

I AM NOT A POET

TO MY FOLK IN KUPUKA

A BOOK OF POETRY

TO SPEAK IN KUPUKA

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

KAUWA KA FAKOUA MITUAKUAK

A Poem: Boats
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A POEM: BOATS

Left foot, right foot, right foot, right foot, left foot; neat, sort of a circle. I think the hotel is by water, no, it is boats. Try again. Right foot, right foot, right foot, forget it if the hotel is by water, why am I walking uphill?

23

Strange, no beaches, houses instead, and funny-looking mutilated trees. I'll keep going. Hey, I'm sitting down. Maybe I should fly. *I believe I can fly.* Flap, flap, flap, I can't. Must come up with a solution; booze makes me drunk. Flap –

"*Car. Taxi.*" Chuckle, I said taxi. What's a taxi?

Cool, a cab.