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

Alice Te Punga 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 suburbandog 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.

Somerville

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.