Ka Nani

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K A N A I
**Special Place**

Moon’s reflection off the endless bay.
With foam and bubbles, its elusian chardonnay.
Avalanching water dashing down the falls.
A refreshing mist omits, a sea bird cries out her calls.
Paradise found, but still lost is this place.

Leaves of Lau Hala shelters our head.
The catch in the sea, waiting to be feed.
The star lit sky, blankets the night.
Light drizzles that fall, our lantern blazing bright.
Paradise found, but still lost is this place.

---

**What Does My Future Hold**

I fear the future and what it may bring.
I fear the past and what truths it holds.
I fear not knowing the answer to certain simple questions.
I fear people and the things they might say.
I fear going places that I cannot come back from.
I fear reading things I cannot understand.
I fear choices I make will turn my life upside down.
I fear the little stupid things in life.
Fear runs my life and makes me jump through hoops.
There is no running from my fears because My fears are what make me an individual set apart from the rest.
I am different I know that now
I see people with no cares in the world.
They have no fears and no second thoughts.
I have many because I feel different.
I am not from here and feel like I don’t belong anywhere.
Tell me I have nothing to fear!

---

keith yamase

---

linda lu
Small Kine Time

Ho, ‘membra wen we was small kine time?
Neva had da kine, Pokemon an’ Supa Nintendo
Only had like Atari system back den
An’ baseball cards was mo’ popula’ den now
Was mo’ simple, us kids back den
Nowadays I dunno how today kids gon’ turn out
I stay choke worried fo’ wen I like have babies
Nowadays kine kids stay smoking & drinking
Even do da kine drugs, like pot & shit ti’ dat
Last week one fuckin’ kid wen swear at me
One lil’ 10 year old punk, I no lie!
I was so piss off, I almost wen punch his face
But I neva, bumbai he go cry an’ I get big kine trouble
But dat kine really make you tick eh?
I tell you, not so good nowadays
Not li’ how was back den
Wen we was kids, neva do dat kine bad stuff

...and
Tranquility
helen abe

We jus’ wen have fun
You know, li’ go fo’ bike ride, go beach
Or try fo’ make trouble to da girls down da street
We wen’ have good fun, neva cause problems kine fun
I stay wondering why things stay li’ de’ do now?
Mabbe da kine parents not so good nowadays
No teach da kids how fo’ stay honest kine
But nah, get some good parents
An’ da kids still stay not so good
Mabbe da world jus’ stay different now
Mo’ not so innocent kine now
Wen I think ‘bout that, make me all sad kine
An’ I get choke angry too, at da world fo’ changing
I li’ ask god why he went let ‘um change
Why he neva wen keep um da same
Why no things ken be li’ before
When we was small kine time?

Peace...

helen abe
Potion

Your voice is the music
my heart longs to hear
without you I feel sick
closer to you my senses do clear.
I savor so slowly your sweet embrace
the way you hypnotize me to come close,
and the sting of your kiss upon my face
of all entities on earth, it is you who I love most.
By dark of night and bright of day
your presence is the essence of my life
far from you I shall never stray
because it is with you I will always play.

0 potion, intoxicating Ocean
Drawing me nearer, drunken with potion.

nico schniter

Wave Series
yuta yasuhara
Mark Foo

Here I paddle
with thy courage in my heart,
with my mind in focus,
and with my soul in harmony.

Here I pray
that my God will guide my way,
that life will still be of me
after this day.

Here I stand
atop a steep, falling blue crystal mountain
with the whole world below & before me,
with my body and board as One.

Here I go
down the steep smooth mountain,
into the deep closing mouth of the
blue roaring beast.

“God of mine please speed my way…”

Kevin Akiyama

Keeping it Cool...

I have snaked
some slippas
dat was in
da bushes
next to da beach
for which
you probably
hid and saved
to hele back
to your kar.

E kala mai e
sista surfa
the ground was burning hot brah,
da sun was out bright and shining dat day,
and so was your spakaling, yellow, hot
flowa slippas
sticking out from da bushes.

Kevin Akiyama
I WILL GET THERE

I close my eyes
graphic designs and color of the rainbow
darkroom and chemicals
folding boards and boxes

I close my eyes
dolphins and stars
cold wind and rain
antique furniture and light fixtures
melrose avenue and santa monica
xtc, mass, hokama
red block too

I close my eyes
moonlit beach and purple sand
no fire and marshmallows
but even better
one fire and two hearts to share it

I close my eyes
butterflies galore
hearts endlessly floating in air
mulberry and vanilla
beats and rhythm

I close my eyes
when our love got lost
you said
i am as constant as the northern star

I close my eyes
on los angeles
with your face
sketched on it twice
on
the memories are here and now

I close my eyes
and i dream about you
i close my eyes
i can almost feel you in my arms again.

jamie kunisaki
Da Wild Buggah

You eva wen go one supamarket or somelin' li dat an needed one wagan fo shop? An outta all of dem buggahs dat stay sittin' outside, you gotta pick da one dat make da most racket? Anywayz, dis wen happen to me plenny times, but one time I wen get one double whammie.

I wuz wit my maddah, faddah an my younga sistah wen we wen stop fo go pick up some tings dat wuz on sale at Longs. Grabbin' da wagon from de middle of da bunch, I wen push 'em into da store. As soon as da sucka wen lay da wheels on da tile floor, I knew I had one junk wagan. Dat's da kine dat make so much noise, can hea you all da way from China no makhaw wat. An gotta be me fo land up wit da one dat also pull to da right no makhaw how hard you try fo steer 'em straight. Two tings wuz wrong wit my wagan!

Gunnfunnit! I muthahed unda my breath, but by den, it wuz too late. I wuz too shame fo turn around an go get one nodda one. You know how it is, once you got da momen-tum, you no like turn around an look like one fool. So I kept on goin', weavin' down one aisle afta one nodda, tryin' hard fo keep da wagon on my side of da aisle.

Man! I tell you, da wagon had one mind of its own! Da wagon wanned to go all ova da place like one ansy kindergartener who no can sit. He wanned fo kiss da adda people's wagans wen I wen pass by dem. An if dat wuzn't nuff, wen we went down da cereal aisle, he wanned fo mingle wit Captain Crunch an Tony da Tiger. They're Gre-e-e-a-t! I almost wen knock Snap, Crackle an Pop off da shelves!

Some buggahs stay lookin' at me like I owe dem money or somethin' an addas tinkin' I wuz one crazy wahine who cannot drive fo beans. Like I wanned fo bang dem down wit my wagan. Da adda old buggahs wuz starin' at me like I wuz disturbing da peace. Sheesh! Wuzn't me! Wuz my wagan who wuz making all da noise. Blame him, no blame me. Wat's da makhaw wit dem?

Wen my maddah wen put stuff in da wagan, da sucka wen get more harda fo control. I had fo push more fo get 'em to move an go whea my ohana stay, but wuz dat much more harda fo stop da buggah.

Wit my luck, had one fat haole ladie blockin' da nex aisle. Man, her okole wuz widda den da wagan! Lookin' at da small puka she left fo addas fo pass, dea wuz no way I wuz goin' fit. So I told her fo move on da side, but of course in one nicer way. She wen turn fo look at me an den wen move ova. But wuzn't nuff. I link she wen move one inch. She expect me fo fit thru dat? I don't tink so. So I wen ask again an dis time she wen give me one slink eye. Whooa! Da nerve! Wuzn't my fault my wagan neva like fit pass da fat cow.

