

NEVER MIND

Melanie Rands

never mind
about getting there
our 'primary purpose'
is to sit
inside this poem
an air-conditioned car
with the cd player on
watching as
the red tail lights
in front
disappear
it's
dew point
in the ozone
as we drive into
a shrouded landscape
of shrubland
and mamaku
if we were birds
we'd be home already
mustard seeds and tarragon
the tide coming in
we would fly over
every
thing
sunlight falling on dairy farms
bush flies on dog bones
undoing boots
at the back door
salt spray white
flowers shining
in the tea tree
as
the dog looks up
from his bones
is this a bird day?

sail rock and the skyliner tearooms
at the top of the brynderwyns
bream head and the hen and chicks
and all that
environmental
impact!
ineradicable
the last traces of the
Carter Holt Harvey production forest
clear-felled, the hills bare
and we complain
about

- climate change
- pot-holes

• relative humidity in the passing lane
our love affair
with gravity
un be lieve able
the
line of logging trucks
is still /
not moving
an hour's drive from home
the gravel spits and cracks
as salt marshes and mangroves move under
motorways
all the way to
manaia
but my 'primary purpose' is to
read you
this poem
never mind about getting there
and
the low water tide mark
is
sand on my feet
with
water up to
every where
and
the hum
of waves on the shore
is the hum
of cars
on the motorway





when the boat comes down
 a dadakulaci lies unconscious on the ground
 4 nights of singing the horizon away
 the banana boat swinging
 16 knots into diesel sunsets
 on her twin Armstrong-Sulzer 6 cylinder engines
 Bob 'Gin' rocking her golden whiskey cabin
 for 3 days straight
 the night my father came
 with 2000 tonnes of ripening cargo
 her quota of islanders bursting
 to
 over
 f
 l
 o
 w
 kai vulagi on the bunks & everyone else down below
 all their spirits rolled into one
 the night my father came
 with whales' teeth and a turtle shell
 on the Matua
 all 355.2 feet of her round
 Cape Brett
 and up
 the Rangitoto channel
when the boat comes down
 to Mrs Harvey's boarding house
 on
 Hepburn Street in Freeman's Bay
 a gas stove and a double bed
 in her refrigerated hold

Melanie Rands is a visual artist, poet and businesswoman of Scottish, Hawaiian and Fijian heritage. She has a fine arts degree from Elam and completed her Masters of Creative Writing at the University of Auckland in 2011. She has spent a lot of time researching and writing for a company called ecostore which she started with her partner in 1993 when they were living in a permaculture eco-village up North. She believes that integrating art and business can be of huge benefit to both fields.

Andrea Low is an artist and writer living in Auckland. Andrea's family can be found in all corners of the Pacific and she comes from a long line of artists, performers, musicians and sailors. Alongside her practice as an artist Andrea is a Phd candidate in Ethnomusicology at the University of Auckland researching popular Hawaiian music in the early 20th century.

Figure 1. Andrea Low, *Fire Caravan*, 2011, Courtesy of the artist.