

Again, Grandmother, Grey
Street







the work .is over expo

thank-you for taking
time to
consider me for a
show

given in to keeping this for
myself

tired.



eh. I will paint the walls white
and make it more sexy



selfish

denial of livin at home
leads me to believe
4 only i chose to
live amongst my kuias
belongings







keep gettin pulled back
to empty the whare

but we have nowhere
to store your stuff
and Bunnings was out of
shelves

every summer I return to
the house
the tradies are on holiday and
nothing changes

no
I
wont
wear
a
suit
and
tie
for
a
million
years
and
become
a
dinosaur
with
a
standing
desk







ONE WAY

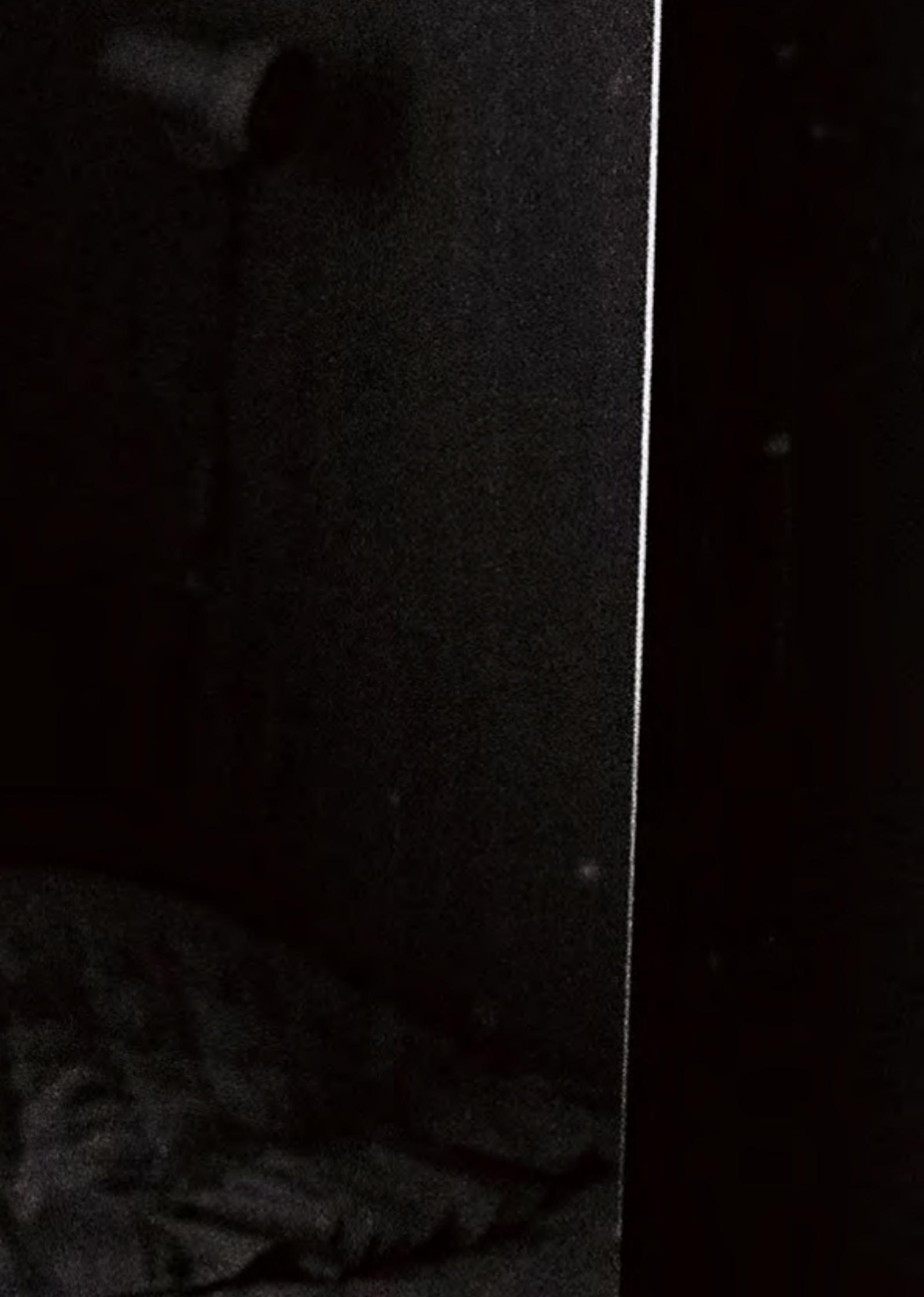


Year was pretty shit show X
as I didn't start an Fart space XX
couldn't hold a job X0X
not too many hotties on Grindr
X
usually 6 and a whole lot of blank
profiles XXX didn't become
fluent in te reo 000
didn't get a sugar daddie
got giardia tho.
NO to the funding to start a
journal X0
got introduced that year by the
vampire who holds the monez as
being «between jobs»

Still bitter X
CC Xtop fuXXXn sending emails
to my personal gmail thennn BBC

I'm happy now tho X
& hope this shit passage does not
fXOk me over XX
do I care xO
~~cancelled~~ XXX
no gram X0
analyse my dick X0X

on the coldest day of winter the
heat pump broke
A prince lived in the house
happily ever rfr.
Wasp nest grew on the fence
we fumigated it, RIP. 2020
I go back and forwards and stay
at nanz.