No get me wrong an link I get one grudge on fat
bugghs or cows cuz I no more. I not pickin’ on haoles either, cuz I like some haole guyz an’ link they sooo cute. So dal’s not why I neva like her. I just no like da kine dal no show aloha. C’mon, Dis Hawai. Whea da aloha spirit?

Wen I wuz down da toothpaste aisle, whea tings smell good, I wen spak my wagan’s braddah. He wuz wit one ladie who wuz in her twenties, young sistah, I tell you. Wen we saw each adda, we wen smile cuz we boat wuz unlucky wahines pushin’ broken kine wagans.

I neva say notting, but I knew she wuz comin’ round before her face wen even appea. Dal’s wat I mean. Everyone just knows whea you stay. It’s like da wagan get its own music. Reminds me of da manapua man who go round early in da morning in da neighborhood playing dat loud music. You know he goin’ come down your street pretty soon cuz of dat noise. I mean, only da whole world knows whea he stay. But dal’s one whole noddal story fo nex time.

So just rememba. Learn from me an’ no get stuck wit da broken kine wagan. Test ‘em out on da sidewalk an’ change ‘em right dea before you go in.Unless you da kine who like feel like one movie star whea everyone stay lookin’ at you while you stay tryin’ fo shop.

sherie lynn char

Kung Fu Moon
joe tomita
In An Instant

Writing.

I have an online journal. I know you read it, I can tell you things there without actually telling you. I write. You read. It's all off my chest, and I don't have to speak. It's beautiful. But is it?

It's funny ... as I write this journal, I always know in the back of my mind that some of the people I write about here will read this. And because of this, I tend to censor myself. I don't want to tell the world what I can't tell the individual person to his or her face. *sigh* It's an awkward situation. I want to bear my soul, yet I don't want to offend others. I want to talk about the relationships in my life-- both friendship and romantic-- yet I don't want to say something here and have it come as a complete shock to the people involved. I know I should talk to these people, but I have such a hard time putting my thoughts into words. I always say the wrong thing and hurt people. I hate hurting people.

I think the whole glory of writing lies in the fact that it forces us out of ourselves and into the lives of others.
--Sherwood Anderson

When I write, I can say anything I want-- to you, about you. You read it, but I don't see you. I don't know. Your thoughts. Your feelings. Are you hurt? Have you rejected me? I don't know. Pure bliss. I remain sheltered in the cave of my heart. I don't get hurt.

Aquarius February 5, 1999
You find more clarity when you say how you feel out loud and give voice to what's inside of you.

Why can't I talk to you?

I'm afraid you won't like me when you find out who I really am. What I really think. How I feel. So I write. I write to you. I write to myself. I write to you through myself. On paper you can't hate me. You can't reject me. I can't hear you. You are not real. And I can still get it all out of my head. I don't have to go crazy inside.

I don't know if you've read my Journal today or not. If you have, some of what I was saying there pertains to you. I guess it's easier for me to write this rather than say it. I guess writing is easier for me. There's just so much I want to tell you, but I'm afraid, ashamed, shy, or all the above. I guess sometimes I'm scared you don't
like talking about serious subjects, so I keep my mouth shut. I don't even know where to begin. I know I've told you some stuff about me, but I'm so afraid to tell you everything, I'm afraid you'll reject me or I won't know how to say what I think or feel.

I write about myself. And I write about you. I change names so perhaps you won't recognize yourself. I write to get my thoughts into some meaningful order. Only then can I understand what's going on inside me. Only then can I show you.

Communication is something so simple and difficult that we can never put it in simple words. -- TS Matthews

I write to communicate with you. With myself. I write to tell us both how I feel and what I think. When I sit down to write, pages upon pages flow from my pen. Sometimes I cry. Sometimes I laugh. Sometimes I scream. My feelings are brought to life on the page. They can no longer hide in the darkness within. They must be felt and understood. By whom? Myself. You? Can you? Will you ever understand who I am? Do I want you to?

Yes. Otherwise I wouldn't write it down, the words glaring at us for all eternity.

**********

Why do I write? A lot of it is because I feel more open and can be more honest on the page. I have no immediate audience but myself. I can write anything, think anything, feel anything ... and I am the only one who knows. Sure, someone reads it later, but I don't have to see them reading it. I don't have to worry about their reactions. If I don't know they're reading it, they can't reject what I say and therefore, can't reject me ... at least in my mind. I don't know why I am so afraid of rejection. I guess part of it was caused by my childhood. I always felt my mother and most of the children in school hated me. I felt I would be rejected if I said anything--if I spoke my mind. So I started writing. At first my writing was mainly in my diary. The first entry I can remember was January 1, 1986. My parents had gotten into a fight on the drive home from a party. Dad pulled over, in the middle of nowhere, Maui, and walked away from the car. Mom got out and walked the opposite direction. Jenn was left inside. Alone. At 11 years old, I thought I was parentless. Eventually my
parents returned. Rather than tell them how abandoned, alone, and utterly depressed I felt, I wrote about it in my diary-- the new one I had gotten for Christmas. Ever after, my innermost thoughts and feelings were written down. I even preferred writing letters to talking on the phone. Born of this was a bit of creativity. I began experimenting with various forms of writing. I read all types of autobiographies to get ideas of what and how to write. And I became an English major. I took writing classes, editing classes, and literature classes. I tried to absorb all I could to better my own writing skills. So now, how do I write? And why?

*******

I can’t bear to see the discomfort written on your face and body when I tell you my mother is an alcoholic. I don’t like to see you squirm when I say I suspect a former babysitter of molesting me. So I write it all down in stories. Mom is Angela. I am Jany. It’s a work of "fiction." It’s not real to you. And sometimes, it’s not real to me. Mom’s real name isn’t Angela. My real name isn’t Jany. So none of this could be my story. Could it? Just because it’s in black and white there on the page doesn’t mean it really happened! It was all a bad dream.

It’s out of my mind and on the page. I’ve dealt with it. Now it’s your turn. You can read. You can find out what happened to me. You can dismiss it or feel for me. But it’s not mine anymore. I didn’t experience those horrors.

Or, I can tell you how I feel about what you are saying to me. About how you make me feel. I can tell you I am hurt by that, but I don’t have to see your pain when you understand how you’ve hurt me. Yes, I don’t see you smile when I write about the happy and the good, but is it such a loss when you balance out the pain?

*******

I think I write often to avoid others. I was born an only child. I spent most of my youth alone-- away from other children-- in the “boondocks.” I’m not very social. I have a very difficult time looking people in the eye. I am afraid they’ll see my whole life spread out before them. I don’t want that. I want to keep my secrets. So I write things down. I write people letters. I write stories. Often I write about the hard times in my life-- my mother, my cousin’s death, the loss of
a great friendship. I can understand myself better through my writing, and I can tell the page only what I want to tell. I can't reveal my life through my eyes.

And I still write to protect myself. I don't like heartache. I don't like hurting others. So I guess I cop out through my writing. I feel my readers cannot see me. They cannot know my feelings. They cannot reject me. And I can't see them. I can't see the pain on their faces or in the bodies—the pain that I have caused.

