

Now or Dohore – Snapping the Moment

Perspective | Reflections



Now or Dohore - Snapping the Moment Perspective

Sometimes the difference between carrying a moment forward and losing it altogether is simply choosing *now* instead of *dohore*.

I was sitting there quietly, admiring the aircraft I was about to board - Air Niugini.

There's something about seeing that plane overseas. It brings an immediate sense of reassurance. You're going home. There's pride in it too, though it's hard to explain. It's that quiet feeling that says: this journey leads back to where you belong.

Just as I was about to take a photo, a Solomon Airlines aircraft landed in the background and drifted into the frame. It caught me off guard. A surreal moment. I took the first shot.

Then, almost teasingly, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that unmistakable "tattoo-like" design of Fiji Airways moving toward Air Niugini. I waited. I didn't rush it.

When all three aircraft finally aligned in the centre of the frame, I pressed the shutter - capturing one of my most memorable images. Three Melanesian birds, together in a single moment.

Three Pacific carriers, side by side in motion, briefly sharing the same stretch of tarmac. It wasn't planned. It wasn't announced. It simply happened.

Instinct took over. I captured it.

And just as quickly as it appeared, it was gone. Different taxiways. Different destinations. Different timelines. The alignment dissolved.

That moment reminded me of a Motuan word I've thought about often over the years.

Dohore.

In the Motuan way of life, *dohore* simply means "later", a way of saying something will be done at another time. On its own, the word isn't negative. It recognises that not everything must happen immediately.

But over time, *dohore* has taken on a different meaning in everyday use. Today, it's often used as *do it later* in a way that quietly excuses inaction. Later becomes indefinite. And indefinite often becomes never.

That's where *dohore* becomes counterproductive.

Because some moments don't allow later.

They don't wait. They don't return. They exist briefly: at the intersection of timing, awareness, and presence and then they move on.

Had I told myself *dohore* on that runway, had I waited, looked away, or assumed there would be another chance, that image would exist only in memory, not in record.

Life offers us many moments like this. Not loud or dramatic ones, but quiet alignments that ask us to decide: now, or *dohore*.

Sometimes, later really does mean never.

Sometimes the difference between carrying a moment forward and losing it altogether is simply choosing *now* instead of *dohore*.

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