

Vaughan Rapatahana

Poem Notes

No holy grail

A critique of many New Zealanders' fascination with the America's Cup, to the detriment of many other New Zealanders.

Looking back, a kiwi

Reflections of an expatriate New Zealander literally looking back there from 'home' in Hong Kong SAR, PR China.

Poet Notes

Vaughan Rapatahana has a home in both Aotearoa and The Philippines and has been fortunate enough to have been published throughout Asia, Australasia and beyond.

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No holy grail

so
he
challenged
the cup,

trounced
the
confident
glass

tino rangatiratanga

dented
a
clove
nation's

ss
mi ^ happen

pride,

the inane
badinage
'we are all one',
pummeled
fiftyfold
by
frantic
pein;

a
side/swipe
to
'equality',

the pasty
smirk
pulverised,

if only for a spell.

here's to
Benjamin Peri
Nathan.

america's chalice
was
never
worth \$
jousting for,

the brew

inside
bitter-sweet

&

poison
well-before

his

lone

crusade,

&

the *iwi*
crewed
their
craft

oceans

ahead

of
this

tramontane

episteme.

Looking back, a kiwi

this
flight
 less
bird,
nestled
 in China,
squints
Aotearoa
askance

at that

his whenua,

drip-fed
worms of
news,

m
 u
 t
 t
 e
 r
 s:

too much punching
too much piss,

pockets of savagery
in the w i d e r
overcoat,
woven
 from
too much macho muck
squirming the veins,
from

 Hokianga
 to
 Hokitika/
 Haast
 and
beyond...

what
is wrong
with you
my brothers

ae taku tuakana

&
my sisters

ae taku tuahine

as you slay tamariki
murder manuhiri,

as you flail and fail
yourselves;
diurnal
subornation.

ashamed,
I
sl i nk
naked
into by ways,
drawing on
assumed
identity,

melding
a new fresco,
another array
of plumage.

never heard of league
or weetbix-
x
fle ^ ing
tattooed
bic eps
over here.

while
Kai Moana
Is just
one
more
corrupt
cadre
chair
brought
to bare.