Thumbprints

Mum left Sāmoa in 1952. Toʻono drove her to the harbour in a jeep abandoned by American marines.

I have a sepia photo of that day – everything's the colour of spilled coffee, though Mum had black hair and green eyes.

She was nineteen, so excited. She wore a white Pālagi frock, leis around her neck. Her mother cried when the *Matua* tipped over the horizon.

Her father refused to wave goodbye – incarcerated for ten years in Aotearoa before he had a single grey hair.

The first time on Motuihe Island, the second on Matiu because his father was German.

Mum arrived in Auckland on a hazy autumn morning with a letter of introduction from the family priest, an empty stomach, wobbly legs.

At the police station, she gave her thumbprint and was issued with an identification booklet, to be carried at all times.

There are strict rules about what you can and cannot do, the officer says. According to New Zealand law, you are an alien.

Serie Barford



Thumbprints

by Serie Barford

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His father, a German architect.

22

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LEVEL

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