

**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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