

The World's Slowest Kick

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Like the world's slowest punch
and the even more widely-discussed

world's slowest headbutt
we watch as if it were a scene

playing out on the aircraft
in our very row, or the

supermarket queue
a parent leaning to hiss

a single word into the ear
of the child beside.

Or we watch it as we would
a hovering hummingbird

above an open palm
flicking in and out

its honey-eating tongue

its wings a barely-felt

breeze, a green gift to us
from time and the sweet

ache of physics.
This slowest of all

kicks will, we know
land against the mass

of the human body –
un-upholstered at the time

we hope because we want
the kick to shout its pain

into the target's soft
groin, yes deep

in the cunt, the cult
and the slower

the better, you know
because we want them to last

those moments of kick
those hours, the decades

when kick is not yet landed but
is freeing its beautiful process

becoming and creating itself
gaining such momentum

that by the time it lands it
will hardly recognise itself

as anything but the launch,
the cackle, then the fracture.

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