A NOTE OF THANKS

Ideas, especially creative ideas, are like flowers. Given the proper ingredients for nutrition and plenty of attention, blooms will occur. The family of artists at UH - West O'ahu wish to thank those who, like good gardeners, allowed the chemistry to occur and the blooms to flourish:

Dr. Bruce Bergland, Executive Vice-Chancellor, for his encouragement and thoughtful insight into future ways of making Westwinds possible.

Dr. Dan Boylan, Advisor and driver of the Smurf-mobile, for his patience, his insight and his ability to help those of us on the Westwinds staff convert raw fear of failure to refined expectation of success. We also thank him for his numerous financial leads in our constant search for enough resources to print this publication. Oh, and thanks for lunch.

Dr. Henry Chapin and Dr. Rebecca Lee for their continual support and enthusiasm for Westwinds, and their ability to encourage the submission of student works from a number of their Humanities classes.

Dr. Eric Flower, Head Librarian, for his time and his patience in explaining the finer points of layout for publication and his historical overview of previous efforts to publish, enabling us to not make the same mistakes made by our predecessors. We would also like to thank him for putting up with our screams and tears of frustration.

Phyllis Tsutsui, Counselor, for retaining enough historical record to show us how others went before us.

We would also like to thank the following alumni and friends for everything they have done to support our publication:

Tony Chalk
Norma M. Monte
C. Dudley Pratt, Jr.
Cuyler Shaw
Edward J. Shultz
Jana L. Centeio
Catherine M. Cordeiro
Walter A. Kuchta
Bruce and Cynthia Bergland
Manuel K. Baptista
Carolyn M. Mueller
David A. Crawford
Dennis Y. Yamada
Marsha S. Yoshida
Herbert H. Frantz
Michelle L. Gentry-Hagan
Colbert M. Matsumoto
Gary Watanabe

The Estate of James Campbell
Gaylord H. Wilcox
Kenneth and Patricia Kupchak
William K. Marr
Sonny P. Abangan, Jr.
Rachel S. Fukuda
David A. Heenan
Vera M. Johnson
Amy E. Nogami
Edward and Donna Reid
Jean B. Topic
Buddy Vidal
Jacqueline E. Deluz
Stephen M. Duncan, Jr.
Arnold H.Y. Lee
Teresa R. Whaley-Holmberg
Stephen H. Lortz
Annette L. Nao

Takeichi Tomei
Audrey I. Vance
Lynn M. Hodgson
James C. Williams
Donald A. Bunnell
Phyllis L. Dilwith
Miles T. Miyamoto
Kaisu A. Savitt
Friends of Marcus R. Oshiro
Francis and Rosalie Napoleon
Gail A. Picard
Kenrock K. S. Higa
Florence M. Mayes
Bonnie L. Pestana
Shigeo and Charlotte Tanji
Margarita Friedel
Lisa King

Our gratitude goes out as well to all those whose labor—or checks—came after Westwinds went to press.
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Printed by Wonder View Press
Barbara Newton
November 20, 1943 - December 24, 1995

courtesy of Rebecca Lee
Origami

For Barbara Newton
Rebecca Lee

Deep in her eyes I see the particle of death. Blood vessels, memory cells, words tattooed on the cranium vanish. Her cheek hot against mine, I drag her to her bed. Her breath smells of angels and onions. I massage her withered left arm, a useless bird’s wing. She strains towards me, her love green in her eyes. Holy water lullaby. Saltwater prayer. Your face, my face. Your bones, my bones. Your grief, my grief.

Outside, the rocks are metaphors for tumors. In the thick and dizzy air, each wave sounds like Buddha falling on his head. Two scruffy doves perch on the tangled viscera of bare branches. The clouds have sharp, raven wings. I stand in my shadow and smell a dead sun. Must I, God, let go of what I love? The blue-green sea, clouds scattering the sky, plovers swerving around the rocks, hibiscus sparking orange and pink in a mauve sky, succulents under my body. The pale green of her eyes. My friend beside me whispers, The orchid glistens in a dark spot.

We strap hope onto our smiles. Our hearts unfold in the house where paper birds swirl in the breeze and sunlight through the dust motes sings like a child’s eyes. We feed her pureed chestnuts and brown rice. We build an altar: rosaries and rose quartz, Kwan Yin and amethyst, three emeralds at the Buddha’s feet—the rivers, the mountains, the wind. We are three sisters flying light on the curling air, like blue and green streamers on a kite, outstripping death.

For a while the amethyst works magic. She wobbles to her feet. The sun and moon regain their shine; the earth regains its color. A kingfisher sparks off the water like grace, like the it that needs no reference. We talk of what will be.

Then death wipes out all future tense. The tumor returns, more ravenous than ever. The world has no more miracles. Christmas trees and poinsettias assault us. A cold wind polishes our bones. I point at a sick moon—bloody and ragged and dripping insincerity. Words thump heavy on my ear drum. Buddha’s rhythmic breath wafts into the distance, not touching my cheek. The restlessness of expectation.

In my dreams, she visits my dark room and touches my arm with her long forefinger, thin and gnarled like a twig. We have all died, she says, and returned bearing cells of everyone else who has died. I sweep her from my room, clearing away silvery ghosts and yellow turnings, making the room just me, asleep and dreaming. Still she returns, her finger, translucent in the moonlight, pointing at me.

The morning light shines through the skin of a calla lily. We learn to breathe and wait. We encircle her bed and chant, like monks around the Buddha’s tooth. Clutching her rosary, she begins the journey home. Wild horses paw the ground, waiting for her. Angels flare at her elbows. She wears patience like a nun’s white habit, looks across to where, in the dark, shines a pine branch, a poem, a home. The angels swear there will be no time. A ladder of leaves leads to a house where the night ends.

The weather changes for her funeral. The waves are like licks of flame, like the folds of Kwan Yin’s robe. Lotus flowers rise from the mud. She dances above the altar, above the box with her ashes, above the white spray of mums and gladiolas. She gallops with the wild horses, their manes flaming with wind. A silver cross glistens like a tear on my friend’s black dress.

Twenty-three days dead. I throw your amethyst into the sea and prepare to tackle the everyday chore of breathing, my heart corked and barely pumping. A rainbow hangs low over the mountain like a deep sigh. Everything is a metaphor. The spot on a dove’s neck, enlivened by the sun, is the eye of memory, an iridescent fire, the shudder of violins. The waves chime your spirit, flowing, laughing, crystal clear. And everywhere green I feel the rush of a wild horse, happy you’re home.
The fishing was good. We ran opelu lines down into the spotlight expanse of the sea. As the boat drifted over a good spot, I felt a significant tug on the fifty-pound test line and dragged the multi-leader rig up into the boat. My hands were raw and aching. I thought one could will one’s hands not to hurt at the beginning of the expedition, but then the pain—salty, numbing, beyond feeling—proved too much.

I drifted my eyes over the boat in the dark to spot a pair of old cotton gloves which were once white but now brown from use at sea. The fingers were cut off to give better feel of the line, the hooks, and the fish. I put them on and turned my attention back to fishing.

“Damn,” I said. “Lost about four fish. Had five hooked, too!”

“Beginners luck,” laughed Paul, the skipper of the boat and one of my best friends.

We knew each other from carpooling at work and he had just bought a twenty-one foot Boston Whaler, green and white with a flying bridge, no less. He asked me to go with him. I immediately accepted. The idea of fishing out in the deep blue sea fascinated me.

“Ever been night fishing?” he asked.

“Fresh water, but not deep sea,” I answered.

“They’re much different, but you’ll like it,” he reassured me.

I had gone deep sea fishing in the daytime and got terribly seasick, so I fortified myself with Dramamine and remembered my brother’s advice about referencing the horizon once in a while. (He had once been a helicopter pilot and often fought motion sickness while navigating.)

“Yeah, Tom, just look where the sky meets the sea and that zenith ... that horizon is your reference,” my brother explained.

So with both the medication and the advice, I felt properly fortified not to make myself look like a novice in front of my friend by tossing my lunch.

“No need take pills, Tom. We could use the palu,” Paul laughed.

Paul was a Japanese-American and one of the most cheerful people one could hope to meet. His hair was long, tied in a ponytail at back, and had touches of gray around his sideburns and in his beard and mustache. His brown eyes had that mysterious twinkle whenever he talked to me, and it was evident he saw the humor in life and was a very optimistic person. His long hair, sideburns, and beard made him seem the antithesis of the traditional Oriental male. You could put his picture on a Japan travel poster with the caption “What is wrong with this picture?” Quick witted and sarcastic, he came right to the point when dealing with others—all in all, very un-Asian.

My eyes peered into the murky aquamarine clarity of the night seas, amplified by the 500 watt searchlight clipped to the gunwale of the boat. The waters were teeming with microscopic organisms that looked like dust. Then the fish would appear, first at the periphery of my vision, not directly, then in brilliant blues and greens moving frantically in and out of the light cylinder into the depths. I had never seen anything so beautiful. This had to be part of the allure of the sport—the contact with nature.

I heard breakers off in the distance. We were near Yokohama on the western shoreline of Oahu. I looked to where the sound was coming from and I could only see white water mercilessly pounding the beach in the bright moonlight. I loved that sound. It had a reassuring timelessness about it. When Julie and I were on our honeymoon at Wildwood, we could hear the breakers and the ocean at night, and it was
beautiful. I told her I would love to live near the ocean where the sound of it could rock you to sleep peacefully.

Now we were only five hundred yards from land. Paul and I wanted to hug the coast in case of a squall out at sea. We heard the weather report before embarking and it said possible small craft warnings. The way the man on the radio announced the report, it didn't seem so dangerous.

"Do you think we should go?" I asked him.

"Yeah, no sweat. We'll hug the coast just in case. No worry, man." He laughed at me because my eyebrows were knotted up with apprehension.

A seagull flew right past me and lit upon the rear motor. The boat wasn't running now because we had been in drifting search of the opelu and akule schools. The seagull startled me. It sank its beak into its body and looked at me suspiciously with its left eye, trying at the same time to look nonchalant. I guess even gulls get tired and need to rest. It must have been sounding the sea because it took off and I heard a splash—it must have dive-bombed a fish.

The night stars were brilliant overhead in a vast canopy of universality. I could see the moon in full yellow brilliance enlarged by some optical illusion just off Kaena Point. It seemed to me that all the elements had come out to dance Life with me. There are times that one's sense of well-being is so great that one feels the world is in the palm of his hand. This was such a night. The Great Director had all his players on the stage at the same time, save man—the only one to not act his role the way the script was written.

We had drifted about a mile out from shore and didn't notice because we were so intent on fishing.

"Hey, Paul, we're drifting," I said.

He turned to look up. "No problem, brah. Weather's good." Just then the wind started to whip up off the top of the waves, sweeping in gusts and almost taking my Chicago Bulls cap off.

"Hey, ah.... Paul, here comes that bad weather we heard about on the radio."

"Yeah, we go over to Yokohama and anchor in the bay so the storm won't get us so bad." He displayed an uncharacteristic annoyance at this turn of weather.

The waves started to come up with the increasing wind. The engine whined against the resistance of the ocean, the boat bouncing every ten seconds against the crests, sending a shock through my feet. At any moment I expected the boat to fall apart from the hitting action. Paul looked unperturbed as he steered the boat into Yokohama Bay.

"Set anchor, Tom. We'll fish here." We entered the calm of Yokohama Bay. Though, we still felt the wind and rain, the water was much calmer without the devastating breakers of the open sea.

"Gettin' kind of stormy. Think we should head back to the harbor?" I asked.

"Won't do us any good. The storm will pound us. Best bet is to stay in this here bay 'til the storm dies off. Besides, we can still get in some fishin'." Paul was always the optimist. "Let's set anchor, man," Paul said nonchalantly.

So with that I opened the trap door to the home-made anchor which was tied to three hundred yards of nylon line. It took me a while to recognize it as an anchor. It was a long piece of rebar with angle iron welded to it. It was one of Paul's homemade contraptions upon which the fate of two men were to rest.

It seemed to me I was not in control of my situation out here. The boat didn't turn sharply like a car on a road. Rather, it yawed in wide arcs and one was always correcting his course. I grudgingly took the controls when Paul told me to take the helm. I was always fearful of crashing or turning the boat over. Yet, surprisingly, it stayed aright.

I remember Julie telling me "Have a good time, Hon," earlier in the comfort of our warm house in the balmy Hawaiian evening. Now it was raining and the chill went right through my white pocketed T-shirt and faded Bermuda shorts.
Ancient Journey
Roxanna Ching

Reflections of the sky shimmer and blind
he who has forgotten his second set of eyes

The sun and the stars are the map to his journey
adventures and tribulations constantly unfolding

The rolling seas give clues to his sails
of the winds that follow in great detail

This ancient journey was once a people’s myth
today we see that it has been cherished as a gift

The navigator remembers in his mind
the placement of the heavenly bodies for the first time

By the end of his travels he will have acquired
the movement and passage of the stars by the hour

A storm may throw a vessel off course
a cloudy night may hinder the voyager’s source

Dropping the anchor is the safest for all
to insure that the crew will see landfall

As the journey continues a Noio is sighted
and the voices of crew members are surly delighted

This bird tells of the voyage’s end
only to be traveled again and again

Under a Dog’s Stars
Shane Kepo’o

Night sky
spins and weaves
beautiful patterns
through dog’s dreams
from a hill
where silence rules
and shadows play
under the light
of stars,
a dog’s stars.

Deep End
Shane Kepo’o

He walks
to the water’s edge
alone
but not afraid.

He sighs as
the salt air
stings his face
welcoming him, calling.

He joins both hands
like a steeple,
then lifts his arms
above his head.

He elevates his heels
and balances himself
with steady toes
upon cold rocks.

He is now ready to rise,
to take a slow
uninhibited dive
off the deep end.

Loneliness
Tom Conner

Scattered, wasted seed
falling infertile
on fallow earth.
Numbered days dawning in twilight.
Thwarted desire driving
inhibition, yet
birthing no inheritors, for
Immortality is now.
The Immigrant Song

Jack Laney, Jr.

The definition of Patriotism is "a jealous love and support of one's country." Patriotism to me is an intense love of one's country be it by birth or otherwise. Patriotism is an intangible feeling, not easily described or put into words.

To expand the definition, Patriotism is to willingly suffer personal inconvenience in the support of the principles which make your country great.

America to me is freedom: freedom of religion; freedom of speech; the freedom to choose the neighborhood I live in; the freedom to choose my profession and to even run for president of the United States if I so wish!

With Patriotism goes the willingness to lay down one's life in the preservation of the values all Americans hold so dear. To preserve the reasons for feeling such intense and inspiring emotions for the country which has given me so much.

Though not an American by birth, my love for this country grows so strong that any disrespect towards it and all that it stands for is inconceivable. Patriotism is feeling sad inside when I hear someone speak badly about America or act in a way unbecoming to the American Flag by words or actions.

Patriotism burns inside of me by day and by night, in summer or winter. It is never far from surfacing, and it is strong, constant and everlasting. Patriotism is wanting to pass all the good, fine freedoms I enjoy to the next generation and then on to their children. It is trying to explain to my parents all the wonders of American life. If I were a singer, Patriotism would be my sweetest song: it is my fondest dream and my constant prayer for peace.

Patriotism is everything good and honorable. It is my solemn vow to protect my country from any harm. It is to uphold all the great freedoms that make this nation the greatest in the world. It is striking back at a friend if he or she should voice discontent without reason. It is feeling immense pride in flying the American flag high. Best of all, it is being able to call myself—American!
Once upon a cheesecake, I realized that I truly did not care for them at all. Missile Pops are what I live for. Missile Pops are what I think of when I have near death automobile experiences. There is nothing a Missile Pop cannot cure. There is no problem a Missile Pop cannot solve. Someone could easily save the world and stamp out P.M.S. for good, if they had enough Missile Pops. Furthermore, every soul is aware that no woman in her right mind could resist a man wielding a case of MISSILE Pops. Now could she?

So here I am—my mission is fame, a case of Missile Pops is calling my name. I will wait for the immigrant ice-cream man and ambush him on the corner in front of my house ... just like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. I coaxed my fair-weather lover Gold out of the cabinet where he preferred to spend nap time. Gold was everything any self-respecting Fearless Vampire Killer could ever desire in a .45 caliber automatic pistol. Gold is great, just not very selective about who pulls the trigger.

So here we are, poised within the mailbox like a catapult loaded with flies awaiting the touchdown of steamin’ terd. Here he comes up the street with that scratchy horn and his poorly inflated tires. Out from the hatch we spring, the delinquent duo in an outlaw fury of junk mail, forcing that old fucked up truck to a halt. I level Gold at the driver’s head and shout, “Esto es un rovo demi el caso de Missile Pops es buelo la cavesa!” He tries to pawn off a handful of change and a couple of Drumsticks on me but I was having nothing of it. I ain’t got nothing against chocolate and peanuts. Quite simply I am a nut of a different kind. “Missile Pops cabron!” I say. “Por que,” he replies. I start shooting but I miss his ass. I do take out his phonograph and the loudspeaker he plays that faggot-ass clown music through. I leap over him and his seat into the cooler while Gold skips around back to gas up the getaway vehicle. I see it, a big-ass case of Missile Pops. “Oh, Gold, we are almost there!” I shout, charging out the back of the shot-up wreck on to the magic carpet that Gold had already swung around for a speedy departure. I holler, “You had better get some air in those fuckin’ tires!” as we pull away over the neighbor’s house.

Gold is laughing hysterically about how cute the ice-cream man will be trying to explain all of this to the pigs. I drop a couple of Missile Pops in the fuel tank ... You know how bad magic carpets are on fuel. “There it is!” Gold shouts. I look over. It is the town square. This would be the genesis of the rebirth of our planet and the redefinition of our solar system. Our landing was a bit rough because of all the hot air pouring out of the capitol building. We were forced to eject. Luckily, we touched down safely in the fountain with our glorious payload.

Immediately, I began jumping up and down, and flailing my arms and legs in order to gain the attention of the passersby. “Behold the rebirth of the universe!” I shout as Gold rips open the case of Missssssssile Pops. Out they came flowing naked, melted and useless onto the courtyard lawn.

“Curses! Foiled again,” Gold says. “No! Gather up the syrup! Hurry! There is still hope!” I say. Everyone begins to laugh. “For Christ’s sake you slaves, save yourselves! Ladies! No more P.M.S.?”

A couple of pigs knock Gold out of my hand, throw me to the ground and cuff me as I pull open my trousers and begin to piss all over the place. I am flopping and rolling about with those gooseshopping assholes in my piss and the melted meaning of life. Gold began laughing right along with the crowd.

This is when I realize that now, more than ever, I can really feel the warmth from my urine all about my midsection instead of all over the hogs. Now I can hear Nurse Bones right along with the shouts of the crowd: “Get up! wake up!” I try to stand up but I find myself tied down in my own bed. She unbucks me as Dr. Scales slithers into my room.

“You really get a kick out of wetting the bed, don’t you?” the doc says. I admit it is a trifle unsanitary but one of the simple necessities in establishing my inability to return to the home of murderers, rapists, and common low-class hoodlums. Much smoother sailing down here with the assorted nuts.

“A foolish parade of fantasy you forked tongued devil,” I say.

“There, there,” Nurse Bones says. “Rick-a-ticky-tock, suck on my cock, yeah Jesus!” I say, blushing her pretty tan face.

“Same old god damn bullshit!” the doc says as I
shout, “A concrete universe! Cocksucker’s delight!”

“All right clean him up,” the doc says, signaling to
the orderlies.

“Snake in the grass, Donny and Marie wreck that
ass!” I say to Nurse Bones while she fights to ignore
your humble narrator. This sight causes an extremely
uncomfortable choke hold to be placed around my neck
by the orderly with the cantilever eyebrows.

“Addressee unknown...,” I gasp, “...return to sender
and a bag of chips, ancient Chinese secret.”

“Get in there you crazy piece of shit!” he snarls.

“You gots ta chill homie,” the other orderly sighs.

“Knock out dat schizophrenic numba G.”

I say “I’m not schizophrenic. Me neither. Nor am I
... squared HA HA HA HA HA I have seen the
cockroaches naked in the moonlight Yogi!”

