

Nafanua, the Samoan War Goddess, talks about going to Washington DC

If I were going to Washington DC / I might get
lost / so I'd want to take a little Washington DC
with me / one I could open and check the
Washington DC I might need / how to
Washington DC my clothes if someone had
them burnt in a pile with petrol to keep
themselves warm / what to do if a Washington
DC said it loved me and then when I'd closed
my eyes / it skinned me like a beaver / kept the
pelt and threw the skinless meat into the mouth
of Washington DC / there are certain
Washington DC that there are no real ways of
preparing / having your little village burnt
down / losing all your fighting Washington DC
and your birthing Washington DC / losing your
monopoly on the beaver trade / being driven
far, far away to a place where Washington DC
is just three words / Washington / District /
Columbia / or / I love you.

Photo: Martin Hunter



Tusiata Avia is a poet, performer and children's writer. Her solo stage show, *Wild Dogs Under My Skirt*, premiered in New Zealand in 2002 and has since toured in Austria, Germany, Hawai'i, Australia, Bali and Russia. Her first collection of poetry also titled *Wild Dogs Under My Skirt* was published in 2004. Her latest book of poetry, *Bloodclot*, was published in 2009. This year she is the Ursula Bethel Writer in Residence at the University of Canterbury, New Zealand.



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