

*for Hone Tuwhare*

A sign on the blistered door reads

*E hoa, please don't disturb me!*

There is only the sound of surf

and flax-bush rustling darkly.

The scene is sepia – the dry-as-bone

tones of South Otago.

Only the cold moves – blue

fingers numbed by ocean.

Nothing stirs without, within

but sudden shifts of the wind.

The voice of the Point speaks in

vowels of iron, consonants of rain.

Under lamplight fishermen strive

to mend the nets before the tide.

They vow the ties will hold

though seas revolve to rend them.

Nearby stands the empty crib

a note still flapping in the wind