“We will discuss your behavior in group therapy,
won’t we,” the doc says. Sounds a whole lot better than
dodging gang rape in the showers upstate I think as I
shout “Rat-tailed aberrations, hoofed pork and beans!” I
am never goin’ back. I would much rather play charades
with a gaggle of higher-than-thought physicians than
fight and struggle to survive in that den of septic death
for the next ten years. Here, my only dilemma is
walking the line between mental disorder and criminal
insanity. If I do fail, no problem. Escaping from this
facility would be as simple as gin and tonics going down
at the Elks Club They may even find that I am innocent
after all. Yeah, right—for now a carnival of lunacy.
The End of Innocence
Marcus

six shots rang out
the lenses shattered
born under enemy fire
he died in kind
he searched for peace
it was nowhere to be found
he shook the world
it took his soul
he was a genius, not a saint
who wants to be a hero?
don’t say the wrong thing
what bad influence
who cares, we own you now
all he wanted was his life back
in the end, they got that too
how fickle people tend to be
be honest, but not that honest
when you tell the truth
we can’t hide from who we are
who wants to be an idol?
he told the world
“don’t worship me, I’m just a man”
blasphemy!
so he was burned in effigy
no peace here
he created an explosion
the world cried for more
how much more could he give?
someone saw his face
and decided to make history
six shots rang out

No Love Lost
Betty Ickes

There is no love lost
Forsaken by some, it lives
To bless another

Elegy For A Dream
Bill Seib

A candle burns to bottom; nothing more.
I’ve never had to kill love’s flame before.
Her love’s a heated bra that’s on, then off
My dream’s last gasp came out a smoking cough.

I relished her love’s morsel, ate her meal
with hungry, ardent appetite I chewed—
until my jaw’s cramped muscles lost their zeal,
as her dream’s eye lost sight of what mine viewed.

Her fickle pulse beat deeply my heart’s tune.
A blind man could get burned beneath her moon.
A dead love’s but a vision torn apart—
and a spirit that has exited the heart.

The past is something gone, a mere illusion
to be erased as if it never was.
It barely left its hint but much confusion—
to know dreams die, yet this one never does.

I kissed the worry from her brow so sweet.
Our niches fit so firmly, so complete.
An empty void just caused my heart to quiver—
as the dream died hard, but gently, with a shiver.

This is Duende
Eileen Tiwanak

I saw the tourist entering the caves of Andalusia
I saw the barefoot gypsy children dancing at the cave’s entrance
I heard the guitars strumming
I heard the gypsies singing
And then I rushed to the cave and felt the urge to dance
I felt as if I was possessed
I felt a spirit, the duende, of the Flamenco
It's been four days now, yep, four days and still no sign of him. Sixteen must be a tough age. I was sixteen once, but darn if I wanted to leave home that bad I would actually do it. Besides, my father would have skinned me alive if I did. Seems like I was more interested in chasing girls than running away. Sure, Dad was a pain, but nothing I couldn't handle. I was more devious—I knew how not to get caught at doing something. Like the time I cut school. I told no one, shared the day with no one. It was one of the more boring days I can remember, not having someone to be with. But at least I didn't get caught doing things I wasn't supposed to!

My kid Louie ... I grounded him last week for going to the beach after school with his friends after both his mother and I told him he couldn't go. Well, maybe surfing is very important in his life, but he should learn to take “no” for an answer. Taking a ride from Sean who just got his license last week was pretty stupid! Did I want to get wings so badly back then? I guess now he can go surfing if he wants—he took the surfboard, too! But he's gotta come back home because he'll get homesick. I know it. He's gonna be hungry too because man, that kid likes to eat! But he's got his mother worried sick. I've never seen Annie like this before. She can't sleep, she can't eat. She's just pining away for that boy and that kid don't deserve that kind of attention 'specially after he leaves without so much as a note or a word of warning. They were close, them two. She's broken—staring into the TV, not even changing channels. Every time the doorbell rings, she sits up and looks at the front door anxiously. What did Annie and I do to get this kind of treatment from a teenager? It's like all the good times we had when he was younger don't count or nothing. I remember the scooter rides over the golf course at twilight, stopping to see Diamond Head in the brilliant distant horizon. I remember when he was four and he said: “I Love You, Dad.” I wasn't ready for that! I was looking off into the sky when he said it.

“What, Louie?” I turned to look at him, framed by the western setting sun, my hands up to deflect the glare.

“I love you, Dad, that's all.”

He really dug those scooter rides. Doesn’t he remember that? Rich, my friend at work, tells me it's a phase of teenagers to demand independence. It's a little reassuring to know that because if he hung onto the apron strings too tightly, I'd worry about him. Yet this hurts, this really hurts. Kids don't come with an owner's manual or nothing like that. I mean, once a kid's past five years old, Dr. Spock's book has no relevance. Gotta learn it by on-he-job-training, it seems. Why do the really important things in life come with little or no formal instruction? Sex, child raising. Growing up. Growing old. Handling pain. This boy of mine, my oldest, he was OK until the Fernandez' moved into town on the next street. Those kids always ran wild and were given privileges at a much earlier age than ours. They could stay up until ten o'clock on school nights. They could even go to the movies on Friday nights when they were twelve! Doesn't that seem kind of young? What do they need freedom for at that age? Are they such enlightened parents? I'll bet Louie is over their house right now. Bill Fernandez and I never agreed on anything, anyway. What do you expect from an accountant, trying to act so sophisticated and modern in the handling of his kids! He ought to get a real job like I got making frame houses—get some calluses on the hands and take a real grab outta life! Pissed me off when he beat me arm wrasslin' last New Year's Eve. A damn accountant at somethin' physical! I mean, his hands aren't even hard! Soft as a girl's!

“You shouldn't be so hard on him, Cal. I knew this might happen. He's a sensitive kid,” Annie said.

“We've been over that before. Some day he'll wake up,” I answered.

“Wake up? To what?”

“That he can't have everything his own way.”

Just then the front doorbell chimed. Annie jumped up from the living room loveseat. She knew who it was even with the door closed. Women are unique that way. She opened the door and there stood Louie looking at his mother.

“Hi, Mom,” he said. Like nothing happened!

Just behind him was Fernandez. I was standing behind Annie. He looked at me and said, “Don’t be too hard on him, Cal, he’s just growing up.”

I grabbed Louie by the arm, pulled him into the house, turned him around, and punched him right in the chest. Surprisingly, he went flying easily into the fireplace.

“Cal, no!” Annie screamed, holding me by the shoulders to keep me from hitting Louie again. She turned to close the front door and said to Fernandez, “You better go, we'll handle it.”

They told me later that Fernandez had this sad look on his face, shook his head twice, then turned around and left. He knew why I was mad. I mean, if he hadn't shown up, I never would've hit Louie. But that Fernandez had to act better than me by telling me how to take care of my kid! The nerve!
In my dream the wide, swift stream flowed shallow and clear. The cold, swirling water battered against my trembling knees. It slipped past black boulders and skirted the smooth, sleek, mahogany tree trunks that studded the stream. Poised straight as arrows pointing to the sky, their busy branches spreading out far above the grumbling water, the tree trunks looked like tall poles anchored in the onslaught of the stream.

Sunlight flickering through the lacework canopy silvered its emerald leaves. The shadowy, sun-dappled ambiance created an illusion of serenity. Trapped and exhausted, halfway across the stream, my spirit quailed at the sight of the stream bank wavering unreachably far ahead. It appeared ephemeral: a ghost shore as fluid and translucent as the vast moving sheet of glass surrounding me. The chaotic, gurgling rumble of the stream poured through my soul as I faltered among the slimy, slippery stones under my feet.

Three hundred yards away, unencumbered by the deep canopy that smothered me, a clear, bright, sunlit world flourished. A great, sparkling blue river glided past meadows sprinkled with patches of purple, white, and yellow flowers. Unhindered in its mastery, the river dwarfed the glittering cities along its banks. Proud ships of commerce and fleet, white hulls borne by sails floated above the chorus of its currents. Trawlers cast lines into the foam-capped water and drew out the morning’s sunbeams. Tiny boats resembling covered wagons kept pace with the river’s flow, or huddled among its sheltered bays.

Caught in the limbo of the interminable stream, I remembered my own little boat and my journeys along the river. Sometimes in secret, secluded places along its banks, tiny entities of myriad shimmering colors hovered, glistening like hidden treasures here and there. I heard the magical melodies of the river. As if in celebration of its being, orchestral accompaniments arose. Amid the lilting harp and sensuous strings, the clear, high notes of a piano tinkled. Mesmerizing, the music felt like drops of pure crystal falling on my ears.

Standing in the emptiness of the stream, I wondered why I had not lingered on the river’s vibrant shores. Having forsaken the river’s wonders many times before, I knew now that I wanted to be there. Suddenly, deep as the great river, my soul recognized this fateful place. My heart chilled as cold as the stream’s water. This was where scales are balanced, where Zeus and Apollo played chess. Here destiny hangs, uncertain of the outcome. A pawn captured in suspended animation, pinned prey awaiting its final dance, I clutched desperately at the trunks of the trees seeking solidarity with quaking hands in the midst of a mirage. The lacy canopy swished and swayed. The gentle creaking of the branches had a rhythm of its own. Through the sounds of the stream, I heard the trees whisper. Gathering life’s energy from the bright, warm world far above, they passed it down. Graciously, they offered to share.

“We’re alive, too! You’re not alone,” I heard them sigh.

“Hold on, we’ll help you make it through.”

I awoke. A pervasive aura of danger, like a dark stagnant cloud, saturated me. Overwrought nerve-strings bound tightly as fists finally slackened, then unraveled in shambles around my room. Teeter-tottering above doom for too long, my frayed spirit collapsed. Fragments of consciousness consisting of all forgotten emotions, hopes, and dreams, dislodged themselves from my paralytic mind and flew about the room. Hovering like the tiny entities in my dream, they had colors of their own. Translucent yet tangible, they sought their own ways. Some donned helmets preparing to haphazardly soar. In sheer abandonment, they didn’t care where they crashed. Others, drenched throughout with pain and worn to tatters, relented to despair and disappeared. Some cowered, too distraught to flee. Yet some fragments bounced about as energetic as atoms. Too vibrant to be grasped, they deigned to accept death. Nor would they live again in my covered wagon-boat. They longed to feel solid earth and sunshine, and to play amid the river’s frothy curls. The pieces of lost dreams were left settled on the floor next to my hollow mantle.
Untethered of my bearings in a kaleidoscopic reality, I was about to quit school. Then I found that one tenacious tree had followed me home.

"Relax," she reassured me. "You’re not alone. I understand and I’ll help you all I can." With gentle persistence she repeated, "You can do it. You can make it through," until my beleaguered soul believed it. Almost resigned to die in the stream, my spirit began to recoil.

Lovingly, the tree lowered her branches and scooped me up off the floor. Caressed in the graceful, benevolent arms of the magnificent, powerful being who nurtured me, I slowly rewound my sprung spools of nerve-string. Again, hearing the great river’s melodic voice and holding tightly to the hand of my friend, I gathered my sundered soul into a cohesive form.
Mankind
Wendy M. Watson

Our mother earth began to weep,
While they plan our destruction when we sleep.
Are we truly free like they say?
Our president preaches it will be okay, one day.

We go on doing our jobs,
While the homeless, religious, and races sob.
Twisted words covering what they really meant,
Silence is the last refuge of the incompetent.

The righteous continue to pray,
Hoping it will all end one day.
No one will judge with their minds,
One day the world will be completely color blind.

Our mother earth still weeps with pain,
Tears of heaven whisper in the rain.
We create our eradication before it was planned,
All because of our own species—Man.

Background
Tom Conner

The sparrow flew
against the wind.
He did—he flew so
hard against the shore!
It seemed he was going nowhere.
Silhouetted upon the rocks,
he dipped and plunged with each pulse
atop the sandy gravel.
His shadow rose and fell
on top of the tanned torsos.
No windhover, he
heaved into the wind
to keep a date with the pulse
beneath the hard earth.
He answered the call;
under the buffet’s howl,
He obeys the Pulse!

Invented Forms
Roxann Graham

I saw a face
I saw a tear
I heard a cry
I heard, “Oh Dear!”
And then I woke,
from what it seems, a dream
I felt safe
I felt silly

I know what I believe
I believe what I comprehend
I see myself,
But then again

An image flowed by me
A similar image blinked
An opposing image scolded me
A reconciling image winked
A feeling of relief

Bright eyes gleam
Smiling faces shine brightly
Children of the future stand
proudly
Showing us the way

I smelled white ginger
I saw a mist
I heard the hoot of the pueo
I touched my lips
Then I smiled at those memories
Peaches and Cream Pretension

J.D. Wrather

I heard it, yes, heard it all
that you must and shall.
The musts and shalls of society
are not made to be wrecked by street punks,
then nobody would care.
They are made to be wrecked by their own kind,
so their own kind would stop
and their minds would put out a reaction.
The first one of the day that is.
And they drink Mint Medley tea
and hold their crumpet pastry shit so daintily like.
The pastry crumbles and melts on the plate before they even finish it.
There was no intention to finish it anyway.
And after they are done they leave 15% for the girl
that got paid to ignore them for 37 ½ minutes,
so purposefully ignorant and deceiving.
She was so friendly...
when she was around.
But it was such a rarity to see a friendly person,
so pay her for it!
Stumble around the pockets of a sports jacket crafted in Italy
to find the keys of a car I don’t particularly like.
Can’t think of the name of it,
but it has one of those automatic suspension systems,
soft to hard to normal to hard to normal to hard again.
Those people cannot make up their minds.
They’ll still be indecisive
even after they die as to what coffin
they want to lie in and rot.
I don’t prefer someone
being able to put a bundle of flowers above my head,
Six feet above me so I can’t reach them.
How selfish of them.
Dig me up!
I can’t see that mountain view from underground,
stuff rose petals in my nostrils, let the granite scratch me,
if you’re going to do something do it right!
Pleiku

Tom Conner

Early morning sunbeams rose above the Montagnard villages on the outskirts of artillery hill. The palm and banana trees swayed gently to misty breeze.

"Lie down, be quiet," Crawford whispered to the girls under the drab olive Army blanket in the back of the 3 ¼ ton truck they called the "Meat Wagon." They were approaching the guard shack on the way back to Pleiku. The girls giggled and obediently pulled up the Army blanket over themselves and lay down on the bed of the truck.

"They're just like kids," Jim Crawford whispered to his sidekicks Elmo Zeeks and Johnny Hogan. They smiled back.

Elmo Zeeks was strictly medieval Appalachian: rotten front teeth, Lucky Strike between his yellow tobacco-stained fingers, and a pimple on the end of his nose that sat on a red pockmarked face which looked like it was soaked in oil from the jeeps he worked on in the motor pool. He always had the look of alcoholic confusion about him and his fatigues were usually wrinkled, as if he slept in them. Come to think of it, he did. He would always accentuate whatever was said with "Ya ain't said shit!" while chuckling "Hyuk, Hyuk."

Johnny Hogan, the other one, was the toughest little Virginian one could ever meet. He was a fair-haired blonde with freckles on his face and a resolute lower lip jutting out, while his bleary, shiny, alcohol-laced eyes grimly surveyed all in his domain. One of his eyes was glass and when he looked at you, the right eye would skew away from its target. So when he talked, it seemed he was looking at two people at the same time. No one had the nerve to ask him what happened. When in the throes of alcohol, he would wax in soliloquies about his accomplishments. He was wearing his Long-range Reconnaissance Patrol hat, a floppy, camouflage-colored affair with shotgun shells tucked in the brim. On the back of his Army jacket he had sewn: "When I die bury me face down so the whole world can kiss my ass."

The Meat Wagon rode every Friday night in a never-ending, almost frantic attempt to both snub noses at the powers that be and to satisfy sexual desire. After returning stateside, Crawford received a letter from Flash, the queer. He said that all the guys complained that the Meat Wagon was no longer in operation. "Chicken shit!" Crawford said while reading.

The guards sleepily waved the truck past. They proceeded alongside terraced rice paddies, banana trees and small villages bathed in brilliant sunshine dotting the outskirts of the big city. Then they reached downtown and let the girls off in front of the Magic Fingers Massage Parlor on Tu Do Street where the guys had picked them up the evening before.

"Not bad, twenty dollars a night," said Hogan.

"Yep, they work cheap," said Zeeks, talking around the cigarette dangling from his lips.

There was a carton of Lucky Strikes on the dashboard. Little street boys came over to the parked truck to beg for candy. They were dressed in tattered rags, and had long, black, dirty hair and smeared, greasy faces. They smelled of rank odor of nuoc mam. One little boy, about eleven years of age, climbed up the running board on Crawford's side, grabbed his arm and said:

"Mee (American)."

Crawford smiled back at the boy who was picking at the hair on his left arm.

"These people don't have hair on their arms, do they?" Hogan said.

"Hey!" Zeeks said. "The carton of smokes is gone! This other little shit done stole them!"

Crawford turned and looked on the back, and lowered the gate to let the girls out. Just then a little mama-san with black front teeth came up to Crawford and motioned to the Magic Fingers Massage Parlor.

"Hey, GI, you come hea," she said excitedly.

"What's up, Mama-san?"

"Take you fren go home."

"My friend?"

"Yes. Name Creger."

"You mean he's still at Magic Fingers? I saw him go in there last night!"

Crawford followed the old lady down Tu Do Street and into Magic Fingers, more affectionately referred to by the Americans as the "Steam and Cream."

"Ol' Creger, the horniest man in the Battalion!" Crawford roared.

He followed Mama-San inside and sat down in the waiting room while she went in the back through the beaded curtain that clacked gently and came out with Lan, one of the masseuses. She was only sixteen, yet she knew more about men than most women twice her age.

"Jim. You fren Crega. He too drunk, no can come. Take him home, sleep it off," Lan said.

She and Crawford walked inside and down the hall. He looked into one of the rooms and there on the raised bed was Creger naked, on his back with a raging hard-on and two girls working it over. The girls turned and looked up at Crawford helplessly.

"He no can come!" they both said with their hands extended out in helpless frustration.

Just then Creger looked up from his drunken stupor, and stretched out his left hand.

"Ngu qua, numbah ten GI toopid!" one of the whores said. She reached through the rear cab window and slapped Crawford then Zeeks in the face.

"Bitch!" screamed Zeeks.

"What the fuck you hit me for?" Crawford bloated back at her. "I didn't know! These little fuckers are in cahoots!"

Crawford stopped the truck, went around the back, and lowered the gate to let the girls out. Just then a little mama-san with black front teeth came up to Crawford and motioned to the Magic Fingers Massage Parlor.

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Just then Creger looked up from his drunken stupor, and stretched out his left hand.
“Almos’ thea, man! Get outta here!” Crawford respectfully left and was laughing all the way back to the truck. “You ain’t gonna believe this guys,” he said.

Along the streets, on the sidewalks, and in front of the stores in the city were the little covered wagons and carts of the street vendors. Some of the poorer vendors laid out their wares on a towel or blanket spread on the sidewalk.

These sidewalk entrepreneurs stood by their little wagons with high stools and sold pungent local food including 

\[ \text{pho’}, \text{an oxtail soup with steeped rice noodles and bean sprouts.} \]

Then there was \( \text{cha yao}, \) the Vietnamese egg roll, deep fried, with chopped cooked pork and shredded carrots, wrapped in rice paper. They sold goat meat, monkey brains and large frogs. The whole street reeked of the powerful \( \text{nuoc mam}, \) or fish sauce, and urine. The streets were littered with garbage and sewage. Skinny, mangy dogs roamed freely.

The traffic on the four-lane Tu Do Street had no order. Cars, Mercedes, Peugeots, taxis, Citroens, pedicabs, rickshaws, bicycles, tricycles, skateboards, and numerous pedestrians cluttered the streets like a massive, violent whitewater river in turbulent rapids. There was even a black rusted ‘57 Chevy going slowly down the street.

“How the fuck did a ‘57 Chevy get here?” asked Hogan in surprise.

“Nothing surprises me here, in the armpit of the world,” replied Crawford.

Then they started up for Bon’s. They waited for traffic to ease in order to turn the corner and get onto Le Loi Street where Bon the interpreter resided.

There was no break in traffic, so Crawford eased his truck into the oncoming flow of movement.

“Just go!” Zeeks hollered impatiently, rubbing his alcohol-parched mouth.

“Yes, but I might kill one of these little fuckers,” Crawford said.

“No worry! Just go, they’ll stop.”

“Man, I can’t! There’s too many of ‘em. I’ll kill one for sure.”

“Just go, goddammit!”

So Crawford just went. It was miraculous how everyone stopped on a dime to let the bigger 3/4 ton truck go by.

There was a young Vietnamese girl of about fourteen. She had shiny black hair pinned up in a bun, and wore black silk pants and the split-at-the-sides blouse the Vietnamese called an \( \text{ao-dai}. \)

Her clothes were threadbare and simple, but she was clean and stood straight and proud. She sold roses, carnations, tulips, birds of paradise, plumeria, and ginger, all atop an Army blanket on the sidewalk in front of Bon’s house.

Sergeant Tran Van Bon was the South Vietnamese Army interpreter sent to his unit, the Headquarters Battery of the Third and the Sixth Artillery, which was a 105 howitzer cannon battalion. He was a cheerful, round-faced man of about 35 years of age with a slight paunch on his belly. He was a man of the upper class and it showed. He had no muscle, just a boyish grin, and was soft in countenance. He always had a cat-that-ate-the-rat smile, accented by one gold front tooth. He was usually seen holding the French Galouses cigarettes European style, backwards between the thumb and forefinger.

