

Poem: The measure of a man's worth

whenever we remember the day the Crown morally defeated itself
we play a trick on time,
become our own ancestors and our own descendents:
we are those little kids,
we hold their poi.

3. Smallest

who consented to our belittlement?
we're shrink-wrapped, vacuum-packed, disassembled, sold for parts
you forget to measure, don't think to check, underestimate:

our ocean-going navigating vessels
will not fit
the whare you've built to house them