

KAITUHI CREATIVE WRITING NEWSLETTER

Summer 2021



Letter to Self

Future me, look at us now
A little bit older
A little bit wiser

Still learning of change
And knowing who we are

I pictured us in my minds eye
To be a man honest to himself today

Having taken steps to be offence free
On the misuse of drugs and people

Like us we are one together
So be kind

Knowing your path, present and past your future remains yours
to choose.

This newsletter includes writing and art by men in Otago Corrections Facility. These works have often been created as part of their education or creative writing programmes in the prison and inspired by their lives or imagination. We hope you enjoy their work and we look forward to future editions of this newsletter.

Untitled

Hook {

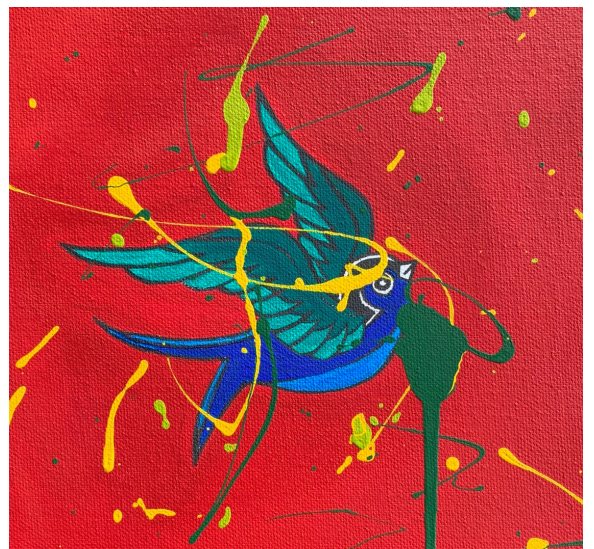
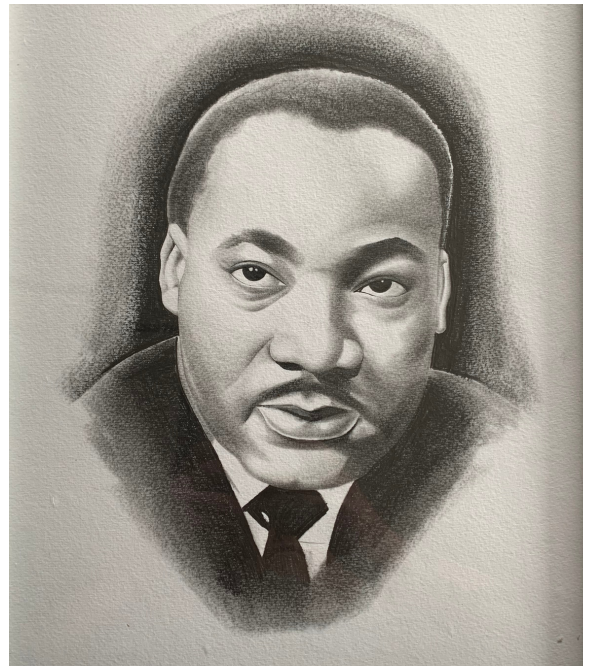
The Lord Knows I struggle and knows I try
I won't let nothing stop my shine
I know that something better is in store for me
Than this crime life that I lead
And as I raise my head to the sky
I know sometimes I gotta swallow my pride
Lord I know it just wasn't meant to be this crime life
that I lead

Imagine living on a mountain next door to the sky
Overlooking the treetops, watching the birds fly
View of a lake that will glisten at night
When the moon shines, imagine what life will be like

No more hardships and drama, just comfort and wealth
No reason for tears, blood, sweat and everything else
that comes with it
We all living with no reason to doubt
Back to reality, back to an unsatisfied salary
The day to day struggle that my fam's suffer too badly
And when it seems like it gets a bit better gradually
A casualty will take place
Leaving people unhappy, man, but still I move forward
Hoping for better things and that one day I'll live it
Instead of having my neck tilted up
My head to the clouds, my feet to the ground
Come and talk to me

(Hook)

