

WE

RURAL

POETRY

/ART

XXXXXX

I got the idea for this zine from Dee Copland's picture of Owen Marshall and his poem 'South Island Prayer' which the Te Ara Encyclopedia says 'asserts the importance of place.'

There's a decades-old literary myth that is still imposed on the rural south of Te Waipounamu - the South Island Myth of a rugged, masculinised life against empty landscapes. 'Today,' writes Annabel Wilson, 'to live in the Lakes District is to live inside that myth. To write ... here is to develop that myth, to scribe one's own myth over the pre-existing narrative or to negate the myth.'

I sent Dee's picture to Annabel and to other rurally-adjacent writers (there is no singular, static definition for 'rural' in Aotearoa New Zealand so we felt free to make up our own) and asked them to contribute a response. And here they are.

NB: the white borders on these pages are because the photocopiers at the University of Otago will only print with white borders which LOL which is a reminder to me to close this intro how I should have opened it with thanks to mana whenua for having us here.

In order of appearance:

Dee Copland / Owen Marshall

Annabel Wilson

Claudia Jardine

Eliana Gray

Georgia Merton

Jan Hawkins

Jasmine OM Taylor

Julien Noel

Laura Williamson

Liz Breslin

Ruth Heath

Taylor O'Driscoll

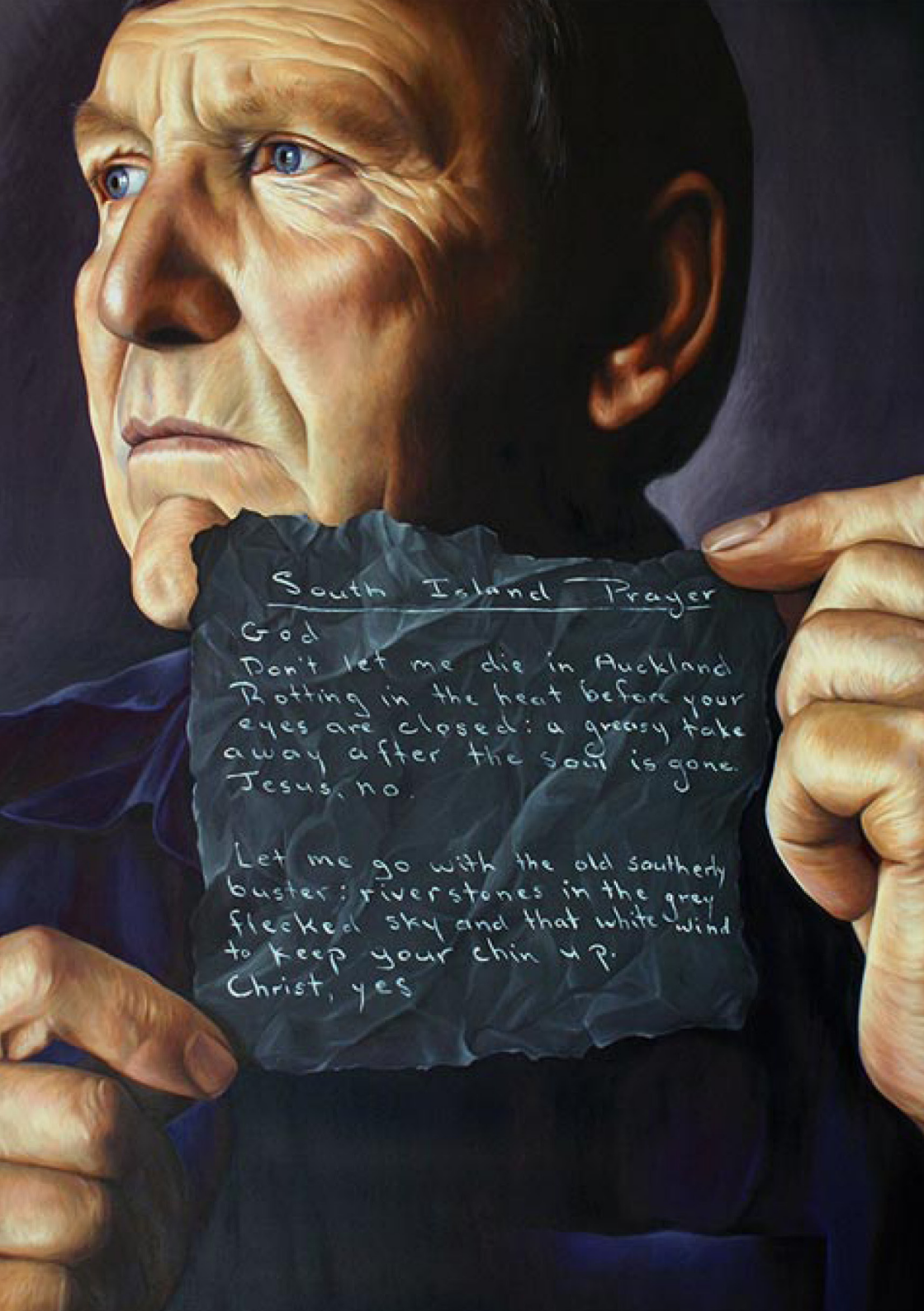
Zoe Edwards

Front cover art Claudia Jardine's car on our Pride of the South tour.

Back cover art by Kat Heap.

Zine making by me Liz Breslin

All these people donated their work and if you like their work maybe look them up and tell them that you like their work.




South Island Prayer

God

Don't let me die in Auckland
Rotting in the heat before your
eyes are closed: a greasy take
away after the soul is gone.
Jesus, no.

Let me go with the old southerly
buster: riverstones in the grey
flecked sky and that white wind
to keep your chin up.
Christ, yes

A young woman with long dark hair and round glasses is holding a white sign. She is wearing a black and white striped shirt. The sign has handwritten text in black ink. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with some green foliage visible on the left and right sides.