*********

I will always write. Whether it is to you. Or just for me. I enjoy my writing. It helps me somehow. It heals. It allows me to release the cap on my emotions. Without showing you how weak I really am. It allows me to tell you how I feel. It protects me. I can be me on the page. You can't say or do anything about that.

They say you don't remember the instant you die. But I do.

Jenn Martin

A Note of Apology to Udo, the Exchange Student Whom I Unwittingly Invited to Bed

The mirrored globe wheeled,
And I watched couples, limp and rhythmic as corals,
Sway under the current of the
Heavy bass thrum,
Washing in waves from the
Stereo conches.
Udo, I saw you moving stiffly with
A radiant, tiny girl who
Closed her eyes against your chest while you
Stared into flickering lights.
You made a beautiful pair, and I felt
Clumsy and bloated as I
Imagined myself, listening to your slow heart.
The dancers, like corals—they wilted, receded when the
Music ebbed against itself.
The small girl drifted into those swirling, foreign faces,
And I approached on a gangplank, holding car keys
within a sweaty fist.
“Komm’bei mir” means “come with me,”
A casual summons, but I said,
“Komm’mit mir” which means the same but
Different. Your skin flushed, but the hall steamed.
And I thought nothing, purposefully.
You followed me to the car, and Udo,
I was puzzled when you
Followed me up the stairs and
Into my room, and when you
Touched me, set your hands on my shoulders, the small
of my back,
I shrieked and threw you into a bilingual panic.
Oh, Udo, only yesterday someone told me the nuances
Of your subtle mother tongue.
"Komm' mit mir"—more than a summons—is an
Invitation, a lover's call,
And so I must apologize, love.
For recoiling so dishonestly from your embrace.
The truth came more easily when I
Didn't know
How to speak.

---

cassandre lee

---

The Rose

Tall and elegant, the lonely rose
Surrounded by swirls of silver water.
Wicked thorns, harsh and cutting,
A shield for the delicacy that grows.
The red of blood and the forest green
Giving perfume to the passing breeze.

Silver swirls of bright moonlight
Dancing in the deep, dark night
Burning flecks of glowing light
Swaying, simmering, oh so bright
Casting their beauty to the rose
Surrounding petals in a tight embrace,
A delicate veil that could be easily erased.

The rose is alone on its lonely perch,
Surrounded by the dance of waves and light
The shiver of the night time wind,
Sends soft petals on an airy waltz,
To sway with the shadows they may find,
And to drift along the silent waves.

---

hollie ginoza
The Forgotten Queen

Withdrawn is the woman on the curb of the road
she amuses herself with her gibberish speech
ha ha ha, she bolts as people creep past
avoiding the bodily stench of the old hag
repulsive, they whisper from the corners of their eyes
with mocking gestures of pitiless disgust,
they leave her to spoil and litter the ground
with no sense of remorse, for the filth and hunger
that the wench must endure both day and night
no concern for her sanity, they shere no regard
for all the trials and tribulations overcome in her lifetime
her reward for surviving becomes an isolated hole.
But in her world she's a movie star, a model, a queen
and the world around, lives in her bad dreams.

Sherrie Okunari
Ariana and the Fairy Prince

The blazing sun bore down as I lay serenely on the carpet of emerald grass and breathed in the fresh scent of pine. Nearby, a meandering brook lapped playfully at the smooth mossy rocks near its banks. I was alone in this blissful sanctuary, which was surrounded by dark, impenetrable woods. I gazed at two white doves soaring freely in the clear blue sky and sighed, for I have longed for a beloved companion to share my life with.

My thoughts were interrupted, however, by my mother calling my name. 'Ariana. Ariana darling. Where are you?' I heard the crunching of leaves, then watched my mother emerge from the foliage. 'Here you are dear, daydreaming about your perfect soul mate again. I presume. My child, you are known throughout the lands for your grace, courage, kindness of heart, and beauty. Many of prestige have forsaken their hearts to you. Why don't you simply choose from one of the fine lads who have come to seek your hand? You know your father is old, and nothing would give him more satisfaction than to see you happily married before he passes...'

'Oh mother, don't talk like that,' I interrupted. 'I believe in destiny. Everyone has a destiny already manifested since birth, and I just have to sit and wait for my destiny to take its course. Love will come to me eventually when the time is right. For I am waiting for the one man who I have dreamt of... my one true love.'

My mother sighed. 'You're hopeless, my dear,' she said smiling and kissing me on the forehead. 'Supper will be ready soon.' She stood then, disappeared into the foliage, and I heard her footsteps upon the dried leaves gradually fade into the distance.

I smiled and began to drift back into my world of fantasy when the trees across from me began to rustle. Suddenly a man upon a shining black horse came galloping into my sacred sanctuary. I screamed in terror as he snatched my arm and lifted me onto his horse. I looked up at this man, and noticed that he had a long prominent gash on his face, extending from his temple, diagonally downward through his lips to his chin. That was the last image I viewed. The man raised the hilt of his sword then and brought it forcefully down upon my head, as I fell into an impenetrable world of darkness.

I awoke with a start and saw that the sun was already sinking to its lofty bed behind the formidable mountain peaks. I was on a tiny island, not more than 5 miles long, surrounded by black glassy water for as far as the eye could see. Hundreds of fireflies danced merily above, and I shuddered with apprehension. Musterling all of my courage, I called out into the nothingness. 'Where are you? Why have you brought me here?' A swirl of golden glitter dust appeared in the air in front of me, settling into the form of a man. I noticed the long gash on the man's face, and realized that this was the man who had captured me. He was extremely tall and formidable, and the fireflies seemed to dance around him, illuminating his chiseled face and structure. He smiled and spoke.

'Welcome, Ariana. to the land of the fairies. I apologize for the horrid way in which I was forced to bring you here, but the land of the fairies has been undisturbed by humans for a great many years. For us to remain isolated, pure, and untouched, we do not allow any mortal to view its location. I am the king of the fairies, and I have a proposition for you.' As one of the fireflies floated towards me, I
noticed that it was actually a tiny glowing fairy with silver wings and long flaming hair. The king continued, ‘I would like you to go on a quest for us. My son was stolen yesterday by an evil sorcerer who seeks to harm us. I tried to fight him off, but his magic was too powerful, and he sliced my face,’ he said, indicating his gash. ‘I have chosen you because only a mortal will be able to find him, and because you are a brave girl who is strong and good-hearted. To torment us, the cruel sorcerer has left a riddle to the whereabouts of my son.’

The fairy king withdrew a rumpled scrap of paper and handed it to me. ‘Perhaps you can tell me what this means.’

I held the paper up to the light that the fairies created and read:

‘A mortal must follow the golden path that the moon will light, toward the red hills which burn so bright, over green fields of orange lilies you will fly. then soar with the indigo doves that cry up to the lofty mountains of violet mist and you will find him on the utmost cliff; but blue sky will heed no way back down, but if you listened carefully, the answer you have already found.’

‘I don’t know what this means, and I don’t think I will be able to help you...’ I started, but I looked into his grieving eyes. I then added with a sigh, ‘But I will try.’ A radiant smile stretched across the fairy king’s lips.

