Gems of Yesteryear* is comparable to Tony Chad’s *Valley Micropress*. Certainly, the zine is worth mentioning and looking at for its dedication and

longevity by a single author/main contributor in New Zealand’s poetry history. I’ll leave the last words to Simmonds herself (from Book 78):

Old memories from a time apart,
 Unchanged and spirited free
 Always return to captivate my heart,
 When light lies on the sea.

Recent deaths

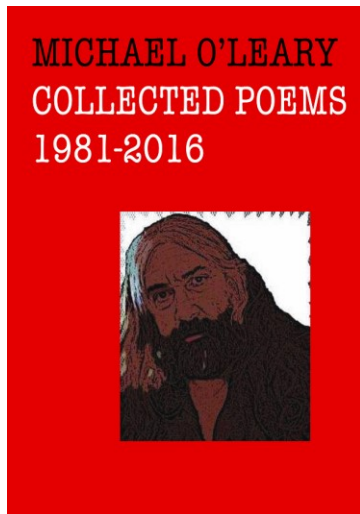
PANZA acknowledges the recent deaths of several poets: John Clarke, John Dickson and May Iremonger.

John Clarke (b. 1948 d. 2017) was a well-known Australasian entertainer and actor. Best-known for his comic role as Fred Dagg in New Zealand, he later moved to Australia and became equally well known across the Tasman for his TV work. He is lesser known for his poetry but he was noted in literary circles as an accomplished parodist. His best known work is *The Even More Complete Book of Australian Verse*, and his poetry is anthologised in a number of New Zealand anthologies, such as *How You Doing? A Book of Comic and Satiric Verse* (1998) and ‘*A Tingling Catch*’: *A Century of New Zealand Cricket Poems* (2010).

John Dickson (b. 1944 d. February 2017) was a highly regarded experimental and Modernist poet in New Zealand literary circles since the 1980s. He published several critically acclaimed books of his poetry: *What happened on the way to Oamaru*, *Sleeper* and *Mister Hamilton* and a CD recording, *Plain Song*. In the 1980s, he was associated with Untold Books. Raumati writer May Iremonger (b. 1920 d. 2017), known as an artist for her water colour paintings, pottery and photography, was also a published poet, who contributed to journals like *Valley Micropress* on a regular basis. She published collections of her poetry, which don’t appear to be listed in the National Library of New Zealand catalogue but are listed in the Poetry Archive of New Zealand catalogue: *Poems* and *Celebrations*. All three poets will be missed.

Launch report: *Collected Poems* by Michael O'Leary

Michael O'Leary's *Collected Poems* (published by HeadworX) was launched on Sunday 14 May 2017 at the Paekakariki Station Museum. A small and intimate gathering attended the launch to honour Michael's collected poems. The launch was done in tandem with David McGill, who was launching locally his latest novel, *The Plot to Kill Peter Fraser*, after first launching it in town at Unity Books earlier in the year.



Michael and HeadworX publisher Mark Pirie were well introduced by MC Mercedes Webb-Pullman, and Mark Pirie, also the editor of Michael's *Collected Poems*, spoke first. Mark commented on the task of editing the large volume, 260 pages, and his idea of enlarging the format and arrangement first used for Michael's Selected Poems *Toku Tinihanga* that he published in 2003. Mark used the Selected as the basis for the *Collected*, and added in all of Michael's known poems to fit with Michael's original arrangement. Auckland writer Iain Sharp had written the book's Introduction.

Mark commented further on HeadworX having an Artist style rather than a House style, and that he believes in his

authors and what they are doing. He tries to present their work using their own unique *artist style*. In the case of Michael's poetry that doesn't use traditional punctuation, Mark supported what Michael was doing as a writer and likened it to the form of song lyrics in pop culture and artists like Bob Dylan who don't often use punctuation. Mark said Michael was 'a gifted song-writer' who had utilised the form in poetry with a highly intellectual content. Michael was 'an original', Mark thought, and could think of no literary person who wrote like him.

