

# KAITUHI CREATIVE WRITING NEWSLETTER

Autumn 2022



## Hope

Hope feels smooth & warm  
Hope looks like Rangitoto Island on the sunrise  
Hope looks like my son's smile when he sees me  
after kindy  
Hope looks like the prison gates opening and  
letting me out  
Hope looks like the sea coming in & out of the  
shore  
Hope sounds like the 722 train horn heading down  
the Taieri Gorge track  
Hope sounds like my son giggling when I tickle him  
Hope sounds like me breathing in and out on a  
frosty morning  
Hope smells like the ocean  
Hope smells like my roast pork crackling  
Hope tastes like an ice-cold drink when you're just  
finishing work  
Hope tastes like KFC spicy chicken  
Hope tastes like Banoffee Pie  
Hope tastes like a freshly cooked steak!

This newsletter includes writing and art by men in Otago Corrections Facility. These works have 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.



## Fatherhood - The Best Hood

A system designated to decimate families,  
Removing father's rights to void his responsibilities,  
Extraditing the protectors leaving vulnerability,  
Defamation of his name influenced by the authorities,  
Threatening manipulation severely and constantly,  
Unrelenting abusiveness such blatant atrocities,  
Embellished his complement exaggerated inequalities,  
Supporting lonely wahine, entrapped so blindly,  
The fathers locked in a cell robotic monotony,  
Yet unseen is the real damage, the biggest of sins,  
Who is it affecting most?

**ALL OF OUR CHILDREN!!**

So I put this challenge forth to all my brethren,  
Break this cycle, break this curse,  
For the future generations!

To all my brothers who love and miss their children,  
**KIA KAHA NGA TOA!!!** All kids need their Dads,  
Poppas and male role models! It's never too late to go  
back to the best hood – **FATHERHOOD!!!**

*Dedicated to my son on the date of his 16th birthday.*



## Pain

The four letters that make up my life  
Around and around  
Where I stop only I shall know  
Pain is what I feel every waking moment  
Pain is not what I want  
Pain is what I receive  
The pain is what keeps me alive

Maybe the pain is what I deserve  
Maybe the pain will stop  
Maybe it won't  
All I know is I'll do anything for the pain to stop.





## The Ray of the Sting

He floats and slides always feeling his way  
Time has no escape for one who glides with mud

The time escapes him as he hunts for the light  
Carrying the burden of those before  
Fated to be judged by his sting

When accepted, fate leads to the light!

He is called beautiful and majestic  
But at his heart  
The sun will blind him into the darkness once again



## 13 Traits of Poor Character

PRIDE  
INSECURITY  
STUBBORNNESS  
ARROGANCE  
NARCISSISTIC  
UNTEACHABLE  
ENTITLED  
SELFISH  
UNFORGIVING  
SELF-CENTERED  
VIOLENT  
FRUSTRATION  
UNACCOUNTABLE

## Now That The Monster is Gone

Sitting here feeling sorry for myself  
Now that you're gone I hate you for what you've done  
Now you must sleep with what you have done  
Now there's no monster  
Now the drugs and alcohol have left your body  
The real you gets to see the pain he has caused

The monster has faded away  
Now you're left with the shell  
The real you  
No more hiding  
Now you're alone & the monster gets the last laugh  
Will you ever really be free?  
Now that the monster is gone



