

Tracey Tawhiao

Poem Notes

My poems are a continuation of my ancestry in thoughts projected into the present. They elucidate to me the post colonial world that I am framed by and are an intuitive reaction to that world.

Poet Notes

Of Ngāi Te Rangi, Whakatōhea and Tūwharetoa descent, Tracey Tawhiao has an Arts Degree in Classical Studies and a Law Degree. She now works as a full time multi-disciplined artist whose scope includes painting, poetry, photography and video. She is a published poet and shows her paintings internationally.

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Listen to me Scream

The news is watching famous people
Famous for being people on the news
Sing a song, say a line, bomb twin towers
President Bush will send you flowers
Prime Minister Clark knows how to bark
Someone else said it's what's not in the heart
The journalist is quite frankly a puppet
For lowest common denominator viewer
Blame yourself for what they don't teach
Try to get what is seemingly out of reach

Row row, row, your boat gently down the stream
Life without the sugar in it makes me want to scream.

Take off your shoes, sit on the floor
Never leave your back to the door
Take off your hat, don't get too fat
Say what you mean and stick to the facts
A tissue a tissue we all fall down
London's got some issues some issues
Don't be surprised if the Queen falls down
She has the weight of all our land to trip her
Trip her, trick her she wears the Maori Crown
Well tell her it matters the next time she's in town.

Row row, row, your boat gently down the stream
Life without the sugar in it makes me want to scream.

Maori in the wars, Maori with their low scores
Fetching, scratching, shouting at the norms
Watching, touching, fighting against the laws
Taking over the army of our most septic sores
Marching to the tune of optimism with an arrow in my back
But we're dancing, smoking and doing what we can
No point in yelling give us back our land
Shouting and belting the mouth that takes us down
Down to the river where the water flows
It's just us and a gentle breeze that blow hard and know hard.

Listen to me scream!! @\$%^*!

Blessed is Blood

Came to Colonize
Called it Civilize
Impact minimize
Land no compromise
Roads chopped out
Driving into Trees
Less Leaves more Disease

Oil fueling machine
Machine fueling Man
Man fueling Money
Money fueling Greed
Greed fueling depression
Depression fueling disease
Disease fueling Money
Money fueling greed
This disease breeds

Now we realize
Less is more
And more is less

SO

Love fuels Good
Good fuels Happiness
Happiness fuels Peace
Peace fuels Love

SO

Slow down man
Your dance is insane
Break out not down

Say after me:

Best is Blessed
Blessed is Blood
Blood is Real
Real is Now.