Michael said a few thank yous and then gave a lively reading of some of his poems from the *Collected* (*I Am a Stone*, *Saturday Night*) interspersed with recitals of song lyrics. A highlight was hearing Michael reciting from memory the Cohen song-lyric *Tower of Song* and afterwards read his tribute to Leonard Cohen:

It's now as dark as you want it,
Leonard
But remember, there's always that
crack
Perhaps you really have come to
understand
Now, that's where the light truly gets
in . . .

Michael also read his tribute to the late David Bowie, who had long been an influence on Michael's work as an artist:

Through the mind of Ziggy you
wanted us to see Soul
Love and how destructive selfish love
could become
But from the other side of the wall a
different story told
Where my lover cried out that the
Dolphins have swum

Michael's *Collected Poems* is available from the publisher, or in eBook, hardback and paperback for international distribution through the independent bookshop at Lulu (<http://www.lulu.com>).

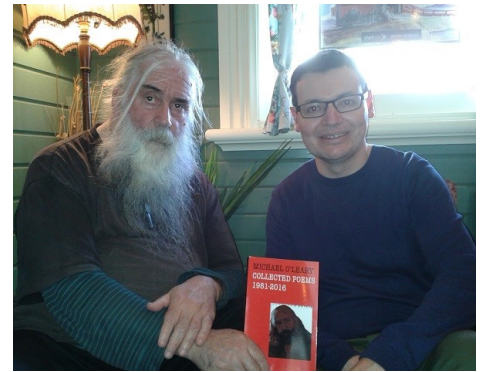


Photo: Michael O'Leary and his publisher Mark Pirie of HeadworX

Poetry by Keith Nunes

This issue we feature some poems by Keith Nunes.

Keith recently donated his new collection, *catching a ride on a paradox*, to the Archive.

The two poems below are from it. Copies of Keith's book are available through McLeods Booksellers in Rotorua:

<https://www.mcleodsbooks.co.nz/p/poetry-catching-a-ride-on-a-paradox?barcode=674185>

Keith Nunes

SNEEZING AMONG THE ASHES

her lips a queasy oozy creosote gorge on
my flathead forehead above the eye-
brows of rustled cow blacks and shady
creams, she removes more than I had,
slips and eases into comfortably
unaffordable rings and things and bares
marble opaque whites of icebergs but
they boil, crimson sunset eyes, bloodied
from battling with bustling male
appendage goodfathers in their soaked
and sweated lives devoid, she pastes
dilemma delirium on the wall to the
writer's block of latrines sprinkled with
Vietnam Vets parking choppers in
sound hardened basements of bitter blue
backsides beaming moons, the lines of
armed holes in wrists cloying,
clambering for juke joints that devour
pity, cut teeth in fruit fuck alleys, god is
silent, earthly rotting meatheads of
stench, barrel-bombing snapshot

candidates, the beggar me, the crunched peanuts hanging beside dictating angst med users, screened gems harassing the bullshit lying echoes of childhood wakings, scamper the medic, hollow the phone to the bone, catch me, jailed sexuals harking, cut cut cut me out but the boy stays in, strum and pellets ricochet into bass and liquorice legs, hair but not here, shoulders as racks of suicidal and varnished luckless, hook up lock down angled stars shooting back, savagely rant the perverse pulling tides aside whisper "not dead yet"

(published in the *Atlanta Review* 2017)

SCATTERLINGS OVER GOLDEN BAY

In bookshops we speak softly like we're in a library. The owners are humble and knowing like librarians. We buy words in the hope they seep into us and we become cultured and knowing like the people who sold us the book. After we read the book we can talk about it noisily in a cafe. Buying a coffee is like buying a license to be boisterous.

The beat of the stove clock is off the beat. Some sort of new age jazz fusion rhythm only natty dreadlocks can dig. The time it tells, tells me there's no time to tell anyone I'm leaving for Collingwood. Parting parties are not for me. I prefer the silent exit. I switch off the oven at the wall so they can tell what time I stopped the world.

The B&B has hearts hanging around doorways, on the wall, in the window. The middle-aged owner has a shelf with self-help books and a book on "the soul of love". Her young German lover took her dog when he left. The woman walks around like a pane of glass with a spreading crack.

