

**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**  
August 2008