Around every bend
in the road
another turgid painting



EVERYTHING
IS GROWING AND
DETERIORATING
SO RAPIDLY...

They have spiritual names
and also bad botox.

She keeps calling him Rob accidentally
[instead of Sampoerna].

They probably don't realise that is
also a brand of cheap asian clove
cigarettes.

We are told this is going to be very
sacred.

And also, there are bags for sale
at the door. Special, two for one!

Today [with the help of intuitively
arranged crystals] we will be moving
from the 3D to higher frequencies
of the 4th dimension.

Down the road [in the 3D]
at the community centre,
a woman goes back to NA. It's been six
months. Her voice is shaking and
her ~~mouth~~ faces pulses hot
but fuck she just wants to live.
3D will do just fine.

My Mother's Kitchen

Her world in her kitchen
bucket of scones for the footy club every Saturday
grandchildren's roast meal every Sunday

His too, hidden port beside him
crossword and thesaurus
Union, labour party and laboured breath

Welcome assured
so people gathered in the warmth
for a feed, a fiver, a listening, a thought

Shared domain too
Big baking days for pasties, sauces, sponge
Working together, then spreading the spoils

Working bee before Christmas
Apricots, peaches, hot jars and seals
And tomatoes for after-mass breakfasts

just love, warmth and giving live here



Small Book Series

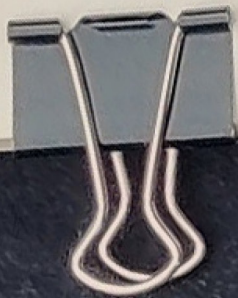
- 1. [Name]
- 2. [Name]
- 3. [Name]
- 4. [Name]
- 5. [Name]
- 6. [Name]
- 7. [Name]
- 8. [Name]
- 9. [Name]
- 10. [Name]
- 11. [Name]
- 12. [Name]
- 13. [Name]
- 14. [Name]
- 15. [Name]
- 16. [Name]
- 17. [Name]
- 18. [Name]
- 19. [Name]
- 20. [Name]
- 21. [Name]
- 22. [Name]
- 23. [Name]
- 24. [Name]
- 25. [Name]
- 26. [Name]
- 27. [Name]
- 28. [Name]
- 29. [Name]
- 30. [Name]
- 31. [Name]
- 32. [Name]
- 33. [Name]
- 34. [Name]
- 35. [Name]
- 36. [Name]
- 37. [Name]
- 38. [Name]
- 39. [Name]
- 40. [Name]
- 41. [Name]
- 42. [Name]
- 43. [Name]
- 44. [Name]
- 45. [Name]
- 46. [Name]
- 47. [Name]
- 48. [Name]
- 49. [Name]
- 50. [Name]

