

Piet Nieuwland

And yolo doves

Aroha mai, aroha atu – love received, love given

For millenia, humans altered the earth's surface

Its' hot clays furrowed in ceremonial signatures

These phenomena, a pyxis navigating to starry crosses

Our souls at the zenith of superstrings

Calm on the surface, beauty in slowness beneath

With toiling cloud bellies ripped

Over deep sapphire

First petal's, then cool rain

On the river flute

Straddling the bells of time

The land a full breast dressed in shrouds

Wings a-flight to memories gardens

In the piazza of our hearts

White swans at a black obelisk

And yellow doves

Glissades in glissando (a series of three poems)

Sattva guna (mode of goodness)

Over temples of basalt

Where the music clots like blood

The albatross, prince of clouds

Senses hybrids of gravity,

Exabytes of oligonucleotides

In cretaceous stratigraphies

And from nga schiant, the cleft

Waterfalls of kisses

Your piquant saliva

La mezzaluna scende,

the half-moon shivers

Samara (cycle of repeated birth and death)

Mud, the ash plumages of Tongariro

Flows through forests of symbolic logic

Through modern modem clouds

And the stretched wavelengths of Irridavan

To where the estuary opens

On a shining day,

When the nectar of our mouths

Like surges of lava

Are the ambitious smiles

of L Anguilla, tuna, the eel

Raja guna (mode of passion)

From anomalies in the allocthon
And their mutant electromagnetics
Arises the grand prismatic spring
A shrine of rivers
Drowned in kisses of silk
And the perfumes of memory
Nga abbaglio, dazzlement of words are blood
Like Ill suo rosso, soft red crescent
And romantic clouds of the ten septillion star systems
in the universe, tonight

Ruxandra

Ruxandra of the crescents and ridgelines
Camouflaged under a skin of glass
The earthquake lifts your skirts
Touches flowing through the land of fragments
A tacit kiss, an endless thirst
Harem of stars radiant
As pearls of your smiles
Below the cloud base
The gravity of bodies reducing entropy
Beyond
The ultra-violets of your eyes

At Puwera

Albatrosses feed on furious seismic fires here
Epiphyte laden kauri recall tuatara dreaming
This whare tupuna is a gypsum cube
Its molten window glass flows like rain
The skies fuse from heaving cumulo incandescent
I am Ngati Nuevo Zeelanidae var. maungakarameaensis
My moko, carved into the claystone hills

About the Poet

Piet Nieuwland is trained as a forester and worked as a conservation strategist in northern Aotearoa/New Zealand. His poems and flash fiction have been published in numerous print and online journals including in New Zealand (Landfall, Geometry, Brief and Takahe), Australia (Pure Slush, Otoliths and Cordite), Canada (RevuePost), United States of America (Atlanta Review, Blue Fifth Review, Mojave River Review, Lunch Ticket and Sky Island Journal) and India (Sonic Boom). He is managing editor of Fast Fibres Poetry, performs regularly, and reviews poetry for Landfall and Takahe. Website: <https://pietnieuwland.simplesite.com/>