‘Thank you, my child. I alone have the power to give the gift of flight, which I shall bestow upon you.’ Golden dust began to swirl around me and suddenly I was elevated into the sky by a pair of silver wings upon my back. ‘These are only temporary,’ he said. ‘It is not in my power to bestow you with permanent wings. These will last for 14 hours, then will dissolve into nothingness. You must act quickly.’ The glowing moon shined brightly, casting a shimmering golden path on the water. ‘There is the path. Good luck, Ariana.’

I fluttered my wings and set off across the water over the golden path. My heart pounded and my mind spun with bewilderment, but I knew it was time to take action. I would rescue the fairy prince. I smiled slightly and clutched the rumpled note.

I flew on for hours, finally reaching the towering mountains which were hurling out red chunks that illuminated the black sky. Suddenly a smoldering red rock was slung out in my direction. Dodging the heat from this rock parched my silver wings and I spiraled downwards into a thicket of flowers. The magma oozed quickly towards me, so I ran speedily until I was out of its path. The sun was just beginning to peak over the cliffs far away, and the dim light that was slowly spreading across the lands revealed green grass sparsely scattered with orange lilies that the riddle had spoken of. This lifted my spirits, and I continued to run swiftly through the endless field of flowers. The sky was clear, and indigo doves soared high above, crying their sweet songs of morning. Realizing that these were the doves that the riddle had spoken of, I flapped my silver wings uneasily, but slowly and steadily began to ascend toward them. The doves flew over the thick forest, through a freezing snow covered plain, and onward over jagged rocky terrain. Becoming extremely weary over a vine filled jungle. I slowly descended onto moss covered area and collapsed with weariness. A feeling of despair washed over me as the indigo doves soared off into the distance. A tear trickled down my cheek. I was lost. I
He has frequently tormented my kingdom, and his evil doings are vast,' he replied.

'I shall try my best,' I said smiling at him, and fluttering my silver wings. I ascended the violet mist. I rose quickly until I reached the utmost cliff, which protruded just below the clouds. The sunlight was fading quickly as I set foot onto the cliff, and called out into the dimly lit taverns. 'I have come to rescue the fairy prince!' Hearing a sound in the distant cave, I ran into it and called out, 'Where are you?' The answer was a loud hiss which engulfed me with fear. Something cold and slimy coiled around my leg, and I screamed. It wrapped itself quickly around my body, and I sensed that this was the evil sorcerer. The snake hissed in a sinister whisper. 'You thought you could defeat me, you insolent mortal. Now meet your doom!' As the monstrous snake coiled back to strike, I remembered the magic peach which the lion king had presented to me. I grasped the peach, and as the evil wizard shot toward my neck, I thrust it into his mouth, driving it into his fangs.

The sorcerer bellowed, and I stepped back to watch the snake thrash in rage and anguish. Suddenly there was a clap of thunder, and the evil sorcerer dissipated into a cloud of violet smoke. Torrents of rain began pelting the cave. As I let out a sigh of relief, something grasped my arm. 'Do not be afraid, beautiful woman, for I am whom you have journeyed to find. I am the fairy prince.' The most handsome man that I had ever seen embraced me then, and I melted into his strong arms. A warm feeling washed over me, which I had never felt before.

Suddenly I gasped. 'We must go before it becomes dark or we will be trapped on this mountain peak.'
‘It is too late, the darkness has come.’
I felt my back, and found that the silver wings were no longer there. ‘What shall we do?’ I cried.
‘I’m afraid that there is nothing that we can do. We are trapped here, just as I have been for the last two days,’ he replied dismally. ‘My only reconciliation is that I will be able to live out the last of my days with you.’ We cried ourselves to sleep in each other’s arms, but in the midst of my tears, I realized that I had finally found what I had been so longing for... I had finally found love.

The next morning as the sun streamed into the cave, I realized that I was still holding the crumpled riddle of the sorcerer. ‘Maybe this will give us a clue as to how we shall escape,’ I exclaimed. We read carefully:

‘A mortal must follow the golden path that the moon will light, toward the red hills which burn so bright. over green fields of orange lilies you will fly, then soar with the indigo doves that cry up to the lofty mountains of violet mist and you will find him on the utmost cliff; but blue sky will heed no way back down. but if you listened carefully, the answer you have already found.’

We studied this note for several hours, desperately trying to find the answer that would save our lives. It was hopeless.

‘Let’s go outside and get some fresh air,’ said the fairy prince soothingly. Outside the view was beautiful. the rain had ceased, and the sun illuminated the lush green lands. The white fluffy clouds had parted, and there just below us, a magnificent glittering rainbow stretched from the cliff on which we were standing, across the lands as far as the eye could see. As we drank in the beauty of the sight. I thought to myself, ‘The rainbow after the storm... never before have I been this close to it.’ A wave of shock hit me, and I cried out in joy.

‘What is it?’ he asked, bewildered.
‘That’s it! That’s the answer to the riddle!’ I held up the crumpled paper and pointed. ‘Do you see how it states golden path, red hills, green fields, orange lilies, violet doves, indigo mist and blue sky?’ I exclaimed.

‘Yes,’ he replied, puzzled.

‘THESE ARE THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW!’ I shouted. ‘Our means of escape must be the rainbow!’ I ran toward it and to my delight the rainbow did not recoil but remained steadfast. The fairy prince came beside me, and together we stared at it, now knowing that it must be significant, but not understanding how. ‘Perhaps if
we can get to the rainbow, we shall be able to understand how it is meant to help us escape.' I proclaimed.

'But if not, we shall fall through the rainbow and meet our fate upon the jagged rocks below!' he exclaimed.

'Well my prince, there's only one way to find out, for I have learned that fate is what you make of it, and that you can either wait for it to happen, or you can actively create it yourself. Trust in it, and trust in me.' I said. My heart pounding, I closed my eyes, leaped off the cliff, and landed on something solid. When I opened my eyes, I was standing upon a solid mist of dazzling color. The glittering world below was the most beautiful sight that I had ever seen. The fairy prince then leaped off the cliff and landed behind me.

'Now what shall we do?' I asked, when suddenly my feet gave way, and I slipped. I grasped the fairy prince for support, but he could not maintain his balance either, and we both fell and slid very slowly, down the rainbow. We cried out in happiness as we slid away from the cliffs of violet mist where I had defeated the sorcerer and saved the fairy prince, then passed over the jungle of woven vines, home of the lion who had saved me from the evil snake. We sailed over the jagged rocky terrain, the snowy plains, and the forest which I had flown over with the indigo doves. We descended over the green fields of orange lilies and passed comfortably over the red mountains of magma. Finally, we slid over the calm, glass-like waters. The rainbow came to an end, and we were set down gently in the land of the fairies. When we stepped off the beautiful multicolored slide, it disappeared without a trace. The fairy prince and I embraced, overcome with emotion. Then we heard a voice.

'You have returned!' shouted the king of the fairies gleefully. All of the other little fairies floated to us, cheering in happiness. The king hugged both of us, and we all clung together in happiness. He proclaimed that a magnificent castle be built for us, and my parents would come and live with us in the utopia of the fairyland.

