

With Respects Mr Tuwhare

At Kākā Point

a parrot shrieks the dawn;
Mr Tuwhare is it too much
to ask that you pass
your mantle of words
to one such as me?

Many a night I've raced the sun
with words flowing
from my heart to my gut to my pen
and then rested and raced it again.

These days the words are smooth
not as roughshod
as the early days
more like a shot of whisky
on a sunny day.

Oh the dues I've paid
and still pay
and the day only promises
lines in a magazine
to satisfy my insatiable thirst
you see I am an alcoholic of verse.

Presently the night shall give way

like it always does
as a lover parting her thighs
to welcome the sun
and I shall wonder as I always do
just what I've done
to earn the privilege
of telling stories to the land
with my head in the water
and my feet on the sand
learning a trick many have failed to master
standing upright here
no longer a legend in my own mind
but a man born for this time.

Simon Williamson