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## In Silence

do you remember  
that walk  
without touching  
each other

in silence  
we moved  
in and out  
of each other's  
thoughts  
they trickled  
into shadows  
of the familiar  
spilled across  
our path  
created new and  
daring patterns  
at Koke'e

e ho'omau i ka pono  
e ho'omau i ka pono

we tip-toed over  
fallen koa leaves  
careful not to break them  
or to shap  
their resolve  
to nourish  
the warriors  
men and women  
yet to come

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e ho'omau i ka pono  
e ho'omau i ka pono

without touching  
each other  
in silence  
we hoped not  
to leave  
spoken traces  
of having been  
there but  
the steamy mist  
of our breath  
suspended  
in cold air  
had the scent  
of the passion

e ho'omau i ka pono  
e ho'omau i ka pono

without touching us  
in silence  
the winter owl  
at first followed us  
then she preceded us  
she knew where  
seeds of new love  
in silence  
had to lead us

e ho'omau i ka pono  
e ho'omau i ka pono

without touching us  
in silence

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she was always  
ahead of us  
waiting  
on the branch  
of a tree

the one to the east  
the west  
the one to the north  
the south

the same one  
always  
reaching out  
pointing  
the way

without touching  
each other  
in silence  
the sound of  
rebirth found  
above an ocean  
was told on a  
mountain  
where a branch  
on a tree  
pointed to  
the stars

e ho'omau i ka pono  
e ho'omau i ka pono

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## By the Light of the Silvery Moon

west of the slopes of Pu`owaina  
at this hill of sacrifice  
for the common good  
the last few rays at sunset  
shimmered dimly  
its reds deepening  
into dark purples

to Crazy Old Bette they  
were but a large, menacing  
silver moon rising in  
its own glaring metallic arc

she knocked on the door  
yelled above the din  
of the interstate highway  
eight stories below

the man on the hang glider  
he is pedaling so fast  
evil black shapes  
against that huge silver moon  
can't I see him, too?  
he is going to kill someone  
this is not right

I want to use your phone  
dial 911 for me please  
she held the phone to her ear  
line is busy she said  
she went back to the walkway  
can't you see?  
this is not right

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by the light of the silvery moon  
in her apartment  
windows open  
curtains parted  
she dances a graceful hula  
her nude body glistens  
beads of sweat on mocha skin  
long, large breasts  
sway in counterpoint  
to her kaholo to the right  
to her kaholo to the left

locked in her parallel universe  
she knows she is  
a goddess of fertility  
defending the right of passage  
of a new life  
on a horizon  
which at the dark of night harkens  
the arrival of our  
`aumakua, our guardian spirits  
who will now watch over her

sweet dreams, Crazy Old Bette  
sweet dreams

*Crazy Old Bette is dear to my heart .. We all love her. She is 69. Hawaiian.*

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## Alzheimer's Secretary

She walks  
The vast halls  
Of memory  
Along its flanks  
Cubicles hold  
Memos, which are sent to  
The Department of  
Unquenched Thoughts

In anticipation  
Some ideas gather at  
A water cooler  
Wait for her arrival  
Wonder if she will  
Recognize anyone  
Today

*Lillian, 78, was the office worker in a sugar cane plant, Japanese descent. Sweetest smile ever.*

## James

James the ex con  
suffered angrily  
sat in his wheel chair  
restlessly turned it  
here and there  
emaciated hand  
plying the turns  
in defiant jerks

he despised his cancer  
he talked about it  
.... and god  
prison tattoos  
his home made  
black etchings  
futile macho yearnings  
drawn deeply into his skin

hanging in  
crooked curtains  
sagging skin  
that defined  
the outlines of  
his skeleton  
were the poem  
of his life

he was one of us  
one of ka 'iwi maoli  
the bones of the blood  
of who we are

his other anger

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sent him to prison  
out of work  
no kuleana to call his own  
his father had said at  
statehood  
we are no longer  
hawaiian  
manhood denied

railing into his dark night  
I was told  
he died in the grasp of his rage

there is no mele aloha for James  
we gather near  
a black and gray rainbow  
our tears and sorrow  
find it impossible  
to bridge the divide  
to a better world

James, 28. Hawaiian.

