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AUSTRALIA

Kunapipi

Volume 27 | Issue 2

Article 23

2005

Poems

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Recommended Citation

Koya, Cresantia Frances, Poems, *Kunapipi*, 27(2), 2005.
Available at: <http://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol27/iss2/23>

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Poems

Abstract

THE MOTHERS OF WISDOM, FREE FALL IN LOVE, FOOLS' GOLD

Cresantia Frances Koya

THE MOTHERS OF WISDOM

Words of wisdom
 Fall like tears
 Into open shells
 And ears
 As the women gather
 To thread dreams
 Into stories of love.

Words of wisdom
 Curve like songs
 That glide on wings
 Of mulberry
 Weaving words and silences
 Into stones that sing
 That will remain
 till there is nothing
 but sea and sky.

Words of wisdom
 Swim like fish
 Into darkness
 And lightness
 In grief and joy
 Condensing on the palate
 Cemented into memory
 Born.

Words of wisdom

Fall like tears

Curve like songs

Swim like fish

As the women gather
To thread dreams
Words and silences
Into stories and stones
Of love

That will sing,
Condensing on the palate
Cemented in memory born
When there is nothing
But sea and sky.

A while ago
When the moon
Was fat and full
With lust
Having taken her fill
Of you
I said
I love you
From the inside out
What I meant to say
Was that
Without you
There could be
No tomorrow
There would no more
Smiling
Sunshine
And love would forget
How to remember
As
I would never know
What I hold to be true
In your eyes
In your body
Coming to mine
In this ocean
Of heat
And passion
I would never be the moon
Fat and full
With lust
Having taken my fill
Of you
I said
I love you
From the inside out
And I do.

FREE FALL IN LOVE

The excitement of the precise moment
In which you discover
Yourself falling into love
Dangerous and breathless
Is coveted only
In the knowledge
That
Once in motion
You can only fall down.

And you say
After the longest pause —
Fall up with me
Because falling up
There is the whole sky.

FOOLS' GOLD

The Indian never found gold
On these islands
But his back was broken
His daughters raped
His sons taken to the house of cane knife truths and blood sweat
And still he refused to go home.

She is the child of brown women past and men gifting
A burden that is her salvation.
Paving the way
In a line of women weaving leaves
And baking love on cast iron Tawas
In clay pots of dried blood
And flesh bones
Of men loving and dying in brown dreams and green fields
Gold coins around their necks
Bathing and drowning at once.

A woman I was once
Died
So that I could be born
Sun dried mangoes and gin
With the sunrise
An offering to the un-named God outside the window
To steal life from Indian hemp
I never met her
But I am proof she was old.