

Shadows dance in my head, Cresantia Frances Koya

! Shadows dance in my head	The puja you never make For me	Was that a gun shot or a fire cracker exploding?	dance in my head
Bodies of motion	The gold rosary binds you to what you desire	Is that real blood?	Bodies of motion
Like words on a clearwhite page	You are strange . do you know that?	She was naked beneath the folds of tapa	Like words on a clear white page
Thick oils smooth on my skin	This ballet must stop	I knew you couldn't wait to touch her	Thick oils smooth on my skin
And the scent of mokosoi hangs in the air	The music dies and you continue to dance	Almost as if to check if she was real and not something I had conjured up	And the scent of mokosoi hangs in the air
Your breath is warm	The sitah is loud and unaccomodating don't you think?	She was everything I was not and I had to close my eyes	Your breath is warm
And I open my eyes to the wind	I try to remember	To stop myself from claiming something I knew was never mine ! Shadows	And I open my eyes to the wind
the sky is blue	what it was you asked me but it is all a blurr		the sky is blue
dogs are howling in my head	Of sounds and movements		dogs are howling in my head
In an otherwise painful silence			In an otherwise painful silence~
where are you ?			
The dia burns in your eyes daily			

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