A play performed in contemporary prose animation:
Snowflake Plate Tectonics, Fingerprint Pou
&
Shrimp Cocoanut Curry; “as we passed by this way at play in the
fields of the Lord…”

The Cast of Characters

Paekea Earthcub
Maui Polynesian Trickster and Diety
Coyote American Indian Trickster and Teacher
Raven American Indian Trickster and Teacher
Monkey Chinese Immortal and teaching trickster
Ram, Sita, Vayu, Deities of the Hindu Pantheon and Characters of the
Ramyanna Epic
Hanuman Deity of the Hindu Pantheon who manifests as a Monkey
and whose exploits make him one of the noted heroes of the
Ramyanna Epic
Scene I

Paekea lands with great music
all elements singing creations beauty

Feet firm on Turtles back,
he looks about himself

The Appalachian Mountains running out into low rolling hills

at the coast of the hills
begin the westward plains

The American’s Turtle Island, 2006
At play in tha’ fields of the lord.

-Awake and two legged
he joins the man cubs-

Can you understand what I am saying mate?

Maui’s eyes were peering deeply into Paekea’s.
Looking up, he found himself on his back,
With Maui leaning down over him, his head filling most of Paekea’s vision,
with blue night and stared sky forming a halo around the edges

“Come on brother,” Maui said reaching down. Paekea excepted
his hand and the gesture
and came to his feet in the field.

Coyote, Maui, Paekea and Raven stood in the waist high grass
the city opening about them.

To the east and south the land fell away in a distant valley view of city lights twinkling,
turning west, cool black lightlessness
gave way to street lights pouring into pools of yellow light along the fields edge.

Slowly leaving the hill top, they waded down through the grass. Paekea waved his hands gently across the tops of the grass as he walked.
Breathing.

Maui whisked him away soon enough,
But not before he knew the city
and the ways of men.
Before the mountains, Paekea would cross what
each who walk here must
The Two legged ways
and doings;
towards the Planet
and each other life
and the manipulations, recreations,
direction and re-direction, separations and
the compartmentalized gl\össing. Paekea grew with
each and all of the cultural teachings
conveyed through the contexts of ideas arranged within language and situational experience.

Socially, Paekea studied, played and slept.
Spiritually, he tasted the wind and bathed in the water of life.

He knew he was on the Turtle's back...though

he found the two leggeds were often between

Bars
&
Bars

and their institutions frequently wanted people to perform their ideas on the spot.

This negotiation of ideas mingled with his concepts of reality.
One afternoon Pakea and Maui went over to Coyote’s apartment. He and Raven were cooking. The house was warm and smelled more like a lodge or a den. The beams were rough hewn and the earth was brought in around the edges

Coyote brought the pot from the fire and filled four bowls.

With both hands each brought a bowl before themselves, pausing sacredly and then raised the offering into the sky.

Coyote gave voice to the blessing

"Mother earth, father sky - Eastern Elders of the awakening place of the sun Elders tending fire in the South, Elders of the Western Home of the Sun And Elders of the Northern Ice, Oceans, rivers, rain and life

Older than us and yet eternally young, The greatness of god in every drop of godself

Goodness Godness, Thank You"

With whoops, tremolo and hearty praises they brought the bowls to their mouths, and then brought the gift within

Scene II

Pakea really disliked raising his hand to speak. When he had sat with the teachers on the Islands of other times, he had not studied this way. It is not that he had always spoken, nor had he not listened, rather it was the pedagogical manipulations that led to rhetorical sculpting of ideas which took his mind from him and redeveloped it. (* 1 a & b) (Well, he liked some of it.)
His personal time,
(which, one might add was shrinking…daily.

Daily. (Was no longer his own. Rarely could he close
the ideas opened by the society around him.) As his classes wore on

he had to work, cook, clean, study, balance a check book, mind his bills, turn in written
assignments, meet people, do projects, fulfill obligations,
read letters & junk mail (delivered by land mail and e-mail )…

“Don’t get me started,” he would say. “My rental needs a new set of rain gutters and seam
sealant. And the garage could really do with another coating of paint.

But with the new car payments and the baby…”

“Wait a minute,” said Coyote. “You don’t have a baby.”

“Not yet,” said Paekea. “I have been thinking of marrying a squaw.”

Coyote and Raven sat up from the sagging couch.
They looked at each other and said simultaneously, “Its time.”

Paekea had a strange feeling as Raven stood up.
“Get up bub, lets go.”


“Why?” said Paekea, “I’m fine here. I have stuff to do.”

“Maui said it would happen like this,” said Raven. “The busy forgetting comes on thick he said.”