The prince turned to me, his eyes sparkling, and I sighed as I gazed upon his handsome stature. 'Ariana, you are the most beautiful maiden that I have ever laid eyes upon. You have risked your life for me, killed an evil sorcerer who had tormented the lands for many years, and have brought happiness to the land of the fairies. I feel as if I have been touched by heaven,' he said as he gazed into my eyes and pulled me close. 'Ariana, I would be the most honored man on the face of this earth if you would be my wife. Will you marry me?' My heart melted, and I envisioned the joy and pride in my father's eyes as he walked me down the aisle toward the altar, as my mother watched, sobbing tears of happiness.

'My prince,' I said with a giggle. 'It is true that yes, I have risked my life for you, and yes, in you I have discovered love, and learned that sometimes you must fly to the highest peaks to find it.' Just then, two white doves soared freely together through the clear blue sky overhead, and I smiled and kissed him sweetly. I looked into his eyes, and my heart fluttered with bliss.

'Yes, you are my destiny, and I know now that my destiny soars on wings unbound... and if you have listened closely, my prince, the answer you have already found.'

kristy sakai
Fish Man

The leaves on the ground are bright and green as an oily man walks over them on his way to clean his laundry that has been separated into whites, brights and blood stains from the fish that torment him in the day, and in his sleep the fish scream at him because he is such a small and insignificant man, the fish are right is all he can think as the blood rinses away from his clothes and mind.

meredith seery

Nicotine

I envy the way you caress my lungs You fill the void in my life, As if you were my significant other. You and I have a hurtful relationship, But still I have trouble leaving you. You make me feel better When times are bad. Most of my friends love you, But more of them hate you. Now why would they hate you? Do they know something I don't? Is it because you bring pain and suffering to millions? Nah, it couldn't be that. I really need to think about this. "What could make them hate you?" While I ponder this question, I think I'll have a cigarette.

garrett lee

Dreaming Fish II
miaki kurihara
I've been confined here for years. "Living" here just seems too generous. I lay on my unmade bed, looking up at the smoke stained ceiling. The smoke comes from the aroma-therapy candles I burn every night. The ones my father calls a "waste of time," the ones my mother finds on sale for me at the local dollar shop. I don't know if they work. They smell kind of funny, like my brother's spring fresh deodorant, but I don't let it bother me. I figure they couldn't hurt, until ten years later when we see a withered Ted Coppell announcing a shocking newsflash reporting "inhaling fumes from aroma-therapy candles can be deadly." For now they are my placebo to calm me down after a hectic day.

I call Jayne at 9:26 p.m. every Friday night. She acts surprised when I tell her I'm on my way to her house and frantically hurries in order to be ready in five minutes. She says I never give her enough notice when I want to pick her up. Jayne lives in a one bedroom apartment with her mother. Her parents aren't divorced, they just haven't seen each other in seven years. Jayne sleeps in the living room on a wooden futon that acts as the couch during the daytime. Jayne's job at home is to do the dishes; however, she and her mother hardly ever eat meals together. The dishes pile up in the sink until she decides she really needs to use that pair of pink chopsticks her second boyfriend gave her on their first picnic together. She lets the other dishes "soak."

Sometimes the two of us walk over to the gourmet deli/coffee shop where Billy, our friend since elementary school, works. He slices a piece of cherry cheesecake for Jayne and pours a cup of Chai tea for me. Billy's family owns the shop, and he spends his Friday nights performing his familial obligation there from 5:00-10:00 p.m. every week. Although Billy will never admit it, his family is filthy rich. They live in a modest three-bedroom house right smack in the middle of Suburbia; however, what very few people know beyond that is the many apartments and vacation homes they own all over the world. The most lavish is their summer home in Hawaii. Two years ago when Billy and I were "an item," he took me there for two weeks during the winter. Most of our time was spent either in the master
bedroom or in the shell shaped jacuzzi right next to the rectangular indoor pool. I could never figure out why there was a fireplace in the room, being that it never goes below 65 degrees F. I guess when you're rich you can never have too much.

Rex used to hang out with us on Friday nights. Now most of his free time is spent with his "straight boyfriend," Mitchell. They have been together for less than two months but already have fucked more times than Jayne, Billy, and I have combined, squared. The last time I saw Rex was when he helped console my then soon-to-be ex-boyfriend, by showing him what "real lovin' is." I forgave Rex the minute I realized what he had done, because after all, Rex can't help it if he's a sex machine.

When Tomomi first came to the United States she stayed with my family at our house. With a quick wit and great sense of style, Tomomi was able to lock herself into a job as the manager of a vintage clothing store on the busiest shopping street in our town. In order to make ends meet, Tomomi spent her second year in America filming interracial triple X-rated movies sold mainly over the internet. With the clock ticking towards the expiration of her visa, Tomomi married a twenty-five year old townie in exchange for all the love-less sex he desired. After having two abortions within one year, Tomomi obtained a divorce and is now cheating on her current boyfriend with another woman.

Marcus and I lost our virginity to each other. He lived next door to my grandparents' ranch where I visited every summer up until I entered college. Once Marcus and I turned sixteen we didn't mind that we were the only children left in the neighborhood to "play with." Games of hide-and-seek turned into long walks, holding hands, and suddenly girls no longer had cooties and boys were no longer yucky. Senior year in high school Marcus was accepted to Harvard Law School and awarded a four-year full tuition scholarship. He was killed in a car accident by a drunk policeman with a blood-alcohol level of 2.6. Marcus never saw the acceptance letter.

I've been living here for years. "Confined" here just seems too harsh. I lie on my perfectly made bed, looking up at the still smoke-stained ceiling.
Wake Up

Stuck somewhere behind a screen
Living out someone else’s dream
To a fading image you desperately cling
Life’s beauty you have never truly seen

Addicted to fantasy like drug to a fiend
Don’t desire humiliation or intend to demean
But, it’s time for you to wipe the slate clean
Off of this inaccessible obsession you must be weaned

Sorry to burst your bubble, but time is up
You wanna stick with tradition or try your luck?
You gonna die of thirst or fill your cup?
You’re going in circles, my friend- don’t stay stuck

I’ve been in your situation before, so I understand
It’s hard to take control when you’re not in command
But, if you put in a good effort, I’ll take your hand
And help pull you from that world of sinking sand

Together we can free your mind and cleanse your soul
Then the true beauty of life you will have known
Experience is more precious than silver or gold
Don’t just sit back and watch life unfold...

Wake Up and Live!

Human Nature

Chad, Terry, and I were an inseparable trio. KCT we called ourselves. Terry, my sister, is five years younger than me. She’s named after Mother Theresa. She totally hates the name. She’s such a tomboy, I guess hanging around us so much ruined her chances of ever being prom queen. Chad is our cousin. He’s a year older than Terry. He’s big. Growing up, he was always teased about his weight. He hit two hundred pounds in the sixth grade! He was always a bit of a kiss ass. I guess it’s because he wanted everybody to like him. He had so many faces to so many different people I knew it’d catch up to him someday. That leaves me, Kevin, the older brother, the captain of the trio. As far back as I can remember, I had been watching over those two.

My uncle and my mother always worked nights so I was designated “babysitter.” That just meant I was given the money we could spend each night. My older sister could have done the job, but she was never home. I don’t remember much about her. It was always just the three of us. At every family get together, even though there were others our age, we would always just stick together. We each had other cousins our same ages but never really got along with them. When I look back, I realize that we probably could have gotten along with them but just chose not to. We were inseparable. It was like we had our own language, our own way of communicating with each other.