His house had a shop in front facing Le Loi Street. Crawford, Hogan and Zeeks parked the truck and walked over to the store.

Upon the cracked, yellow plaster wall, behind the counter in a glass case were bottles of Chivas Regal, Pernod, Grand Marinier, Brandy, Dom Perignon, and Martel. Inside the glass counter directly in front were neatly lined up packages of Pall Mall, Lucky Strikes, Galouses, Calumet, Sheiks, Trojans, bottled water, canteens, ammo belts, chopsticks, rice bowls, black polished ornaments, smoking pipes, brassieres, underwear, Sony radios, and Hitachi tape recorders.

Crawford turned around and saw Sony and Panasonic color TV’s, fine jewelry, Seiko watches, and many hand-painted, black enamel jewelry boxes.

In the back of the store was Bon’s home. A large living room was separated from the store by a bead string curtain. In the back were two bedrooms and a small kitchen, and outside in the back was an outdoor latrine which was just a hole in the cement. It was upper class by Vietnamese standards.

Bon lived with his mother and father, paternal grandparents, wife, and two small kids. The two-year-old wore no pants and his pecker was dangling in front for everyone to see.

“Fuckin’ people! No shame, let the little boy go nekked,” Zeeks said.

“Nah, over here the man is king. The parents are just showing off,” Crawford said. The boy was waddling in front of the store on the sidewalk under Grandma’s watchful eye.

“Hey, Jim, how you?” Bon said and smiled.

“Hey, Sergeant Bon,” Crawford replied. “I’m doing good. Can I bring in my buddies Hogan and Zeeks, you know the two crackers from the motor pool?”

“Shua. Crackers?” Bon asked.

“Yeah, cracker, like someone who hates everyone else except those that give him booze.”

“If they friends of yours, no problem.” Bon was known for his hospitality.

Hogan toted a sawed-off shotgun into the house, but Crawford asked him to leave it by the door out of respect for Bon’s family.

“Hell, man, don’t need that today, we on a day off!” Zeeks said.

“Ain’t no day off when Charlie ambushes us,” Hogan replied.

“Sumbitches shoot ya when ya ain’t lookin’!”

“Shit, we ain’t nuttin’ but a bunch o’ REMF’s drinkin’ and chasin’ tail.”

“Watch out who ya call REMF, mothafucka. I ain’t no REMF!” Hogan hollered. “Besides, next week I DEROS.”

“One more week and you wake up from this bad dream,” Crawford said enviously.

Bon’s wife was a slender, quiet, Chinese beauty. She brought a large platter of deep-fried, battered shrimp out to the men. Large as baseballs, it was the best shrimp they ever ate. Then Bon busted out the Chivas and Budweisers, and they all commenced to drink.
"They ain’t nuttin’ I like betta than a good fight, good whiskey and loose women. Not in that order, of course," Hogan said as shrimp grease dripped down his chin. He reached around to wipe it off with the back of his sleeve.

“What DEROS and REMF mean?” Bon asked. “Neva heard those words.”

“Well, ya know, Sarge. We got abbreviations for everything,” explained Crawford. “Like MOS, that’s short for Military Occupation Specialty, or job. DEROS means the day we go home and REMF stands for Rear Echelon Mother Fuckers. Nobody likes to be called a REMF. Then we got the old standby FUBAR.”

“What’s that?” asked Bon.

“Fucked Up Beyond All Repair,” That’s Standard Operating Procedure.” They all laughed.

“Hell, we ain’t total REMFs,” Hogan said.

“Leave that one alone, already,” laughed Zeeks.

“No, man, we ain’t total REMFs, just partial REMFs. How many times we got shelled by Charlie’s mortars this year, fifteen?”

“We must be partial REMFs because at artillery hill we never see Charlie in combat face to face. We fight each other more in the Enlisted Man’s Club than we do the enemy.”

“Hey, Johnny, when’s your ETS?” Crawford asked.

“ETS, what that mean?” Bon asked.

“Oh, yeah, Estimated Termination of Service, when we get outta the Army,” Zeeks said.

“I get out next week. Whooey, seven more days and a wake up!” Hogan shouted up at Hyuk.

“Ah doan know what ahm doin’ hea ’cept gettin’ wasted on rotgut every day,” Hogan wailed and howled up at the air like a lovesick hound dog.

“Ya ain’t said shit! Hyuk, Hyuk. Fuckin’ rotgut. Me, too, wastin’ ma life hea. An’ I got five more months before a wake up,” Zeeks said.

“Chivas, Bud, doobies—jes another miserable fuckin’ day in the fun capital of the world,” Crawford said. “Let’s get ol’ Elmo outta here, Johnny.” Crawford knew trouble was coming.

Zeeks stood up, reeled in a drunken stupor, stumbled into the storefront, and slammed backwards onto one of Bon’s glass display cases. “Oh, no!” Hogan and Zeeks both said as they rushed over and caught him before he put all his weight onto the glass. They pushed him out of the shop and onto the sidewalk. He reeled and bobbed along the side walk, pirouetted backwards, and fell right on the girl’s flower bed. He was flat on his back, crushing most of the flowers with the tulips and roses flying up into the air.

“Aieeeee!” the girl screamed. She ran away, taken totally by surprise.

“Let’s get the hell outta here!” Crawford shouted. They made their way to the truck, dragging Zeeks who had his arms drapered over their shoulders.

“Airborne!” Zeeks shouted and suddenly revived.

He went to jump up onto the back of the truck, missed his footing, and fell back onto the street on his head. Blood was streaming from his greasy...
pockmarked face.

“Ooooooh,” he moaned and got up feeling his forehead. A red welt the size of a golf ball was forming on his forehead.

“Ol’ Elmo. Can dress ya up, can’t take ya anywhea,” Hogan said.

“Sorry ‘bout my friend, Bon,” Crawford said.

“No sweat, Jim.” Bon lowered his voice and said, “You can come back anytime. Leave the other two crackers back at the hill.” He smiled.

Just then they heard sirens wailing and around the corner the MP jeep wheeled straight for them.

“Oh, shit!” Crawford said.

The jeep pulled up and the Sergeant said, “Do you guys know this is an off limits area?”

“This is bullshit! Hyuk, Hyuk,” Zeeks snorted.

“You shouldn’t have said that!” the Sergeant bellowed. “The three of you follow me in that truck. If you try to get away, I will shoot. You, you look the most sober.” He looked at Crawford. “You drive. We’re going to the stockade.”

A crowd of people started to form. The onrushing traffic slowed as the locals rubber-necked. So Crawford, Hogan, and Zeeks followed the MP jeep back to the Camp Enari stockade. Crawford heard Zeeks chuckle.

“What’s so fuckin’ funny?” Hogan asked.

“I ain’t had this much fun since I left Kentucky!” Zeeks said.
Morning Rain
Jennifer Garvey

The heavy rain subsides; tiny puddles of life scatter the sidewalk.
Smell of green rises from the ground
and with it a thick billowing fog
envelopes the country.
Colors swirl from a paint brush—
contrasts of green, blue, and white.
Again,
turmoil
and churning appear in the puddles;
the rain begins.

An old and worn hand wipes the mist from the mirror,
as steam
rises from under the bathroom door.
From behind the door, drops
bounce off the porcelain.
Behind the withered figure, reflections dazzle in glass.

Fresh egg immerses and explodes like a rocket,
leaving frothy
floating whites.
Vapor from a screaming teapot shoots like a rapidly upward kite,
informing the drink is ready.
Puddled footprints leave a trail down the stairs.

Peering inside the fishbowl, murky and muddy
brown pools sway back and forth.
Gold and black creatures float belly up.
Although neglect resulted in death,
food is still sprinkled inside.

As the newborn figure opens the door,
moss-scented breezes
rush in.
Our Fire  Jennifer Dahlin

The scared hare springs down the stairs. Hot pebbles embed themselves in our soft feet. Red’s fingers burst through my bedroom window. The hum of the truck drowns the excited buzzes of the crowd. The slicked man yanks the cadaverous snake from its coil. A powerful wave pumps life through the snake’s impotent body. Red glides his fingers indulgently up the side of the house. Each droplet stings his tentacles. His black breath whispers up our nostrils. His essence shrouds our house in a suffocating embrace. The speculative stares of the swarming onlookers bore into our tragedy. Alien tongues reverberate in the valley of my brain. Sooty confetti showers us in dry raven flakes. Her bones snap, unwilling to succumb to him. Shards rain and pierce the damp soil. Red’s shadow forever smears our haven. The wind sails Henry and Fishy home. Her smoldering physique poises triumphantly in the stagnant oppression.
Conversations on Route 51
Puahaulani Takushi

Characters:
GIRL ON THE RIGHT
GIRL ON THE LEFT
HAOLE GUY WITH ALOHA SHIRT (Audience hears his thoughts.)
OLD FILIPINO LADY
JAPANESE LIBRARIAN
MAHU

Onstage is the JAPANESE LIBRARIAN and other bus riders.
Enter two girls. They deposit bus fare and find appropriate seats.

GIRL ON THE LEFT
GIRL ON THE RIGHT

No worry, my aunty so cool she not going mine us coming ovah.
You shuah? I going be so shame we get ovah deah and den she tell us fo' go back school.

GIRL ON THE LEFT
GIRL ON THE RIGHT

I telling you, no worry. She not li' dat. She real, real, real nice.
Okay, whatevahz.

GIRL ON THE LEFT
GIRL ON THE RIGHT

So wassup wit you and Matt? You tol' him dat you love him yet o'what?
Nah. He tol' me dat he love me, so I tol' him dat I love him too. But den I really, really like him.

GIRL ON THE LEFT
GIRL ON THE RIGHT

Dass good 'cause you shouldn't say dat jus' fo' please him.
Yeah, plus I tol' him dat Waianae guys only like one ting and aftah dat dey donno you any moa.

GIRL ON THE LEFT
GIRL ON THE RIGHT

Ae, you! You tol' him dat?
Yeah, and he tol' me, "Dass what you tink of me?" So I tol' him, "No, I hope you not li' dat 'cause I like one solid relationship." Den he tol' me dat I jus' too good fo' him, dass why I cannot say dat I love him. But I no tink dat I bettah. I jus' like take tings slow, dass all.

Enter OLD FILIPINO LADY. Shows bus pass and walks down the aisle, hitting passengers on the head and shoulders with her large handbag. JAPANESE LIBRARIAN allows FILIPINO LADY to sit by the window.

OLD FILIPINO LADY
JAPANESE LIBRARIAN
OLD FILIPINO LADY

You know deez students now days? Dey don't go school and den dey come on deez bus and take up all deez front seats. Don't have room for me to sit over dare, all deez time.
(Turns toward OLD FILIPINO LADY, smiles and nods.) Yes, that's too bad.

Where dey going? Dey don't want to go school, but where dey going on deez bus? How come dee police officer don't arrest dem and put dem in jail? Den dey go to school. More better dey go to school den go jail, yeah?

OLD FILIPINO LADY
JAPANESE LIBRARIAN

I would think so.
(Points to front of bus.) Look like deez same age as my granddaughter who only fourteen. But dat girl get baby already and going to have one more. So young, how she going to take care? Look, her chee-chee so small. Dat mean she don't breast feed. How she get de money for feed her baby? And look, her stroller take up deez whole chair over dare. I could have sit dare, but I thought dat was a person.

(Smiles at OLD FILIPINO LADY and turns away.)

Enter HAOLE GUY WITH ALOHA SHIRT. No seats available. Stands next to GIRLS.

HAOLE GUY
GIRL ON THE RIGHT
GIRL ON THE LEFT

(Looks down at GIRLS.) Whoa, Baby! Nice tits! Really nice!
(Points to pregnant girl.) See dass why I no like fall in love wit Matt. I no like end up hapai like her. Look her, muss be so hard catching bus wit one bebe, one strollah and two bags. I raddah carry books.
Lolo, jus' 'cause you fall in love wit somebody no mean you going get pregnant.
I know dat, but I scared dat when I really, really fall for Matt, I going like da kine with him. And when dat happens, I not going like stop.

(I Stares at GIRL ON THE RIGHT’s cleavage.) Damn, I really got to get me some of that fine Hawaiian titties!

I already get butterflies when he kiss me. And when he stay kissing me full on and rubbing my shouldaz, I jus’ like faint. Ho, feel so good I jus’ like take off all my clothes. But I promise to God dat we nevah da kine yet, but I like so bad. Sometimes I gotta cross my legs when we kissing so dat notin’ happens.

(Looks at GIRL ON THE RIGHT.) I’d do her, hell yeah! (Looks down at his crotch.) Whoa! Sit, boy, sit!

Den do it already, jus’ use rubbaz.

But I did dat wit all da’adda loozaz I was wit. I no like use rubbaz wit Matt ‘cause he so different. I telling you, I really like be wit him. I cannot explain. I no like just have sex, I like....


Not!

Yes!

Not! I promise fo’ real kine, I really like be wit Matt. But I like ‘em be special.

Fo’ somebody who wanted fo’ take tings slow....

I know, but I nevah tell him all dis so he donno. Jus’ rememba’ dat girl up deah. Rememba’ dat you no like end up li’ dat.

(Stares at girls.) Shit, I sure wouldn’t mind having the two of them at once! That would be fuckin’ heaven, man!

Enter MAHU. Pays bus fare and speaks to bus driver.

(Loud deep voice.) Can I have a transfer, please.

All passengers look forward and stare. MAHU ignores them and sits next to the pregnant girl in the front.

Ae, dat one get dee man’s voice but dat one look like one female. If dat was my grandson, I tell him, “You like be one female? I cut dat ding-ding off with my bolo knife, den you can be one female. You don’t want dee bolo knife, den you bedder act like one man!”

Then she’s... I mean he’s lucky you’re not his grandmother.

If I was his grandmoder, he would be lucky because today he be one boyee.

Damn, I can’t believe that fine piece of flesh has a dick!

(Looks at MAHU.) Ho, how’s that shim ovah deah.

Why, jealous ‘cause he moa pretty den you?

Yeah, he pretty ugly!

You know he pretty! Look him, he stay wearing one short, tight skirt and he no even look like one tuna. His body look way bettah den most of da girls’ ones at school. In fac’, his face look way moa bettah den da girls.

He all right, but he not pretty-pretty.

What evah you say.

What da sense of looking li’ dat when he still sound mannish?

Shit, just give her one night with me and I’ll make her a natural soprano!

Going take time, but his voice going change so he sound moa like one female.

Yeah, but he still going have his da kine.

So, nobody going know as long as he have on clothes. Eh, what you tink, he sit down when he make shee-shee or what?

I don’t know, I look like one mahu?

Yeah, small kine.

Not even!

Nah, I only kidding. I no tink mahus can have big tits like you.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Dass right. *(Sticks out chest.)*
GIRL ON THE LEFT   I no tink dey can even make implants dat big.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Shuddup!
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Serious kine, I not teasing you. Why, what size you take?
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  30 D.
HAOLE GUY         Holy, tit heaven!
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Yeah, you like see my tag?
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Ho, dass what you call Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa!
HAOLE GUY         Call it whatever you like, but what it all boils down to is *really* big tits!
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Eh, you know what? Dat mahu look so familia'. I know him from some place.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Not, if you know him, den I would know him too and he no look like anybody I know.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Yes, I telling you I know him. Dass ... Dass um ... Eh, dass Jimmy Coon.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Who?
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Jimmy Coon, remembah? When we was in da third grade he was sixth grade.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Oh, yeah! He was da bull of da school, eh? No way, dass not him.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Believe me, I remembah dat face ‘cause I was all in love wit him when I was one small kid.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  How can dat be him? He was da bull of da school, he wasn’t sof’.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   I telling you, dass him.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Maybe dass da sista ... I mean da brada dat like be one sista.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   Dass Jimmy!
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  But all da girls wanted fo’ go wit him. And he could scrap so good. He cannot be one mahu now.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   You donno ‘cause we nevah see him aftah elementary. Remembah? He nevah wen come back aftah his fadah went lick him in front of da whole school.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Ae, yeah. Why his fadah went do dat fo’ anyway?
GIRL ON THE LEFT   I donno. But all I know is dat da stupid principal was so scared fo’ stop da fadah, he wen wait until da cops came. By den, Jimmy was all buss up.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  He nevah even cry, yeah? He jus’ went let da fadah lick him. No way, dat cannot be him.
GIRL ON THE LEFT   It is ... trippy yeah? He was so handsome, but now he pretty. Eh, we gotta get off da next stop.
GIRL ON THE RIGHT  Eh, you shua your aunty not going scold us?
GIRL ON THE LEFT   She not going, so stop worrying alreadeh.

**GIRLS stand, then slowly make their way down the aisle.**

HAOLE GUY         Damn, they didn't give me a chance to make my move!

OLD FILIPINO LADY *taps the JAPANESE LIBRARIAN on the shoulder while GIRLS pass.*

OLD FILIPINO LADY   If dose were my granddaughters, I would pull dare ears for not going to school.

    *As GIRLS exit, they make eye contact with MAHU. The GIRLS smile. MAHU smiles back briefly and looks down quickly.*

GIRL TO THE LEFT   *(Hits friend on shoulder.)* See, I tol’ you dat was him!
Old Downtown
Mike Onaga

City Lights
Mike Onaga
Black Water Appetite

Bill Seib

To quell
my restless urge, I crave
an unchaotic blue sky high,
with a clear field
of vision. I want to stretch
and search, climbing
while ideas of ivory unfold
like expanding ribbons of night waves.

I reflect that the longer
my life gets, the more brief
these pauses seem.
Work’s weight lifts
from my shoulders. I sift
rust-colored soil through fingers
and wait for the water
to eat the sun.

The soft blue conscience
silently speaks
to the waves of white energy
that wash within me.
I feel my dun dregs of day
fade before the sun’s
copper kiss and dissolve
into the coming night’s fall.

Pure solace
is the nectar I thirst for:
scarlet pain of migraine
subdued
by a dollop of
amber peace,
floating
on a stick-of-cinnamon sunset.

Like the oldest child
remembering his duty
at Sunday dinner,
I murmur a soft prayer of thanks
while the sky
offers up a burnt
orange feast
above black water’s appetite.

I review
old frames
of reference
with graying eyes
of middle age
and quietly carve
a slice of hope
for tomorrow’s meal.
Blind Man’s Bluff
*Rana Lynn Riola*

He flies against a copperglaze sunset to quench an untold thirst. “Every Breath You Take” echoes in the cockpit of his Porsche Carrera. Champagne bubbles stream through his veins, a kaleidoscope spins within his stomach, his moonberry heart shudders as he awaits her black pearl essence.

Onyx eyes, plumwine lips, raven hair, sienna skin, and a hint of Poison greet him.

Silhouettes meld, pieces of a puzzle lock to a perfect fit. He gazes into her black rose soul and discovers his crystal desire. Yet she envisions jade and 18K treasures, ‘til she devours him and finds another.

The blind man’s bluff begins...

Patches
*Shane Kepo’o*

How are you, dear friend? Did Daddy give you to someone as caring as me?

Are you ever lonesome? Do you ever feel like coming home to me again?

You were my cherished pet. How I loved to feed you in the morning, and bathe you on Sunday.

To see your tail whipping, with a Purina dog smile, and a petty lick to my nose.

What Joy.

I couldn’t resist coming home to you. A playful bark to inquire, “Who’s there?” A child’s call to assure, “Just me, Patchy!”

Oh how I wish you were here again, sharing a lazy afternoon with me, taking a walk and chasing a tennis ball.

All the fun times have passed, they are all memories now. But remember though:

You will always have a place in my loving heart. Patches, my poi dog pal.

Emotions in Motion
*Kelly Furtado*

Beautiful blue-green ocean
A brown ruddy river
Both under snow-white clouds
One feeding into the other
Mixed emotions after a hard rain
The hollow sounds of the dripping water faucet echo my memory of happier childhood days in Kahana, where everything is peaceful and serene. Time in Kahana stops and dreams are real. I could run for miles free of all concerns with nothing but innocent nature to imprison me.

I can hear the tall grass outside this god-forsaken room as it swishes and sways reminding me of better times back home, playing hide-n-seek between the bamboo trees and ginger plants. I miss the tingling windward winds blowing through the hau trees teasing me, waving ever so gently, encouraging lily dreams, and calming my fears. My cousins, Keala and Mark, and some friends built a club house on a giant hardwood tree that reached out over Kahana Lake. We felt building this club house took great engineering skills and advanced technology. The girls gathered loose boards and nails from the neighborhood and the boys climbed the giant hardwood tree to build the club house. It was fun leaving caution to the wind as we jumped from the giant tree into the murky waters of Kahana Lake. We were kids, we didn’t care.

As a youngster, I often sat on Kahana’s pier to watch the hau leaf fall onto the mighty Pacific. Will it sink to the bottom of the ocean or will the silent tide carry the hau leaf to another shore?

