Patches Hide No Scars  
  
They bear patches  
On their jackets  
Hiding scars and wounds  
Finding their own  
Direction, discipline  
Orders

How do we prosecute  
Those already punished  
How do we fine  
Those lost in the streets  
Of no direction

How do we heal  
Those slashed  
In the flesh  
When they are  
Slashed in the spirit

To a fish in the sea  
To a bird in the sky  
To a deer in the forest  
All men are dangerous,  
Brutes, intruders,  
Vagrants

Gone the steady  
Roar of the sea  
The echo of hills  
The voice of the elder  
Invoking the ancestors  
Rebuking the young

The tracks that cling  
To the hillside  
Where barefooted  
They walked out  
And rode away  
On bikes

Gone  
The tohunga  
Who healed from within  
With his remedy of aroha

Gone  
Their boots  
Their jackets  
No longer hide  
Their scars