Raven nodded to Coyote and turning to Paekea said, “Com’mon.”

They walked towards the door but Paekea stayed in his recliner. “I don’t feel like it tonight boys.
I have plenty to do here.”

Raven and Coyote exchanged glances. “Com’mon,” Raven said again.

“Naaaw,” Paekea replied.

“Got bloody stuff to do he says,” said Coyote winking to Raven.

“More like stuff is doing him,” said Raven.

“Com’mon,” said Raven, “This is different.”

Together they walked down the street in the cool night air.
Many of the businesses were boarded up. A caucasian businessman, with rumpled hair, looking
as if he slept more than a few nights in his suit
lit a cigarette and took a sip from a brown bagged bottle
and handed it to an unemployed factory worker next to him.
He drugged on the cigarette again and exhaling the smoke he gagged and shook from a chronic smokers cough,
while his drinking buddy took a strong pull from the bottle.

“Bible salesman on hard times,” called Maui down from his window smiling. “Even the Bible business has packed up and gone over seas!”
“Hey Bra!” Raven called back up to him.
“Com’mon up,” said Coyote.
“You should have heard him earlier,” said Raven nudging Paekea. “He’s full of it tonight.”
“I know.” said Maui. “I know.”

Maui came down stairs and greeted Paekea who was patiently bidding his mates chides. He put his arm around Paekea’s shoulders and as they walked together into the entrance of the apartment building he began to sing,

“I heard your stereo-

coming from your window,

yeah, your stereo-
lighting up these shadows”

As they reached the top of the stairs Maui opened the apartment door, smiling.
Scene III

Coyote closed the door as Raven took off his black jacket and laid it across the arm of a wooden rocking chair.

The four men stood look at each other for a moment.

Coyote said, “It’s time Paekea.”

A few more moments passed in silence and then he said, “Maui, can you get Paekea packed up?”
“Sure can,” replied Maui.

Paekea stood motionless, all of everything feeling rather familiar though not quite a repetition.

Scene IV

Maui placed a woven blanket, some grain, a young pig, a pitcher of water and a cooking pan inside a round grass basket and closed the lid.

When he handed it to Paekea the basket became small enough to fit inside his tunic comfortably.

They set off, crossing the plains and eventually the Rocky Mountains. After a span of rocky canyons and high desert they reached the Cascade mountain range and rested with Coyote’s and Raven’s elders.

Together they were treated to many feasts of wild rice, smoked salmon and bear berries in the tribe’s longhouse.

The sage and cedar smoke began to mingle inside Paekea.

His dreams opened- familiar feelings with new faces and flavors.

One cool night, Maui came to Paekea’s bedside. “It is time again brother.”
All four left the hall quietly and traveled onward into the night, on through the rising sun and into the sunset.

They paused to make camp on the coast and Raven served dried salmon the tribe had given them.

They slept by the sea
and Paekea had peaceful sleep,
like he had not had in many moons. He slept fully, like a baby in the arms of the sea who whispered to him of whales and other songs.

The following morning he sat with another elder brother in the southern coastal mountains. The clouds rose over the rippling folds of mountain and made mist in the Redwood forests.

Monkey and Coyote were happy to see each other. The clapped each other on the back and shared a hearty hug. When Coyote introduced Paekea, Monkey smiled at the formality and said, "It is always nice to see you again brother," and he offered his own seat which grew, expanding so that all four could sit comfortably.

As Paekea looked at Monkey seated across from him, he noticed a small metal needle tucked behind his ear. "You needn't mind my cudgel, said Monkey casually. "It was a gift of the King of the Dragon Palace of the Eastern Ocean, though I doubt I'll need it during your stay."

Raven snickered. Monkey beamed at him with a wide smile. "What?"

"Have any Peaches about?"

Maui, Coyote and Raven fell back rolling on the carpet with laughter. "Not since I returned from the West,(2)" replied Monkey with complete composure and sending a wink to Paekea.

When they had stopped laughing Maui said," Tell Peakea about water curtain cave mate, and the teachings of Mind Heart Mountain. He is in search of the way."
Monkey smiled softly and Peakea saw the bliss of peace in his eyes.

Monkey gave physical form a shape
as the spirit wind blew through him.
Vayu and Hanuman knelt before Sita and Ram in his heart.
Tantric spice winds from Fiji and India swirled
through the Taoist Mountains of China,
and blew gently on the fortunately round bellies of countless luck Buddha’s of merchants shops
across Southeast Asia and the Polynesian and Indonesian islands.
On the High plateau a Bodhisattvas vow of compassion traveled along the Silk Road
riding the internally chanted mantras of a renunciate yogi
whose skin was dusted with the ash of Shiva.
and Purusha (3b) and Prakriti (3a) fluctuate in the play of God.

