

Hone Tuwhare: a personal memoir

E hoa, you have gone to the place beyond
that tug-of-war which was your life: that
struggle between North and South which
even continued after you were laid to rest.

But it was always like that with you: they
wanted you there while you were elsewhere.
Both of us, we were different kinds of poets,
Railway Workers first, comrades, drinkers

This koha o ngā kupu ki aroha is from
the centre: where the break in the rail
lies. Paekakariki means Baxter whānau,

Campbell, Glover and a hundred others
who hear the magic whispers of sensual
kai-words, knowing it is ata-kahurangi in flight

Michael O'Leary

Paekakariki, Waitangi Day 2008