

My Pigeon, from the Samoan

Caroline Sinavaiana

La'u Lupe 'Ua Lele

La'u lupe ua lele, lele 'i le vao
maoa,

Talofa e i la'u pele, la'u pele
'ua leiloa.

Ta'aga e a teine o lo'o 'ua gasolo mai
O'u mata e tilotilo 'e te le 'o sau ai.

My Pigeon

My pigeon has flown into the
dense forest.

My dear, my darling is lost.

Here come the young girls walking,
My eyes look, but still you have not
come.

(Traditional)

**

for my mother

The air rushes
with your leaving,
wings brushing tall
trees in long shadow.

Your heart trails light
tracing forest path
its dim way to
fragrant altars

of maile and moso'oi.
I wait near deep
woods and watch
for you.

Pacific Studies, Vol. 30, Nos. 1/2—March/June 2007

Reprinted, with permission, from Caroline Sinavaiana, "My Pigeon," eds. James Thomas Stevens and Caroline Sinavaiana, *Mohawk/Samoa Transmigrations* (Oakland, CA: Subpress, 2005), 57, 59.