But alas, things for me have changed. These beautiful memories of happiness are in my hopes and dreams, for all I have left to touch is here in this god-forsaken room. My bed of wild ocean poppies is replaced by a hard mattress and the cool rippling mountain stream of Kahana that sings sweet songs of merriment is replaced by a leaky wash-basin. My hands that were once free to pick juicy mountain apples now rest patiently before me. It’s very lonely here. The only contact I have with the world is that which I can hear through the small window up above. But most important, I still feel the calmness and serenity of Kahana, for I know I’ll soon be leaving to embrace my beloved once more ....

Knock, Knock.
"Good morning, Sara."
"Hello, good morning Father Tom, thank you for coming."
"Yes, Sara, nice to see you."
"Please, Father Tom, have a seat. I’m so glad you could come."
"Thank you, Sara. How have you been?"
"I’ve been fine Father. What can I say? It’s very lonely here. I’ve had lots of time to think. I sit wondering, how the same God created heaven and hell...But then again, he’s also three persons. I don’t understand, everything God creates is beautiful."
"Yes, Sara, all of God’s creatures are beautiful."
"Father, do you know that flowers are really stars that fell from the sky? I love flowers, but none as lovely as the sweet, smelling white ginger of Kahana. Father, see that stream of sun-light coming in through that window? It’s really a stairway to heaven."
"That’s beautiful, Sara. Is there something you wish to talk about? We don’t have much time."
"I know Father, they’ll be coming for me soon. I didn’t mean to do it, Father. I loved John, he was everything to me. He said he loved me and promised to take care of me in New York. But why did he..? New York is so far away and the people are very cold. It was my first time away from Kahana. I’ve never left Kahana before. I’ve been disowned by my family. They never forgave for marrying a ha’ole. I had nowhere to go. I knew about his affairs with other women, but I didn’t kill him. I loved him. I don’t remember anything. I fell asleep and when I woke, the bloody knife was in my hand and John lay dead on the floor."
"Sara, please ask the Lord for forgiveness, please Sara."
"I hear footsteps coming, Father. It's getting closer and closer."
"Yes, my child, I'll walk with you."
"Ma'am it's time. This way please."
I'll be seeing John soon....

These corridors are so dark and lonely, but all I can think of are happier days at Kahana. I hear Father Tom's kind voice reciting Psalm 23 from the Bible as our procession approaches the chamber. But I'm not afraid. My soul will forever be with John in Kahana.
In 1939, war broke out, but nothing happened for a while. They gave out gas masks, and tested the sirens. They were long wailing noises. In 1940, my husband then aged 30 was called up for the army. We had a daughter, age 2. I didn’t get much money from the army, so I had to go out to work. My mother looked after my daughter. I did a little work on munitions, but I didn’t like it so I went to do sewing, making battle dress and shirts.

1940, that’s when we knew there was a war on. We had to go in shelters when the sirens went. People who were working all day had to go out and fire watch at night because incendiary bombs used to fall. We had two terrible air raids and a lot of people were killed. We had to queue for water and many were homeless.

Everyone who had a garden (lawn) had to dig it up to grow vegetables. Iron railings had to go for the war effort. The rations started. We had 2 oz. of butter, sugar and meat, and had to use powdered eggs. Many got parcels from America and Canada. We had Americans stationed in our city. You see Sheffield was a steel city and the Germans wanted to put the factories out of action. But the people were determined to carry on doing their job. When the bombs fell, it put all the transport out of action and people had to walk to work.

The blackout meant that all our windows had to have black curtains. There were no street lights and we had to carry a torch (flashlight). Many children were evacuated to country villages where they thought they would be safe. We carried identity cards and all had ration cards and gas masks. We didn’t see much fruit. My daughter didn’t know what a banana was until after the war.

Most big cities were bombed and a lot of lovely buildings were ruined. Our air raid wardens and fire watchers did a marvelous job. No matter what bad news we had from the war, people never seemed to let it get them down. We just made the best of it.

This letter was written by my grandmother, Annie Casey, in response to questions I had about her life during the war. The following summer, I visited her in England and over the course of several afternoons, and several glasses of wine, she told me about her life during the war.

Annie Casey was twenty-eight when World War II began. She lived with her husband, Arthur, and their daughter, Maureen, in the city of Sheffield, in England. Sheffield was a large steel producing city and from the onset of the war its citizens knew they would be high on the enemy’s list of targets. The city was bombed frequently and there was widespread damage to industry and civilian homes alike. Annie survived evacuation, industrial work, rationing and nightly bombing. Although she remembers the hardship, she also remembers the great camaraderie and spirit that existed between the people who had to support each other to survive.

This is an excerpt of Annie’s story which, with stories later told by other family and friends, became my Senior Project.

***

In 1939, just after the declaration of war, we were talked into evacuation. Children were evacuated from the cities and the mothers were allowed to go with the young ones. We knew we were going to Melton Mowbray, a small village in central England. I went with Maureen, my two year-old daughter and my younger sister Rita who was eleven. When we arrived, we were put in this big hall. I felt like I was at a cattle market. People came and claimed the kids, picking who they wanted to take. Someone wanted to take Rita, but I wouldn’t let them. We were staying together! A lot of kids weren’t treated very well.

We were taken to this house, and blimey! it was a dump. It had four rooms: two upstairs and two down. The bed was a mattress on
Annie Casey, 1940

Arthur Casey, 1940

Anderson Air Raid Shelter, 1937
the floor. This family had two bedrooms and five kids, plus us. People were paid to take evacuees. The rich didn’t want them, those who had room did not need the money. We had to pay for ourselves, cook and clean, but they had to provide the food and accommodation. I thought, “Well, I’m not stopping here. I’d sooner see bloody bombs than stop here.” They were worse off than we were back home in Sheffield. The husband was always giving me the eye and so we left. We went back to Sheffield on the train. We couldn’t get home quick enough.

We returned to Sheffield and the bombing began. I got fed up with getting out of bed during the air raids, so I ended up putting a mattress under the stairs in our house so we could sleep. We went to the public shelters a few times. We did not have our own shelter at the bottom of the garden like some families did. The sirens went and usually you had time to get things together. My mother always carried a black cloth bag when she went to the shelters. It had all the insurance policies and jewelry in it. People always carried their insurance policies every time. Of course you couldn’t pack a suitcase, so you just took a few things. Everything was kept together, ready to grab at all times.

In the public shelters, we had to supply our own food. We only went once to the public shelter Barbers Fields. It was wet and dark. Mostly, we stayed in the house under the stairs. You carried on and just got used to it. One time, all our windows were blown out when the houses on the next street were bombed. We could hear the bomb, but didn’t know where it fell. It felt like it was only two feet away, and we panicked and just sat there until the all clear was sounded.

My Dad worked all day and then had to go fire watching at night, which meant spotting incendiaries to see what came down and reporting it. He helped put out the fires with stirrup pumps (foot pumps). There was a water tank up Cartmell Road to fill them. Then he had to go to work the next morning after being up all night. Often, they went up on high buildings for the best view.

One night, Fred [the next door neighbor] came in and said, “They’re for us tonight, they’re for us.” Well, the incendiaries were falling like rain, so we all decided to go to the shelter because they could fall on the house and the pumps weren’t that good at puffing fires out. We walked down Barbers Fields to the underground shelter. Barbers Fields was full of holes and sloping. When you went out in the blackout, you could only go out with a torch and only shine it on the ground. Me, mother, Rita, Maureen, Mrs. Phillips, Maisie, and Betty were all following Fred in single file when all of a sudden there’s a hole and Fred fails in, and we all fall in on top of him. Good guide he was!

The blackout was difficult. There were no street lights and we had to carry a torch which you could only shine on the floor. Wardens, if they saw even a crack of light, would shout and bang on the door yelling “showing a light!” We had to find our own stuff for the windows. People got sheets and all sorts, and made them into blackout stuff. They sold the blackout stuff, but it was crap material. You had your ordinary curtains and then at dusk you pulled the blackout curtains. You had to do it every night and cover up every light. The sirens used to go because they [the enemy] used to come over and they knew where they were going. The people knew the routes and could see where they were headed. People used to comment on where it would be bad that particular night. The bombers used to drone and drone and frighten you to death. When they were coming over, the siren used to go and that’s when you had to go to the shelter. We got the V1 and V2 rockets. We heard this drone and then, all of a sudden, it stopped and you had no idea where the bomb would land. One time, a bomb landed on a paint factory. The flames lit all Sheffield up. I don’t think they were aiming for that, there were 2 or 3 engineering factories close by. They were called “doodlebugs.” When the sound stopped, we knew it was on its way down.

I had different jobs during the war. My husband was in the army and I lived with my parents, who watched my little girl during the day. I took a job at a munitions factory where they made parts for planes and tanks in the war. It used to be a car factory before the war and it was taken over for munitions. I was there six months. I also worked in a dairy. That lasted a fortnight (two weeks). They gave me a pair of size 11 Wellingtons [rubber boots] because all the floor was wet through. Well, I finished up across the floor and the Wellingtons were at the other side of the room! I slipped and slid all over the place. We had to work Sundays as well. Oh, it was snowing like hell one night, and so I came home this particular Sunday and said to my mother, “Well I’m not going back there!” and I didn’t.

Then I went doing Khaki, sewing shirts and shorts for soldiers...
at a sewing factory. We sewed uniforms in a converted church. This church had been bombed, but the inside was not too bad, so they made it into a factory.

At another factory, we were sewing overalls. We all walked out there. We were sewing with hats and gloves on, it was so cold. The boss said he'd ordered coals but they'd not arrived. We were so cold. Three of us went to the boss upstairs and found him in his office with an electric fire and a whisky bottle! We told him that we were not working and were going home. He said that the coal was coming tomorrow and we told him when it comes send for us because we were not working until the heat was on.

I don’t know how our soldiers wore it [the uniform], the material was dead rough. I had to use a toffee hammer to flatten the collar before I could sew it. It was so hard to sew and if it got wet, it must have weighed a ton on those poor lads. We had an order for the Americans. It was like sewing silk compared to the stuff our lads’ uniforms were made of. This American material was lovely compared to the British.

My last job was tailoring for a local store. I’d had enough of Khaki and after the tide had turned, and we were winning [the war], I started to make ordinary clothes. I’d done my whack, and decided to go back into tailoring.

The ration system was introduced gradually. We all had a ration book. You had to put who you shopped with on it. You tore the coupons out of the clothes book to use them. There were no eggs, but we did get egg powder. Babies were allowed one egg a week. Butter, sugar and meat were all rationed. My mother used to put them all together to get larger quantities of

food stuff and buy for everyone because she did the cooking. Sweets were rationed. I don’t ever remember being hungry because of the rationing. My Dad followed the “Dig for Victory,” suggestion of the government and grew our own potatoes and vegetables at the bottom of the garden.

We used all sorts of recipes. Mother did all the family cooking. She was feeding five people and she could make something out of nothing for us. She bartered and traded different foods with people. For example, you might trade cooking fat for margarine one week or swap that for lard another. Oh, there was always bartering. Everyone pulled together and were neighborly. People donated coupons for weddings and contributed rations to make the wedding cake. Sometimes cardboard wedding cakes stood in place of the real thing when there were no rations left.

Every man, woman and child had their own clothing coupon book. You could get fabric instead of clothes. Some people sold the coupons they didn’t want. Families used to pool coupons and people donated them for weddings. I did a lot of sewing. I made coats out of blankets that were dyed and washed. I also did a lot of alterations and made new items from old clothing. I sewed for other people who couldn’t sew and the front room used to be hung round with clothes being made for other people. I even made wedding dresses out of parachute silk, got from I don’t know where! Parachute silk was very common, it was white nylon. We didn’t ask where it came from, we only knew it came from America. It looked nice when it was made up. We used army blankets for coats, but the fabric had no body and we had to put extra stiffening down the front to give it shape. The army blankets came from the same place as the parachute silk! I’ve done them in red and navy blue, and it looked quite posh, but it was a lot of work to tailor it properly and the canvass stiffening was hard to sew in.

There were a lot of Americans at Norton Base, two or three regiments up there mixed with British soldiers. The Americans came into Sheffield to socialize. There used to be a fish and chip shop nearby where you had to queue for the limited supplies. I remember Maisie next door. If she saw soldiers, she used to pay for their fish and chips. They liked her!

Maisie and Lily worked at Laycocks and they got in with these two Yanks. Lily was married. They went away with them for the weekend to Blackpool. Lily’s husband was in the forces. It was kept quiet but somebody said, “He’ll kill her when he comes home, if he ever gets to know!” A lot of that went on though. All nationalities were around Sheffield. The town was full of soldiers on a night out in the pubs and things.

The kids would yell, “Any gum, chum?” to try and get sweets or gum from the Americans. Often they were successful. The Americans had such a good supply of luxury items that we hadn’t been able to get in ages. Nylon stockings were popular. A lot of the girls painted their legs with make-up and drew a black line down their legs because they couldn’t get stockings. Well, when the Americans arrived, they had nylon stockings. That made them very popular! Although a lot of the British said the Americans were “over sexed, over paid and over ‘ere” most got on with the Yanks quite well. After all they did their bit too, didn’t they?
No one else remembers
Ciso Molina telling the guys in the labor gang,
   “Now you’re getting ME hot!”
when I borrow the air nozzle
from Largo with his name on it.
No one else visits
Edison High at eight p.m. and fifty years old,
or Dead Man’s Cave which disappeared like everyone’s memory,
save mine jogging at dusk in Roosevelt Park.
I told no one.
No one else remembers
the feeling of cool autumn in the nostrils
on Grove Avenue, Metuchen, rich Yuppie Jewish neighborhood
I never felt a part of;
or the tennis courts by Jerry Konopka’s—
he was poor, white shanty, dirty underwear like me;
and Phil Hanley running against a dream,
the jealous lover glory skewing our testosterone.
No one else remembers
the smell of Father’s tar-spattered clothes
as I hug him home from boarding school.
   “Dad!”
It was spontaneous.
Does anyone else buzz
Judy Vanderstar’s house at
midnight and fifty and
wonder what happened to her?
Or stumble up the rocky
Pennsylvania RR tracks to smell
the creosote on the hot ties?
What the hell am I doing?
I wonder—
Did these things really happen
if no one else remembers?
Lyric Vision
Gary Helfand

He saw the music in shimmering lights,
a waterfall of colors,
infusing his mind.

He felt the melody
meld with his heart,
as the rhythm went forth.

The night unveiled, the music poured.
Softly, a tear began its journey,
intermittent flashes of loose flowing notes.

The blind man could see once more.

Guitars
Betty Ickes

I saw it sing silently in the display window
I saw the music trapped in its slacked strings
Then I heard it surge proudly
As the player performed his magic
I heard my mother sigh
As she listened with eyes closed
I saw my son smiling as he held his first guitar
And I felt a completeness, the music would continue
I felt grandpa smile within me
Yes! The music will continue

Stream
Wendy M. Watson
The medical profession, or 'ōihana lapa‘au, was an ancient practice in Hawaii. Those who performed such a craft were known as medical kahunas, or kahuna lapa‘au. Although these kahunas did not practice medicine as we know it today, their extensive knowledge of diagnosis, illness, and possible treatment have lead us to believe that this practice was not rudimentary. Samuel Kamakau, a leading Hawaiian historian, documented this and other aspects of Hawaiian culture in two weekly Hawaiian language newspapers from October 1866 to February 1871. The resulting book, Ka Po‘e Kahiko: The People of Old, is a collection of his articles.

According to Kamakau's expositions, there were eight classes of kahuna lapa‘au all of which differed in their practices. The kahunas of classes 6, 7, and 8 relied on prayers, magic, and sorcery to treat the “spirits” of illness. It is the kahunas of classes 1 through 5 that are of great interest to us because of their resemblance to contemporary doctoring methods. However, this practice was not widespread due to the lack of contagious diseases and epidemics, and the population’s reliance upon the former kahuna classes.

To ancient Hawaiians, a fruitful society was of great importance. They ritually prayed for their population to flourish and especially for the ruling matriarch to bear children that may someday reign over the kingdom. Consequently, the first class of kahuna they confided in was the kahuna ho‘ohapai whose purpose was to induce pregnancy among infertile women. Also included in this class was the ho‘ohanau keiki who assisted and lessened the pains during labor. In many respects, these kahunas were the obstetricians of old Hawaii.

Highly aware of inherited disabilities (pa‘ao‘ao) and infectious diseases (‘ea), Hawaiians also relied upon a second class of kahuna, the kahuna pa‘ao‘ao and kahuna ‘ea. Accordingly, if such tendencies were not treated in the womb or soon after birth, they may develop into severe ailments upon maturity. With the aid of modern doctors, many illnesses described by Kamakau (and other reference works) were translated into their present names. Pa‘ao‘ao illnesses, if not treated early, may develop into hoki‘i (tuberculosis), hano (asthma), ‘ohe‘ono (dysentery), and many others. ‘Ea illnesses included pala (gonorrhea), kaokao (syphilis), pu‘upu‘u hebera pake (leprosy), and others. Diagnosis by these kahunas was made through examination of the child and its family history, similar to present doctoring methods.

The third class was the kahuna ‘o’o, known for treating boils or abscesses of young children. The treatment prescribed in old Hawaii, and at present, is to lance the boils at least twice for the condition to disappear. The kahuna would also recommend to the parents to keep a tapa dipped in milk or ti sap over the boils to facilitate healing.

The kahuna haha was the fourth class of kahuna lapa‘au. As stated by Kamakau, “the work of these kahunas was to ‘feel’ for the disease, to locate it, and to prescribe for it.” Pupils of the kahuna haha underwent similar training processes as those of present-day medical students except in one respect—prayer. The first step of the training process was for the pupil to learn the prayers. They were the basis of knowledge for the kahuna haha, for it was the gods who guided him to the illness. Secondly, the pupil was taught the diagnosis of disease through the papa ‘ili‘ili, or the “table of pebbles.” These pebbles were arranged in the form of a man by which the teacher outlined known illnesses. Finally, a trial diagnosis by the pupil was performed. If done correctly, the teacher then knew his pupil acquired the skill of haha. Illnesses included papaku (bowel obstruction), iki’alamea (ulcers), ‘eho or kua ‘eho (lipoma), and several others which exist today.

A fifth class of kahuna lapa‘au included the kahuna a ka‘alawa maka and ‘ike ihilihi. Diagnosis was made by means of inspection, perception, and haha. They were highly skilled and were said to be guided by the gods. If an ill person was presented to the kahuna, the cause and time of illness was ascertained by touching the person’s head. Although this method of diagnosis is somewhat possible by modern standards, it leaves much doubt on its credibility. Moreover, Kamakau conceded occasions for deception among this class of kahuna: “....if the kahuna could diagnose death before death occurred, he could use his skill for profit, or perhaps he would sympathize with the dying man in order to gain his aloha.”

Based on Kamakau’s accounts, the medical practices of the ancient Hawaiian kahuna lapa‘au were not primitive. Rather, kahunas of old were highly skilled and highly knowledgeable in identifying and prescribing treatment for illnesses. Just as contemporary physicians apply observation, touch and experience in diagnosing a patient, the kahuna lapa‘au did the same. They were also well aware of the medicinal value of the endemic flora found in the islands. Well-known flowers and trees, such as the ‘ilia, hinahina, hala, kukui, and ‘ohia, were used as ingredients for their prescribed remedies. In addition, much of the illnesses described in Kamakau’s reference works exist today. However, one major element lacking from Kamakau’s documentation is the effectiveness of treatment dispensed by the kahuna lapa‘au. Whether this was a conscious omission or not, the probative value of his accounts must be highly scrutinized before considering its legitimacy.

Reference
Kunia Pineapples
*Diane Griffin*

King Kamehameha
*Mike Onaga*
“Marinated pork roast,” Taylor read aloud. She was perched on a stool with her back leaning against the edge of the kitchen counter, leafing through the cooking book balanced on her knees. “335 calories. Not bad.” But she frowned when her eyes caught the sodium content. “1108 mg. No good.” As she moved on to the recipe for cauliflower-tofu bake, steam began to escape from under the lid of the stock pot. “Ma,” she called out to her mother who had been chatting on the phone for the last half hour. “The water is boiling.”

“That was your cousin Mei-Hwa,” Taylor’s mother said as she entered the kitchen. She headed straight to the calendar hanging on the cupboard door, her glasses poised on the tip of her nose. “She’s inviting us to a party on the 10th.”

“The tenth! I can’t go,” Taylor protested. “I have to work that day.”

“OK, but you’re coming to gwo mu’s turkey day party,” her mother said matter-of-factly.

“Ma, it’s not ‘turkey day.’ It’s Thanksgiving Day and do I have to?”

“Seu-Ming,” her mother said and Taylor knew she should take her mother seriously because she was addressing her by her Chinese name. “She’s very old now,” her mother reminded her. “She’s very old now.”