Small Book Series

Death Mask Daisy

I found two
corpses on the lawn
baby birds with fat bellies
wings with the first sign
of feathers
a daisy had glued itself to one
tiny dead face
tiny dead face
gracefully masked
I had been cutting
overgrown decorative bushes
clearing out the unwanted
living with the aid of secateurs
how'd the babies get there though?
the center of the lawn
"dead birds" I said to no one
made that aww no sound
begloved hands placed the dead
placed the dead
together in shades of blue and white
in the twisted twigs of a compost pile
under an aging hedge
the scent of decay mingled
within the greenery
in stages of its own earthly reclamation
how'd they get there?
the babies
the babies'
tiny dead faces.

First
Jasmine O.M. Taylor
Dunedin



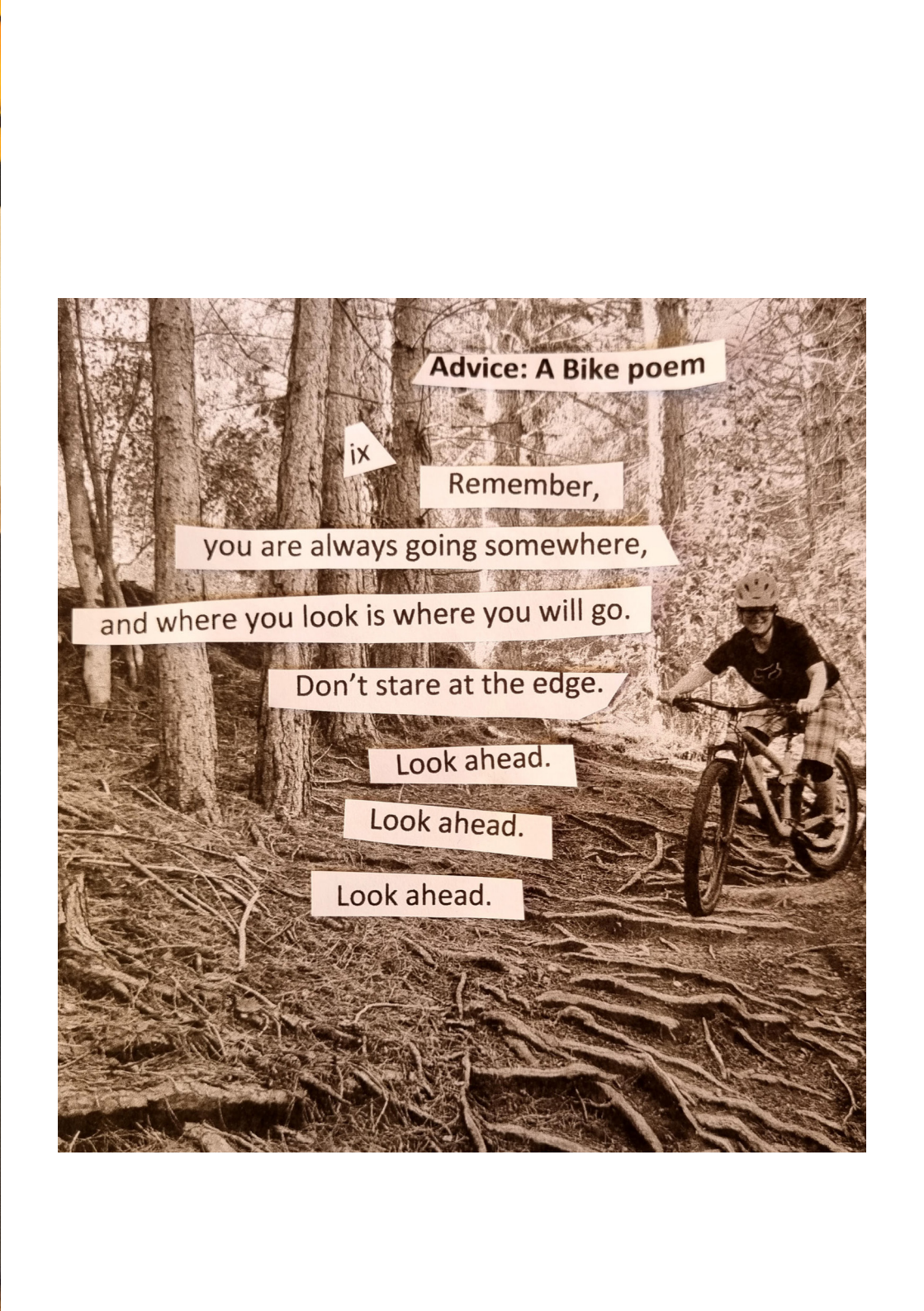


The beast belches in Bethals beach Balclutha Balfour Barrhill,
