

*Pouliuli 8*

*Doug Poole*

*To Edwina Gogo'sina Ulberg and Kake Ulberg*

You are speaking  
To me in Samoan  
I laugh, you laugh too,  
your body becomes  
a siva, as you talk in the  
language of youth

Before I came to Niu Sila  
Pouliuli dwelt only in the  
Depth of midnight.

Before I came to Niu Sila the Sun  
and moon cleared the path to  
My Father's tethered horse

You are speaking  
To me in Samoan  
I cry, you cry too  
your body becomes  
a twisted Aoa. You become  
the stories filling my eyes  
that come to me in terror

Before I came to Niu Sila  
Poululi only existed within  
creases of Vā; the patterned  
malu on my thighs

*The Contemporary Pacific, Volume 22, Number 2, 394-395*  
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Before I came to Niu Sila  
I watched the day break  
With my sister on my knee

### *Glossary*

aoa: banyan tree

malu: tattoo worn by high-ranking women

Niu Sila: New Zealand

siva: type of Samoan dance

vā: concept of space time and relativity; the space between all things