

Steve Winduo

OUVEA

Remember, the blue hole in Ouvea
Where turtles are venerated
No one knows how they got there
Remember the mulberry fruit
No one knows how it got there
Remember the long atoll in Melanesia
No one knows how it began
Remember the Kanaky hospitality
No one knows why it is like that

But remember the Ouvea massacre
We all remember that history
But remember the penal colony
We know how it started on our islands
But remember the nickle mining
It shaved off the island landscapes

Remember the rough seas between the islands
It was once calm and serene.

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