



NEMANI MATI

REFLECTIONS ON A NIGHT OUT IN TOWN

last saturday morning
in a desperate effort
to organise and direct
my life somewhat more orderly
i confessed
to my best friend
deep down inside me
i was a cold-blooded liar

the night before
i had watched
my twenty five years of life
floating in a carton of beer
spent the night out
in town boogying
in the grooviest joint
dead stoned drunk with
two friends of mine and
ghost like faces of people
who never seemed to care

well the night ended
like all nights with
half flown moons
and circling half planets
deep in the concentric circles
of my tormented conscience

the bouncer
he growled at me and
said i shouldn't sleep
in public places then
he threw me out
and i flew down
an eagle without wings
the stairways was mine
for a second i was
the king

my glasses broke
shattered the five dollar bill
sank in the gutters
of man's inhumanity
and my pelvis ached
hammered with pain
pieces of concrete
swarmed in my veins

i fought
screamed
swore
cried
and said i am a human being
you can't do this to me
my rights are guaranteed
in the constitution
(heaven knows what that is)
anger took me
shaking with fear
of violence unknown
to our people

it is now sunday morning
as i drown my sorrows
in a cup of milo
the fiji times lies crumpled
in the wastepaper basket
and there is an uneasy
feeling of uncertainty
depression and failures.
of being rejected and misunderstood
like being caught with your pants down
somewhere on the streets
lamenting the death of traditions

what went wrong i asked
did i run after the wrong gods
my head hurts
from too much introspection
a thousand needles dance
before my eyes

exploding in the sky
i pick up the pieces
there are holes everywhere
and the books are dusty
from non use
i am confused
by the many choices
i cannot find my way
(in a day to day reality)
i cry and swear
and curse the nature of things
but whose fault i asked
is it mine
is it yours
or is it ours

tonight i must
drag myself once more
to the edge of the sea
where once among the
ghost conscious roots
of my forefathers
i sat and dreamed
of the things i
would like to do
while the waves rose and fell
undisturbed by my presence
well such is the nature of
things existing on their own
but all obeying
a timeless rhythm
while the mind dwells
on the infinite disorientation
of life's order
a problem
inside another
look and behold as
the crack widens
on the cosmic wall
but alas there is no light
only darkness
and no hope
but dreams of salvation