Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 38 (following issue 37, Winter 2020) of Poetry Notes, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa. Poetry Notes will be now be published from time to time and will include information about goings on at the Archive, articles on historical New Zealand poets of interest, occasional poems by invited poets and a record of recently received donations to the Archive.

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http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com

John Gallas’s epic poem The Little Sublime Comedy


The late Australian poet Clive James who moved to England produced a translation of Dante’s The Divine Comedy but here is something fresher for the 21st Century, a complete reimagining of The Divine Comedy by a New Zealander, another Antipodean who moved to England in 1971 to study Old Icelandic, and so is skilled in his understanding of classical narrative verse.

I read and reviewed Gallas’s previous narrative work (in sonnet form) The Story of Molecule set in Nelson, New Zealand, and this latest work, more ambitious and 10 years in the making, extends his New Zealand focus. To me, John Gallas has all the wit of Clive James, but a more likely comparison for Gallas’s The Little Sublime Comedy is Roald Dahl (Charlie and the Chocolate Factory) meets Douglas Adams (The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy) and the Samuel Beckett enthusiast Michael O’Leary (Unlevel Crossings), with a little of Doctor Who thrown in for good measure. I don’t know whether Gallas has read these authors or watched Doctor Who.

Gallas divides his little epic into three Books, and each comprises roughly 50 songs each, culminating in 147 songs in total. It is shorter in size then to other Kiwi epics like Alfred Domett’s Ranolf and Amohia or Niel Wright’s The Alexandrians (120 Books). Gallas’s narrative moves from The Bad Place to The Better Place to The Good Place, none of which are described as Hell, Purgatory or Heaven (as with Dante’s Catholicism) but can appear to be so. The ‘songs’ of Gallas are more properly described as a mixture of rhyme and free verse and dramatic monologues, and not presented by Gallas in any traditional form or structure but are eminently readable, with surprising
word-choice and Byronic end rhymes. They flow as short incidents leading on from one scene to another in the course of the novice narrator’s journey. The novice narrator picked up in Lake Rotoiti by his Horatian Guide Sam Beckett travels first to The Bad Place that contains Wings. As he descends further into The Bad Place it is clear this is the torment of the damned. The Better Place is a tree of hope with Bowers. Beckett the guide takes the novice narrator here via a Klein bottle before departing for good nearly halfway through The Better Place. Joy and Lineout the dog replace Sam Beckett as guides, and further on a Golden Kiwi replaces them to take the novice narrator to The Good Place, whereby the novice narrator is guided on skis by a Pohutukawa Tree to certain Pleasances, including the Beautiful City and the Festival and Fair of Good Faith. The cast of characters and cameos would take too long to list here but is sufficient to keep the reader, including school students, amused on the journey. Gallas gives them a fitting curtain-call in Song 147 to conclude the book. I note that Gallas has been a teacher. The Edward Thomas adage that “If a man spends his first 20 years in and about his birthplace then that is his country”, is never more apparent than in John Gallas’s new work, particularly in the second and third books, with their descriptions of New Zealand flora and fauna and native species.

I have collected nearly all of Gallas’s poetry books for PANZA and consider this book a significant achievement for Gallas and also for New Zealand poetry and literature. Gallas has the charm and allure to keep readers following closely his next moves. In a longer work like The Little Sublime Comedy, Gallas shows he is a poet of considerable vocabulary, poetic range and talent. I welcome this work as something bold and different but do have some hesitations about what the publisher’s blurb describes of Gallas’s work as being “as subtly satirical as it is unsuitably silly”; and whether this serves Gallas well. Gallas I think has something more serious to say here about the plight of the dead and human souls.

John Gallas

Poetry by Jim Consedine

This issue we feature some poetry by the Christchurch Priest Jim Consedine (mostly) from his 2019 book Syrian Boy and Other Poems.

Christchurch-born, Jim Consedine has been a campaigner for social justice and has published many articles in newspapers over the years along with several books on Restorative Justice. He has been a chaplain for five Christchurch prisons and been the founding national coordinator for the Restorative Justice network in New Zealand.

His first book of poetry was published to coincide with 50 years in the priesthood. His brother Michael Consedine was also a poet, who began writing in his 60s. An obituary for Michael, a nurse, appeared in the Press (Christchurch) in 2008.

