

Sunset tears John Kasaipwalova 1972

The dancing wavetops poke their tongues
Laughing to cry their sadness
They swell to catch the painted sky
They bend to summon the blackness of the ocean depths
Always dancing, turning crisping fall and slide
The rainbow sea moving moving
Hasting to catch its passing sugar moments
The cockatoo plumes of the sliding wavy crests
Below the high noon sun are white
Yet in this sunseting fall and cry
Tears of red and orange
Tears of colour.

The evening ocean breeze whispers softly
Between the spirited waters
And the extasied sky
Pulsing warm smiles from within itself
Caressing and making love by its felt unseen
To both the sky and the sea
Giving freely, invited freely knowing
Between the sea between the sky They love
The soft ocean breeze dissolving their separateness
Yet maybe the glowing sun ball
Distant and watching
Sinks unwilling to end its sunset tears.
In the breeze between the sky and the sea
Along the line of their meet
Across the blooded face of half sunk sun

One lonely ocean fisher bird flies

Toward the outer islands

My mother cried

My father cried

My uncles cried

Their wives cried

Their children cried

We cried our sunset tears

To see the bird spirit of our dead

Flying home to rest and dance.

From *Hanuabada* John Kasaipwalova Papua Pocket Poets (Port Moresby 1972)