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# WANTED:

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Reviewers for the new  
Christchurch Northern Corridor  
(CNC)

We, the people, are seeking reviewers to sample the new Christchurch Northern Corridor (CNC) for this esteemed publication, and for the benefit of those too afraid or unwilling to use it (yet). Reviews may take any form (e.g. stanza, visual art, oratorio), but must cover the ins and outs of travelling along the CNC. An evaluation of perambulation performance is key and reviewers must be willing to try more than one mode of transportation that the CNC caters for. Areas of particular focus may include, but are not limited to, the following:

- Travel in different types of weather/seasons
- Differences between daytime and nighttime travel
- Views of/from the CNC
- Design and landscaping
- Perspectives of neighbouring residents/CNC commuters
- Signage
- Environmental impacts

To be successful, candidates must provide own transportation and must have either vast experience of being stuck in traffic at any point between Rangiora/Kaiapoi and Belfast/Mairehau/Shirley, or residential experience in the latter suburbs.

Prior knowledge or experience reviewing infrastructure projects is an advantage but not by much; an enthusiasm to clinically scrutinise the significance of this Roads of National Significance project for Canterbury's society and culture will take priority when considering candidates.

Enquiries can be made in writing to the Avian Loop or call [0800 262 200](tel:0800262200) for further information. Candidates may submit their reviews to this venerable periodical at [PO Box 22 351](mailto:POBox22351@postoffice.co.nz).

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# AVIAN LOOP ISSUE 1

Winter  
2021

21 . 4 . 21

Borders open NZ/ Aus  
19 . 4 . 21  
still open

West Melton Domain  
shelter-belts, deeply green,  
a fresh crisp shave fifteen metres high  
creates the walls  
barricades, against the Nor'wester, the Southerly  
and the Easterly  
success so far  
their precious keep, the rugby grounds, are green,  
almost soft  
while in Bishopdale city park, Totara have given in  
to cracked clay  
seems there were no friends to save these  
Tane offspring  
Their only hope; a deluge

The four horsemen ride on  
there is no barricade that can halt their pace  
and Death, though the quickest  
rides fast and last, picking up the pieces  
a polo player on the winning team

We walk and Zephyr fossicks in the pine lanes  
John Campbell is interviewing Bill Manhire  
a SmartTalk podcast  
They read *Woodwork*  
"Children are building their teacher a coffin"

Campbell is overcome,  
we hear his wide grin  
his leaning forward in awe.  
Manhire knows The Southern Man  
words measured  
the monosyllable, a gracious gift  
emotions measured  
rarely perceived, not for taking  
relationships measured  
scaled as the students  
are instructed in  
Manhire's *Woodwork*

More poems are spoken and read  
And now all four horsemen ride past us  
the pace is furious and we see a flash  
white sweat down the black loins of the horses  
straight Hotere lines, fierce beauty

We are about to get into the car  
A question from the floor directly to Manhire  
"your friendship with Ralph Hotere?"  
I stop  
fresh for me, is the shiny mantle  
*Ralph Hotere: Ātete (to resist)* at Te Puna o Waiwhetū.

Manhire breathes in and we wait in time  
the space, an unforgiven shadow  
They were to do a tour together  
Manhire wrote the words  
Hotere did not have the banners ready  
the show went ahead with "some slides Ralph made"  
measured and scaled  
It seems the riders are always with him

## Postscript

2 hours later at the Spiritualist Church mediums are  
demonstrating mediumship  
grandmother and mother make joyous contact  
There are four others, they are men  
they want to apologise,  
talk about  
their earthly harshness  
alcoholism and lack of understanding.  
the last one is so distressed that the medium,  
also a man  
cannot continue due to his tears  
and we break and have a cup of tea

<sup>1</sup> [granta.com/four-poems-manhire/](https://granta.com/four-poems-manhire/)  
<sup>2</sup> [rnz.co.nz/national/programmes/smart\\_talk/audio/2018790595/leading-poet-bill-manhire-talks-to-john-campbell-at-word-christchurch-2020](https://rnz.co.nz/national/programmes/smart_talk/audio/2018790595/leading-poet-bill-manhire-talks-to-john-campbell-at-word-christchurch-2020)