Jim Consedine

SPIRIT CALL

the ancient call of faith
‘bear fruit in abundance!’
echoes down the centuries
a haunting imperative
this weight of love, of care
a passion for justice
heart-breaking at times
remains a precious gift
nipping heart and head
it grips the soul
confronting, difficult
yet strangely comforting
tossed about at nights
I wrestle with urgent questions
before reaching under the pillow
to grab my rosary

MORNING PRAYER

AT WHIRINAKI

23 November 2002

we gather, regular as sunrise
answering the call to prayer
like Muslim brothers in Baghdad
sisters of Buddha in Tibet
Francis in another age
in morning’s mist we are Church
as Eli strokes the cat
Catherine reads the Word
Jesus cleansing the temple
of lies and deceit
the gods of materialism
and tacky crosses made in Taiwan
Judith tells of Uncle Charlie
tarred and feathered by the powers
his conscientious status a footnote
to a forgotten war, over forgotten aims
millions of forgotten dead
but not Uncle Charlie
while Gilbert and Teresa sleep
the peace of innocence
Patrick pokes the fire
and prayers for an anguished world rise
Christ’s Body calling for more
cleansing
in the temples of the market place

AN IRONIC LEGACY
22 March 2019
fifty one dead, dozens injured
faithful Muslims killed at prayer
an evil act, cold, calculated
devastating its effects
astonishing its simplicity
mind-blowing its proportions
hundreds of thousands mourn
many wearing hijabs
innocence gone forever
more tolerant, open, sensitive
the soul of a nation grows softer
shows greater compassion
inter-faith awareness
sees the face of true Islam
unexpected gifts
an ironic legacy

ON THE MARGINS
on the margins
where Christ prowls
sheltering with the homeless
out of it on drugs
eating from dumpsters
depressed by day
locked behind bars
asleep under bridges
scarred by pain
fearful of the future
on the margins
scorned by the masses
God dwells
under cover

DEFYING THE ODDS
5 December 2002
o ancient pōhutukawa, sprung from
a thousand rock faces and craggy
crevasses
you stand, a living monument
home to a confusion of birds
swooping, wheeling and diving
safely into your arms
gnarled and roughened
sturdy, yet there forever
your youthful splendour lost
a century or five ago
buffeted into mature lines
by countless cycles
weather and tidal extremes
you rest, staunch, solid, responsible
silhouetted against the backdrop
a million days of salt spray
you witness to the immutable
truth of your genes
that where there is a will
life will always be

LOW TIDE
10 October 2008
low tide on a spring day
creates its own world
free of commercial influence
an estuary subject to the moon
adjacent wetlands
miracles of life and wonder
beans crawl mud flats, camouflaged
disappearing suddenly down holes
a pair of stately herons
strut imperiously in shallow waters
gulls bask in the warm sun, chattering
like old kuia enjoying their moku
eighty black swans park up, facing
south
like starters at Le Mans
while ever busy pukeko stalk the rushes
and wait on feeding time
low tide on a spring day
creates its own world
a universe held together
by divine glue

TWO METRES APART
20 April 2020
sitting at the bus stop
a pause during my walk
one sunny morning late April
the year of COVID
feeling how surreal
this lockdown really is
noticing families out walking
an aberration on a weekday
hailing passers-by
who swerve onto the roadway
like rugby wingers in full flight
but return the greeting, smiling
pondering the mystery
how an organism
microcosmically tiny, totally invisible
has brought our modern world
industrialised, corporatized, militarised
to its knees, begging
two metres apart
Poems © Jim Consedine
Unless we can make and justify the highest claims for New Zealand poetry in English, the impact of PANZA as the biggest public display anywhere of New Zealand poetry, at its present level of publicity will be lucky to do better than in the 2018 week.

This ambition for poetry in New Zealand Aotearoa has never not been the case in our history. A hundred years ago we talked about ourselves as the Athens of the South, and such talk is still heard today, literally. Look at the record of our poets and our poetry in all languages we use.

The purpose of poetry (in terms of information theory) is to unleash the energy of information, so increasing the effectiveness of human communication. There are many ways to achieve this result, and to a degree every poem and every poet gets this result by definition. No society can flourish without this active resource of poems and poets. Social media is no substitute but exactly the opposite in effect because it is subliterate.