Barrytown Beachlands Beaumont Bell Block Blenheim
Bluff and Burnt Hill

The beast turns his head
at the sound of the
mountains call,

I stood unwound beneath the skies
And clouds unbound by laws
The crying rain like a trumpet sang
And asked for no applause

Lay down your weary tune, lay down
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

A sepia-toned photograph of a person riding a mountain bike on a dirt trail. The trail is heavily cluttered with large, exposed tree roots. The rider is wearing a helmet, a dark t-shirt, and shorts. The background consists of many trees with bare branches, suggesting a wooded area in late autumn or winter. The overall mood is adventurous and focused.

Advice: A Bike poem

ix

Remember,

you are always going somewhere,

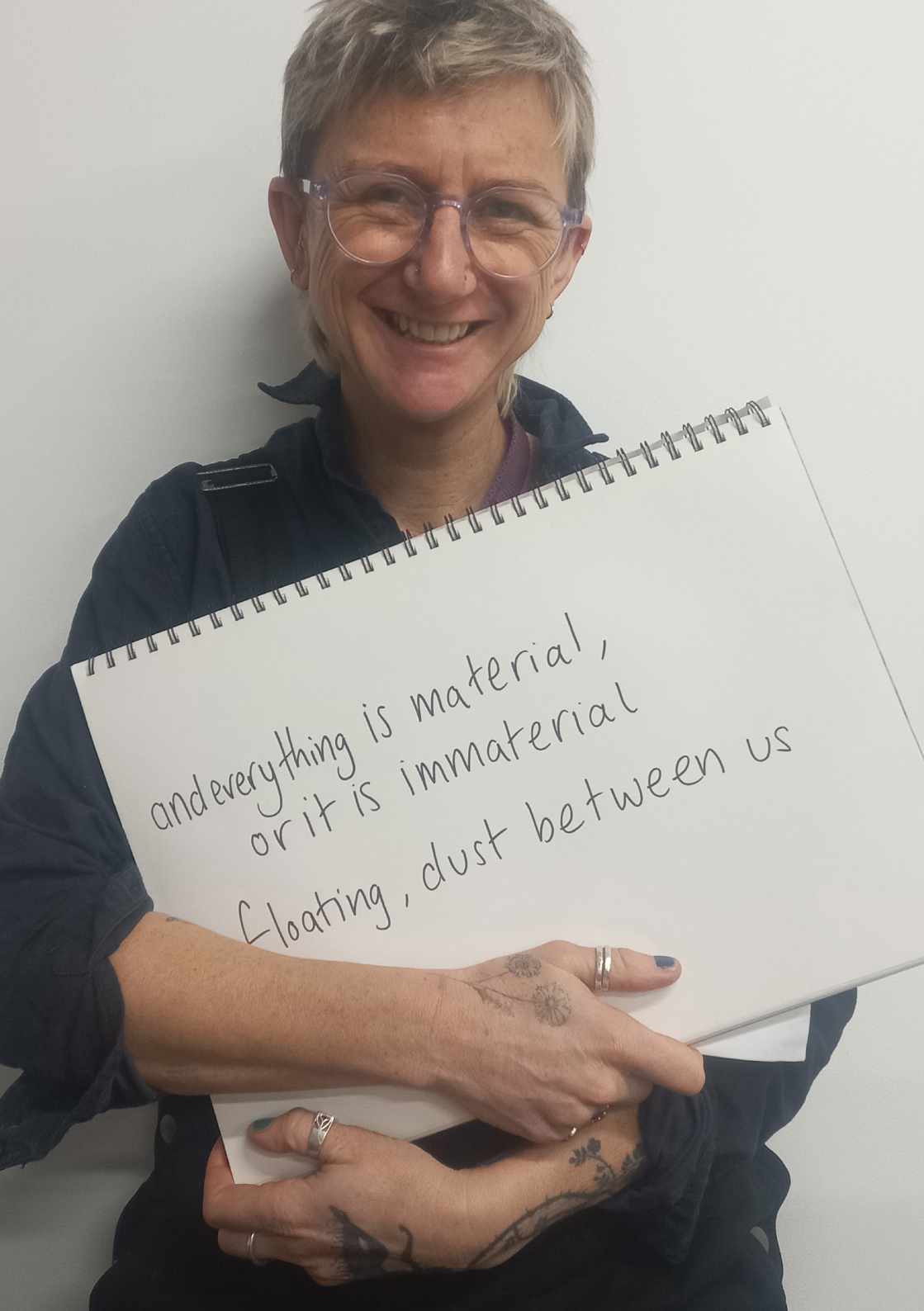
and where you look is where you will go.