Dido, after Purcell

When I am laid, am laid in earth

Now I face the sea, but  
These waters are calm  
The salt the wind carries up the hill  
Is not tainted with smoke or blood  
Boats on the water, in full sail  
Floating, not fleeing

May my wrongs create, no trouble, no trouble in thy breast

My name means beloved  
Beloved of a first husband, murdered by my brother  
For power, wealth, and infamy  
Beloved of a second  
Who abandoned me for legend, legacy, and Rome  
It's hard to compete with an empire  
[Is losing both misfortune or carelessness?]

When I am laid, am laid in earth

Released from the selfish and insistent demands  
of the body, by sword and fire  
No longer bound groundward by gravitational pull  
Within the earth, of it  
A molecular marriage, a humus husband  
But not tied down or affixed

May my wrongs create, no trouble, no trouble in thy breast

My name means wanderer  
Dante condemns me because I was consumed by  
lust—wandering hands and eyes  
Virgil says: furious, livid, ghastly  
If a woman had written my story would they have  
said betrayed, manipulated, devastated?  
And also, leader, strategist, goddess, queen  
Even the gods didn't know what I had planned when  
I built that pyre  
[Why did he leave his sword behind if he didn't  
intend me to use it?]

Remember me

To die unavenged  
Is to be  
Twice dead

Remember me

Despite Mussolini  
Naming Roman streets after everyone  
But me

Remember me

In a dissenter's grave  
Outside Carthage  
I face the sea

But ah! Forget my fate

There is only now  
The barest smudge of a past  
Ease, comfort, and no space for regret

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A BATH, A LOAF, A SONG

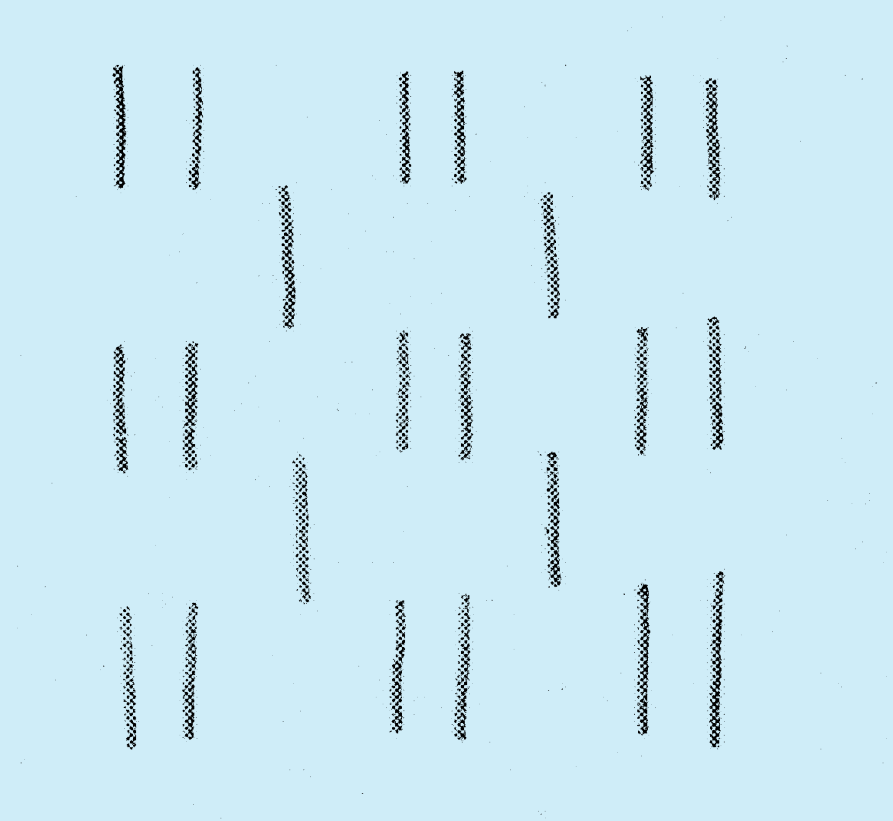
Lately, the impossibility of things has started to endear me to the impossibility of things  
in little ways, like climbing into a bath shivering and easing into water that is so hot, my  
skin can't process the feeling of where the temperature is, like