The PANZA line is that any New Zealander or person interested in New Zealand who writes a poem as such in their own eyes is entitled to call themselves a poet, and of all such people we have a good sampling, amounting to the biggest holding of New Zealand poetry open to public view worldwide.

The appearance of PANZA has changed because I have shifted my own literary office with almost all my papers into PANZA.

I do not in regard to PANZA make an issue of myself as a poet, because I am on the same footing as everybody else as a poet.

Wellington (like much of New Zealand) is a philistine place in regard to poetry. There is a competitive spirit in New Zealand. But competition is not adequate. What there has to be both for New Zealand and for poetry is supreme ambition, of which the benchmark is Shakespeare and outside of literature per se Captain Cook.

It was Captain Cook by his personal acts in exploring the Pacific and the publicity he generated throughout Europe and beyond who focused the world’s attention on the Pacific and its peoples, not just the Polynesians but today the English, Spanish and indigenous speaking populations that abound on Pacific coasts and hinterlands.

Jacinda Ardern is ambitious for New Zealand and Charles Brasch was ambitious for New Zealand poetry, art and culture, and deployed a great deal of his family fortune to that end. In the matter of New Zealand culture no public or municipal official or volunteer may consider a part of their brief to be its active promotion in specific ways.

An ambitious role by New Zealand is the normal expectation worldwide now as back into the past. PANZA is an expression of that role. And obviously in general terms that is what is needed from New Zealand. I am with a brand (PANZA), and as such I am an influencer for all I’m worth in terms of human effort. Money can’t buy status as a poet.

Your endeavour to get me a spot on radio went well in 2018. And such occasions have happened in the past and I have had national and international publicity as a poet in the highest commendatory terms as far back as 1947 when Brasch first got Landfall up and running, and even this week a generous, polite and diplomatic acquaintance said “in terms of ambition for New Zealand poetry, you have not been found wanting.” And we all agree, but the only person active in New Zealand who commands the respect of Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself, and that is the measure of our lack of ambition. We have set up a benchmark and we don’t measure up to it ourselves unless we do so demonstrably.

But unfortunately if we don’t show such activity effectively as Māori interests creditably have been promoted since Captain Cook, we are making fools of ourselves in international eyes.

But for New Zealand culture to make a mark in the world we must have distinction, and this is true obviously what Māori culture has. So let me make a point I should perhaps have made earlier.

James Bertram once opined that it was pointless to put poems in Māori in an anthology of New Zealand poems in English because they looked ineffective.
Obituary: Yilma Tafere Tasew, 1957-2020

Yilma Tafere Tasew by Basim Furat, 2005

PANZA was saddened to hear of the death of the Wellington-based poet and commentator on Black African refugee issues Yilma Tafere Tasew in September of this year.

Tasew was known to many in the Wellington writing community for his enduring work on the plight of Black African refugees. Two published volumes in New Zealand and the United States covered this crisis in world history, *Diasporic Ghosts* (2005) and *Outcast* (Third World Press, Trenton, New Jersey, 2011).

Tasew’s language was Amharic. His poetry written in English was influenced by Black African oral and repetitive chant forms. It is collected in several volumes *Agonizing Wounds* (2001, 2006), *Thank you, thank you!* (Steele Roberts, 2010) and *Broken Wings* (Steele Roberts, 2013). The latter collection included poems on New Zealand themes including the Pike River mine tragedy.

Tasew was born and grew up in Ethiopia. A teacher by profession, he left Ethiopia in 1991, to exile in Kenyan Refugee Camps. While in Kakuma Camp he became a refugee community leader and established the first refugee library, a news bulletin *KANEBU*, and helped to publish a book called *Tilting Cages: An Anthology of Refugee Writing*. In 1997 Yilma was invited by the UNHCR (The UN High Commission for Refugees) to work for the social and community services section in their Kenyan operations base at Nairobi.

In July 1999, Tasew moved to New Zealand under the Refugee Quota Programme becoming a New Zealand Citizen in 2005. He studied at Victoria University of Wellington obtaining a degree, a BA in Political Science and International Relations and became a public speaker in Refugee and Diaspora issues. He worked variously as an Education Consultant at Karori Learning Centre, as a Cross Cultural Worker for the Refugee and Migrant Service, as a translator for the New Zealand Translation Service, and at the New Zealand Immigration Service and at Te Papa, Museum of New Zealand in Wellington.

