

CRUISING THROUGH THE RIVERIE

a poem by

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CRUISING THROUGH THE REVERIE

Lu mbering his weary optical muscles,
 bloodshot delicate lens,
Over-anxious ambition woos temporal reverie
 in romantic idolatry,
To descend in fire-brand flames
 with a soothing dream fulfilment,
Of a lover's berth on an inviting bosom of a beloved.

An in monumental Paradisal splendour,
A tiny world of 'Open Sesame' Utopian charisma,
Ambition imagines a fleeting glimpse of what he'd
 like to be,
To stride elegantly into and out of an Office,
 in full V.I.P. kit,
 cuff
 tie
 an engraved handbag,

Brushing past admiring eyes
of keen bookworms,
Who have yet to make the Grades
of prerequisite 17 U N I T S ,
For the smart UNI. Graduate,
The U.P.N.G. Badge of Honour,
a flowing navy blue,
And the coveted Blue Baton
BA, BEc, BEd, BSc, LLB, in alphabetical order,
In his other free hand
to tap on his knee,
When there's the opportunity for auction sale,
to the highest bidders
of the Order of Saint Lucifer,
The son of God and the illegal wife of
Satan,
In mansions of Heaven-Hell Las Vegas.

Expectation comes on screen in full beam,
Wooing Ambition with the flash
of a million megaton Uranium bomb.

"Hi, Ambition! I'm Expectation!"

"Jesus, the name sounds familiar. Where did we meet before?"

"Hey, are yer putting on a show?

to say that yer never heard of yer tutor!"

"I only know that I am in the blue ...

and have no time for K Arthur,

and the K's of the Round Table!"

"Fine, I'd always thought

one day I'll land on someone like yer,

so if yer can spare a moment now,

I'd like to have a yarn with yer."

"I'd only wish to make it known,

I haven't temperament

to entertain gossipers and goblins."

"Very well, Ambition, I never knock more than once,

on a forlorn door!"

"Ah ha, excuse me,

my fault

although I din't mean to be rude,

you see

its my ridiculour habit of forgetting manners,

when approached unalerted,
particularly here in the forum,
But please, Sir,
do make yourself at home,
Just plomp yourself beside me,
on this rather uncomfortable concrete sofa,
And...O yes, I remember,
please DO NOT KNOCK!
Simply utter the familiar password:
Blah, blah, "OPEN SESAME!"

"Whatever yer up to Ambition,
am not here to stay,
as yer well know,
so just answe r me in mono-syllables,
or better still,
in four-letter words!"

"Ohhh, yeah thank-you very much. Must be on your ways. Must
not yours?
Buts what do you wan ta sa-yyy?"

"Just wanna know Ambition,
if yer read the Friday Post-Courier?"

"Anything special?"

Must excuse me for breaching your
mono-syllable and four-letter words,
insufficient of them for the job,
and have been schooled
drilled and screwed up
for any length of letter words
from capital A to Zymotic ultimatum,

To your question, non!

matter of fact haven't seen a glimpse
of it for all I know,
and can't be bothered
to trade my last Eight Cents
for it for all I care!

"No wonder Ambition,
yer don't seem to care

to know what yer missing out on,
can't see the Greenlights flicking enthusiastically,
traffic giving way
to something phenomenal. . .

By the way have yer looked up yer weekly horoscope?
couldn't have been possibly. . .
could be a Fiver or Better,
could even be one, two, centuries fortnighter! "

"Ho! Ho! Ho!

You're saying to save my soul?
the evasive Greenlights,
they flickering for me?
I to unearth the 'CARGO'
of the 'BIRD-OF-PARADISE'
feather plumes,
from the subterranean Underworld?

The land of Shamans,
Gods and the
colossal Colo-Man?

What with their armies of guardian angels

the saints and polyandrous sensual wives,
Magdalin and voluptuous French acress, Joan of Arc . . . ?
Day and night sounding the adoration,
the 'Holy Battle Cry'
in incessantly long Amens,

Dextrously out-manceuvring the enemy,
enmeshed in the cobweb of defeatism,
cascading down the torrential walls of the Niagara Falls!
the cobweb,
was it never meant for me ?
like Satan's soot lancers, gun snipers,
won't I too be tempted,
to shed the dark cloak
for its dainty ostensible See-Through impermanence ?
to deflect traitorously to the enemy camp,
betraying friends and kinsmen,
for an Iscariot thirty silver quids,
annex seven thousand boughs a year,
plus unlimited favour of the feminine goddesses ?"

