

from homage to Hone

I
need my
cheeky rogues
to show the way,
prophets of pleasure
to hell with convention,
their whims run wild; no
looking before leaping but
laughing as life is lived and
eloquently cried over
shameless,
blameless,
Hone tells me

**“Grown men can jump in puddles too, so take out the should not’s with the meat, swallow
the why not’s have some heat, man, it’s only you that stops you from being you and no one
else but you”**

Mediocrity
under lock and key?
tucked in shirt dared not flirt
trapped and snared hoped nor cared
half a man half a life?
not on your Hone!
Full on, tane!
Tuwhare!

Steve Lang
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