For gwo mu, the family umbrella extended beyond her own children and grandchildren. She was as concerned with her own daughter’s affairs as with those of the boyfriend of yi ma’s granddaughter. Nobody seemed to resent her intrusions. Instead, everybody deferred to her opinions. But to Taylor, gwo mu was just a busybody. She had not quite forgiven gwo mu for embarrassing her in front of everybody.

At one of the Thanksgiving family reunions gwo mu had taken Taylor’s hand in hers and said without bothering to lower her voice, “Ah, Seu-Ming, it’s a pity you don’t have a boyfriend for so long. And I was telling your mother I have the perfect boy for you.” She pulled a picture from the folds of her dress and thrust it in Taylor’s face. “What do you think? Handsome, isn’t he? He’s my daughter-in-law’s cousin’s son. He’s in China now, but will visit my daughter-in-law in LA next March. If you like, I can arrange for him to meet you. Who knows, you may get lucky.”

All through gwo mu’s unabashed offer, Taylor felt all eyes fixed on her. Her being aware that she was blushing only added to the mortification that made her cheeks burn. In the end, she managed to pull her hand free from her aunt’s hold and with a polite smile, she mumbled a “no, thank you” before seeking refuge in the bathroom.

Now the memory of the humiliation stung Taylor and made her shift uncomfortably on the stool. Her mother was busy rinsing the dehydrated bak choy’s leaves. “Get me a bowl, please,” she said. And while Taylor looked in the cupboard, her mother added casually, “You know, gwo mu only wanted to help. She always wants the best for the family.”

Taylor pouted. “She can see me on Thanksgiving.”

“She’s very old now,” her mother reminded her. “If she doesn’t feel good, she may cancel the party like last year.

“Then it’ll be next year,” Taylor said as she opened another cupboard.

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Soup Talk  Isabel Siu-Li

“This is gwo mu,” her mother would say pointing to a regal looking woman.

“What’s gwo mu?” Taylor asked then.

“Auntie.” She pointed to another woman in another picture. “This is yi ma.”

“What’s yi ma?”

“Auntie.”

“So my cousins called you gwo mu?” Taylor asked.

“No.”

“Yi ma?”

“No,” her mother said. “They would call me chat gu.”

“What’s chat gu?”

“Auntie, of course.”

Taylor thought it was silly that the Chinese had so many words for “auntie.” Now she watched her mother gather the ingredients for the soup from the pantry.

“You don’t have to work late, do you?” her mother said as she took a handful of pearl barley from a Ziploc bag. “You should go to Mei-Hwa’s party. Gwo mu’s going. She will be very happy if you come, too.”

“I don’t see why,” Taylor said, but she knew why. Gwo mu was 87 and her health was declining. There had been a couple of trips to the emergency room and each time the family thought she was not going to make it. She had managed to rally and yet…. Her mother didn’t say it; nobody did—to talk about death was to invite death in. Still, this might be the last time gwo mu would see the family together.

For gwo mu, the family umbrella extended beyond her own children and grandchildren. She was as concerned with her own daughter’s affairs as with those of the boyfriend of yi ma’s granddaughter. Nobody seemed to resent her intrusions. Instead, everybody deferred to her
Though her back was turned to her mother, she felt her stare of disapproval.

"The third cupboard on your left," her mother said, resigned. "Ai-ya, Seu-Ming, you don’t even know the way through your own kitchen!"

* * *

Taylor pulled herself tall before passing through the red circular doorway of the Mandarin Restaurant. After a couple of her mother’s lectures about family, or “soup” talks as Taylor called them, she had finally given in. She checked her posture. Back straight, chin up. She did not want to look as if her mother had towed her to Mei-Hwa’s party.

Inside, the banquet room overflowed with people. Taylor thought that Mei-Hwa had miscalculated the number of guests and had rented a room too small for the party. The round tables were practically crammed one against the other. There was barely any walking space between them. In fact, Taylor had to squeeze herself between the backs of chairs in order to get to her seat. But nobody else seemed to be bothered by the awkward arrangement of the furniture and Taylor’s mother was like a butterfly gliding from one table to another, stopping to chatter here and to shake hands there.

Taylor always marveled at the ease with which her mother had resumed her family relationships. They had been severed when she had moved to South America while most of her brothers and sisters had ended up in the United States. But she had finally worked her way back to them and, in one night, they had bridged the gap of twenty years of separation. For her mother, it had been as easy as putting on a cherished old coat to find it still fitted perfectly.

For Taylor, however, it had been a different story. As she studied her companions at the table, she felt like a mismatched sock or an orphaned glove, for after exchanging polite nods and hellos with her, they had gone back to talking among themselves.

"So, Maria, I heard you’re a citizen now," her cousin William said of a sudden.

"Yes, and it’s Taylor now. I changed my name."

"Good. I don’t know why your mother called you Maria in the first place."

"For the same reasons your parents named you William instead of some Chinese name, so that you can blend," Taylor shot back.

"You are what now, Maria..." "Taylor Maria Seu-Ming Chen," she corrected him.

"Hey, that’s one English, one Spanish, one Chinese," he said, counting on his fingers. "One name for each language! My gosh, you don’t have to worry. You can blend anywhere now!"

* * *

Taylor was glad when the noodles were served. It meant that the banquet was coming to an end. She would have enjoyed the food, but cousin William had spoiled her appetite with his insensitive remarks about her name and the laughing that followed. How could she blend when all her cousins did was make fun of her differences? Because she had kept to herself through the banquet, her mother—to add insult to injury—nudged her and, in a whisper, chided her for her snootiness.

Taylor wanted to go home. But as soon as the banquet was over, people started to move freely around the room. Her mother was among them. As she had done at the beginning, she paused at each table to talk. Taylor rolled up her eyes, wondering if this communal chattering would go on all night. She was sipping at her eighth cup of tea when her mother happened to pass by.

"Seu-Ming," she said, "stop sulking and go say hello to gwo mu. She’s looking for you."

Taylor grumbled but before she could even leave her seat, a lively voice said behind her, "Ah, Seu-Ming, no boyfriend yet?"

Taylor would have been offended by gwo mu’s greeting had it not been for the shock she felt as she looked at the woman who was reaching out her hands to her. Where was the regal looking gwo mu she remembered? Her aunt had shrunk and her back had a slight bent. Her silvery hair was so sparse that her scalp was visible. But what held Taylor’s eyes were gwo mu’s hands. Her fingers were all gnarled. The third and middle fingers of her right hand were twisted together. Gwo mu followed Taylor’s stare. "Don’t worry," she said. "It’s only the medicine."

"The medicine did that to you?" Taylor felt her indignation rise. How could something meant to cure deform at the same time?

"Taking it for too long," gwo mu said, shaking her head. "But I’m very, very happy tonight. Everybody is here, everybody together again. In China, when your mother and I were young girls like you and the lychee trees in your grandfather’s house bore fruit, your grandma used to gather all the family and friends in the village under those trees to talk story and eat lychees. Hard to do that now. Everybody lives too far away, not like in the village, so good when everybody’s together like this again. Look how they talk. You should go and talk story too.

Taylor shrugged her shoulders. "I don’t speak Chinese," she said.

"You speak English. Your cousins speak English."

"They don’t like me."

"They do," gwo mu said. "But you’re always quiet, far away."

* * *
Sometimes you have to give first.” When Taylor said nothing, her aunt looked her in the eye. “If you don’t talk, they’ll forget. You’ll forget.”

“Forget?”

“Just walk around. Look and listen,” gwo mu said.

As Taylor wandered around looking for her mother, she caught snatches of conversations. “Do you remember when we rented that tiny room in Hong Kong and ..,” Yi ma was saying to another woman—who was she? Taylor made a mental note to ask her mother later. “You forgot, I can’t believe it, that was our cousin’s second cousin...,” Uncle what’s-his-name (Taylor again made it a point to ask her mother) was saying. “Your grandmother once taught me how to braid buttons like this one...,” another of Taylor’s aunts was saying to her seven-year-old daughter. Funny, Taylor thought, she had forgotten the name of the little girl.

Taylor sat on the nearest empty chair, dumbfounded. All these people who were related by blood to her, all these people she called family, she did not know their names. Well, she knew some. Yet she felt as ashamed as the day her mother had chided her for not being able to find the bowls in her own kitchen. She wondered how many of her cousins did not know her by name.

Taylor finally spotted her mother under a lamplight in the parking lot. She was talking to cousin David and his wife. Taylor started to walk up to them when David called out to his three children who were chasing each other nearby. He lined them up in front of Taylor’s mother. She looked on them with a big smile while David said, “Children, this is your chat gu.”

Taylor paused to fix the scene in her memory. In her mind, she saw them, gwo mu, yi-ma, her own mother, David, all of them had come together that night not only to chat and gossip, but to cast lines, crisscrossing lines, into the shores of the future.

She approached the group. David introduced her to his children as chat gu’s daughter. Taylor smiled, offered her hand to the children and added, “And my name is Taylor Maria Seu-Ming.”

Stalks
Diane Griffin
A RAG, A TREASURE

Dawn Akamine

The forgotten patio sits alone.
A cool sea breeze
whispers a morning greeting.
A smooth layer of fine dirt
settles over makeshift shelves and red toolboxes.
An old white shirt
droops from a lonely hook on the far wall.
The battered shirt is a rag:
A burnt hole
widens with every use,
A salty smell of the Makaha seashore
saturates each thread,
Its thinned back
transparent as a bride’s veil,
And splashes of cooled lead
hitch on eternally.

The worn shirt is a treasure:
The frayed hole,
a result of a stray spark from a crackling Laie campfire,
The musky scent of the ocean
embedded after hours of hunting a’ama crab on jagged briar rocks,
The shirt’s back worn
from ritual pre-graveyard shift naps
on cool hardwood floors,
And the metal hitched onto the fabric
splattered from melted lead for fishing sinkers.

Those days are past, the shirt’s inhabitant has gone.
Since then,
an old smelly shirt
has become
the dearest memento of a dad.
As One

Elizabeth Ferrara

What dream is this that I am in?
Allowing you to be so close.
A gift from God, so sweet, so tender,
My love for you boundless in nature.
Our hearts burn eternal passion,
Beating as one, perfect in rhythm,
And never knowing the separation.

To express my love, mere words on paper,
Is an attempt doomed to fail.
Patience will see us through this time,
Until we are re-joined and again as one.
Astronomy 101. There I sat, hunched over my desk, doodling on my note pad. I was in an astronomy class not because I had even the least bit of interest in the goings on of our universe, but for the same reason many who have gone before me in the pursuit of a college degree—it was the only class available and it fulfilled one of my requirements. At this point in the semester, it was pretty routine for me to sit glazed over, distracted by my own thoughts, only occasionally breaking through the fog to check the clock for progress.

Tonight's class was especially excruciating since my heart was heavy because of a task before me that I dreaded and wanted to get over with as soon as possible. To understand the depth of my dread you would need to know a little about me. I am an infertile woman.

True, I am more than just infertile, but for me, the other parts of me paled in significance. I had been a preschool teacher for many years. I always felt sure that I was being prepared for motherhood and, when the time was right, I would have the joy of raising, teaching and loving my own children.

Finally, the clock mercifully released me from the "Discoveries of Galileo" and I headed to the drug store to pick up a pregnancy test. Now, you might think that for someone like me, the need to do a pregnancy test would be an exciting thing. But after eight years of examinations, procedures, and many failed pregnancy tests, I felt as if someone was playing a cruel joke.

Doing a pregnancy test was like rubbing salt in my own wounds. However, I could no longer deny the fact that I was two weeks late and, since I was taking prescription medication, ruling out a pregnancy was the responsible thing to do.

My plan was to take the test home and do it quickly and secretly. That way I could get the inevitable over with and spare my husband the emotional disappointment.

I tried very hard not to allow my pounding chest to coerce me into giving any credence to the small voice in the abandoned place in my heart. This voice said that with God, all things are possible. Miracles do happen. But my mind said, "Not for me, stay realistic Cheryl, life can go on and be purposeful and full."

The test required that I wait several minutes, so I decided I'd do the test and then put it on the counter in my bathroom while I took a shower.

The warm shower was comforting. It helped release the tension as tears of frustration and despair mingled with the water and were washed away. I felt better. I would look at the test, throw it in the trash, put on my favorite robe, and go give Mark a big hug and tell him how much I love him.

I stepped out of the shower and caught a glimpse of something pink in the window of the test stick. "Oh God, give me a break! Did I do this stupid thing wrong?" If there is a line in the pink, heart-shaped window it meant positive, right? I reread the directions. It was positive.

That was February 2, 1996—the first day of the rest of my new life. A moment I will never forget and always cherish. A moment when I was granted a miracle. A miracle so many others who know the ache of empty arms long for and I wish that I could give them.

Today is January 15, 1997 and my precious gift, my daughter Taylor Ann, is stirring from her nap. I will go to her, look at her sweet face, and thank God for that moment when he gave me completeness and made Mark and I a family.
**Untitled**  
*Roxanna Ching*

As I drove down a country road  
I smelled the air, so clean  
I smelled the rain, I smelled the sun  
I smelled the color green  
I heard the chirping birds above  
I heard the willow weep  
I heard my heart sing happily  
when I awoke from sleep

**The Beast**  
*Wendy M. Watson*

toward the shadowy shaft  
screams closed in around me  
traveling a stark voyage of evil  
through the tunnels of flame  
sorry sights of souls pleading  
envisioning what fate has brought  
to me  
puddles of blood  
human flesh  
a hideous creature  
slowly closing in to embrace me  
scrap of tangled fur  
horns and claws  
eyes of scarlet  
waiting to redeem my soul  
the greatest fear coming true  
Blackness

**DEAD END**  
*Diane Permito*

A lifeless Quonset hut  
of rust stains emits  
not a whirl of aromatic roses,  
but the reeking stench of 10-day-old puke,  
steeping in dirty dishes.  
Alone, a little boy eats sour rice.  
He savors salty tears  
streaming down his face.  
Where’s momma?

She convulses in fear,  
while ice sizzles her mind.  
Glassy eyes bulge.  
In delirium,  
an empty heart beats  
faster than dragsters on racetracks.  
Bloated, bluish lips  
appear like a duck bill.  
Crimson flakes taint her skin,  
a body limp as a dead rose,  
blond brittle hair drenched in panicky tears,  
sticky perspiration,  
and his spew of stale beer.  
Weak hands clench  
a crumpled colored photo  
of her little boy.  
The rustling weeds stir,  
as the silent, lapping ocean observes  
He, the almighty power,  
forcing an unrelenting gun to her head—  
45 automatic,  
borrowed to chase greedy prowlers away,  
so he says.  
The angel of death patiently awaits her.
Defending the Horn of Africa
Beth Lechner

Crawling below the desert heat he reaches a safe haven in the disguise of a vegetable bin. His weapon repositioned to defend this shore on the Horn of Africa. The roar of the battle is close: so close, it is silent. Down the alley, donkeys and women provide a shield for their outlaw masters. An AK round punctures corrugated tin and turns his head. Too late. Muscle and skin tear away from the bone. The pain reverberates through his skeleton. He screams. Camouflaged pants lie tattered around his battered, butchered leg. His arm drags his worn body along the ground. Inside the safe house, children—like firing squad victims—line the walls. The sour smell of death hangs in the air. Morphine induced unconsciousness provides a temporary reprieve from the fight. Blood, like rust flakes, ribbon around his sweat soaked skin. Bodies blanket the floor.

Strange talk turns toward solution. What does the treaty say? Armored carriers pick their way through the city maze. Around the bullets they maneuver. Casualty lists are low but they drag the bodies behind them.
My name is Sadako Sally Yokono. I was born January 14, 1925. O’ahu Sugar Company Camp One, attended by midwife. My parents came from Japan, the northern part, Nagata, maybe about a hundred years ago. They passed away already and I’m seventy-one.

We grew up, ah, Camp One, and that’s located not even quarter mile away from the mill. And then, you know where the Hawaii Plantation Village is? On the left there is a railroad track right there. You go up, further up, and it turns and backs up into the mill. You know that railroad track? That’s how they hauled cane. They didn’t use trucks. It was a open cart, like a train. All roads and roads of that. My father had the job of repairing those carts. And my mother used to cook for the single people because, those days, a lot of people come Hawaii without wives. She cooked the rice in a big, cast-iron pot. Outside. They start the fire, get the rice going, and then, certain time, they got to take the fire out so the rice will steam and not burn. That’s when I fell in the charcoal—when I was eighteen months old.

Because of the language barrier, the people stuck to their own nationality. Had the Japanese camp, Spanish camp, and Filipino camp. Not too much Spanish, little bit Chinese, a little bit Korean. Around there, never have nothing Hawaiians. Okinawan and Japanese considered in one. It was separated mostly because when the people come from foreign countries, they cannot speak any kind or language but their own. Never had too much trouble between all of them. Only when they had to get married, that’s when they get trouble. Our days, we couldn’t marry Filipinos.

All our housing was the same. It was exactly like the ones you see in Hawaii’s Cultural Plantation Park. The window was like that and the curtain was only one strip of cloth hanging down. During the day, we would hook that on the side. Never had carpet; we just had mats. And then, we had a round table. Everybody sat on the floor around it. At that time, we didn’t have chairs.

The lunas were further up. They had the nice homes. We call that street up there “Manager’s Drive.” All the managers and higher workers lived there. All the managers were haole. The foremen were different nationality, like Japanese or Filipino. We never did have electric stove yet. Had kerosene stove, outdoor toilet, and no refrigerators. So, there used to be a man delivering ice every day by the chunk. And then, when they, ah, bring the cane, it was big noise because our house was only a few houses away from the railroad track. That thing was going on all day and night. But we just got used to it.

At that time, I think my mother was paying fifteen dollars per month. The rent was cheap. One thing good about the plantation: the water was free. Used to come from Waiahole Stream. That was the best water in whole Oahu. Only thing, when it rains, it gets muddy because the mud going in there. But the water, you could run the water all day long, and nobody say anything. So our laundry was real clean. We had furo, that community kind bathtub. I would say it was about fifteen feet by fifteen feet. Had hot water and cold water running right through. The men and women were separated. So, everybody wash their body first, and rinse off, and then they used to go in the tub. Nobody just come into the furo, and just go in without rinsing off first. We used to play under the water. It was so clean because the water run all the time. Boys would sometimes make puka in the divider and peek at us through it.

I remember everybody had chicken running around in the backyard. Anytime they wanted to eat chicken, they just go in the backyard and kill chicken. They used to have vegetable vendors in a truck, and fish vendors, too. We ate a lot of fish. The tofu lady used to come around. She would carry the
West Winds

Tofu over her shoulders, on a long stick, with buckets hanging down the ends. The tofu was packed inside those buckets. We didn’t go down to the store too much because everybody had to walk. Hardly anybody had car.

So they had the plantation store, and everybody could charge. So when their paycheck came, they got to pay the plantation store for most of their paycheck. It wasn’t cheap. When I see the movies, get plenty that kind story where they buy from the company store and when they get paid, they got to pay back. Like the movie, *Picture Bride*.

Arakawa’s was a small store at that time. They mostly sold workers’ clothing like *tabi*, the shirt, the pants, and the bag for carry the lunch. After that, then they made that big store. Big Way, they didn’t have. But the owner had one small store nearby. And then, had the Goody-Goody shop for ice cream. I forgot what flavors, though. It was good. It wasn’t the kind we buy now, the Meadowgold or Foremost. Had another store, Wong’s Chop Suey, they were the best. Until today, I never did come across anything better. They made the best chow fun. All this Chinese restaurants they have today, nobody beat Wong’s. The chow fun is not oily. I think they cooked it in that black wok. It was nice and brown. And then, they had this small coconut pie, a double crust coconut pie. It was chewy, and crunchy, and then juicy inside. That was the best. Everybody that lived in Waipahu remembers Wong’s Chop Suey’s chow fun and coconut pie.

Also had all the saimin stands. Good kind saimin stands. It was all homemade soup. The stock was homemade. I don’t think they used chicken too much, it was either pork or beef, with the seaweed and shrimp. Originally, they used to make their own noodles. To this day, we still make our own soup and noodles at home. We enjoy it better than the ones at the store.

And then, about once a month, the Salvation Army would come. That I remember real clearly. They get their own uniform. A black-and-white uniform. Men and women all get the same one. They used to come preach and sing to us, and we used to just love it. They used to hold it on the street corner. And we used to bring newspaper, or something, and sit on it. They teach us songs, they tell us stories, and they had their own uniform. You hardly see that anymore.

Religion was a big part of our house. Everybody’s. We were all Buddhist. The church was only two doors away from my house. We had to go every Sunday. Once a year they had Bon dance. The Bon dance was a really big thing. They also had the birth of Buddha, just like Christmas, only it was in April. Even now they have a big thing for it. But now, all the churches get together and have it at one place.