Don't stare at the edge.

Look ahead.

Look ahead.

Look ahead.



and everything is material,
or it is immaterial
floating, dust between us



Ruth Heath @



Short story for your zine. Xxx:

Thank you my friend, the lake.
One night you caught my child and saved
her and two friends after she tumbled
over a 15 metre high cliff.
I thought you could be a friend even
though you are not a person.

I know you are precious, living tāonga.
I learned this from all the days and years
when it was just you and me.
I was a child with the privilege to roam in
your creeks that wove through our farm
and circled our house. 'My moat' - free
from the adults.

And how your life force supports fauna,
flora and fun that we source.
Remember that time I flew by rope
straight into you? You pulling me from
my grip, suspending me in time within
the brown rush of your swollen torrent.
Luckily I was stronger than you that day.
But you are me and I am you - 70% of
you, even.

I see you and the beauty of your complex
body of liquid oxygen. Many states of
being enticing visceral response from
your dark days of murk and chop, to your
days of sparkle and calm.

[Read More](#)

5:52 am



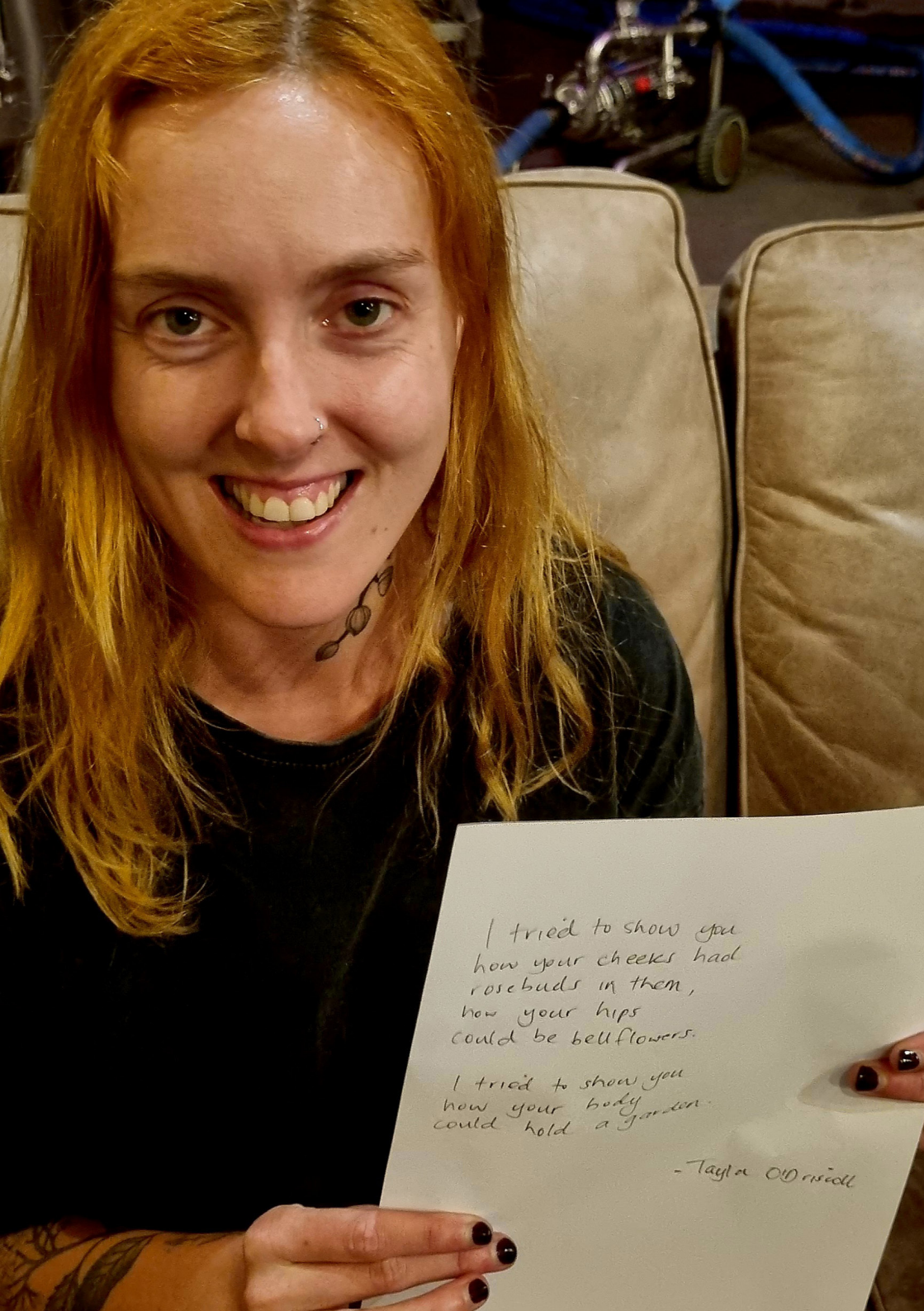
Thank you!!!!

6:24 am



sparkle and calm.
You give, preserve, take and save life in all of
this.

5:52 am



I tried to show you
how your cheeks had
rosebuds in them,
how your hips
could be bellflowers.

I tried to show you
how your body
could hold a garden.

- Taylor O'Driscoll

SHE HAD TWENTY FINGERS,
TWENTY TOES, FOUR EYES
AND TWO TONGUES

HER FACE LEAKED THE FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH. WET DIET & PICKLES
FILLED HER MOUTH WITH SALIVA.

SHE HAD NINE MONTHS LEFT TO LIVE.

MUSCLES DRUNK, HEART ON FIRE,
LOGIC REVOKED WITH NO SIGN OF
RETURN. A RULR BOOK OF NO, NEVER
& EVEN IF SHE WANTED TO.

MUST EAT RAINBOW. MUST PREPARE
SKIN. MUST INCREASE BLOOD. MUST
SLEEP ON SIDE. NOT THAT FUCKING
SIDE.

MUST KEEP SECRET AS THOUGH TINY
TINY TINY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.

BECAUSE IT DOES.