"Ambition! Ambition!

All I've asked was:

did yer look up the Classified Ads ?"

"OH! The Friday Classified Ads:

"NIXON's the greatest globe trotter President of the U. S. ,
signer of non-sticker Agreements,
and in neon capital letters:

'COME NOVEMBER : NIXON'S THE ONE! ! !

...O yes, among the dissident Democrats,
it's all the way with Senator G. McGovern,
who's pledged the 'PULL-OUT',

with or without the Yankee POWs,
in an incredible 90 days!

...forgetful by now perhaps,

but there's just too much on that one-page column,
to be really certain of myself now...

wait a minute,

there clicks a name,

and O, the case of the famous Governor contender,
unfortunately mauled in the battle for votes,

somewhat Western Country Cowboy style,

should circumstances be not harsh on the victim,

the man may yet officiate in the limits of

the wheel chair "

"Ambition! Ambition!

'Tis the second time,
do understand,
I mean the Local Ads!"

"Oh, no! Now I'm beginning to scan the horizon,
but good gracious,
what's in the offing back door?"

"Some Faulty Head needs a dreamer...

to do plenty of daydreaming assignments,
complete with an endless belt
of let fly bullet ammunition,
in the vocal chords,

to vomit remains of the all time Greats,

Sukarno, Nkrumah, Nyere, and good' old Barnes,

ADVOCATE: Socialism, Communism, Democracy, Totalitarianism,

CONDEMN: Whatever yer,

and the majority want,

Federalism, Westminster System,

or the KANAKA POLITICO...,

if yer interested, of course!"

"Ah! Interested?

mocking no question about that! "

"Proceed to the Registrar's Sec. ,

with an even bet,

might find yer sufficient cheques,

of bureaucratic memos and manuscripts,

to fill and retail

without fail. "

Null nuggets sparkle higher and higher,

like on a magic wand waving in the wind,

Higher above swirling Miss Opportunity,

Hotly pursued by subdued Ambition,

Round and round in diabolical circles,

In the polluted atmosphere of Campus stench,

Smouldering library books and piles of unattended
paper work files.

Lightning flicks of the spy filament,

Portends the omen of impurity in the skyscreen,

Of evilish-humanist-mechanics,

Exhuming smoke soots of poisonous arsenic concentrates,
Concealing every scheme of exterminating
the Bureaucratic authorities from desks and files,
In their thick headed conscience.

"Intercept! Intercept!"

Rings the command from the C-in-C,

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Comes the reply in rapid succession,

blasts of ever-ready ground-to-air missiles,

up streak blood-thirsty ICBMs and Anti-anti-Missile
missiles,

Into the blue sky,

Intercepts the culprits,

... blocked short of destination X,

down comes Ambition in the cockpit of Apollo 8,

task performed to perfection.

Into the labyrinthine corridor of the Reg.'s Office,

walks Ambition with bowed head,

half expecting a military court-martial for trespassing,

half expecting Expectation, the offender,
to have been interned at impact
of mid-air collision.

"Hello, whatever's your name...

Can I be of help?"

"Ambition, madam... Thank you very much...

to fill in auxiliary Ambitional formalities,
if you know what I mean,"

"Oh! yes, I do...

But you are in the wrong cubicle,

Just a sec., "

She says with ambivalence.

"Strict punctuality -

Military style,

is what they observe,"

thought Ambition anxiously.

"But nay, it can't be so!

It's been too long for an ordinary sec.,

Ho! I'll pop along uninvited,

maybe help to pass the verdict for the execution!"

Sneaking tick tock draws tensely absorbent Ambition,
Slowly towards the Assigner's Official Cubicle,
Where voluptuous Saint Joan of Arc,
Her revealing bare back towards the entrance,
Amorously whispering into the ears of Saint Gabriel,
Attentive to every vice from her painted lips,
Ridiculously indifferent to Ambition.

"I dunno know whether I like his name,
Sounds a little incredulous,
And revolting to the organization,
Nor do I fancy his appearance,
That Mao Tse Tung style black outfit,
And hippy-high Satanic fashion!"

