

**From one island to another  
For one woman to another**

From one island to another  
For one woman to another  
each of us a bordered country  
we were once the same dust  
same ash, same milky way  
each delicately made  
you once gave me names  
Viti Levu, England,  
Hawiki, Te Ika-a-Māui, you  
who gave me birth, tethered  
my roots to my lagoon, here,  
and were forced on bleeding feet,  
into the bonfire of Man  
for wars of greed, hungry for gold  
yet today I call you  
You, the native, the guest  
taiwi and Maori  
sold and stolen,  
to stand on my roots,  
and heave yourself skyward  
if you study these wars no more  
these wars of knowledge,  
of time, space and the cosmos  
battles frozen in time and designed  
to rot the root in our bodies  
divide ourselves into parts and fragments  
and hide the crimes in coin and certitude  
shake off your battle scars and call  
upon the truest knowledge found in the gut  
a punch like obsidian that will shatter  
false prophets and false science  
and before this false science made us separate  
we were all trees, rivers and stone  
coconuts, cotton, cane and crop  
we were all teachers, students,  
readers and dancers  
poets and scientists  
artists and magicians  
but Rejoice!  
for we the trees in the morning sun  
that cannot be moved for greed  
lift your eyes  
for a new dawn is breaking  
our history cannot be un-lived,  
and should we face it  
draped in bravery and courage  
it need not live again  
take upon your sorrow, grief and anger  
and give birth to the newest reality  
take it into the palm of your hand  
sculpt it into the image of your most public self  
and wear it plain in the sun  
on the front of your dress  
and take the perfume of these lessons  
the feral scent of the future reinvented  
and speak into the rising mist of the newest day simply  
kindly  
but firmly  
good morning.

By Divyaa Kumar