

Written in Suva during May 2000. Yet another Fiji coup. George Speight

Rabuka's Children

George. Oh George.
Wine from past vintage
requires a ripeness
not just a love of fight.

George. Oh George.
with wild winter words
you wet our season discontent

George. Oh George
my son. Bread is burning.
Your bed will never again
hold arms and breasts of molten girls

George. Oh George.
before the canoe of warriors
I lay flowers
to rot and soil your grave