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