With Monkey Peakea learned to breathe the breath of peaceful mind. He also studied the other
old ways with Coyote, Raven and Maui. In time he developed his own illusion slicing sword of
knowledge.

( At which point is it learning, remembering or being?
Unconcerned with trivial compartmentalizations,
Peakea’s Jedi experiences in the company of the immortals opened him to himself
and he felt the flow within and without him.

With powers that were not new, rather - freshly remembered
he took one leap from the mountains top and landed on the coast.

Entering the water Maui became a whale and they swam
together
and when they were ready
they cast their hook
and brought up an Island, and another and another.
Post Script

"And that's how it happened, Welcome to the World," said smiling Coyote.
Raven nodded in agreement.
"And if you disagree, we agree.
He was born over there, and over here
    And other places too-
        lots of times."
The greatest offering of respect is to invite someone into your home and family. (Nationally, locally, culturally, traditionally and otherwise.)
*This includes inviting relatives into creation stories.

Salutations and honorable offerings to family and ancestors far and near.

Honorable mentions include *Once Were Warriors*, Nanao Sakaki’s collections of poems *Let’s Eat Stars* and *Break the Mirror* and Konai Helu Thamen’s *Decolonizing Pacific Studies: Indigenous Perspectives, Knowledge, and Wisdom in Higher Education*

This work is an homage to great swirl of nations, people and cultures that have swirled through the ages to bring fourth the Contemporary Pacific and the warriors we all once were, are still are, for better or for worse.

And, for the sake of Decolonizing Higher Education to include a variety of Indigenous Perspectives.

This work is an eagle father, a tobacco bundle and a bear claw given in honor

The Treaty of Waitangi and the goal of Equality
Page 7 footnote (2) *Monkey: A Journey to the West*. The classic Chinese tale of pilgrimage and adventure Retold by David Kherdian.

(Also considered with this text are themes gathered from:
*The Raven Steals the Light* by Bill Reid & Robert Bringhurst
*The Telling of the World: Native American Stories and Art* edited by W.S. Penn
*The Whale Rider* by Witi Ihimaera
*Whatu Moana* edited by Albert Wendt, Reina Whaitiri and Robert Sullivan.)

Page 7 footnote- (3b) *Prakriti* may be translated from Sanskrit as physical matter and (3a) *Purusha* is the cosmic life force that animates it. Thus according to *Vedic Philosophy* it is from the play of the two that all life manifests and is given form.

Page 3 (*1 a & b)*-

In his school science class a discussion of global warming opened.
All the perspectives huddled around science.

Peakea suggested that the group was only considering the views of science. They paused momentarily, stared at him blankly, and then continued to prattle at each other academically josting with their theories.
Scientific theories built on theories
when repeated long enough become facts.

"The process of the warming is so small in the long span of the years in which the Earth has evolved through in order to give rise to these current conditions. Therefore, we need not be alarmed."

Peakea suggested that carbon dating is built upon theory, and that a human has yet to actually live the half live of some of the elements essential to the formulation of carbon dating theory. Therefore, how can people be certain the theory is solid?

However, no counter to science could be justified. The cult of science had cemented its hold on their minds. Perhaps Peakea’s suggestion of the creative union of Earth and Sky as the parents of all life would wait for another day.

In math, Peakea rearranged his numbers.
The citizens of pre-Columbus America + a few European ships and a strong continental colonization effort = Christian domination of the once tribal lands of Turtle Island.
Therefore subtracting of equality among man, bird and beast at play in the fields of the lord.
Smelting steel to the tenth power divided by the square root of mined coal multiplied by steam power, railroads, electricity and light harnessed in wire and glass equals Capitalist credit lenders owning the land and leasing it to each other in exchange for the wages earned from slave labor.

"That's not the product we're looking for today," replied his teacher.
Warning

This paper is flammable at high temperatures; however its message is not. All symbols, structures, indentations, punctuations and manipulations of phrases likened to sentences are to be considered as is and have been purposefully patterned to convey meaning. MLA format has been both applied and disregarded intentionally to invite the reader to read in, outside, around and through their familiar treasury of held meanings in order to consider knowledge as a non-static fluctuating, living entity that is not handed down, but rather, created between people. This text may be cancerous towards colonial ideologies both recognized and unconsciously held and was written in English as a language second to experience, by an Earthcub residing on Turtle Island in the Christian Calendar’s year 2006.

“Survival is imagination, a verbal noun, a transitive word…”

-Gerald Vizenor