Had two Japanese doctors, and then one O’ahu Sugar Company doctor. But a lot of people didn’t like to go to the company one because they’re so...so...They were really strict and they no hold back scold. I think a couple of the boys got hit. Maybe they didn’t listen, or something. We all were scared to go. So, when all the modern doctors started coming around, we couldn’t believe they didn’t talk rough to patients. Even though, we still went to the Japanese doctors. We had to go to their offices. We trusted them more because they don’t talk that rough to you. But if you had surgery, you got to go O’ahu Sugar because you don’t have that kind of money. Japanese doctors weren’t for surgery. When I fell in the coals, I think my mother took me to the Japanese doctors.

Oh, my mother’s time was mostly picture bride. Once, this story I heard about, this man when he was single, he had a pretty lady, a girlfriend. The lady was married. That time had so much men and not enough women. And so he sent for a wife, and the picture came, and he agreed. When the wife came in, he had to go pick ‘em up at the immigration. When he went and saw the lady, he wanted to cry. He didn’t want to marry her because she was so ugly. In the picture, I guess she didn’t look that bad, but then when she came, he like die. But he couldn’t do anything because she went come all this way from Japan. Today, they get five or six kids now. But all through life, they hardly talk to each other.

They would steal each others’ wives, that was very common, too. Then they run away to the other islands. At that time, for go islands, not that easy because no more airplane. You got to go boat. One of my friends father—somebody stole his wife, and they went run away to Maui.

And then, you know, Hawaii get plenty Japanese people with two last names. That’s because when they signed the contract in Japan to come here, they were supposed to go Brazil or California. But when
they came over here, they liked it so much, they never go on boat and continue. They went stop here. So then they had to change their name.

You like hear one joke? This Hawaiian Electric man went to the plantation house, knock on the door, and the old lady came out. He said, “Papa-san stop? I'm from Hawaiian Electric. Is Papa-san home?” The old lady said, “No, bumbai he come.”

So he went home. The next day he come again, “Mama-san, Papa, san stop?” “No, bumbai he come,” she answered. He went two, three more times. Same thing. Finally he asked, “Mama-san, where Papa-san go?” “Go Japan, bumbai he come back,” she answered.

“And then that was war time. War time we had hard time…”

I remember Sunday morning—December 7, I had to work. All the news came over the radio. Mrs. Vorfeld told me to go home. I went home. It really didn't dawn on me how big the war was going to be like. Remember I told you had the train two houses away? They get one big tank for filling the oil to the train right there. We all went up on the tank and watch the bombing. If they went bomb us, we would have been make. We knew it was an oil tank, but we couldn't think that they might bomb. We were just watching the plane go any kind way.

And then, some boys, you know they would come home from ball practice, they got machine gunned. They died. Their whole club. And then, our neighbor man, he was out in the cane field working and they went go da kine, machine gunned. He went running but he never get shot. Even then, it really didn't dawn on us what was happening. At this time, I wasn't married yet. You young folks think of Pearl Harbor as far away. But Pearl Harbor and Waipahu, you know how close? We all saw the plane, but we didn't know what was going on. We weren't scared. At that time, I was eighteen. Plenty planes. You could see Pearl Harbor side all dark. Smoke. Smoke. We realized it was serious when the radio began saying we were attacked. And then all kinds of rumors began going around.

So, everybody had to get prepared because had rumors start going around that they going ship us out to one island because we were all Japanese. They didn't trust us. They were going to corral us all in one island.

My mother went sew one big bag and put all our clothes in for carry. So we were prepared. But they never did send us. We were mad because we had to go all through that whole thing and we never do nothing. That part we were real mad. And then, they start saying we got to build that stuff, the bomb shelter. We were only three women in the house, how were we going to build that? At least five feet or more you got to go down. So, the security went help us dig that.

Only certain areas of Oahu they had to evacuate—the farmers at Lualualei area and the watercress field by Pearl Harbor had to go. A lot of them were sent to relocation camp. Majority of our Japanese language school teachers were sent to relocation camp in the mainland. But they [the United States] couldn't find anything our teachers did wrong. After that, our teachers came back.

And then, my friends started working restaurants. Because restaurants those days used to make good money because plenty service men. They used to give good tips. So, I went quit my job and work restaurant. This time, the jobs were frozen. You couldn't quit anytime you want. It was hard to find a job. That's why, my classmates that stayed in school, they had to work out in the field, too. Everybody was so scared.

Grandpa was in the army for two years. During the war, he was a pineapple soldier. Pineapple soldier, you never hear of that? The guys that never went leave the islands were called pineapple soldiers. He didn't want to go because that time, the 100th [Battalion] and the 442nd [Regiment], the boys were dying left and right. The 100th, the boys were dying so much that they went send the 442nd. Plenty of Hawaii boys. After the war, Grandpa went work Pearl Harbor, the Public Works Center. He was a carpenter.

Blackout. You know what we used to do during wartime blackout? Everybody got to stay in the house. Eight o'clock, lights out. Or not, you got to bar your windows with really black kind cloth, so the light wouldn't seep out. So, we go in bed real early and we used to listen Frank Sinatra. Every week used to have top one to ten songs. Glen Miller, Tony Bennet, Andrew Sisters, all them were real famous that time. No more all kind food. But nobody starved. Hawaii kind of hard to starve.
In Every Ford  
*Shane Kepo’o*

In every Ford  
there is a memory of you.

Every smile  
and every bit of laughter;  
every soft-drink  
we ever shared  
while on the road,  
somewhere in Nebraska  
where the rows of corn  
extended for miles  
beneath the cloudless sky  
of a lazy summer day.

I still remember  
your brown-eyed gaze,  
the one that always  
made me smile,  
and those semi-sweet whispers  
you would breath into my ear.

And though  
you have since faded away,  
my thoughts of you  
are still there beside me,  
every time I drive that road  
and see your beautiful face in the rearview;  
every time I try to find your missing earrings  
on the dash board.

There is a memory of you  
in every Ford.

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Delirious  
*Holly Durand*

Confusion: a stumped stupor,  
His basket bulging contents unknown.  
What to do, why do it?  
Excuse me—more bourbon please,  
Where were we?

The flashes are Uneasy, Unknown, Uncomfortable;  
Underwear squeezes, sex screams  
Eons out of use, not needed anymore.  
Numb to loneliness and lies: lady please,  
Why?...

Midnight blue Mercedes Benz,  
Screeching metallic scraping.  
A crying blond in the back,  
Her olfactory trickling oil  
Leaking mocha, maroon, or maybe magenta.

She puffs and pumps  
Emptiness like dry heaves  
Kicking at the door of insanity.  
She exits—  
Spitting and spatting she coughs up her soul....

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Balancing on a Wobbly Ladder  
*Hank Chapin*

I know form strengthens the backbone  
I believe structure is unavoidable  
I comprehend that appropriate form is the real goal  
I see that Sixties-fugitives sometimes doubt form  
And like a soccer team losing on an own goal  
I score a point against myself for being abstract
The Revealing Dream

Vernetta Hall

All aboard Noah’s Ark to find souls in twain by the twilight of dawn. Coupling and cold, fellow travelers cloister in compact quarters. Destined or doomed, they ride upon the Poseidon of Fools. The glass-bottom menagerie meanders mercilessly, parting the rushing waters of the blood-red seas.

Vertical meridians shred the voyeurs’ nautical orbit. Carnivores, herbivores, and even omnivores file singly, banging, clanging, and clamoring for entry into the cyclical pyramid. Circular cumulus clouds counted release gash the horizon. God’s tears reign over the domain of the cubit—
   a chapel to the lost,
   a chattel to the cold,
   a chateau for the chafed.
Fugitives flee from the pursuing Statue of Liberty. They seek the golden lease in a Southern continuance.

But the compass’ needled eye is too small for a camel to hump on by, too tiny for the huddled masses to thread their way through. Alien and green, the cards shard the natural-ordered debate. Too many have filtered from the divining rod. Too much iota for Uncle Sham’s quota, the scales are too heavy for Her Blindfolded Highness. Justice’s stacked hand shuffles the cards to an uneven draw. The manicured deal nails out a Black Jack, White King deals past the Ace of Spades. Fingers of colonies wager war to the Mason-Dixon divide.

East to West, the faceless equilibrium line appears; behind the doldrums of despair, the virgin rocks lie hidden. They whisper desire as they perform for pre-contact. The Great White Hope sweeps dusted culture into the isles of the ocean; he peaks over the breasts of the seas. Jiggered with slivers of black liquid gold, Drunkard Daddy deeds to domesticate. He must bravely bring them home to the land of the free.

Yes, Big Brother, unshackle them, Unshackle them from the binds, Unshackle them from the heavy binds that once bonded them to the silent chambers of their souls.

Colonel Colonial will bust open his spirit, and trade them for a tinkling trinket— a trinket of the “Looking-Glass Self” from the Cooley Collection.

The once noble native mind now savagely gestures from the chains of freedom. The eye’s heart peers into the gilded-silver silhouette, and echoes a nodding “no.” But I do not hear, Nor do I see, For I am awake.

After the Future

Hank Chapin

Three times I Visited the hospital That final day of January In cold Rochester.

Final day Of my mother’s life as well— Did I feel the end was coming? That night, the phone rang …

Night Vision

C.A.K. Takamatsu

In her dim kitchen, She simmers Ice, in a brackened ladle, Soup for ten lives.

The bruise in her palm Is like a dove’s heart. “My heart Is tainted blue.”

She shivers sweat, Sticks the needle in her bruise, Her vision burns dark as shades.

Her fingers dip into flames, Her large irises blaze fiery rays, Her sight falls in like a black hole.

Black, rotten air shrieks profanities, Molten lava sizzles her, Stars flash her home.

“O, please, God, touch me Like winter rain, Like auras of sunshine, Like bass tremolos.”
**The Cat**  
*Shane Kepo 'o*

The cat sits  
without a sound,  
upon a glossy desktop  
awaiting the return  
of her master.

The cat tails  
in playful mischief,  
fiddling with her master’s  
reading glasses and pawing  
at his musical manuscripts.

The cat cringes  
with a bashful expression of guilt,  
sensing her master’s presence  
she backs into a corner  
and timidly whimpers, “Sorry.”

The cat waits  
and anticipates a scolding,  
hiding her puffy tail  
as she drops her ears  
and looks the other way.

“Katrina!” he calls.  
“You silly little rascal,  
getting into mischief again.”  
He stoops down to retrieve her  
and cradles her gently in his loving arms.

The cat purrs  
in satisfaction,  
feeling truly loved.

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**Tell Me Again**  
*C.A.K. Takamatsu*

Tell me again that You love me, Lord,  
For I cry a crucifix of tears.

Tell me again how  
Jesus wrapped the gift of salvation  
With the bloody ribbons of His back.

Tell me again how  
The Holy Spirit stuck with Jesus  
As blood and living water gushed  
From Jesus’ welled-up heart.

Abba, weep no more for me,  
For I accept your gift of life for me.

Hold me ever so close to Your heart, O Lord.  
Tell me again that You love me, Lord.

---

**Marriage to the Moon**  
*Wendy M. Watson*

Tonight the full moon awaits,  
For me to bask in its glory anew,  
My nakedness, for the night to investigate,  
All that is pure and true.

Lunar lights explore my body once again,  
Intoxicating and liberating my soul,  
Into lush, lurid, and lavishing sin,  
Surrendering my apprehensions and all.

Moon and I are joined in marriage as one,  
In Yeat’s sphere or gyre,  
Whirling and swirling until all is done,  
While Earth turns into an everlasting pyre.

The witches circle around their devils brew,  
The spirits are in the air,  
I am the goddess of the moon,  
And in power of my lair.
I awake to the sounds of three trucks filled with plantation workers speaking their native tongue of Filipino as they pass only a few feet from my bedroom window. I rush to my window and see them in khaki pants, black belts, large straw-rimmed hats over red and blue paisley bandannas that cover their heads, and black rain boots coated with dried mud. They are on their way to work at the sugar mill and cane fields. I scurry back to bed and envision the sugar mill. It is a huge metal refinery with layers of russet dirt on the tops and sides of two round tanks with a roof resembling a dunce cap. The powerful sounds of heavy engines roar from these tanks. Across the mill are muddy pools of water that circulate in a man-made ring of metal and smell of vinegar and urine which stings your nose. It is time to harvest sugar cane. I hear what sounds like the chopping of trees. I scan the cane workers preparing for the cane harvest, sharpening their enormous bolo knives—blades twenty four inches long and six inches wide. They clear the cane away from the main roadway and lean the crops toward the middle of the field. The cane is then set on fire and builds to fiery flames. The crackle sound of cane burns, the smell of heavy carbon smoke and ebony ashes fill the air. Delicate curls of burnt cane gently land on driveways, rooftops, slippers, laundry and lawns. Energetic children fill neighborhood yards. They face their little palms with plump fingers to the sky for ashes to land. They try not to crush them in their tiny little hands.
Husband E. Kimmel
(1,178th victim of the sinking of the U.S.S. Arizona)

*Curtis Merz*

Wrinkled waves knock gently against the coppery hull of the makeshift tomb.
In response, a silenced brass-band blows rings of oil to the surface of the harbor’s conscience.
Today’s serenity drapes forgetfully around the vindictive shoulders of yesteryear’s elected elite.
Exoneration of a corpse thirty years after its death... What now? Is the white of the lie suddenly removed along with the black of the sorrow?

On 1940s film, the flicker of humble eyes still yearn for superfluous forgiveness.
His sagging countenance still screams out in furious silence, “mistakes I internalize in shades of nay, I rationalize for living’s sake into comfort gray.”

On 1940s paper, whimpering sobs of wailing families still demand a toothless sacrificial goat.
Devastating death still cannot purge without the pleasure of persecution.
The error of choice still weighs thick on the scales of justification.
In order to judicate, the Man still leans casually forward to rest his inept elbows upon the process. “Derelict,” still howls by the side of the mouth that speaks.
And four broken stars still trudge home, to observe as their government herd vengeance-starved souls up to the front door.
Mulch
Roxanna Ching

I saw a leaf fall from a tree
I saw it touch the ground
I heard a noise
I heard it say, finally I'm free
And then, I felt beneath my feet
I felt freedom turn to mulch

Echoing Visions
Wendy M. Watson

Mist covers my eyes and darkness claims me,
Shadows mutate to a gruesome prodigy.
A helpless child’s mind losing its bliss,
Falling deeper ... deeper ... deeper in the great abyss.

Large beasts are here to haunt me once more,
Raping, Romping, Roaring, attempting to explore.
Huge fangs and tails like snakes awaiting prey,
Swiftly running ... running ... running to get away.

Out of the shadows my savior comes to aid,
They pause their destruction and seem unafraid.
I scream to him a warning out of fear,
Creeping silence ... The silence no one hears.

Creatures attack him one after one,
Struggling, straining, striving, but all is done.
He lays weak with no one to assist,
Slowly dying ... dying ... dying within the mist

Alone once more, tears trickling down my face,
Pain and anguish come which I cannot erase.
Out of this stark torture from which I fell,
Climbing higher ... higher ... higher out of this hell.

Morning Dance: Redux
Bill Seib

At first light, she becomes demure,
almost antithetical. Lids
of her brown eyes flutter
as do a butterfly’s wings.
With tenderness, she approaches
me—or I her. We await
our bodies’ impress to confirm
the exodus of the long night
and the genesis of a new day,
replete with impassioned ceremony:
a first kiss, a full awakening,
alive with adoration.

The ritual takes different forms
on disparate days. Today,
I take sharp aim for her neck
with my arrow’s quiver of kisses.
My hands work their way
around her waist and disguise
the occasional flaw of callous
unmet by emery.
My touch endeavors,
so light and slight
that she only suspects
I am with her.

Her shiver responds,
excites and compels me
to cup her breasts
gracefully and gratefully—sensitivity
given with a touch of down.
My reward is a low,
hushed moan, the sharp intake
of a lover’s caught breath:
further impetus
for the morning’s glory—
additional measures
for additional pleasures.

Four eyes interlock
with fervor and fever.
Two sets of lips mutually part
to await their mates.
One silent signal
sounds to start
the slow, undulant morning dance:
a rhythmic, gliding, frictionless
waltz to dawn’s discoveries,
with maps of erogenous zones
and points of passion
charted by human instruments.
It was hotter than hell. The operation had already gone on longer than expected. My jungle fatigues were soaked with sweat. The humidity was over ninety percent—it was 102 degrees. All I wanted was to get this last job done, get the hell back to my hooch, and grab the longest, coldest shower of my in-country experience. I barely finished considering the comfort which awaited me when I noticed something—a small, shiny, button-like object protruding just above the red dirt’s surface. I froze and motioned for Harrison, my radio man, to do the same thing.

I drew my bayonet and started to probe the trail in front of me. I found two other detonators—one behind us, the other to the left of the trail ahead. We were bracketed with landmines and I was scared. At that moment, I decided we were better off leaving the main trail than staying on it. I was wrong.

Within the first few steps, I triggered a mine with my right foot. The explosion threw me into the air. I landed on my back, dazed and looking skyward. The concussion cascaded through my head. The cordite cloud from the explosion hung in the air, its stench coating my nostrils with the odor of a firefight. The visibility was practically zero. I sat up, still largely unaware of the damage done by the explosion.

“Harrison, where the fuck are you?” I screamed.

“Over here, sir. I’m hit!” he shouted.

He had a stomach wound from the shrapnel of the explosion. Depending upon how deep the metal went, the wound might even be life-threatening. He was standing some ten yards in back of me, clutching his mid-section, a puzzled look in his eyes. He was in shock, seemingly unconcerned about his own plight. I yelled for him to apply pressure to his wound. He didn’t appear to be bleeding badly. As long as we could get him to an aid station, he’d survive. He kept standing, dazed and unresponsive, eyes growing wider by the second.

I looked down and understood why his attention was focused on me. Except for a couple of tendons on the outer portion of my right calf, the bottom of my leg had been blown off. The mine had detonated under the arch of my right foot. The inside of the foot and ankle were gone. The shin bone was obliterated from the point of the missing ankle up to a foot from the knee. The foot itself had been severed cleanly through in three places, much as if a butcher’s cleaver had been used in an orderly, bloody fashion. The heel pad was filleted open at the base of the foot. A series of thin red streams were shooting from the stump that
was left, each on a different initial trajectory and arc than the others, yet converging eventually.

“Oh, sweet Jesus. Please God, save me,” I muttered to myself. I stifled the urge to cry, a child-like whimper escaping from my lips. It was all I could do to focus on what needed to be done. Any delay would mean death—Harrison’s, mine or both of us.

A primitive growl leapt from me. But, I didn’t know who or what made the noise I heard. It was enough to help me start to regain focus, to stop the fear-ridden reaction which gripped me from the moment I became aware of how badly I was hurt. I did not have time to cry. If I lost my composure, I would die. It was that simple. I busied myself, frantically tearing off a blousing rubber, the thin elastic band used to tuck the pants leg inside itself, just above the top of the boot. I tied the tourniquet right below the right knee. This momentarily staved the spewing crimson jets. I looked at Harrison and yelled for him to take off the radio and try to make his way toward me. My ears were still ringing. I yelled even though he was less than ten feet from me.

I tried to get to my feet, but immediately fell backward. I would need Harrison’s help to get back to the squad. By this time, Harrison had stripped the radio from his back, removed his fatigue jacket, and was slowly crawling to me on his hands and knees. I threw him the bayonet and told him to probe the ground to his front before moving forward. I talked him through it, anxious to have something to do besides bleed. I reasoned that he would do what needed to be done, but only if I remained calm.

I was, of course, worried about bleeding to death. The shock was wearing off; up to that moment it had blocked much of the pain.

Just twenty yards away I spotted the others, including a young soldier whose name has forever fled my memory. His face still lingers there, but the name has long since departed. He was the new kid in the unit, in-country less than two weeks. I motioned for him to move through the thicket toward us, but not so close that he would be in any danger. We kept moving toward him at the same time, taking a semi-circular route to avoid the main trail. We quickly closed the final distance to within five yards of him.

“Get through the brush. Give us a hand,” I said. He didn’t react immediately, but gradually came closer. It took him thirty seconds to get through the final yards of waist-high grass and shrubs. He reached us and stood on the opposite side of me for support. I had an arm around each of them. I made an effort to resume hopping towards the clearing where the others waited. The pain was almost overwhelming. Each hop felt as if someone was jabbing my leg with a red-hot fireplace poker.

“Grab my leg. Keep it from bouncing,” I said. The specialist-with-no-name refused, shaking his head emphatically. “Look, I don’t know if I can handle the pain much longer. I need you to grab what’s down there and keep it from bouncing when we move. Got it?” I asked.

The specialist-with-no-name again shook his head. I lost patience. I drew my Colt .45 caliber pistol from its holster and cocked the hammer. I stuck the weapon in the middle of his face. At that point, I remembered, I gave him a name.

