



THUR 16.01.14 - WED 22.01.14

The word is your oyster

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WANAKA SUN

Wanaka's inaugural Outspoken Festival of Words and Storytelling began this week with three performances by QSM recipient Sam Hunt (pictured) – arguably New Zealand's most popular poet.

"You might think he would be resting on his laurels but he's still writing new material," festival organiser and local poet Liz Breslin said. "It was an amazing show." A favourite with the crowd was 'Hey, Minstrel' – a poem Sam wrote when his old sheepdog died. "It's very much a road-song written on the banks of the Hutt River." Sam said he liked the image; "the odd driver toots, spots a man without a dog" and remembered the last photo taken of Minstrel. "He's looking straight at the camera and he's so old, his muzzle's so white it looks like he's had his snout in a bucket of flour. All you can see are those lovely old eyes looking out."

The six-week festival is the brainchild of local businessman and sponsor Luc Bohyn, with Julia Le as development manager and Liz doing artist liaison. They hope it will become an annual event on the Wanaka calendar. Liz is performing next Tuesday, along with Dunedin poet Sue Wootton, who is also taking a workshop the



PHOTO: SIMON DARBY

next day.

Other performers coming to town include the South Auckland Poets Collective, Mark Raffills, John Carr, the Lyttleton Poets, Ali Jacs and Tourettes. There will also be a special local poets' night. Performers will include high school student Kasper Humphry who was in the audience at Sam Hunt's performance. "It was a great moment when Sam acknowledged

Kasper from the stage," audience member Laura Williamson said. "He was supporting a young writer and serving as a role model, showing what a poet can be."

Outspoken will include performances in schools and the library. Organisers hope everyone in Wanaka will attend at least one performance during the festival, which finishes on February 18.

Tell me what

(by Sam Hunt)

Tell me what I don't know –
not what I know now
or what I'll know tomorrow.
Tell me something new,
a story that will blow
this steady head apart.
Maybe that's about where
the best stories start:
or you could go on, and on,
talking of the morning after:
the storm, the break up at sea.
And all of it gone,
gone down deep
where no one should go –
gone as that! . . . Tell me
what I won't know tomorrow.