“K-C-T for my L-I-F-E,” we would chant, “til the day I D-I-E. I am you and you are me, together we are family.”

As we got older and Chad could take care of himself, we saw less and less of him. There was always the phone. though. He lived in Kalihi and started hanging around his ‘hood with a bunch of thugs his freshman year of high school. Of course, they saw that face, but Terry and I knew the real Chad.
"Ho!" he would say, answering the phone.
"Ho, Ho!" I would continue, "Merry Christmas!"
"Wassaaaap," he would say.
"What? You coming ovah or what?" I would ask.
"Nah, me and my boys going cruise da kine tonight," he would reply, "Chicks, brah, like come?"
"Naw, going be me and Terry just chillin' at home. Cannot leave her home alone."
"Shoots, shoots." "Brah, it's been about a week since we seen you, BruddahCuz."
"Yeah, been busy, thuggin' it Kaliihi style."
"Yeah, whatevers." I would say, getting irritated by his excuses.
"Kay den," he would end.
"Kay."

It was pretty much the same dialogue every time we talked on the phone.

I remember the better nights at my house before Chad hit high school. The three of us would stay up and talk the night away until only one of us was awake. It was usually me. Chad would always talk about girls. He had a mental checklist he could recite of the perfect girl set into his big head.

"Brah, my chick is gonna be so bad," he would say. "She's gonna be Filipino with long hair. She's gonna be loyal and have a sense of humor..."

That's where I would always butt in.
"She's gonna need to have a sense of humor to date your fat ass!"

Terry would always talk about what she wanted to do in life. It was a different story every night. I would basically just kick back and listen to them, sort of like the moderator, asking for more, digging deeper. We would always argue about life, too. Terry, always the pessimist, believed that we were insignificant. By the time she reached the fifth grade, she already believed that everyone thought the world revolved around themselves.

"I hate people," she would always complain, "Nobody gives a shit about anybody but themselves. I am a fuckin' nobody in this selfish world."

She always saw herself as a philosopher. I never agreed with Terry's point-of-view there. After all, I gave up my high school social life to be with them. They needed me more than I needed to hang out with my friends after school. As a matter of fact, I preferred being with Terry and Chad than with my friends. I gave up the basketball team, the football team, girls, proms, everything to be there for them. I would always try to reassure Terry that her thoughts were not always true, especially when she had her bad days.

"Terry, don't worry about it," I would say, "I'm always here for you. You can always count on me to make things right."

"Whatever," she would reply, all depressed.

I hated looking at her when she was down. Her moods would sometimes get her so down that she would isolate herself from Chad and me. Chad would try to comfort her, but he would get irritated by her stubbornness. By the end of the night, though, she would always break down and laugh at how stupid Chad and I would act to get a smile back on her face.

"Idiots," she would always say, trying to hide her smile.

I am my sister's keeper, as they say. I raised her so I actually felt like a parent, helpless when their child doesn't want to share what is bothering them. Terry and I were different, though. Eventually, she would share her sorrow. Of course, I was always there to listen. I was always there to make sure she was alright. I hated looking into her eyes
and seeing even an ounce of pain.

Chad had his own view on life. He grew up in a different neighborhood with gangs and violence every night. I guess that's why Uncle wanted him to stay with us at night. Mo 'ili 'ili wasn't exactly heaven, but it wasn't Kalihi. By the time Chad started high school, he had already heard about how gangs were the cool thing to be.

"Brah, I going join one gang," he told me one night.

"What the fuck you wanna do that for?" I replied. "They just a bunch of scrubs causing trouble actin' like Boyz 'n the Hood, fuckin' wannabes."

"Nah they my friends," he argued. "They going protect me."

"Yeah, your friends that jump you in and beat your ass down so they can protect you," I snapped. "What the fuck do you need protection from anyway besides cholesterol?"

"This guy like kick my ass," he said softly. "I scared."

"What the fuck happened?" I asked.

"He said I when talk shit about him, but I never. I don't even know him."

"Brah, whatever happens, I got your back, cuz," I said, looking him dead in the eye.

"Shoots," he answered. "I going home then. Hook up with my friends small kind. Laterz."

I remember seeing Chad the next day.

"Brah, it's on now," he said. "That fucka coming after me when lick Keola. You remember Keola, eh?"

"What the hell did he do that for?"

"You stupid or what? He like piss me off!" he hollered.

"Shit, I guess it didn't work," I said sarcastically. "and who you calling stupid?"

"I made a pact with Keola. I going after that fucker. It's my initiation."

"Initiate this," I said, grabbing my crotch. "Bruddah, you ain't got a pact with no one but Terry and me, cuz. We blood."

"This is the only blood I know right now," he said flashing his gang sign.

"Who the fuck are you?" I said, getting angry.

"Revenge is human nature," he said as if he knew what he was talking about. "You'd do the same thing."

"Revenge is human nature," I mocked. "You talk like you know shit!"

He turned to Terry and pointed at me with a frustrated look on his face.

"Men," she said walking out of the apartment. "Fucking idiots. Don't forget your testosterone when you leave."

It got quiet. We didn't look at each other for a few minutes. He kept looking in the refrigerator every twenty seconds. I stood there staring out of the window frustrated.

"Chad, just think about it," I finally said putting my hand on his shoulder. "I know you gotta do what you gotta do, but do it right, kid."

I thought for a quick second. It was then that I realized that this was just a kid. I didn't consider myself too mature, especially around them, and I was four years older than Chad. He had just hit high school and wanted to fit in just like the rest of his gang, a bunch kids with big egos afraid of being on the outside looking in. I put his big head in a headlock and the subject was dropped as we wrestled. Of course, I kicked his ass.

"I'll give you credit, boy," I said. "You never give up."
Chad always wanted to get the last hit in every time. “Brah, you hit me, I hit back,” he answered. “It ain’t never gonna stop until you stop hitting me.”

I always just let it go and gave him the last hit every time. I never really cared. I got tired of beating him up every time so I’d let him think he got the best of me from time to time. He often teased me about it.

“Aha! I got the last hit, fool,” he said prancing around, antagonizing me.

“Aha! I just disproved your stupid revenge is human nature crap,” I mocked.

“Fucking guy,” he said smirking. “Why you gotta bring up the past?”

At that moment I just felt that it was the right time to give Chad advice. He had just started high school, and I was on my way out of there. He was trying to prove his manhood, developing his own philosophy. I felt it was time for a man to man talk while Terry was at Kahala Mall with her friends.

“Bruddahcuz,” I said, “I’m gonna drop some knowledge on you.”

“Wassup,” he replied. “We haven’t talked for a while. You been off doing your own thing. Let me just say this.” I paused nervously, then continued. “I love you, man.”

This was something I have never shared with him or Terry. It was something unspoken. As much as we loved each other and shared with each other, we never went as far as to be open with those three words.

Chad looked at me with a puzzled look on his face.

“Do you realize how much I have done for you guys?” I asked. “We are tight. All we got is each other when it comes down to it. That is why I don’t regret anything I have ever done or anything I have ever missed.”

He just sat there quietly and nodded his head.

“Brah, sometimes I feel sorry for myself for missing out on things, but I look at you and Terry and I am proud about what I have done. I see you going out for the football team. I wish I could have done that. I see Terry having a social life and I wish I could have had that. I could have said screw all this I want something for myself. I could get back at you guys for keeping me away from doing things other people my age do, but that’s not my style, kid. I’d rather see you guys happy, bro. I’d rather help you guys out and turn the other cheek than lash back at ya. That’s my style.”