Suddenly I'm that frog in a pot of boiling water and I want to jump straight out, except  
my right calf has adjusted now so I'm not moving, I'm just suspended between in  
and out

While appreciating precision, I'm starting to wonder more about approximation, and  
how precious it is to someone like me, whose home is far across the water, and  
Even when I'm there, I'm kind of not because the sounds from my mouth move  
with difficulty, and people can tell, I haven't been on the mountain for a long time  
And yet the air knows me, and the water of the creek clings to my fingers, and  
the taste of butter on Sunday bread returns me to my father's arms

I heard today that Debussy composed *La Mer*, three symphonic sketches,  
Only from pictures, without even seeing the ocean  
Triangle droplets, brass foam, beating depths,  
That was how he spoke to the sea

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## first: sensation

pin drop  
traffic maps

accordion staircase  
like vaudeville  
bureaucracy  
up town  
uphills

check map  
check map  
turn turn  
risk path

guttertrack or  
student trapline  
followsign  
hollowmine  
concrete moat

be briefed and  
best behaved by  
safety glass on  
moaning rollers

see stuff  
stuff scene  
sponge glass

can tabs  
high-tension  
bohemian  
power-lines  
strung-up  
smoked eels  
in stoneware  
silica and ash

suspension bridge  
for correspondence  
from park larks or  
potters' daughters

concrete digit in  
hyperlink blue  
can't hear me  
feeling for all  
the industry  
engine earring  
for holy finger:

k drops  
everything  
to pick up  
the phone  
where they  
left off

anotheroneagain  
but  
with you now

coldslurry  
allovahyalegs  
all-in-a-circle  
i'm told  
then leather  
then biscuit  
then glass  
and mortar

k rings  
k lists  
k delegates

does k drive the scissor  
lift or choreograph it?



There's this narrative. It's repulsive, I'm sinking into it. Zoning out, coming back in. My state of late,

movement images run between moments of physicality. The act of violence, looked down on, we partake. The image doesn't sit; the confrontation convulsing a flick of the retina. Viewing distorted.

There's this oil black, throughout, a result of the colour scheme. Blood, water, liquor, all liquids are thick and oozy. Most sickeningly, in the view of it smattered through the mottled creature's feathers.

And the floors below me are grey, cool. I start to meld and mend, both in body and cognition. Palms, face each other, sliding over top of one another. Dragging forearm, elbow, shoulder, pulling at the socket slightly.

There's this image; a flash of brightly pale skin, their face is an orb. Less angelic, glinting with stress sweat and salt whips. Hair knotted, open pores black with grit,

my head is a ball, rotating. Forehead catching on the tacky floor, the skin along the back of my neck pulls taut. There's relief with this release. Body folding organically, back into the floor. Subconscious as I follow the face,

