a new generation of historians on flight NZ449 (for Aroha) [poem]

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Abstract
it’s complimentary happy hour on NZ449: little plates of cheese, and wine or beer in plastic cups smiling people who can serve us in english, french or japanese even though there’s a koru on the tail of this plane.
a new generation of historians on flight NZ449
(for Aroha)

Alice Te Pungai Somerville

it’s complimentary happy hour on NZ449:
little plates of cheese, and wine or beer in plastic cups

smiling people who can serve us in english, french or japanese
even though there’s a koru on the tail of this plane.

asinine questions for suburban dog millionaires on a monday afternoon
small hanging screens

a trivia game, an opiate for the masses
cycling through a series of claims about the world:

which is further west: chad, oman or mali?
and it’s a dirty trick to play:
on a plane which speaks three languages
from north of the equator;
on a world that isn’t flat anymore,
where everywhere is further west than somewhere.
a question about tommy solomon *the last full-blooded moriori*

   and it’s a dirty trick to play:

   they expect noone from rekohu
to decide between sav and merlot on this trip;

   a quiet dismantling,

   pruning unfruitful wood from national
vines.

I have to fill this plane with other words.

writing on a sickbag, I wonder if these pencil marks
would dissolve or be more stark
if I filled the bag with what it is designed to hold:
liquefied wests, regurgitated lasts.

We are, after all, in a plane with a koru on its tail.

We have to fill this plane with other words.