

Piet Nieuwland

Beyond Joy

Birds of the morning wind call
Ning nang nong nang ning nang nong
Raupo reeds sing sway
Raupo reeds swing sway
Leaves on leaves swing sing sway
Green on green
Leaves beyond green leaves
Below seething blue sky
Seething sky blue
The sky seething blue
Beyond joy

Yellow Beats of Moon Drum

On its return from a distant life of fractions
Joined by sleepless wind
Drowned in a silence of invisible birds
A door to rain suddenly opens
Tears splash upon my friend who wears black
I kiss your lips wet with twilight
Walk through mirrors of self
Into a scaffold of forest
Glass leaves drip fresh
Air heavy
With scent of gum
Sweet humus spongy black

Another x.y Degrees Rise

“It is something different
Something no-body counted on” Allen Curnow, The Unhistoric Story

I

Saw shirts glide by in search of shoulders
Skirts drift on the hope of hips
Kihikihi wawa songs meander through
Shoes float on untraveled paths
Lacy secrets scented with amouage
Gloves fill with slender fingers
Kowhai grenades explode in green fires
Tanekaha ridges flare in tannic gusts
Those mythical mornings and masquerades
In the spongy black garden
With loves infinite thirst

II

The particle of sound
In the day cloud covered Nga Puke Hau
The stars were not for counting
At the place on the river bank
Under two totara
When new wheat shoots sprouted at the altar
With peach branches flaming in blossom
Una nuova messa, a first mass with the priests
Bamboos gossiping in close shaded tones
A shag dives into the heavy late afternoon rain
The dusk saturated in shadowy stillness
Wind thick with the weight of air
Tasted by a scarlet green gecko tongue lick
And a kaka quartet navigate to the nine fountains
Woven as clouds into heaven
Neither men nor women eat diamonds
Gold sustains no life
We keep the land under culture

III

The seas are shaping us
Though the large window
Of a small room

Eucalypts bow and bend
The tensioned arcs loaded
With rosella and magpies
Grasses heavy in a laden Nor-Easter
The wind, it shows itself again,
And again, pressing on the face
Impaling a streaming deluge
Of micro-waved codes and signs,
Exploding chatter, instabytes, posts,
Tweedle dees and tweedle dums,
Not compass north, nor true
But shapes, topographies and cloud territories
Suspended between the printed page
And the digital lexicon
The fibrolite batch in a quiet bay
And a fifteenth floor apartment
On Customs Street East
Between a freshly caught snapper fried in butter,
And a fusion sushi with chia and fermented side salad
Between the kiwi identity wrought
From mythologies of Gallipoli, sheep,
Gold mining and burned forests
To knowing something, anything about almost anyone
Alive anywhere now
E nga mana
E nga reo
E nga hau e wha
E nga whare
Tena koutou tena koutou
Tena koutou katoa

A Ying Yang Sacrifice

Something less is
The black veil, te arai pango
Plumbing aquifers of time
Wind thick in weight of air
The days fall like a hanging flag
To the nanny state for the rich called the free market
Stars seed into the history of night
Tanekaha drip with kokako laments

A black bull sacrificed to the earth
 What we need
 Te hana, the radiance
 Passing life on to others
 In a forest of stars breathing
 Days invented in bundles of reflections
 The problem being your wealth, not my poverty
 Kisses like nets and the laugh of lunar eclipses
 Blushes of night wind change the colours of leaves
 Sacrifices a white horse to the spirit of heaven

On Transitive Algorithmic Pathways

Conversations clotted on the skies geology
 Dialogs of turquazure sonatas

Songs in the shadows of rain
 Fall through a magnolia moon

Mycelial net of stars burst open
 When you walk through
 Secretive emerald foliage of dew

The immaculate archipelago
 Born of ubiquitous impurities
 Enigmatic subterranean fire

Poplars vibrating like bells oblivious
 To fresh blood filled with light

In the Augmented Reality of Our Day at the Beach

We can swipe away the oil refinery
 Emergent multi-storey apartment complexes
 Cars on the sand and maxi truck expressways
 And replace them
 With proxy bots, masks and router nodes
 Post democratic constructive instabilities ideographic
 Androidal humanoids and techno-cretan apps
 Wearing religious nail-paint and hedge-fund mandalas with Lois Vuitton logos
 Over us billows a petabyte of Pareto optima spam so it must be true

And here, at these dunes,
Arises a proxy cloud named Ao kanapana
Where we all make a new internet
In which all is a glare of early afternoon Lily in SPF50's
Speaking International Disco Latin
On the catalytics of absence
Pattern recognition simulations
Accelerationist designer breeding

About the Poet

Piet Nieuwland lives near Whangarei, Aotearoa/New Zealand. His poems and flash fiction have been published internationally in numerous print and online journals including in New Zealand, Australia, USA, Canada, Germany, India and Antarctica. He performs poetry regularly and occasionally writes poetry book reviews. He organises regular poetry readings and is editor of Fast Fibres Poetry, an anthology of poetry from Northland New Zealand. He has produced numerous limited edition chapbooks of poetry, each with a uniquely painted cover. As a visual artist he has had several solo painting exhibitions and presented at Pechakucha sessions. He trained as a forester and worked as a conservation strategist for Te Papa Atawhai. <https://pietnieuwland.simplesite.com/>