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## Like the Ink that Swims

like the ink of the kukui  
that swims away from  
the touch  
of a hala brush  
on a moonlit  
piece of white kapa  
my thoughts swirl into  
their own  
deep black ocean

they begin to paint  
an image of a taro leaf  
large enough to shield  
one from the rain

the lines move  
along the outline of a single  
heart shaped  
leaf taking up a whole  
page of thought

it expands to hold  
more and more leaves  
rows and rows  
so carefully planted

still in black and white  
a garden called a lo'i,  
a taro patch, emerges  
carefully drawn  
each curve of the idea  
follows the contours  
of leaf to stem

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stem to tuber  
rooted in its  
own watery earth

that is when I see her  
the old hawaiian  
woman of the valley

she sits in that  
same old kitchen chair  
the one with chrome legs  
the plastic upholstery  
cracked and broken

here and there  
tufts of padding  
seek their release

still in black and white  
the lines on her face  
reveal a zig zag map of  
well traveled trails  
in this valley

her hair now pure white  
a tumbled heap upon her head  
a single stick fastens it  
securely in place

she cradles the middle  
of a leaf in her hand  
leans to kiss it softly  
in a little old lady soprano  
weak, soft and faint  
she starts to sing to it

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e ka lu'au taro  
e ulu e ulu  
i ke aloha a ke akua  
e ulu e ulu

o, you leaf of taro  
o, grow, grow  
with the love of god  
o, inspire, inspire

e ka lu'au taro  
e ulu e ulu  
i ke aloha a ke akua  
e ulu e ulu

living her ancient traditions  
as if they were more real  
than life she sings for a long time

her song echoes  
in the valley  
its notes touch  
the cliffs, then return

the black and white  
splash into  
a sea of bright green taro  
leaves a forest of deep  
and deeper green still

in perfect rhythm to her music  
they are dancing to her hula  
in a gentle breeze that caresses  
an old woman's face

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## Noah's Clambake

*(sometimes a poem happens in chat, maybe)*

some think the ark is in Iran

Yaa

they found clams on the crest of a mountain  
now trying to figure out how they got there

Noah was a clam baker

he din invite us !! I am hurt..

He only had 2

oh right ... welllll, there are two of us...

We don't have directions to his Yacht

he coulda tp'd us

Yaa

lol

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## When Stones Speak, a Spirit Journey

when stones speak  
she can hear them  
they call for her  
to listen  
they speak to  
that place deep  
within her being  
she knows which  
one to take with her  
she says her pule mahalo

there are no words  
for the stones  
or pictures  
of the ordinary  
rather there are visions  
of tiny craters  
on the surfaces  
a stone to be held  
in the hand of the mind  
she listens to  
her friend in his pain  
she instructs him  
to place the next word  
into one of the little  
spaces just so

until he has placed  
it properly  
the stone cannot  
be taken to the sea  
or be given a chant  
or be tossed into

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the healing waters

at the edge  
of the place to take  
them

in the center  
of the tidal pool  
there is  
a gentle  
turning of water  
almost a whirlpool  
it moves  
ever so slowly

a small crab  
walks patiently  
along the rocks

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## From a Wheelchair, Long Leaves of Memory

I wear the long leaves  
of memory  
I watch the white sea  
birds from high  
on my cliff  
they are across the way  
darting to and fro  
above their island  
cliff in the bay  
so playful they are  
even when fishing

I see flashes of silver  
in their beaks  
they are the koa'e kea  
the white sea birds  
who fly high  
and higher still

I touch my knee  
long leaves of memory  
rustle in answer  
to my quest  
the winds answers  
and plays too

we are  
above our ocean  
waves touch  
our rocks below  
leave gentle foam curtains  
in their wake  
a memory

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restless to speak  
once again  
it stirs sleepily  
out of its slumber

smell of oceans  
sound of birds  
sound of waves  
smell of leaves

kani o ke kai  
kani o ka manu  
kani o ka nalu  
kani o ka lau

smell of oceans  
sound of birds  
sound of waves  
smell of leaves

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the touch  
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