

A POEM

THAT MONUMENT

Mr Kumalau Tawali

While their lips speak deceiving words
 of DEVELOPMENT
and their minds imagine vain
 economic justice
their hearts lust after
 housing estates
 great luxuries
 foreign investments
 PROFITS!
The Six-Mile dump dwellers
 can wait
until the next election!
stinking bread is good for them.
Let us build a political monument –
an immortal symbol
of our debts to foreign money houses.
The people cry for bread
but are given snakes to EAT!
even maggots at BARUNI RUBBISH DUMP!
the people long for the hope
 of a place to sleep
but are given that cold monument
 to worship.
Is this the hope
 we promised our people
when from mountain tops and islands
 we pledged with solemn words
to serve and bring to fruition
 the aspiration of our people's
 HEARTS?
 Noble men and women
called into one household

voices of a thousand tribes;
stand tall and strong!
let your people hear and SEE.
Let the stream of integrity flow through your
hearts.
Let truth and sacrifice in you
be the offering to our people.
not a monument of Italian made in marble
but the living streams of life
in your hearts,
in our people's hearts
from mountain tops to palm-covered shores
from simple village huts to skyscraper
in our lakes and rivers
and from deep in the soul of the ocean,
TRUTH, INTEGRITY, SACRIFICE.