## Fa'avae Tuli

## Or: Finding my malu

Tuli's footprints
Trace the lines between past and future
The here becomes a temporal reality
where did I come from?
Where am I going?

Lines between spaces
Spaces between lines
Spaced lines on a white page
Inked into memories
And on tongues
Of the once loved dead

Lines between Pago's governor Leiato and Fa'amalepe Lines to Luatua Moe Lines to Taula'ai I, my grandmother The footprints of the golden clover Are a woman's footprints in the black rocks of Pulotu

Inking spaces between Saleimoa and Nofo'ali'i where the stolen baby sat Connecting to Luatua
And the people of the trees
Two eel-Gods and a talking owl
Who kept watch
Tuli walking with the Tui A'ana
Tuli walking with Nu'uoula and Sami
Tuli walking on my grandmother's thighs

Her malu of black stars Circumferencing her world Tuli walking to the people of the tui'se Where a man walked out of the ocean And Salevao was shape-shifter Man-dog-wolf

Tuli walking with Lau
Of the Tuigamala
And the sacred *Lau niu sae lua*And Fa'amalepe smiling

Remembering the splitting of coconut frond Capturing a moment of Man, and spirit

My malu will not be on my thighs Spanning the circumference of my limbs My malu will not be on my thighs My mother made sure of that
Instead, she tattooed my tongue, my eyes, my ears
Planting my pito under a coconut tree
That struggles to breathe
My malu will not be on my thighs
It is in the genealogy of the owl and the dog-wolf-man

Shape shifting My malu will be on my feet Connecting me to land

It will be on my back Because I carry the people of my tree

It will be on my hands Because I must touch other lives

It will be on my tongue Because I must take this responsibility To speak

My malu will not be on my thighs Because I have another duty

I must first speak with the spirits And learn to love my blackened tongue

Fa'amoemoe Is a male child Of un-birthed hope

Where am I going?