Flashy reflection of utter ridiculism,
Still glistens crystally,
As Ambition makes the unexpected entree,
And prematurely veers dire abomination to serene paternity.

"Hello, so here you are already?"
A cough of a by-stander,

And the grinding of typewriters
Breaks the intervening silence.
"Well, Mr Ambition, I've heard your story,
through secondhand source...
without setting back your goals,
I just wanna tell you this:
Never ask for too much too early.

You see, your time will surely come,
But to marry Miss Opportunity now,
Is simply no!
Since European in origin,
Her marrying a copper coloured indigene is nil,
Be she as native of this land as any of you...!"

He hastily probes through confidential files,
A catalogue of black Miss Opportunities,
Of discotheque beauties,
Playboy buns,
Actresses,
Professionals in the Old Trade,
In latest 'Eve-in-the -Garden-of-Eden' trend.

"Non, by my life,
will I ever touch any of your choices!
My financee is the mistress of Plato and Aristotle! "

"What archaeological experience do you possess,
that you demand for such an honour?"

"Can't you see the golden dust of their remains
on my body and clothing?"

Perhaps you should have had those eyes
condemned by the optician,

With these hands I have dug and dug and dug,

Matter of fact in the past four years,

I've changed the coating of the epidermis,

To that of Plato-Aristotle syndrome!

Thereby earning the justification,

For a felicific kiss on your daughter's cheek,

Of exotic design,

And improvisation by modern carvers,

From multiple corners of Spaceship Earth,

And multiple epi-centers of social renovations,

Of twofold fatherhead figure of ancient Greece,
Annexing there yesterday,
Thesis and antithesis to the status quo,
By circumstantial principles of plus and minus symbols,
Theoretical replacement in nascent pantisocracy! "

"If you like Ambition,
I can put you through to Mahatma Ghandi right now,
To see what he thinks of the proposition...
...Hello, your honour...
I have here Mr Ambition
who's after some nuisance
with the priceless heirlooms
of the Greek traditions of old,
...If you'd like to have a word with him...
Oh! sure, I'll send him off adroitly..."

Ambition stampedes across the lawn,
Through gangs of happily contented workmen,
His nerves crackling in naivety,
Imagined distant bells pealing,

The cloudless sky suddenly twinkling with stars,
His bloodshot eyes,
And ears detective to minute stirrings...

In virtual uncertainty of the marketability,
Of the unclassified quality of his assimilation,
Ambition is filled with frozen calamity,
When he imagines the awaiting reception,
...another unwelcomed guest...
...with an inhospitable host?...
Then the ultimate verdict...
Perhaps of outright objection...?
To the success of his application 'X'.

Friday Ad. takes him into the confines
Of the Ascending Lord (A/L) prison cells,
One after another the slaughtering enclosures,
In which sits a Guru in perfect serenity,
With the four adjoining walls,
In sitting posture the classical Ecce Homo.

Watching over a page
full of unintelligible scribbles.

Friday Ad. takes him by the hand,
Through peeping crevices of wooden doors,
Circumambulating the stairway to the second floor,
Further on down the corridor to an initialised
Notre Dame!

Wherein sits the Sister of Mercy,
Who simply beckons him in,
Tongue in cheek, to the inner Tabernacle,
For the inevitable dialogue over the looming
printed word,
Between the Faculty Head and a disagreeable bedfellow,
In the person of a pessimistic Ambition.

END OF INTERVIEW FRIDAY AD.,
A probable consolation...?
"No special favours for any applicant,
All must drop us a line,
We consider the Pros and Cons,

Acceptance purely on percentage marks,
Brought to you with compliments of
Pelican pens and Remington typewriters! "

Ambition staggers out once more to the open air,
The theatre of the blazing sun and winds,
The riot squad whizzing bullets and tear-gas,
Past him

through him
out of him,

Once more wishing for escapism in sweet reverie,
A plain golden ring and a loving memoir for
his lover,

A V.I.P. cruise on a tourist liner,
From the University Forum to his hospitable bed,
And a night's tutorship post in a Friday AD!?!:

John Selwyn Saunana comes from the Solomons. Graduated in 1971 in Arts from the University of Papua New Guinea where he is presently doing postgraduate studies in oral tradition.

His DRAGON TREE Arosi incantations and songs appeared as PPP Vol 25 in 1971.

A second volume of his own poems will appear in this series very soon.

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