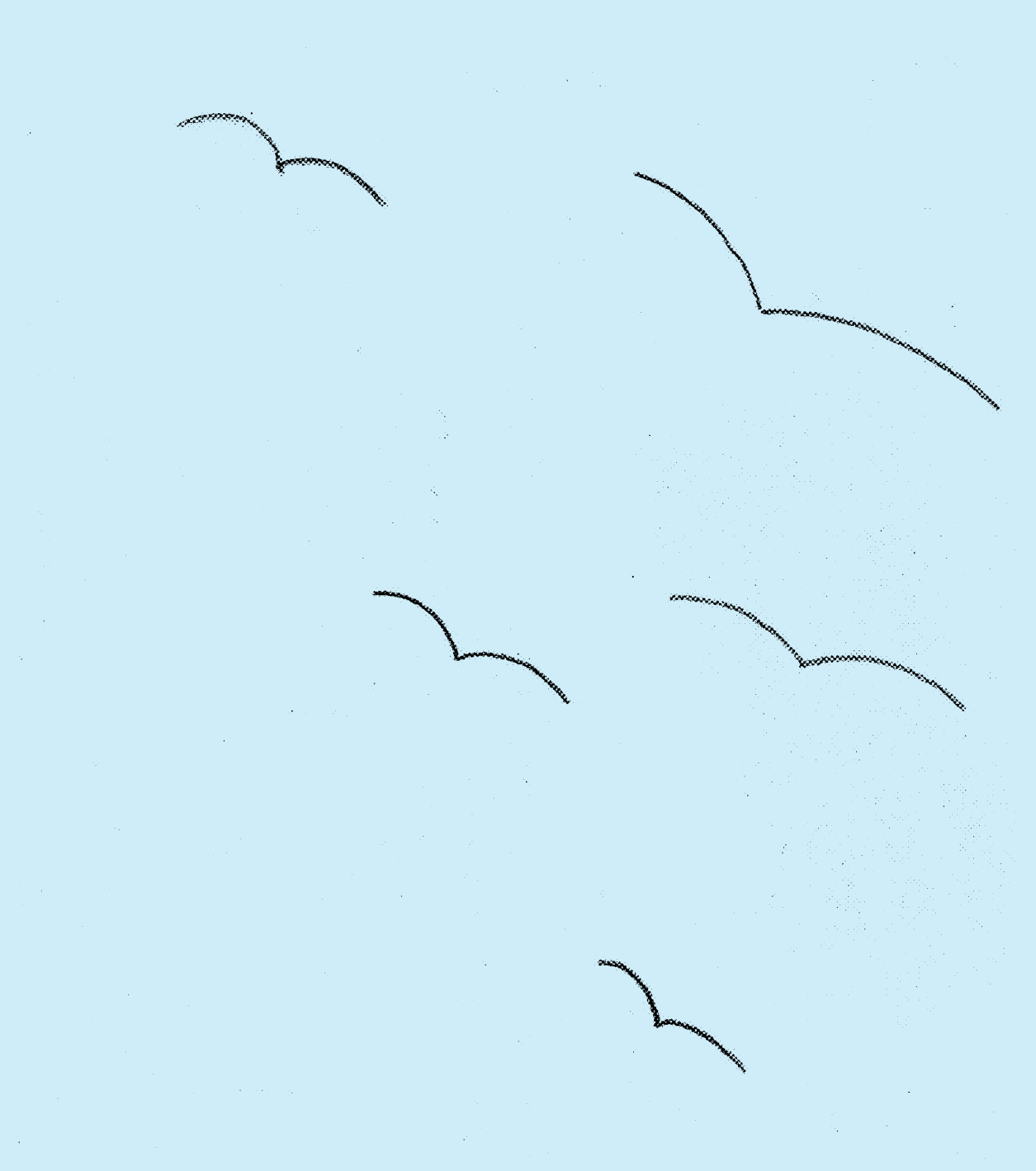
before the image skirts back into darkness. I'm more present with this space, a moment of energy, my torso whips up. Weight drawn upwards for a moment,

I see the rock in its hold, the wall of water heaving. Dispersing into pixels of white, pressing into me through the screen. My body holds with it before,

a release, falling down now. My back is a platform, I engage from here as my chest concaves. My sacrum drifts over top. It's quick. I have lost my integrity and my control, however. In this density, my chest inflates sharply. I follow through, however, extending legs, catching on toes, gliding along as I allow limbs to extend.

An ache remains in my diaphragm, that sense of fatigue and regret also.

I'm left with a scene, the one that followed the violence and sank into me more vividly. The rectangle sits as they stand back. Two beings framed, bodies oriented towards one another from a distance. There is a flatness, visually, but also in feeling. One figure breathless but both feel lifeless, facing one another as we face the scene. Complicit.



# ISSUE

**FOUR**

# COLOPHON

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