"Sāmoa mo Sāmoa" (2013) Reina Sutton

## **Once Were**

The wind carries
the deep chanting of a drunken haka
wandering aimless in the darkness of Papatoetoe
I imagine their twisted limbs
and stumbled stances
ready and waiting
for imaginary battles
fallen warriors
throwing mocking faces to the ancestors

Laughter slaps the air as bottles smash, cutlets, scattering to form a map

Slugging insults the memory never forgets once were warriors gone bad causing nightmares waking children asleep in their beds

Now your bros are dragged away the youngest is left to sweep away the glass of broken bottles that control you the glass of pathetic words lost out of you the glass filled with the shame if your Mama had heard you.

Brown soldiers fallen strong shoulders caving liquor disguises respect replaced by brown brother bravado

Brown for blood for liquor for strength? for bruises on our sons and daughters. these are some of the sons that once were Pacific warriors.

The night light dances on her swaying curves illuminating their creation replacing Aunty's eyes

The moon spies on her lines once used for labours of love now used for labours to gain some love

She tattoos words of strength yet she does not breathe them

Little sisters look up, admire, and follow.

The Gogosina has taken flight constantly putting up a subconscious fight singing Brown girl in the ring, tra la la la la, that entice and excite predicaments she invites.

Stuck between what was

and what is now dress it up honey only to let it all fall down

Brown suga
once so sacredly beautiful
now tourist attraction
exotic and plentiful.
Easily pushed
she spells STRENGTH
on her 8 knuckles
she punches
she jabs
she ain't no alley cat
this is how some of our sisters now act.
Spilling the blood of her own people
these are some of the daughters
that once were Pacific beautiful

Have we come so far to be 'Once Upon a Time'?