Tasew was known to many for his readings at Wellington poetry venues since the early 2000s. He helped to found the academic journal *Africana* and the writers’ group Writers International in Wellington who produced an anthology, *World Words* (2006). His local launches at the Wellington Town Hall were big and colourful events that inspired many to take notice of refugee issues in the Kiwi community. His contribution to New Zealand and world poetry and as editor of books on Black African refugee issues was noted as “heartfelt, blunt and revealing” and drew largely on his own personal experience as a refugee at Kakuma Camp in Kenya.

Tasew will be missed by many in the New Zealand community for his dedicated efforts to illuminate refugee issues and his willingness to discuss how best to tackle them. His dedication at the start of his book *Outcast* is telling: “To all Black African refugees, who have the integrity and the courage to stand up for justice and to those refugees who are wasted in the middle of nowhere in African refugee camps...I love you all!”

Yilma’s funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church, 88 The Parade, Island Bay on 24 September 2020.

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*Niel Wright is the co-founder of PANZA and author of the epic poem The Alexandrians. A selection of his poetry, The Pop Artist’s Garland appeared from HeadworX in 2010.*
ERODED by Yilma Tafere Tasew

What is left of me of every time by every day? Like the pacific erodes its area surrounding waterfront harbour cities around I am eroded

My heart became tiny reducing blood pumping to my vessels little by little vanishing from immortality changing my mood towards gloomy ‘calmness’ numbness of horror I am eroded

The bright sky across the ocean heals mountains being stagnant at Wellington’s waterfront unable to bring me visually the sky of my homeland I am eroded

Unable to find even temporary relief from homesickness either unable to take me or to bring here my homeland sky

Bibliography

Works by Yilmə Tafere Tasew

Poetry


Thank you, thank you! Wellington: Steele Roberts Ltd, 2010.


Non-fiction/Essays (as editor)


Blogs/Resources

Harmonious Black Africa [Yilma’s blog].

Related Articles/Books


Two poems, Blackmail Press [online], February 2005, no. 12.
Eroded [poem], broadsheet: new new zealand poetry, number 8, 2011.
Comment on Yilma Tafera Tasew, Dr Teresia Teaiawa, Poetry Notes, Summer 2014, p. 11.
Poet and Refugee Saw His Work as a Medicine, Bess Manson, The Dominion Post, 3 October 2020, p. B6.

Article © Mark Pirie

Mark Pirie was a friend of Yilma’s who helped edit his poetry and did the publishing work for Yilma’s book, Diasporic Ghosts in 2005. In 2013, he contributed the Introduction to Yilma’s book Broken Wings (launched by the Hon Lianne Dalziel at the Council Chambers of the Wellington Town Hall). Mark read the following acrostic poem tribute to Yilma at the book launch:

YILMA
Y is for Yilma, “the one and only”. 
I is for intellect, always grasping the BIG issues.
L is for largeness of ideas, poetry, reading, friendship.
M is for magnificence of vision, caring for a better humanity.

A is for aspiring, having the courage to make a difference not just for refugees but in all our lives.

Poem © Mark Pirie 2013

Report: Poet Laureate Inauguration

Poet Laureate David Eggleton (photo by David Mackenzie)

David Eggleton was inaugurated as New Zealand’s poet laureate at Matahiwi Marae in Hawke’s Bay on Saturday, 10th October 2020. Having been called on to the marae with the karanga, David and his fellow support poets Jenny Powell, Michael O’Leary (of PANZA) and Kay McKenzie Cooke responded by reading poetry and singing waiata. Also present were members of David’s whānau. Each Laureate receives their own tokotoko, or carved orator’s stick, which symbolises their authority and status, and an honorarium. The tokotoko is paired with the matua, or “parent tokotoko” which travelled to Eggleton’s ceremony under the guardianship of Peter Ireland, and which is retained and displayed by the National Library to signify their joint guardianship of the award with Ngāti Kahungunu. The tokotoko are created by Hawke’s Bay artist Jacob Scott, with the matua carved from black amire and containing a poem by the late Hone Tuwhare, the 1999-2001 Laureate, who had several links with Matahiwi. Later in the evening Eggleton performed at Toitoi, Hawke’s Bay Arts & Events Centre, with his fellow poets to an appreciative audience. Then, Chief Librarian of the Alexander Turnbull Library Chris Szekely announced Eggleton’s tenure would be extended for a further year. Szekely said it was only fair to give Eggleton more time after the ability of the Laureate to deliver live onsite performances around the country was compromised by the COVID-19 lockdown and social distancing requirements.