“Look asshole, I’m probably going to die if I don’t get out of here pretty soon. If I do, it’ll be your fault. If that happens, you die with me. That’s what the fuck is going to happen if you don’t do exactly as I tell you—right the fuck now! Do you understand me?” I screamed.

Ever so carefully, like he was handling a time bomb or a poisonous snake, the specialist-with-no-
name wrapped my fatigue jacket around the bleeding mess and balanced it while he, Harrison and I finished moving to where the others waited. The operations center radioed an aviation unit for a medivac chopper. I waited. The bleeding was under control. I sat on a mound of grass, drinking from a canteen and smoking a Camel.

I surveyed the others out of the corner of my eye. They were all looking at the wound, where my leg had formerly been. Inside, I was scared to death. But I wasn't showing anything if could help it. Although I was only twenty-two, I took the business of leadership seriously. I also knew that if I didn't maintain some kind of stony facade, I'd start crying. That was the last thing I wanted to do. I would have died of embarrassment's wound instead of the physical trauma. The others continued to stare at my leg, at what was left. I would have to get used to that.

In a matter of minutes, I was being transported to the 26th Evacuation Hospital in Saigon. A medic had given me a shot of morphine for the chopper ride. Except for a couple of hits on a hashish pipe, the morphine was my first experience with a drug high. Even after the chopper ride was over, I was still flying. I knew what Superman felt like.

The doctor threw a sheet over my bottom half as soon as the gurney stopped rolling into the emergency triage area.

"Raise your good leg, Lieutenant," the doctor requested. The cursory examination began. "I guess you know we're not going to be able to save your lower leg," he said.

"Yeah, Doc, I already figured that out," I replied.

There simply wasn't much to put back together and virtually nothing to tie it to. What a mess, I thought. The doctor returned to the other side of the temporary shield formed by my elevated left leg and the sheet draped over it. The sound of a couple of scissors snips was followed by the "thunk" of something thrown into a metal trash can. I knew that something was what had been my foot and ankle.

"Doc, hey Doc, what are they going to do with it?" I inquired.

The doctor replied carefully, "Well, they'll probably dispose of it. You know, burn it with the rest of the medical trash, bandages and such. You know...." His voice trailed off.

"Can I say goodbye to it? I've grown pretty attached to it after twenty-two years, ya' know?" The doctor's face wore a puzzled expression.

"I don't think you really want to do that, do you?" he said.

"Hell yes! How would you feel? Hey, I've got an idea—let's put it in a jar with some formaldehyde and I'll take it home with me." The morphine played morbid tricks with what was left of my sanity. I was insistence. Would he at least allow me to say goodbye to my foot?

"Well, I guess so, Lieutenant. What the hell." That said, he held up the trash can. I saluted and smiled a drugged goodbye to my soon-to-be-disposed-of body part. As scared as I was when I first realized the extent of my injuries, I was that much relieved that the injury was not worse. The Irish proverb went, how?

"I complained because I had no shoes—until I met a man who had no feet." That was true, I thought. I could just as easily have lost both feet—or my life, for that matter.

In the operating room, moments from surgery, I realized that I was looking forward to unconsciousness. The morphine was doing nothing to help relieve the slow, dull ache permeating my body. The shock was wearing off even more now. As the black rubber mask descended from above, I realized that I would never be the same man that I was when I awoke that morning. But then, who among us is ever the same person who began the day? I let go the laugh of a man about to enter a new life on the throes of an ether binge.

The physical sensations one experiences while under the influence of powerful, exhilarating narcotics serves as an interesting counterpoint to physical trauma. Somehow, it offsets the pain of the mental trauma as well, giving one time to think and cope. Demerol, a synthetic morphine strong enough to make one's losing a limb almost acceptable, has a magical quality to it. For the moment, I was serene and happy to be leaving 'Nam alive. That was all I cared about.

It was a feeling that more than fifty thousand of my comrades would never be able to enjoy.
Last Living Photo: 6:20 P.M.
Shane Kepo’o

All she can do is sit,
frozen, without a smile.
She wants to move, but
is restrained by the barrel
of a .38 revolver.

All he can do is wait,
anxious, losing patience by the minute.
He sports a Marlboro in one hand
and grasps a gun in the other,
ready to summon a bullet if necessary.

Suspended in fear,
her face is bleached pale.
Eyeshadow, the gray of trauma
Eyeliner, the black of death.
Her eyes, petrified glass.

Dangling in bitterness,
his face is hot and steamy.
Forehead, soaked in perspiration.
Chin, littered with coarse hairs.
His eyes, closed to conceal the demons.

She’s going for a long ride,
God knows where or for how long.
No one knows whether she will return
alive, with a relieved smile
or dead, with an agonized grimace.

He’s going for a long ride,
while negotiators pray they know when
and where to capture him.
Sooner, before he can pull the trigger,
or later, when her brains decorate the rear window.

Fifty
Tom Conner

One day before fifty, I Am
the lonely groom of shadows,
while waves lap memory
and the sun scalds skin tightly.
Yet I survived—
cardinals still call mates and
the Blalas paddle the long outriggers
together in Hickam harbor;
while leaves play in the wind
scattered, yet together
like seaweed sliding in the tide,
like lonely notes attuned to a melody,
like random days and years of a life—
many yet one.
One day into my fiftieth year,
before God and man,
I tremble.
I should not complain.
It would be better to shout:
“I was Loved!”
This one day before fifty,
I Am.

Forecast
Laurine Quizon

Today the sky is heavy, and full.
It’s light, it’s gray, it’s black,
It’s full of
Human wants
   Human gossip
   Human needs
   Human hatred
   Human fears
   Human poison
Human pains
   Human hurt
   Human greed
   Human power
   Human despair
   Human death.
Now the sky will lighten its load
and rain on every human below.
Divers, like primitive hunters, prepare for the hunt, man’s basic instincts renewed.

Spears sharpened, tools made ready for the kill, light increases in the sky to let the divers know that the time is near.

They tread through the white grains, a sandy slope of beach, the last barrier to the sea.

Cool tranquil water swallows them whole as they descend into the turquoise pool.

The sun follows its familiar path, casting beams of gold on blue.

Clad in black and red rubber suits, they swim high above the ocean floor like great birds of prey to stalk the skies.

They take in large gasps of breath, the surface is pierced, depth coming fast, a benthic landscape hazed and construed.

The rhythm changes, the tempo slows, only silence with the faint sound of sand and shells shifting across the bottom.

Two divers slip into the black void within the coral, their eyes wait to adjust and the shadows to appear.

Light filters in to reveal pockets of movement as the teal and pink scales of a large _uhu_ with golden eyes falls further back, hidden in the darkness.

Seconds seem like minutes as the eminent action passes before my eyes.

I see the shaft of the spear enter white flesh before the trigger is pulled.

Tranquillity is broken as the spear fires, an eruption of flight results, water mixed with anxiety and blood.

All is lost, confusion ensues, less the sound of water thrashing and hearts pounding.

I numbly reach through the clouded silty water, lungs depleted of air, to grasp the limp body of scales and swim for the surface.
Golgotha
C.A.K. Takamatsu

The sun's rays praise Yhwh
Over three trees
Which stand
invisible,
blood-stained,
In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.
Breezes whisper, “Haramashibara,
I love You with a love everlasting, O Lord.”
Drizzles sing, “Obarasobarashibiri,
The Lord is the Strength of my heart.”

MOLEST
Wendy M. Watson

A loud slap thrashes against my arm—
“Shut-up you stupid, ugly, bitch!”
he screams in hatred.
My eyes sting from his breath
on my tear-streaked face;
I look in his black eyes to see
the enmity he has given me.
The pounding of my heart
increases with every blow,
Screams escape my soul
as I start to claw at my chest.
I rip out my heart
to hold in my hands,
Blood drips off onto the
innocent, white, tiled floor.
My life throbs in my fingers:
“Is this what you wanted?”
I give him my heart and ask,
“Do you want my soul too?”
He strikes me again
and walks away.

Late August
Caryl Nishioka

Alone in her red Ghia convertible
on a Thursday afternoon.
The faint tone of children’s laughter surrounds her.
Maple trees offer a hint of shade to her lean face.
Hot tears flow from her eyes, encircled with fine lines.
His scent of sweat and Cool Water, still fresh
on the skin of her face and neck.

She lays her head down on her bent arm atop the door.
Curls of dirt-brown hair whisk across her cheek.
With eyes closed, she brings on her fix that numbs.
Their tongues tangle in wet greed.
She trembles.
When he clutches her closer,
blood blazes through their bodies
with furious intent.
And then…

The sun’s rays fade into the hollow sky.
Still alone in her red Ghia convertible,
nothing has changed, except the wind
rages colder like the empty faith
within her heart.

Both Sides
Hank Chapin

Purple orchids blooming
in my lychee tree like an outrageous spiked hairdo.
In Rochester, the snow silently accumulates
blanking streets and houses.
An airplane flies me from home
to take me home to Honolulu.
World War II deeply affected not only those who went to war, but those who were left behind. Everyone who lived through that era has a story to tell. This is an excerpt from a larger oral history of family members and friends who experienced life on the home front in Great Britain between 1939-1945.

Renee Cross, the story teller in this piece, has lived and worked in the same small country town of Halstead all her life. She was nineteen when the war began, and unlike many others who suffered in the cities, Renee enjoyed the war years. I met with Renee in Halstead, one warm afternoon in July 1995. We talked about her life during the war and over tea she began her tale:...

"I really enjoyed the war"

I was living in Halstead and was nineteen when the war started. I've lived in Halstead all my life and knew all the British soldiers. I remember on the radio at 11 o'clock the announcement there was war. At 11:30 the sirens went. There were no airplanes. Everything was quiet; it was just a big hush.

When I first saw Albert (my future husband), he was going up Parsonage Street. He was billeted in the hall up there. I went by and I looked at him and smiled, and he looked at me and smiled, and I thought to myself "I like that man." I went down the town and met my friends. We were going to spend our sweet rations. I said to her, "I've just met a soldier and I'm going to marry him one day." Albert was in the army 6 ½ years and part of that time he spent at Gosfield Hall, the large manor house located 2 miles away in the village of Gosfield.

Gosfield Hall was a large house that was stripped out and the English were billeted there. A lot of big houses were taken over. Across the airfield were the Americans. When Albert was on guard duty at Gosfield Hall one night he heard footsteps marching up the long drive. He flew out and said, "Halt, who goes there?" And they kept coming. He shouted, "Advance and be recognized!" But they still kept coming so he yelled, "Call out the guard!" And a whole lot of army guard came out. Then these oncoming men shouted, "God damn, man! We're American!" The English officer asked them what they were doing and they replied that they were the advanced party there to build an aerodrome.

Within no time, all the equipment and everything came to Gosfield Hall and the work was finished in a few days. The runways were made and the huts were built. When everything was ready they all came to Halstead, and at night the station yard and the bottom of the town was full of American soldiers.

We had a good time here in the war, there was not much death or destruction like in the cities. Of course we hung round with all the Yanks, but I was always writing to Albert when his company moved away. We wrote to each other every day. He was in the war all over Europe. He enlisted a year too early. He lied about his age; and because of that when the war ended, he had to spend an extra year in the army. His brothers had all gone and he wanted to go as well so he volunteered. When they found out they sent him to India for a year.

The Americans, when they first came to Halstead, didn't get on very well with the British soldiers because they had more money and looked more suave. The Yanks were coming and the girls went mad. Even the Yanks' uniforms were better that the British, which were all itchy. I don't know how those men [English soldiers] managed. It seemed that everything was taken away from them. But things became better between the English and Americans in time.

One day I remember walking with my friends to Earls Colne and as we were walking up Bluebridge Hill the American lorries drove by and they threw us some sweets. They were Mars Bars. The Americans had plenty of everything and the English couldn't tempt the women like the Americans could. The English said the Americans were "Over sexed, over paid and over 'ere!"

One night when the Americans first came to Halstead and they were all down the town, the air raid sirens went. They didn't know what to do or where to go. We told them to come with us. They soon learned. During the raids, the shelters along Factory Terrace were open and the Americans came with us. There was a big house called The Manse where the post office now stands in Halstead and it had a big cellar that was also used for shelter.

There were 22 pubs in Halstead in the war. One Christmas, a half dozen of us went out together on a pub crawl and we ended up at the Woodman. We hadn't been there long when two Americans came in and started to bust up the joint. All through the war there were soldiers in Halstead. They were billeted all over the town in the big houses and church halls. They were everywhere.

I worked through the war. My main job was at Courtaulds (a textile factory), where I was what they called a "twister." I got the stuff ready for the weaver and when I finished my job I went on to the looms. When the thread broke I had to re-join it. Courtaulds was a weaving factory and in the war they made parachutes and material for flares. We spent a lot of time in the shelters. Courtaulds had proper shelters built for the factory workers behind the factory in Factory Terrace. They were like mounds in the garden. Working there was a reserved occupation.

I worked from 7:30 to 5:30 at Courtaulds and then went home, had tea.
and changed into trousers. Then I went and worked on the land (working at the local farms) from 6:30 to 9:30. We used to catch a big lorry at the top of the town and we went to different farms out in the villages to help out. I used to come home, change again and go to work again at half past seven.

I remember when Monty [General Montgomery] came to Halstead. He spoke in a field on the edge of town. It was the soldiers’ guardroom then. There were army lorries all the way down Prettoria Road, down Mallows Field, right to the bottom of Parsonage Street; it was full of soldiers. All the people, the mums, etc. brought out buns and mugs of tea, and anything they could spare for the soldiers. No one went to work that afternoon. There was no one in the factory and nobody said a word. Montgomery addressed all the troops, praising them and giving them a boost. I saw him and heard him speak but didn’t actually talk to him. This was during the war after El Alamein when he took over.

One day Albert was on leave and we went to Braintree. We went to the White Hart Hotel for tea, and there was only one other person in there and that was an American Officer. I sat near him and looked at him and thought, “I know you.” He smiled and said, “You know who I am don’t you?” I said, “Yes, I think I do. You’re Clark Gable.” He said, “But don’t tell anybody will you. I don’t want everybody chasing round Braintree looking for me.”

James Stewart was at Wethersfield just a few miles down the road and later went on to a Suffolk Base. Braintree was always crowded. They all came in from Wethersfield and a lot went to Halstead. The American Air Force was all around us at Gosfield. Earls Come and Ridgewell air fields were set up in no time. On VE day Americans from Earl Colne had photos taken there and they still return today and meet for reunions.

There was really no hardship in Halstead. There were so many cottage gardens, people were used to growing their own. We were lucky. People in Halstead were very good to each other. When Albert and I got married, a friend of my mother’s had a lot of [ration] coupons and she gave them to us so we could get tins of ham for the reception. We even had a cake with 24 eggs in it, and trifles and other cakes to eat at the wedding. I bought my dress in Colchester, my veil from Stratford, and I borrowed the head-dress from a friend. We had the Co-op dance hall for the reception.

We had a few bombs in Halstead but not many. There was a plane shot down at Come Engaine and we saw that. The search lights picked it up. The German airmen were later picked up walking down into the town and the Home Guard took them in. A V2 rocket exploded in Halstead, up Chapel Hill. Nobody was killed, but there was a lot of damage. The next day when we walked to work we saw that every shop window had been blown out and we had to carefully pick our way through all the broken glass.

One evening we could hear planes and we looked up and were counting them when someone shouted that they were German and we all dived up the garden. The dog got there first! Mum, my brother and me all got in the shelter. They dropped bombs along The Bottoms (now Ravens Avenue), which was all fields then. Some people up Tidings Hill got hurt with glass and shrapnel. After, a lot of people went out and collected bits. There’s still a bomb along Oak Road. They couldn’t get it. It kept sinking lower every time they tried to get it and they can’t dig it up. They caged it up for a long time. I actually heard that bomb. It flew over my mother’s house. The plane let it off up Sudbury Road and it whizzed all the way down past my house and up Tidings Hill and landed in Oak Road. It didn’t explode. There was an English plane shot down up near Russell’s Road and it landed in a pond near the sand pits. For years somebody put flowers on that site.

There are a lot of German airmen in Halstead cemetery. POWs were taken to army HQ. There was a prison camp up Sudbury Road with Italian and German prisoners. The Italians would be allowed to work on farms and in people’s gardens. The Germans were locked up in Nissen huts. The Italians were there first, the Germans came later. The Italians were allowed to work when they swapped sides and became allies. I remember some Germans being allowed to work and I remember a girl who ended up marrying a German who did land-work at Adam’s farm.

During the war, six of us girls who all worked together at Courtaulds had the idea that when we had our holiday we’d go and work on a fruit farm picking fruit. We had a dickens of a job to get off, but we did and we went to Hereford where we picked black currants. That place was full of Americans too! They were everywhere in the country; they were kept out of London to keep them safe.

My minister and his wife kept goats down at the back of the church where there was plenty of grass. One night, Albert and some of his mates got these goats and took them all the way to the other end of town to where the Sergeant Major lived and pushed them in his garden where they ate his garden and flowers and all the goodies!

I really enjoyed the war. I really did. We made the best of a bad job. It was a bit scary at times, but people were so good to one another and shared everything. The best comes out in people when they are up against it. They were at their best in the war. That spirit is all gone now.
Linda and I love the band Soundgarden so we decided to fly to Maui to see them play there, then fly back the next day to see them play here in Honolulu. We had to do it because we heard that Soundgarden may not ever tour again. We got to the back row of the plane since it was a full flight. After everyone got settled in their seats, we took off.

"Linda, is this plane safe, or what?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's pretty safe," she replied. "Why? You scared?"

"NO! I'm just used to United and their 747 wide body engines. This putt-putt plane looks like a tiny tube! And what if the propellers fall off?"

Linda laughed, "That's why there's TWO! In case one falls off, there's still one more left!"

"Shut up, Linda! We can't die before the show. If we do, I'll be pissed!" Both of us laughed, then suddenly the plane dropped. We screamed so loud that all of the other passengers laughed at us and that made us laugh even harder. We just hit an air pocket, but we turned it into a scene from Airport '74.

We landed at Kahului Airport and waited for our friend Val to pick us up by the curb. We waited for about ten minutes then we spotted her walking towards us, huffing and puffing like a steam engine. We called her and waved her over to us.

"Val, how come you're walking? Where's your car?" Linda asked.

Then I said, "Hey Val, what, you trying to exercise more or something?"

Val didn't laugh.

"Man!" she began, "On my way over here, my tire blew out by this cane field on a dark, deserted road and I drove my car into a ditch! Then, I was too afraid to leave my car there, so I drove it—shredded tire and all—into the lit area of the road. Of all times to get a flat! Nobody even stopped for me!"

"Weren't you scared, Val?" asked Linda.

"No, I was more mad than anything else! I can't believe this happened!"

Linda said, "Good thing nobody stopped, you could've been picked up by a psycho!"

I intervened, "If they saw her, this four-foot-eleven Japanese girl cussing to herself, they'd probably think SHE was the psycho."

I remembered I had my AAA card with me, so we went to the pay phones to call for a tow truck.

"Where are you?" the AAA operator asked.

"My friends and I are at the Kahului Airport" I answered.

"Could you spell the name of the airport?"

"WHAT!??"


"Could you spell it again?"

I rolled my eyes and said, "K-A-H-U-L-U-I!"


"Yes!!!" I answered with impatience.

"What's the address there?"

"I don't know!" I snapped, "I don't live here, I just flew in from Honolulu!" Val grabbed the phone from me and told the operator, "There's only ONE Kahului Airport on Maui!"

Val talked with the operator until they confirmed everything, then Val said we could expect the tow truck within 45 minutes. The tow truck came in 15 minutes, then the three of us ran to the truck and told the two guys what happened. The driver was haole and the other guy was local.

"Hop in," the driver said.

The three of us looked at each other, then at the tow truck.

"We can't all fit in there with you guys!" Linda said, as she pointed to the cab.

"Shooah you guys can, juss squish each oddah, no shame!" the driver said and laughed.

So, Val got in first, Linda went in next, then I climbed in and sat on Val's and Linda's laps. Linda and I had our bags by our feet, so when the local guy came in, he was pressed up against the truck's door. We all laughed at ourselves since we looked like passengers on a Japanese subway. Every time the driver shifted gears, he hit our bags or he hit my leg or Linda's and we laughed even more.

We got to the road where Val's car was and all five of us piled out of the tow truck. As the two guys changed the tire, we noticed two airport security cars and a police car pass by.

"Just our luck," remarked Val, "only NOW they drive by!"

"Yeah," I said, "nothing like good timing!"

After the guys changed the tire, Val tipped them $10 and they left. We got into Val's car and drove to the mall to eat. We drove for about ten minutes and then the ride felt bumpy. As soon as we came to a stoplight, we heard a BOOMP! noise, then the ride felt rockier. We ignored it until we got to the mall and parked. When we got out of the car, we noticed the car looked lopsided.

"Oh shit!!" cried Val, "My spare's flat!!"