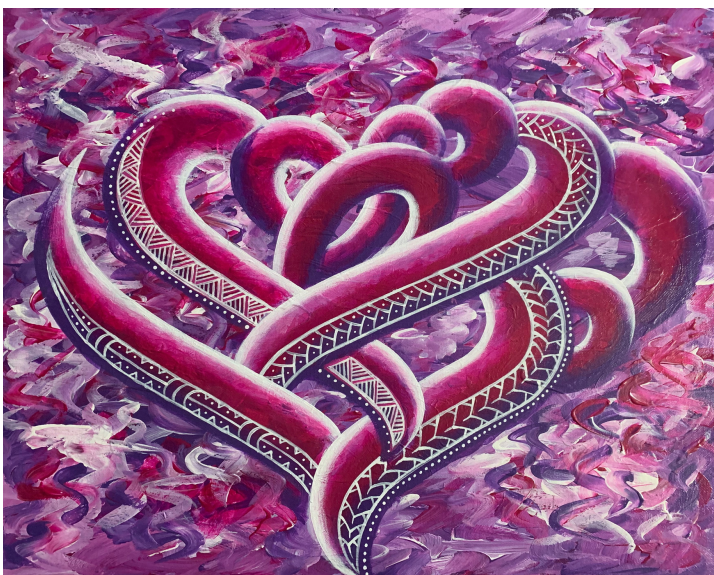
Back to my life, back to my job, back to the slave house
Working the 9 to 5 back to reality
You know it ain't music, back to the dramas
The same old bullshit, the same old chores
Taking tolls on my working hand
The Lord knows I ain't no factory working man
Feel like my old man trying to support a family
And mad at the world because the world don't
understand me
And even if my life gets harder I got God
I'm feeling so much pressure on my shoulders
I'm brushing off all the hatred in my direction
I know it ain't perfect
But you know I gotta try for all the blood, sweat and
tears my Pop sacrificed
My head's tilted, my face to the clouds
My feet on the ground
I'm talking to you Lord



P.T.S.D.

(Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder)

In order I intend intense recovery I fend
Struck by lightning
Shutdown in flames defence
Struggling to affirm a way out
Opened up like a
Can of worms
Cluttered
Clutching on to my withers end expansion
Rid of fears isolated, helping hands, reincarnation
I am born again incarceration
Change, I turn which seems a lifeline
So bold yet it burns with pain and misery
So firm, no hold, grab a grip and grasp a breath
What matters is forward steps
Looking back in the rear view
Bold and burnt profound this hurts
Deep misery explainable express
Reluctantly remorsefully regrets recovery enticed
Set out
Plan treatment ahead giving hope to no longer
Tense imprisoned stress
Mind at ease relaxed follows
Suit expansion beyond measured ends meet
Limitless unfolding power within
Capable manageable this never ends creativity
i.e.; sure whom I endeavour to be best friends
Healing history to an extent this soul craves
Stability
Ability content
Conscious mind I try uphold
P.T.S.D. I forget



Vignette at Three – Ward

Three is the smudge of a dawn yet to herald the palette of a dull and grey despair. In the half-light at least there is a momentary fondness in the remembering. A sense of contentment having a place within. It's the whistle of air escaping a half-open tap, the bass notes of water drizzling onto bare ground, the transformation of granular dirt to saturated earth and the cool stickiness of mud cakes on sun-baked skin. It's also a warmth in my chest, the feeling of effortless connection, of two hearts made kindred through the openness of their tender age.

I can't recall the moment me and Gregory became friends, but some friendships are seamless like the path joining our respective homes. There is no boundary fence to hinder our interactions, no sense of border or transition. Our lives are not bonded for reason other than the uncomplicated union of two boys who love as one.

It's impossible to explain any of this to my wife during what is my first visit to Wellington since leaving it three weeks after my fifth birthday. Drawn as to a magnet, I steer us without navigation aid along motorway and link roads, turning at the precise intersection that takes us to a street, name long forgotten, where Gregory and my homes sit exactly as I remembered them.

I point out the home with the short, sloping driveway and the one next to it too. Both look out on the first school I attended and the path I took to attend classes. I show her my first classroom and the prefabricated building where my mother volunteered with the lunches. It's inevitable that my attention is drawn down the road to the memory of the fateful ride in Gregory's father's ute one sunny Saturday morning. I turn the car around rather than take my wife to the park. This dawn doesn't herald a warm palette and every light has its shadow.



All artwork was created by the OCF art group. These pieces were donated by the artists and sold at the 2019 Dunedin Art Show with all proceeds donated to the White Ribbon Campaign.