

Dear Hone

When first we met
at Heemi's tangi
you danced your words
commanding stillness with your strutted steps
a speech prepared
imprisoned in a fisted grip
calling with a fragranced voice
in love
for your be-Christed brother

Then next we met in Birkenhead
the bar of public trust it was
and there in DB jugs
your sparkling words kept many 7s filled

But before all this
you sparked my need in unbombed Slough
where words coined quick on factory floors
kept seeking rhyme and form
still do
in seeking sense in absence

Hone
now here at Te Kotahitanga

now all this comes back
comes here with me
where priests all four no doubt well meant
parade the words as Marsden's mokopuna
not yours

Outside
between two posts
a gate
on muddy ground we waited
Ted my mate and me
to hear a karanga
but waved inside with quiet hands
unvoiced
we walked a stranger's walk towards your lying place
to speak a reason for standing at your feet

Hone
your bones will not be burned
but buried somewhere near
and I see you now so shrunk
closed eyes and lips once bubbling
fat and warm
now thinned
your sexy sauce sucked out

Hone
the irreverency once so rolling easy
off your tongue
is quiet now
as whanau claim the day
no songs of joy
just *Great Thou Art*

not you but Him
no gay abandon waking up a pleasure stroke
of early morning hardons
no salivation here from Vulva's lips
in the psalm we sung for you
though rod and staff might comfort still

And
in between behind all this
I heard the breaking waves
and sloosh of sliding tide
across the pipi banks and clustered toheroa
along your pathway North
on Te Oneroa-a-Tohe

You did stop off
I know
to feast on salty flesh again

E hoa
your friends sang praises
in the Scottish town
and saw you off they did
re-collecting moistened lips and laughter eyes

So
how come now E hoa
you shrink so much now here with me
in Heke's kumara patch
where so much was and so little now remains?

Or do your bones
your visage now indrawn

remind all those you leave
to simply slide our tongues
across some shellfish meat
for what can there be more wonder full
you told us
or in the end complete

Lest We Forget

Hone's songs yet sing to me
calling in a slowslide stroke
between our Summer sheets
across your morning slopes
so soft
to peaked-up nipples
while you lie and slide
and a censor wafts
all spiced with warm and cuntish wet
so soft across my cheek
to steer my morning grope
just so
as tiny moans
no
little cries
give pulse to tiny bumps from silky rumps
and
as the Old Guy cried
Yeaaaooohiih!

William Farrimond

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