“Is this about the gang thing?” he asked.

“No, brah!” I snapped. “This is about everything. This is about KCT, boy!”

“Cuz,” Chad said, angrily, “you think we da same. I different. I gotta do this. You’d do the same for me just as much as I’d do the same for you. If someone fucked you up, I’d fuck them up worse.”

“Why?”

“Cause that’s life, that’s why. You’ll see,” he answered. “I’m gonna be the mutha fuckin’ king of Kalihi, number one, the ghetto hero and THAT is MY mutha fuckin’ style.”

He left with his arms raised above his head and slammed the door. I ran to the door and flew it open.

“What the fuck do you know about life?” I yelled. “The only thing you know is yourself and that ain’t even right. You act like you know shit. You act all quiet-like in front of Terry’s girlfriends and all thug-like in front of your boys, but to me you’ll always be that little shit that used to follow me around all over the mutha fuckin’ place.”

Chad stopped walking down the stairs and looked up at me.
“Yeah,” he said, “because I love you, man. I am the man I am because you made me this way. I will be the man I will become because I will choose my own path just as you choose to stay with us. I choose to get revenge. It is unavoidable. You just don’t understand, brah. Revenge is human nature.”

I didn’t know how to react. Chad walked back up the stairs and we bumped fists and gave a handshake that led into a short hug.

I couldn’t sleep that night. Chad’s words kept going through my head from what he said earlier to words he said years ago along with Terry’s. During the next day at school, I kept to myself. I got scolded by teachers for not paying attention and barely dodged detention. I decided that when I got home from school I would get a hold of Chad and tell him that he was wrong that revenge was not human nature. I would do whatever it took to prove him wrong.

Life changed when I got home from school, though. Mom got a phone call just before I walked through the door. The last thing I remember were tears swelling up my eyes and a crushing feeling that took my legs out from under me. We found out that Chad was beaten to death just hours after he left my house.

The next thing I hear about Chad is how great his life was and how loved he was. The preacher giving this speech doesn’t even know Chad. Who the hell does this guy think he is? Who the hell are all these people around me dressed in black? I don’t give a damn about who else loves Chad. I am numb. I can’t hear the words they say to me. I don’t feel their hugs and handshakes, the pats on the back. I should do something, but I can’t move. I should say something, but I can’t think. I glance over to the casket. I see Chad at rest. In my mind I vision him getting beat down and cry even more when I think about the thoughts that must have been running through his head, the thoughts that I know were in his head because I put them there. I hug

Terry as a reaction to her arms wrapping around me, but for the first time in my life I don’t care about her tears. I don’t care about her pain. She whispers something into my ear, but I am dead.

Once again Chad’s words circle my head. Everything starts to spin. Chants are sounded in my mind.

“KCT for my L-I-F-E ‘til the day I D-I-E.”
“I love you, man.”
“Do it right, kid.”
“You’d do the same for me.”
“We blood.”
“I got your back, cuz.”
“You can always count on me to make things right.”
“I’d rather turn the other cheek.”
“Revenge is human nature.”
“Do it right ... revenge ... turn the other cheek ... revenge ... do it right ... revenge...”

As Chad’s body is lowered into the ground, Uncle needs to be restrained while my mother sits quietly, tapping her eyes with a tissue. I look up at the spinning sky as if an answer will be formed in the clouds. I look around the crowd and notice Chad’s boys. Their faces are full of anger and frustration. I see Keota’s black eye full of tears dripping down to a mouth biting on its lip. The others are crying, too. I know what they’re thinking. As my eyes meet Keota’s, he gives me an angry, vengeful look and nods his head as if he knows what’s on my mind. I shake my head, look down at the ground and clench my fists as I turn around and walk away. As my knuckles turn white and sweat beads down my forehead, I am in a daze. I don’t know where I’m going, but I know what I’m going to do. It is the only clearly focused thought in my head. The only thing on my mind is revenge.
Most Wanted

I'm one of the most famous fugitives, that y'all will ever meet.
I'm more known than Billy the kid, and even Bob Marley.
Every section of me, very special and unique.
I can be made into things used from your head 2 your feet.
But when I creep in your lungs,
I can perform spectacular feats,
Like opening up a whole universe,
That's otherwise unseen.
But the best part of me,
I make people laugh heartily,
And I Be just as accepted as my cousin alcohol at parties!
I can be good or bad,
Depending on how I'm used,
When bad, I'm abused,
When good, yo people cruise.
But the government still hates me, cause all the profits they'd lose,

ignoring that I can help the environment...
If only the public knew,
And were un-confused,
I know for Shooo!
They'd choose to let my legal chains loose.
From thugs, surfers, and nobodys,
To high officials, cops, and Clinton,
Almost everybody has possessed me,
But keeps me on the D.L. (Down Low) and hidden;
I'm straight 4-bidden,
From the eyes of the law,
But smoked in a split decision,
From the ones who enforce it all,
Yo it keeps me in awe,
The way I see this system,
Isn't it twisted,
Seeing thangs yo through my vision?
My name is Mary Jane,
Get caught round me,
you be fined and/or imprisoned.

cris leong
Iron Horses
We rode iron horses
With dear Old Glory for our colors
Angels from Hell
joined and left us, as had many others.

Ah the roads we blazed
On Harleys, choppers & 1000 c.c.s
An entity, moving
on Freedom's wings to our destinies.

Herds of iron roamed
Hills where men still pan for gold
Where trails abound
in Sierra Madre, and the tales are old.

All seasons we rode
In more places than I remember
Stoked by the sun
in summer as well as in December

With iron horsemen
I rode in cool blue morning mists
And golden sunsets
in the bygone years of youthful bliss.

alexandra oliver

LIFE: THE ROOMS

LIVING ROOM
I have this picture of me sitting in Jeremy's lap when I was a baby. My parents tell me it was taken when I was around one or two. My favorite and only cousin is sitting on the green carpet while holding me up and trying to get me to smile at the camera. He's wearing a gray and red striped shirt and blue jeans. This is from when he still looked local, before he moved to Seattle and his haole side started to show more. At the time he couldn't have been more than three or four. I don't remember taking that photo, but it's in my baby album.

PARENTS' ROOM
I remember the time I walked into my parents' room on Christmas Eve. I was five when this happened. Dad was sitting on the black and white chessboard pattern tile floor wrapping presents. He was so shocked that I walked in and told me to go ask my mother if she needed help making dinner. The next day I saw the present he was wrapping under the tree. I think this was the first year I started to suspect my parents were lying to me about Santa.

DAD'S OFFICE
It was really part of the living room, but this is where dad stored all his art junk. We'd clear out half of it every year to put up the Christmas trees. We'd have
the tall tree, which was always real, a smaller real tree, and the small fake trees. I was allowed to decorate the small trees and as a result all the ornaments would end up being low on those trees. Almost every year the trees would tip over and we'd wake up to water on the green carpet and broken ornaments. That's why the majority of the ornaments we have from my childhood are the wooden ones.

