

**In memory of: Hone Tuwhare**

They have taken you from the swamp, in words  
That slide to page your grand-parented chiseled walls.

The cold kleptomaniacs  
With envious eyes of plums, pelican-bagged, done.

Raging river-stones hiss and sigh  
As I step between them

I have lined your verse in crisp cotton.  
Down to sea level there is something between us.

You are here, the silent giant clothed in your best.  
I see your black trailing cloak, it's humming a mournful tune.

At the head, old dears deliver their stately welcome and retire.  
The punctuated sea is tailored for the scene.

The potato bulbed, plausible winter flowers are yellow with love  
While madam death is waiting in the wings  
Her red mouth wide open.

**Tania Hinehou Butcher**