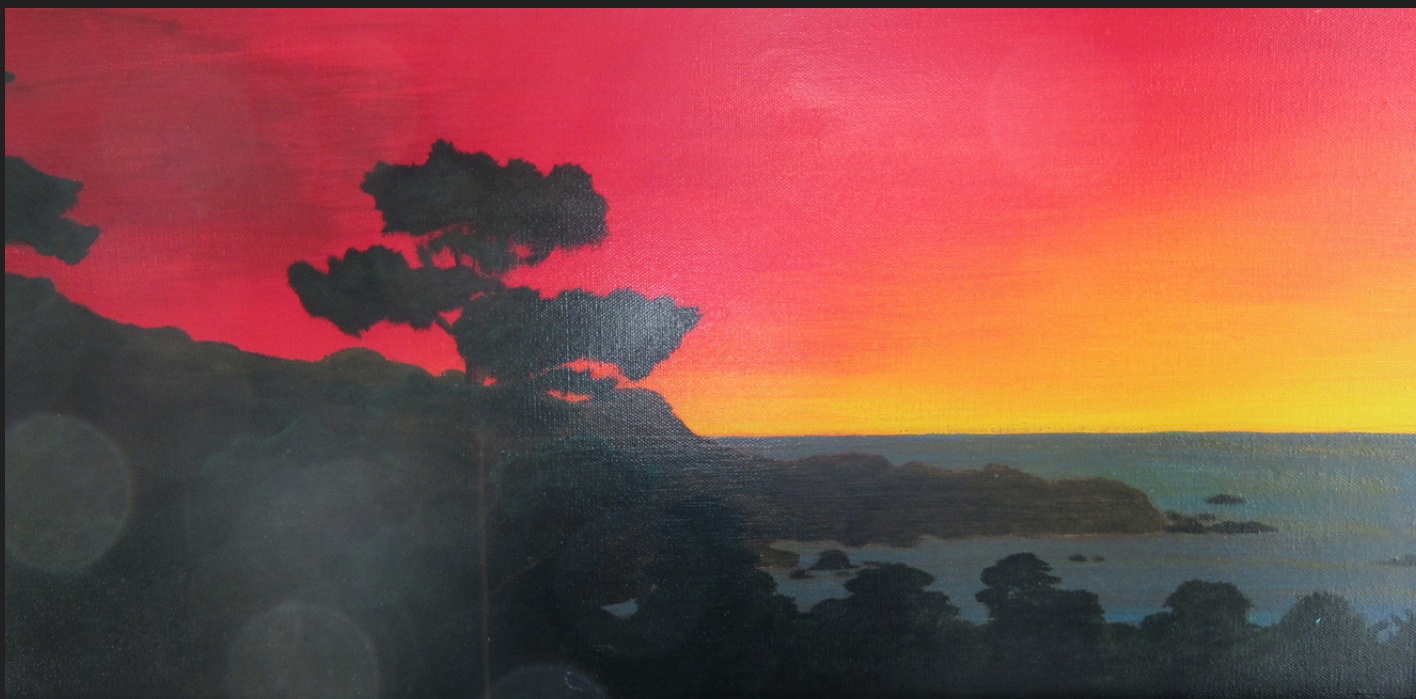


## This Day - Ward

I knew this day was coming. With this knowing, I've had time to consider, if not prepare. In some ways I'm glad for I knew not to get in its way. Living as we do in denial is no life at all. "Lean into your fears" I always said to you. Now it's time for me to walk my talk. With defences down, I'm free to confront the fears that prevent us all from seeing ourselves as we are; each as an aspect of the Whole, not separate from it, and sharing in its purpose.

Do you recall the last movie we watched together? *Into The Wild*. I'm not that young man, yearning for adventure through wanderlust. But in having a hand in my own banishment, I am like him. I am similarly desperate to find comfort in solitude, and salvation from the personal meaning we're all capable of finding. As much as I've wanted to be the rock you deserve, I've come to know through you that salvation resides foremost in finding self. I've been lost to mine, but in my gentle encouragement these years I hope I've helped you some to yours.

I knew this day was coming, bringing judgement as the rule and vengeance as its law. I've tried to live my life without either; we don't get to choose, consciously at least, our shadow. Living with mine has, doubtless, contributed many layers to your own. In this I am sorry beyond all measure. So as we race from this and each day toward the next, I wonder if it helps you to know there's a pain in me which, for now, is too personal to describe. It's an ending of sorts and it's also a beginning.



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.