THE YARD
I had a swing set. It wasn't just any swing set; it was MY blue swing set. It had the regular swing and these two other things that were like swings but you needed two people to use them. This was particularly hard for me because I'm an only child. I relied heavily upon having other children in the neighborhood to play with so I could use all the parts of my swing set. The swing set also had a slide that my uncle Eddie had made for me. It wasn't part of the original set but somehow it fit together. In the summer my parents would take a large tarp and fashion it into a pool so I could have a water slide.

KITCHEN
We would keep my allergy medicine in the kitchen. I suffered from severe allergies as a child. My parents would buy me grape flavored Dimetapp and orange Triaminic. I would go to the cupboard every night and take out the familiar bottle of the Dimetapp or Triaminic and then get my spoon. I'd pour the thick syrupy medicine into the spoon then slowly drink down my dosage. I remember especially liking the taste of the Triaminic. It was thicker than the Dimetapp and would coat the spoon so after I poured the liquid into my mouth I'd be able to lick the spoon. Sometimes I'd pretend to be really sick so I could get more of the good tasting medicine.

STORAGE ROOM
Connected to the garage was a storage room where the tools were stored. One day I went in with my father and behind one of the large cabinets where the nails and screws were kept I saw a "STOP" sign. I asked him where we got it from and he told me that when he was a little boy he took it down from the street near his house. I didn't think much of it at the time but when I got older I found out that we also had "pedestrian crossing," "yield," and "Speed Limit 25" signs. He eventually had to tell me that we got the signs from Mom's cousin Dean who had a friend who worked for the City and County and got the signs for free when they were replaced with new ones. This is how we got the traffic light.

PATIO
The first time that Uncle Eddie brought Pup over I remember my friend Ricky being over. He commented on how small my dog was compared to his. Pup wasn't really my dog, he lived with Uncle Eddie and Auntie Catherine, but my name was on the registration papers. I would say that I owned the cute half of the dog, the half that didn't need picking up after. This was
before we got Fuzzy bunny. Once uncle put Pup in Fuzzy's cage, and the two of them just sat and stared at each other until Pup tried to eat Fuzzy's food.

GARAGE
Ojichan died when I was in first grade. Uncle Eddie was walking in the garage the night he died and he was whistling. Mom told me that you shouldn't whistle at night. Don't whistle at night. Don't cut your toenails at night. Throw salt before entering the house after a funeral. Always take fresh flowers to the grave. Light senko every time you go Obachan's house. Put up the lanterns for obon so the spirits can find their way home. Don't clean on New Years. Carry your Ommamon'.

GRANDMA’S ROOM
I would watch TV in grandma’s room after school. She had a brown lazy-boy recliner. I would sit on it and try to see how many times I could spin around with just one push. There was a mirror behind the TV. I could watch myself spin when I was in the chair. Grandma had these black and white photos on the wall. One was of grandpa and one was of grandpa’s father. Photos of people I’d never met and never would. She kept grandpa’s Shriner’s hat on a shelf. I’d put it on and play with the tassel when she wasn’t looking.

GRANDMA’S BATHROOM
The whole room was pink. Pink toilet, pink sink, pink tub, all pink. I would stand on a little stool in front of the big mirror and grandma would braid my long hair. I was trying to grow it as long as possible. It eventually got past my butt before I chopped it off. Sometimes mom would let me take bubble baths in the tub. Mom and dad’s bathroom just had a shower, so if I wanted to play in the water I had to use grandma’s bathroom. The tub had a little ledge to sit on, and I’d pretend I was a swimmer and dive off the ledge from a sitting position into the little tub of water. Then I’d scrunch up my body and pretend to swim laps in the tub.

MY ROOM
I am an only child and as fitting I had my own room. The last night I spent in the house before it was sawed in half and taken away on flat beds I cried. I didn’t want to let go of this house. I was worried that I’d forget. I was worried that nothing would be the same again. I was worried about many things. It was also the year I graduated from elementary school. I was afraid I wouldn’t see my friends anymore. I was afraid to live in obachan and ojichan’s house while we waited for the new house to be built. I was afraid that grandpa wouldn’t be able to find us if we got a new house.

________________
tylar a. umeno
The Test

So since it's been a while. Here we go with as much style as is needed so a message goes heeded. My sincerity seems slippery as I hold it and squeeze the truth out, when truth is needed. One should only go with the flow when you know that your show must go on. Some people leave you fast. Leave you smoking like a half put out cigarette. Still lit and fuming. Soon the burning cherry dies. Till then, keep your eyes on the prize and forget what made you so hypnotized. Passion just makes pain last longer, like infectious music. Ringing in your ears. Still bringing up tears, and I hear heaven looming near. I cry, smiling.

Often optimism opens up options open only to originality. When a problem comes along you must rip it, rip it, into shape, shape it up, get laid, move forward, get some head, it's not too late, or is it?

What I Want Nothing More

I wanted nothing more, but to be with you
From the rising of the juicy citrus sun
To the falling of the midnight hue
I knew in my heart, you were the one

Gazing into your deep dark eyes
I blurted the words I love you
In a moment’s silence I realized
That you too loved me true

I wanted nothing more, but to be with you
From our high school romances
To our forever years of I do
No matter what, I took the chances

I want nothing more, but the chance to say
I will love you forever on from today

Yumiko Tsuboi

Nude
ardel klemme
L'amour n'est pas juste

Avez-vous déjà vraiment aimé quelqu'un en sachant qu'il s'en fiche?
Avez-vous déjà pleuré en sachant que c'est inutile?
Avez-vous déjà regardé dans ses yeux en disant une petite prière?
Avez-vous déjà regardé dans son coeur en souhaitant de vous voir là?

Ne tombex pas amoureux de personne.
Ça finit tout le temps avec un coeur brisé
Cela arrive tous les jours.
L'amour est amusant mais ça fait si mal.
Le prix est cher.
Si je pouvais choisir entre aimer ou mourir,
Je pense que je préférerais mourir.
Donc, mon ami, ne tombez pas amoureux.
Vous aurez mal avant de finir
Vous voyez, mon ami, je m'en suis rendu compte...
Je suis tombée amoureuse de vous.

geneviève tsukiyama

Love is not fair  (en anglais)

Have you ever really loved someone, but know he did not care?
Have you ever felt like crying, but know you'd get no where?
Have you ever looked into his eyes, and say a little prayer?
Have you ever looked into his heart, and wish that you were there?

Don't fall in love with anyone because it will not be okay.
It always ends in broken hearts; it happens every day.
Love is amusing, but hurts a lot; the price one pays is high.
If I could choose between love and death, I think I'd rather die.
So, don't fall in love; you'll hurt before it's through.
You see, my friend, I ought to know...
I fell in love with you.

geneviève tsukiyama
Like Like
joe tomita

Bliss

I'd like to wake up each day in your arms and discover long lasting love. to hold your hand, to touch your face, to begin each morning, with a smile and lingering kiss. to have your voice be the first song i hear, and be the last at night, when i curl up with you and dream. i'd like to wake up each day with you and know an eternity of happiness, spent right here in your arms.

darrilyn teruya
Different Kinds of Roads
Some roads go in a straight line.
At times it can be curvy.
Sometimes we go uphill.
We also go downhill.
We end up at a dead end.
We even go in circles.
Sometimes there is a deep bump or just plain smooth.
There's usually a start and an end.

ka nani

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