"Aaargh!!" Linda and I cried in unison.

"We gotta fix this tire now!" Val continued.

The spare was so worn that it looked like some rabid rottweilers gnawed it to the hubcap. We drove to a Chevron station for some air, but every time we tried to inflate the spare, all we heard was HISSSSSSSS. Val gave up hope and decided to drive to the Sears Auto Center back at the mall. The ride to Sears felt like we were on a rickety roller coaster, especially when we went over the speed bumps. After Val left a note on her windshield for the Sears people, we walked to some pay phones across the mall. It was either AAA again or a
cab this time.

By then it was around 11 p.m. and we were desperate to get to Val’s house.

“I know, I’ll call Patty my co-worker to come get us!” Val said.

Patty was asleep when Val called her and told her what happened to us.

“You’re where?” asked Patty, “Okay, I guess I’ll pick you guys up, just give me half an hour.”

Patty came to get us and right when we approached Val’s street, we saw two police cars parked side-by-side.

Linda said, “Oh my god! Where were they when we needed them?”

I answered, “They were here dunking each other’s donuts, that’s where!”

The next morning Val called the Sears Auto Center and explained her story to the guy in the tire warehouse.

“Sorry, my compuddah say no mo’ dose tayas.”

“What!? You have to have them; it’s an ’87 Toyota Corolla! It’s a common car, you know! Did you check the warehouse?”

“Oh,, No, I nevah check yet…”

“Well, why don’t you check the warehouse first, then tell me!” Val snapped.

Val waited on hold for ten minutes, then the guy told her that they had her tires in stock after all. Patty came by Val’s house at 9 a.m. to drive us to Sears, but only Val and Linda ended up going. I stayed back since I said I had to clean up, but I really wanted to have the extra four hours so I could get ready for the Soundgarden concert. All I could think was, after all this, we had better meet the band!
Why is an umpire perceived as an enemy to the game of baseball? Is an umpire just a misunderstood nice guy? Why is it that an umpire attracts the frustration of coaches, players and parents? Besides the role as a game official, what other role does the umpire play in this social event? As a Little League umpire, I have found that the interaction between sports officials and others on the field is a complex social event with many different levels. The umpire is the intermediary between two rival groups, the acceptable target for frustration of the coaches, players and parents, and most of all, the total authority during the game.

First, what is an umpire? The umpire can be thought of as the invisible bureaucracy which can make or break a game; at times, it may appear as though the umpire makes indiscriminate decisions that have a profound effect on the outcome of the game. The position of the umpire in the game of baseball creates a point of focus for everyone involved in the game, including the spectators.

From the very start of the game, the umpire’s role of intermediary is obvious. He meets with the two managers of the rival teams and lays down the ground rules for the game. If there is a dispute concerning the ground rules or playing conditions, the umpire tries to forge an agreement. If a consensus cannot be reached, the umpire makes the final decision and the coaches must abide by his ruling. Once this meeting has taken place, the chief umpire is in total control of the game and all disputes between the two rival teams must be handled by the umpire-in-charge. This role as intermediary creates the first focal point for the coaches.

The next role that the umpire must assume is being a target for the frustrations from the coaches, players and parents. In my experience, I’ve noticed how hard the coaches work to bring their teams up to competent playing levels. Although coaches are not allowed to question judgment calls during a game, there are times when a close call will go against a particular team. When this happens a strong feeling of frustration is created which usually leads to a confrontation between the coach and umpire. The frustration that the coach experiences is caused by the fact that he can do nothing about the umpire’s decision. Even though it is considered acceptable for the coach to vent his frustration by yelling at the umpire or even invading his personal space by standing face to face, the coach knows that there is a risk of being removed from the game for unsportsmanlike conduct. This conduct may even be considered acceptable by adults, players and parents and is viewed as a positive statement of team support.

Frustration on the part of the kids or players can more readily be understood. When kids are called out on a close play, coaches and parents can yell, “Boo!” and even question the judgment of the umpire. Yet kids are instructed from an early age not to question the umpire’s judgment and to accept the call. Why is this so? Because it is considered unsportsmanlike conduct and this type of behavior on the part of the player is not to be tolerated. This stance may seem unfair in the eyes of the players and can cause a lot of player frustration. Unfortunately, this situation can lead to the dislike of game officials, whether on or off the field. Although there appears to be some sort of communications taboo between the players and umpires, there are many occasions when a chief umpire can develop a rapport with the catcher. This rapport breaks the barrier allowing the umpire to be seen as human, which makes for an effective communication link between the umpire, coach and players, and can be used to help defuse any frustration that could be explosive.

Umpires act as an outlet for parental frustration in almost the same manner as the coaches, but with an added twist. When a player or team makes a mistake, it is not socially acceptable for a parent to yell at or put down their child or team; therefore, the parents will usually find other avenues to vent their frustration. This outlet is usually aimed at the umpire. One of the major problems I have noticed is that many parents are unfamiliar about the rules of the game. This makes for some very interesting comments from the parents during a game. Unfortunately, there are occasions when the coach is also unfamiliar with the rules of the game which causes many problems and creates even more frustration for everyone involved.

Umpires have complete and total authority during the game, but receive no favorable status. Their role is that of a quiet participant. Most of the time, an umpire is not even noticed until a close play is called against a particular team and when an umpire screws up a call or makes a bad rules interpretation.
Although the umpire is the authority throughout the game, he or she is not given the respect of even a simple handshake. In other words, when the game is over and the two opposing teams have shaken hands to congratulate each other on a close game, the umpire is often left out of this ceremony and is sometimes scorned by both teams and parents. Why is this so? Because the umpire is one of the most important figures on the playing field. Once the game is completed, the umpire’s status changes to one of non-importance, yet he continues to be the focus of much of the game long after it is over.

One of the reasons an umpire is not included in any after-game social rituals might be that his impartiality puts him in a position of an outcast. If he appears to be socially interactive with a particular team, even when the game is over, he may be viewed by the opposing team in a more negative light. The umpire finds himself in a situation of “damned if you do and damned if you don’t.”

What does this teach our young children about the real world? We use sports to teach our children social values that can be applied to every aspect of life such as teamwork, sportsmanship, discipline, winners and losers. In teamwork, nothing gets the group to work harder together in a focused manner than having a common enemy. This social context has been an effective tool in creating teamwork in American industry, the military and, to some degree, baseball. In the game of baseball, could this common enemy be the umpire? With a common enemy, teams are able to put the blame for poor performance on the umpire, thereby removing all guilt for a losing game from themselves. Isn’t it great to be an umpire? NOT!
The boy next door, only seven-years-old, asked me if I had any soda in my house. I stepped into his trap and said, “Yes.”

“Could I have some?” he asked.

“Let me look,” I replied. “You’d better ask your mom if it’s okay for you to drink Pepsi. It has caffeine.”

I thought I got rid of him. Five minutes later, he returned.

“My mom said it’s okay for me to drink Pepsi.”

“We ran out—my kids drank it all.” I lied but I still don’t know why I lied to a seven-year-old boy.

“Are you gonna scold them?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Are you joking me?” he asked looking up at me with his missing-teeth smile. “I asked my mom for nothing,” Taylor added.

“You’re a very clever boy, Taylor.”

I couldn’t help it; I told him this in admiration. So I offered him some crackers as compensation. He greedily accepted. As he said “thank you,” I saw cracker crumbs spraying forth from his mouth.

Kids ain’t dumb, just younger...
Freedom
Eric Delaporte

Long girls flaunt red dresses
their translucent hands regulate time.
Old papa rapist
disintegrates into the gray haze of tomorrow.
Shiny gold band dances
around the thick watch tablecloth.
Coarse smoking pen on old skin lampshades.
Black coffee beans
brim the pot of expectation.
In rapture we stop
to watch the flag soaring in the crystal black sunset.

Everyday is Like Sunday
Shane Kepo’o

Everyday is like Sunday
for Caroline.

Her world, a still life
so lonely and gray,

A silent picnic spent
talking to herself.

No one at home to help her
prepare the apple pie and sandwiches,

Nor anyone to share a few stories
or a batch of homemade cookies with.

Walking the promenade alone
in the warm afternoon sun,

She’s thinking of him, wondering
where he drifted off to.

Reading through softened words
tall-pointed on pink paper,

Letters she meant to send to him
but never did.

She sits up in bed crying,
then talking herself to sleep,

Running fingers through silk curtains,
longing to feel him again.

Falling deep into heartache’s dish,
dwelling on empty promises.

Forever was just a joke.
And love, a hoax.

Normal of Reversal
Shane Kepo’o

Punching through mirrors
where sunlight never shines,
looking into walls
where your reflection never shows.
You step into the bathtub
only to be burned by the water,
you touch the stove
only to be cooled by the burners.
A chicken cooks in your freezer,
your car melts,
and the butter explodes.

Your unwatered flowers bloom,
your dog meows,
the sun’s up,
though it’s still midnight.

It is then that you laugh and remember
that you forgot to take your medication.
Interview with Ralph Martin  

Robert Castro

I met Ralph Martin quite by accident during my morning walks in Waipio Gentry. We said “hello” now and then when we passed each other. One morning I saw him wiping off his car and introduced myself. It turned out that he lived in the same building of my condominium complex. We have been walking every morning together for about one hour since August of 1995. During the course of our conversations, I learned that he served in the U.S. Navy during part of World War II, returned to New York after the war, and rejoined the Navy shortly afterwards. He retired in 1964 as a Chief Radioman. Ralph was 15 years old when the United States entered the war, too young to enlist. When he reached age 17, he got his father’s permission to join. Because I also served in the Navy, we shared our experiences. It was during these conversations that I learned Ralph served in China during the war—a place not usually associated with the Navy, especially in a non-shipboard experience. Therefore, this interview was to learn more of the China experience.

Q: What were you doing when you heard about the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941?
A: I was in a movie theater in Rochester, New York and when I came out afterwards, the newspaper boys were crying out the headlines of the bombing.

Q: What were your first thoughts at the time?
A: I was flabbergasted! The Japanese envoy was in Washington at the time and everything seemed to be going well in the talks.

Q: I know you joined the Navy. Why the Navy?
A: I saw a friend of mine who had joined the Navy and liked the look of his uniform. I went to see a recruiter, but he told me I was too young so I joined later when I could.

Q: I don’t think many people would even have thought about the Navy being in China during the war. What circumstances brought you to China?
A: After I joined the Navy and spent time in basic training in New York, I was sent to Fort Pierce, Florida for training in amphibious warfare via Gunner’s Mate school. This training involved the handling of small boats, of which I was a crew member, to operate and maintain the guns. After about six weeks we were asked if anyone wanted to volunteer for hazardous duty. Several men including me stepped forward.

Shortly afterwards, we were sent to Washington, DC for about six weeks waiting for further orders. About 200 of us were formed into an intelligence unit and put on a train bound for San Pedro, California where we boarded a troop ship loaded with about 5,000 other guys. It was during the train ride that I learned we were going to China. Because there were so many of us, we slept in a compartment with canvas bunks five high. Also, because there were so many people, we only had two meals a day—breakfast from 6-9 a.m. and dinner from 5-8 p.m. The four-week zigzag voyage to avoid torpedoes from Japanese submarines took us to Melbourne, Australia to refuel and take on fresh provisions before heading on to our destination, Bombay, India.

After a few weeks in Bombay, and my first experience eating mutton, my group was put on a train to Calcutta where we spent some time waiting again for further transportation to our ultimate destination. Our hosts were the British and so we ate more mutton. I think I was already homesick for beef and potatoes as soon as I got to Bombay! After things were sorted out, we flew over the Himalayas to Kun-ning, China. Not long after, we were sent to Camp 7 by truck and to Camp 6 by river boat. We moved around southeast China for about four months. Some of us provided small arms training to the Chinese troops. We finally took our last river boat to our ultimate destination, Changchow Intelligence Area 4 in Fuchien Province, on the coast across the straits from Formosa.

Q: What were you there to do?
A: This assignment involved spotting Japanese ships attempting to use the straits as passage. Submarines couldn’t operate well in the shallow water, so the Japanese were trying to protect their ships by using this route. You should understand that by now, 1944, the allies were pushing the Japanese back towards their home islands.

Q: Did you move around or did you stay in the same location?
A: There were eight stations and six were usually manned at all times. We were usually told by our headquarters in Changchow which stations to man and when. The teams consisted of two people— one was the spotter and the other the radio operator. Although I was assigned as a spotter, I learned to use the radio. That experience with communications equipment is what led me to be a radioman when I rejoined the Navy after the war. Those of us not manning a station were used as runners to re-supply the stations as needed. About 30 of us were assigned to this intelligence area, so duties were rotated among us. Sometimes, because certain stations were close to Japanese lines, Chinese escorts were provided. I was never involved in a shooting situation with the Japanese, however. Some of the stations were far enough that we had to hike nearly a whole day to get there (vehicles were a premium). I rode a vehicle again after arriving at the camp. We communicated directly with our headquarters in Chunking. Their job was to relay this information to the proper authorities to assign target priorities. I remember once, one of photographers was sent in a small boat to the Japanese-held island of Amoy. He was to photograph what the Japanese were doing and bring back the photos, but they were apparently waiting for him and he was captured. I never heard about him afterwards.

Q: Were you there until the end of the war?
A: Yes. When the war ended we were sent an [uncoded] message saying that the war was over. People were celebrating with fireworks. I remember on one occasion when a friend of mine was hiding some fireworks in his trousers and somehow they went off. He was badly burned, but survived his injuries.

Q: How did you return to the United States?
A: After things settled down we were sent to Shanghai for about four months to await transportation to the United States and were outfitted with Navy uniforms. We had been issued non-descript uniforms when we arrived in Bombay. I remember a hamburger joint called Jimmy’s. That place was always crowded. Finally, we were put on a destroyer for passage back to the West Coast. Because there were so many of us, we ended up sleeping topside on deck.

Q: Did you resume your civilian position after your return?
A: Well, when I left New York my boss said I could have my job when I came back, so I returned to the same position. After about six months, I joined the Navy again.
“Damn you, woman! Look at you! You expect me to fuck you? You piece of shit! You don’t tell me anything!” Junior heard a “konking” sound as his mom cried out and heard the chair slam to the floor. He rolled over in the bed and pressed his four-year-old body to the wall, too scared to make a sound. His mother’s cries were coming through the walls as she was being smacked to the tune of gulping air. His father was on a roll now. “You telling me to stop fuckin’ around!” his father sneered. “Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to!” Junior pressed spread-eagle against the wall and turned as he felt a draft of air across his back. His ten-year-old brother Mick rushed out of their bedroom in a blur with Junior jumping down after him. Mick raged towards his father with arms flailing like windmills on warp speed. “You leave mommy alone you sonnaofabitch!” He screamed over and over again as his windmill arms kept up the beat of his rage. Junior’s feet were locked to the kitchen floor. His father picked up Mick and threw him against his mother, causing both of them to crumble to the floor. His father threw back his head and laughed. He was still laughing when he looked down at them. He then picked up his jacket from the floor and laughed on his way out the kitchen door.

Junior’s body was transfixed by the puppy-cry noises made by his mother as she stared at the ceiling. He followed her stare upwards, but didn’t see anything. Mick’s arms were wrapped around her, his head buried in her stomach, and his shoulders hunching to a bullfrog throat sobbing rhythm. “My pants are wet,” Junior said to no one. The puppy-cry noises were now sounding like the siren of a fire truck. Junior padded over to his mother, rested his hand on her head and asked, “Mommy, you need a Band-Aid?”

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Mick remembered it all began with the violent sounds from the kitchen. His heart leaped like a frog from fear to fury, then back and forth again. He rolled over in bed with his pillow wrapped tightly around his head. “Please stop! Stop hitting her!” Mick muttered under his breath. “I hate you! I wish the boogie man would take you away!” A silent scream had erupted in the base of his stomach and rolled over and over until it was topped off by the roof of his head. In a frustrated turn, he stared at Junior who was tiptoeing on his bed with outstretched hands, pressing his body to the wall. Mick’s eyes bled tears as he remembered wanting to throw up.

The voices of his parents bounced out of the kitchen to the walls of his bedroom. All Mick could remember was his primal urge to beat the shit out of his father. Before he knew what he was doing, he shot out of bed and ran to the kitchen. He screamed as he charged for his father. He recalled feeling as if his heart exploded through his head and stretched his skin on his face past his ears. He shouted, “YOU LEAVE MOMMY ALONE YOU SONNAOFABITCH!”

Mick’s fists clenched as he relived that night. Tight fists beat against his father’s body. He wanted to beat his father right out of this world. Frustrated rage turned to black fury when he heard his father laughing. Indignation slowly crept up his back as he closed his eyes and remembered his father’s taunting laugh. “You sonnaofabitch!” raged Mick. “I hate you, you mother-fucker!”

His thoughts returned to that “beating-up-Mommy” night. His father lifted Mick right up to his laughing face which, through the blur of his tears, had changed into an ugly monster face which cunningly hid behind the Daddy mask. This monster threw him against his mother and they both crumbled into a heap. Mick wrapped his body around her and pressed his head into her stomach, wanting to shield her from any more injury. His closed eyes squeezed as his agonizing heart twisted while he struggled to stop the gray memory cloud. “No more crying, no more crying,” Mick chanted. He shook his head from left to right like the windshield wipers on a car. “Can’t see, can’t see,” he said in tune to the beat of his windshield wiper head.

He cried hard along with his mother as they lay in the kitchen. They continued their tears of anguish while he heard the kitchen door slam. Mick cried for his brother when he heard him asking about a Band-Aid. He remembered he stopped crying and raised his head to look at his mother’s
bleeding face. He thought he whispered, “Let's run away Mommy,” through the blockage in his throat.

** * *

Anna turned on the water in the bathroom basin. As she looked in the mirror, she couldn't recognize her alien-creature head. “Oh, hell,” Anna muttered in disgust as she tentatively touched the right side of her face. It felt red-hot and painful. The purple, black and yellow patterns were already blushing forth through the pink flush of swelling. She splashed water on her face to rinse the blood away. “He's ripping my heart out!” she tearfully moaned. The crying then released the onslaught of emotions which flowed from her heart, to her eyes, and to the throbbing sides of her forehead. Splashing more water on her face, she couldn't stop crying. Her thoughts then turned to her sons and her heart ripped more.

Anna ran to her bedroom and flung some clothes into the suitcase, making sure she took all her underwear. She then ran to her sons’ bedroom and forced their clothes into the suitcase, making sure she took all their underwear. Shaking the boys from their sleep, she hurriedly helped them put on their jackets over their pajamas. She then ran to the phone and called her parents. Her father answered the phone. She pleaded with him to come pick them up. Blue coolness settled in her anxiety when her father agreed.

“Hurry up!” she silently pleaded as she willed her parents to make a hasty arrival. The question, “What if he comes home before they leave?” look. She looked away defiantly and turned towards her mother.

“He's a fuckin' ass! He doesn't want to work things out! If you make me stay, he's going to kick my ass!”

Her mother looked at her, smiled like one would at a slow child, and pronounced, “Jack, I know Anna's mouth can get her in trouble. She probably can make you feel real angry. She makes me feel angry.”

At that moment, Anna felt her world shift bleakly into an empty black space. Desperately she appealed: “Mom! This man just beat your daughter! Look at me! Me! Your daughter!” Her insides ached like stinging needles and she felt cold as she became part of that black space. Her mother kissed Jack goodbye and entered the car. Anna pushed in after her and pleaded, “I'm scared Mom! Don't leave me with him! Mom! Dad! DAD!” Her father looked straight ahead as he sat behind the steering wheel. Her mother struggled to close the door as Anna held on. “MOM!” she screamed while Jack pulled her away from the car.

** * *

The last thing Anna remembered before heading towards the light was the image of her parents’ retreating car and the faces of her sons as they stared out from the rear window. She could tell from their eyes that they knew they would not see her again. She tried reaching towards them through her eyes. She used her eyes to send them her heart and soul before Jack dragged her inside.
Imaginary Appetite
Jennifer Garvey

Jean's full length mirror resembles a circus mirror. Images of bloated limbs pulse in her mind. Her face changes shape—a skeleton stares back. She wonders who peers back at her. Jean's bony fingers grip the chilled toilet seat. Echoes retch off the chipped-tiles of the floor. The porcelain anchor wraps secrets around her neck, pulling her down into the darkness of her mind's closet. She's convinced no one knows. Teeth rot hoping to reveal the truth. Vomit spills from her lips after the first spit. Acid stenches under the door to her terrifying world full of lies. Jean opens the door to the outside world, nibbles at a slice of stale bread and wipes the paste of vomit from her lips. No one knows.

Short Engagement
Shane Kepo'o

Warm pleasing attire overhead her charms lucid first touch soft as new fallen snow skin so smooth hands to face hands to hips squared to embrace and lip-lock: taste.

Untitled
Diane Griffin
Good-night...  

Mike Onaga
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