PENN

ISCA

XXXXX

STATE OF QUEENSLAND
QLD
MAROONS







oh the sunflowers grew despite
and I remember you talking of the shortest day

it is cold again
and now I live in Tāmaki Makaurau
the green tablecloth on the dining room table was taken by the prince
who rented your whare and I had to get Mum to text him

I brought it back in a plastic bag and the only damage was when you burnt it
with the iron

-





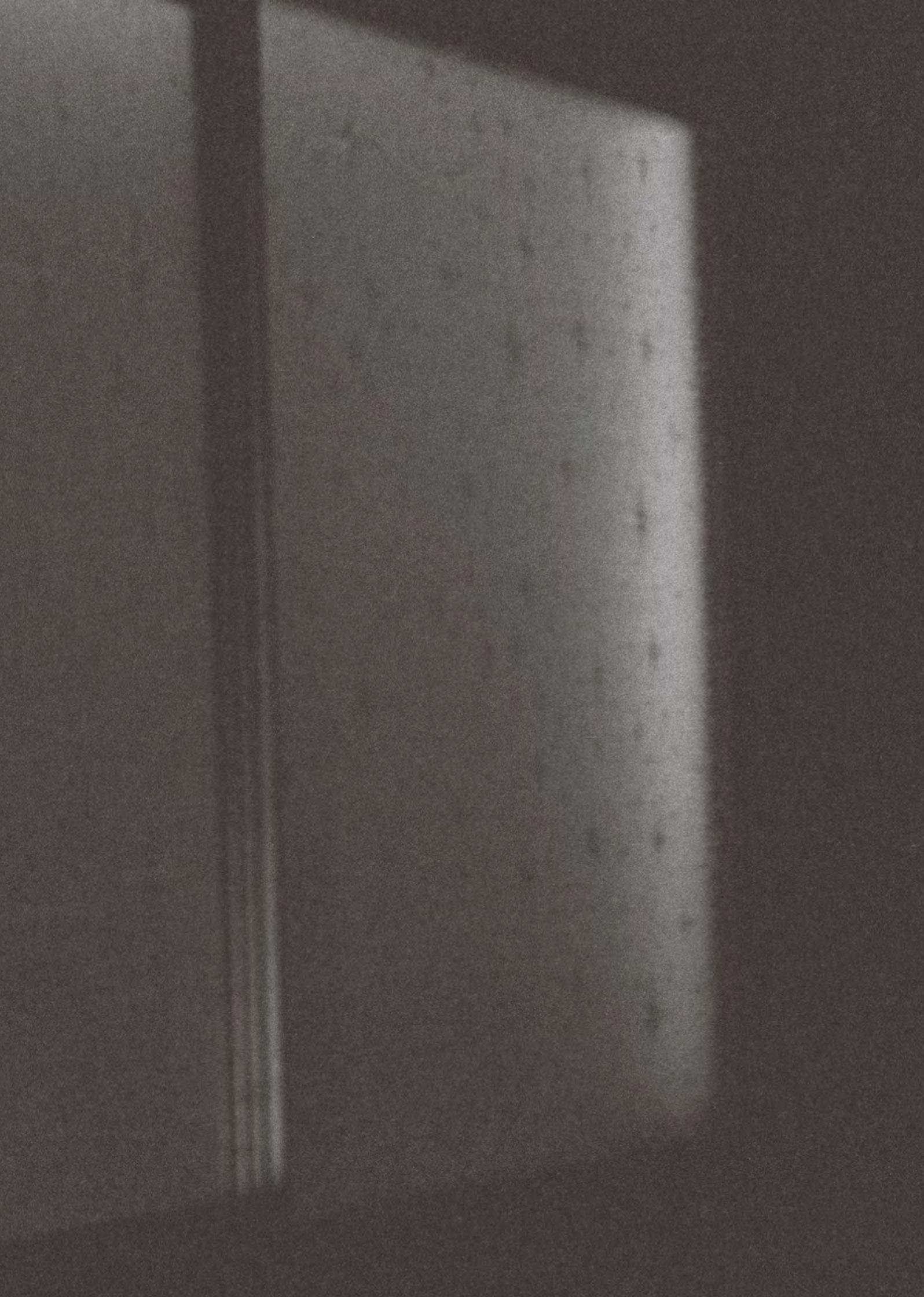
redact, edit, repeat, shit, sleep, suck dick, show it again. hate it.
forget the world is apple crumble, i ain't dead but this project is.
and
it took a while to work out the ~~ethics~~
what was important and other shit id let slide
as I back away from hanging a row of photographs in the gallery, I know that I
cant escape or that
to draw a line
will make what im doing old

I dont want to feel younger than 32
i follow a rigorous routine of retinoid, vitamin c serum, cleanse, and say...
I dont want to use photographs you have seen
or write the same old line
i wanna gym and forget the rest
NOPE ~~to the letter of resignation or complaint~~
i left ages ago

~~so there wont be any plugs to curators or artists to make this voice seem formal
but it still is outdated.~~

it's 2021 baby





I now know the whakapapa that traces
our whānau back to Tūtānekai.
and listened to how the flute he played
to help Hinemoa find her way across
Rotorua, was held by the whānau for a
while. Tūtānekai slept with a bro tho.

If you dont know the story of Hinemoa &
Tūtānekai I wrote it last time and told it
on the radio.



Tūtanekai = Hinemoa

Whatu Mairangi

Ariariterangi

Te Roro - Oterangi

Te Tiwha - Oterangi

Te Arai I Tawhiti

Te Uruhapai

Te Hoka a Te Kiri

Te Kōhanga Nga Tokowaru / Te Kōhanga

Te Kōhanga

Rewi

Winiata

Homman

Me



open the curtains









get a job



get married?



share more of my whānau,
and forget the private lives

this weekend im taking some
new mates, some artists and we
are going to stay at nans,
I gotta call them in a minute to
make sure they can come

we will hopefully sit down and
write about what is important
to us, and then ask why we are
making art now.

I think Mum will make some
soup and ive asked people to
bring some warm bedding like
a sleeping bag

we will go for a hot pool and
then walk back to my old
whare on Hinemoa St on
Sunday morning