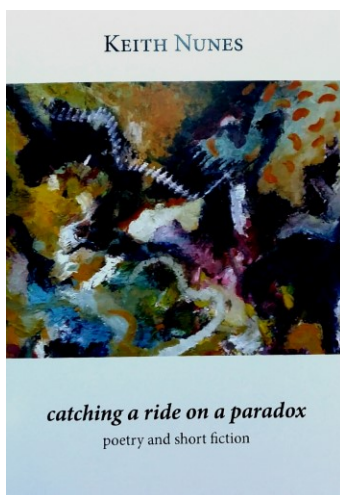
Because she had an accent I thought she'd have something interesting and enlightening to say. She never did. She just watched her breasts tan and her belly swell.

Sitting on the porch with the Golden Bay noonday sun punching me in the face like an over-zealous sparring partner.

I'm over trawling through artisan's galleries. It's like picking over their lives and then rejecting everything they have to offer as human beings when you don't buy something.

Barry's staining his robust fence while sitting on a plastic chair in Takaka at 8am. He says a 33-ton truck smashed through the old fence a month ago; says the driver fell asleep at the wheel at 7.45am. "Lucky he didn't hit a car. It's pretty busy around here at that time of day." I look around - one gull watching me watching him.

(published in *Poetry NZ Yearbook* 2017)



New publication by PANZA member

Title: *Boots: A Selection of Football Poetry 1890-2017*

Editor: **Mark Pirie**
ISBN 978-0-473-40157-3
Price: \$30.00

Extent: 102 pages
Format: 149mmx210mm
Publication: July 2017 (forthcoming)
Publisher: HeadworX Publishers

About the Book

Boots is a collection of historical football poems by international contributors, which was first published

in New Zealand as a special football issue of the periodical *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry* to coincide with the 2014 FIFA World Cup in Brazil.

The poems celebrate 'the beautiful game' with a range of emotions, critical insights and expressions/images of the much-loved international pastime.

The book includes a Foreword by the former New Zealand international footballer Michael Groom 1980-84, and an afterword by the London memoirist, translator and poet Anthony Rudolf.

Contributors include the well-known and renowned to first-time authors and occasional versifiers: Dannie Abse, Nick Ascroft, Simon Boyce, James Brown, Albert Craig, PS Cottier, John Dickson, Michael Duffett, Ben Egerton, John Gallas, C.W. Grace, Dylan Groom, Vaughan Gunson, Jeff Hilson, Tim Jones, Gary Langford, Moshé Liba, David McGill, Harvey Molloy, Michael O'Leary, Bill O'Reilly, Mark Pirie, Harry Ricketts, Alan Ross, Kendrick Smithyman, Grant Sullivan and André SurrIDGE. This new edition includes new material found by the editor in the past three years.

Cover image: George Best by Michael O'Leary.

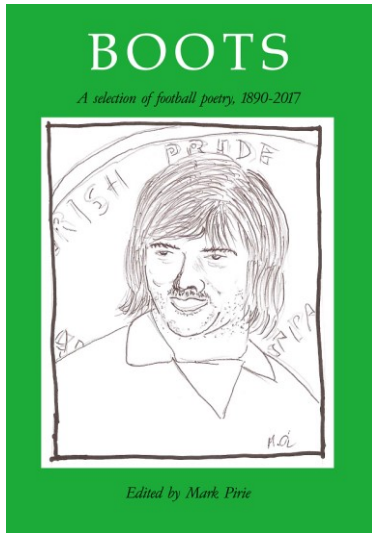
'Mark Pirie's compilations are always interesting and worthwhile.' – John Symons, *Journal of the Cricket Society*, Autumn 2014

'The authors in this collection have had their hearts and souls moved by the game they love.' – Michael Groom, New Zealand All White 1980-84, from the Foreword

About the Editor

Mark Pirie is a Wellington poet, publisher, literary critic and archivist for PANZA. He played football 1983-1993 for Onslow Juniors, Wellington College and Victoria University as a left-sided midfielder or defender and was a free-kick and penalty taker. He has published poetry on many sports, including cricket, football, rugby, tennis, surfing and netball, and in 2010, edited/published the first anthology of New Zealand cricket poems, *A Tingling*

Catch. Recent collection: *Rock and Roll: Selected Poems in Five Sets* (Barekuckle Books, Australia, 2016).



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Mark Pirie – 28 titles

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