“David has been delivering brilliantly through online channels,” he said.

“However, for someone who is known as an outstanding live performance poet, it was particularly unfortunate that this aspect has been impacted by the pandemic.” David Eggleton expressed his gratitude and said in his estimation the poet is an essential worker: “Poems help the world go around, and I am grateful for this opportunity to get up, get out and sock the beachball of poetry about for a while longer in my role as New Zealand’s Poet Laureate.”

The Poet Laureate Award has been bestowed since 1996, originally by Te Mata Estate Winery to recognise an accomplished and highly-regarded poet who can advocate for New Zealand poetry and inspire current and future readers and writers of poetry. Poet Laureates are appointed to advocate and be a public presence for New Zealand poetry normally over a two-year term by Te Puna Mātauranga o Aotearoa National Library of New Zealand. Based on the tradition of the Poet Laureate of the UK receiving a “Butt of Sack” the New Zealand Poet Laureate also receives a stipend of wine from Te Mata Estate.

On Sunday, the day of leaving, the local tangata whenua welcomed the guests again, this time for a breakfast and a poroporoaki which made the event formally closed after which some of us flew to Auckland in time to get the flight back to Wellington, a true poetic way of ending.

Tā te rangatira tana kai he kōrero

Article © Michael O’Leary
Dr Michael O’Leary is a co-founder of PANZA and published David Eggleton’s only collection of short stories, After Tokyo, through his publishing house Earl of Sealiff Art Workshop in the late 1980s.

New publications by PANZA members

**FOLK PUNK**

Title: *Folk Punk: Selected Photos, Artworks and Drawings 1985-2020*

Author: Mark Pirie


Price: $30.00

Extent: 94 pages

Format: 149x210mm

Publication: November 2020

Publisher: Earl of Sealiff Art Workshop

**About the Book**


The book complements his poetry oeuvre and also gives portraits of other writers, performers or musicians who have been important to his work and life as an editor and publisher over the years, including Michael O’Leary, Alistair and Meg Campbell, Andrew Fagan, Bill Direen and Alistair Paterson.

**About the Artist**

Mark Pirie is a Wellington poet, editor and publisher. Pirie has published several mini books previously with ESAW, a biography *Tom Lawn,* *Mystery* *Forward* and written or edited a number of poetry collections, including the Winter Readings series and a selection of early poems, *Giving Poetry a Bad Name.* This is his first art book.

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You can now become a friend of PANZA or donate cash to help us continue our work by going to http://pukapukabooks.blogspot.com and accessing the donate button – any donation will be acknowledged.

Recently received donations

Jim Considine – *Syrian Boy and Other Poems* by Jim Considine and two issues of the Christchurch paper *The Common Good.*

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

**About the Poetry Archive**

Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)

PANZA contains

A unique Archive of NZ published poetry, with around five thousand titles from the 19th century to the present day. The Archive also contains photos and paintings of NZ poets, publisher’s catalogues, poetry ephemera, posters, reproductions of book covers and other memorabilia related to NZ poetry and poetry performance.

**Wanted**

NZ poetry books (old & new)

Other NZ poetry items i.e. critical books on NZ poetry, anthologies of NZ poetry,
Poetry Archive

poetry periodicals and broadsheets, poetry event programmes, posters and/or prints of NZ poets or their poetry books.

DON’T THROW OUT OLD NZ POETRY! SEND IT TO PANZA

PANZA will offer:

• Copies of NZ poetry books for private research and reading purposes.
• Historical information for poets, writers, journalists, academics, researchers and independent scholars of NZ poetry.
• Photocopying for private research purposes.
• Books on NZ poetry and literary history, and CD-ROMs of NZ poetry and literature.
• CDs of NZ poets reading their work.
You can assist the preservation of NZ poetry by becoming one of the Friends of the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA).
If you’d like to become a friend or business sponsor of PANZA, please contact us.

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Visits welcome by appointment

Current PANZA Members:
Mark Pirie (HeadworX), Roger Steele (Steele Roberts Ltd), Michael O’Leary (Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop) and Niel Wright (Original Books).

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