What’s on the label is not necessarily in the jar

Henry Asajiro Kemp

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A tribute to Prof & Taisa
Brown hair,
Brown eyes,
Brown face,
What are you doing in this place?
Blond hair,
Blue eyes,
Pale face,
He belongs to a different race!
A healer, a philosopher, a poet, a writer with a social conscience.
“Ahh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

A memory to Asajiro Noda
Four foot something,
A man who lost his country,
Never to be seen again,
English, German and Maori he communicates fluently,
With permission from the King he begins a new life story,
World War II and imprisoned for his ethnicity,
His youngest daughter has four siblings,
The oldest son has nine,
The last is an enigma.
“Ahh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

Ode to MUA
He’s a New Zealand born Samoan
He wears three quarter pants, floral shirt, and shaved head
A poet, an academic, a community leader,
Who wears a minister’s collar.
He sacrifices for his friends.
Youth worker, peace maker, song weaver, a social conscious true.
“Ahh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

To my friends and Mr Lee
Red and blue lights flashing,
Four black faces in a car,
Academics they say they are.
Unbelieved by police,
But students none the less.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

To a friend
A Ngati Kahungunu Waihine,
Blue eyes and pretty face,
You hold a special place,
KFC, Paddle Ducks, boil ups with our friends,
Mr Lee transports us here and there,
We share our work assignments too,
Tautoko whanau we get an A.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

Ode to Leland
Jeans,
T shirt,
Beanie, dark shades and gumboots.
A Maori with a working class story,
Here, he represents his whanau well,
A doctorate to change that history,
A lecturer at the university.
A heart worker, seer too.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

Ode to Hinemoa
Gruff, hard exterior,
Tells it like it is,
Pulls no punches and lets you know what she thinks,
Lived a life of hardship bequeathed to her by fate,
Finds a photo of an old pakeha lady in the rubbish on the street,
Gives her pride of place on the mantelpiece,
Mrs Magee is the Queen.
I REMEMBER YOU HINEMOA
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

To someone I knew
Blond hair, blue eyes,
I don’t want to be this person society expects of me,
I feel like someone else,
Maybe Japanese,
It’s hard to love somebody,
Who is unsure of what they want,
“You’re going to end up a lonely old lady with a cat.”
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

Ode to whanau
Four families,
Biological,
Adopted,
Spiritual,
And friends,
They’ve all contributed to who I am,
And when they define me,
And you ask them who I am,
You will hear them all say.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

We all have layers
Peel back the layers,
Remove the facade,
Strip away the fabrication that we want others to think we are,
Multi faceted persona adopted through experience,
Walls to protect our emotions can make us prisoners,
After all that’s said and done, we wonder who we are.
Dig deep no shadows of regret to hide behind.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

Moko
He sits alone on the table surrounded by everyone’s stuff,
He looks a forlorn brown figure,
With a story on his face,
Do I pick him up and take him?
Or do I simply pass him by?
Do I leave him with his golf clubs, picture frames, and English china?
I move on to the next table,
Again he catches my eye,
A lonely brown face in a desolate place that nobody wants to buy,
I walk up to the counter and give $5 bucks to the guy,
He gives $2.50 change,
I didn’t pass him by.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”

An ode to Pa Shoe from mates
Black leathers,
Dreadlocks,
Lion Red,
The wiff of gunja,
Headhighs, late tackles, ah!
That’s grassroots rugby league.
Oblivious to your thoughts,
Sorry about that bro,
Out of place, nah can’t be,
You’re brown like all of us.
”Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar”.}..
Whangai out with good intentions, grandmother thought it best.
Chinese, Japanese, Fijian, mistaken identity,
Sailing on Sydney Harbour, whuzz up wit dat bro,
Buying not stealing lunches,
Dog whisperer, no not you,
A listening ear, a friend indeed,
“What’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar?”

A he-man blessed with she-man skills
And the women run for cover
Aromas and soul food delicacies
A platter for kings and queens
Is it right that roles are reversed in the kitchen?
Fingers play fox trot over nerves so dead
Cries restore lost mana and limbs revive
A master’s hand that heals.
HENRY BRO . . . A social worker too.
“Ahhh, what’s on the label’s not necessarily in the jar.”
Nga tikanga mo nga kairaranga
(Guidelines for contributors)

The Editors work under the korowai of Tangata Whenua Takawaenga and as such, are committed to the kaupapa that Te Komako is of tangata whenua, for tangata whenua and by tangata whenua of Aotearoa.

Kairaranga (Contributors)
Given the kaupapa of the publication, contributions from tangata whenua peoples of Aotearoa are strongly encouraged. A form of introduction or biographical details will accompany the article, so each kairaranga will need to consider the shape and content of that tautoko. Full contact details of the kairaranga must accompany the pukorero.

Pukorero / Purakau (Contributions)
We welcome the pukorero and purakau of ma ta waka to develop and enhance the knowledge and skills of kaihautū and tauira tangata whenua within the realm of working with whanau, hapu and iwi. Whether the context of this mahi is within iwi social services or within mainstream agencies, where whananga or tertiary institutions, the point is to develop debate while seeking clarity of kaupapa and matauranga a iwi and Maori within te Ao Hurihuri.

Therefore the following may be helpful examples of pukorero:

- Conference papers
- Academic papers
- Commentaries about particular issues
- Policy papers
- Descriptions of practice developments
- Media releases or articles.

The pukorero must be the original work of the author and have not been accepted by any other journal.

The length of the pukorero is determined by the kairaranga, however the effectiveness in conveying the message to the reader must also be considered.

The most preferred form of the pukorero is as an attachment to an email, however disk and hard copies are also acceptable.

Reo (Language)
Contributions will be willingly received in both nga reo rangatira (a iwi and Maori) and te reo Pakeha. While it is acknowledged that readership of Te Komako will primarily be in te reo Pakeha, as tangata whenua we must not overlook the importance of our reo rangatira. It is also important to provide a forum for tangata whenua peoples who are proficient in nga reo rangatira and to challenge those of us who have yet to begin to learn.