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## Poems

Cresantia Frances Koya

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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.