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Ka Nani
1989

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Ka Nani

1989

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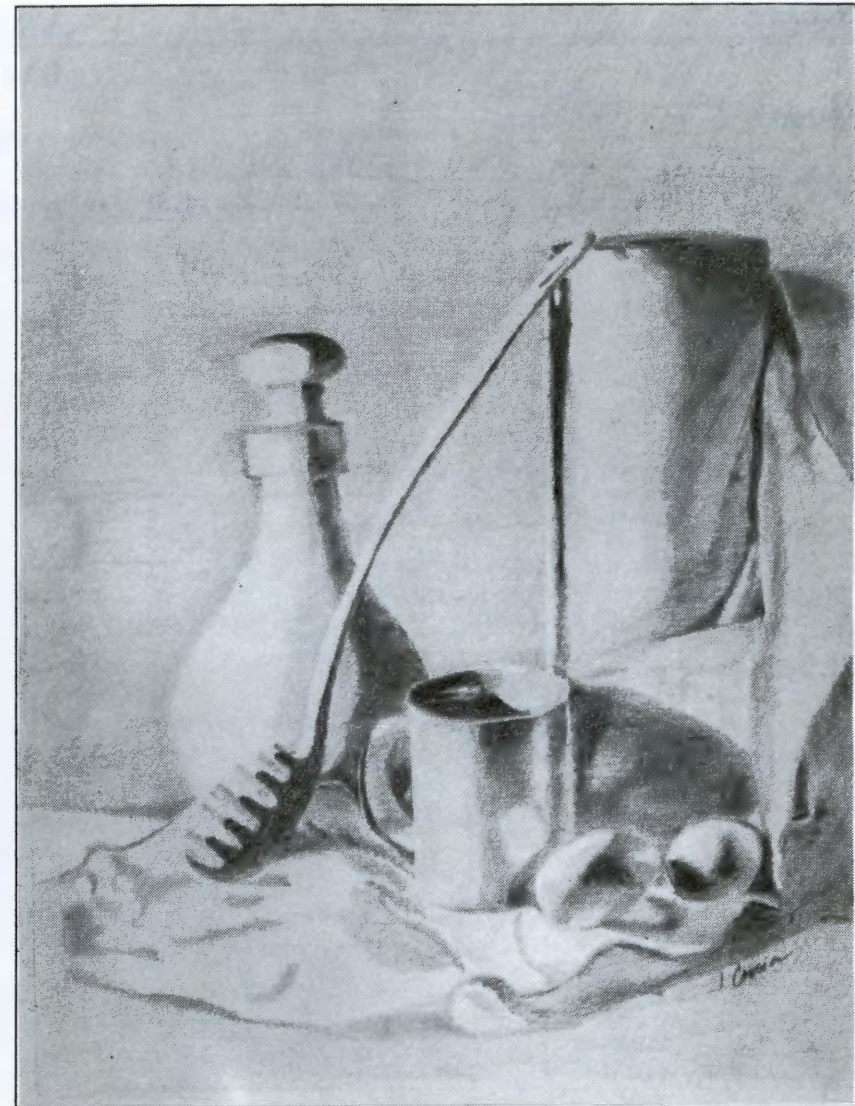
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Eggs and Things (pencil)
Jean Crosier

Getting into my drawers

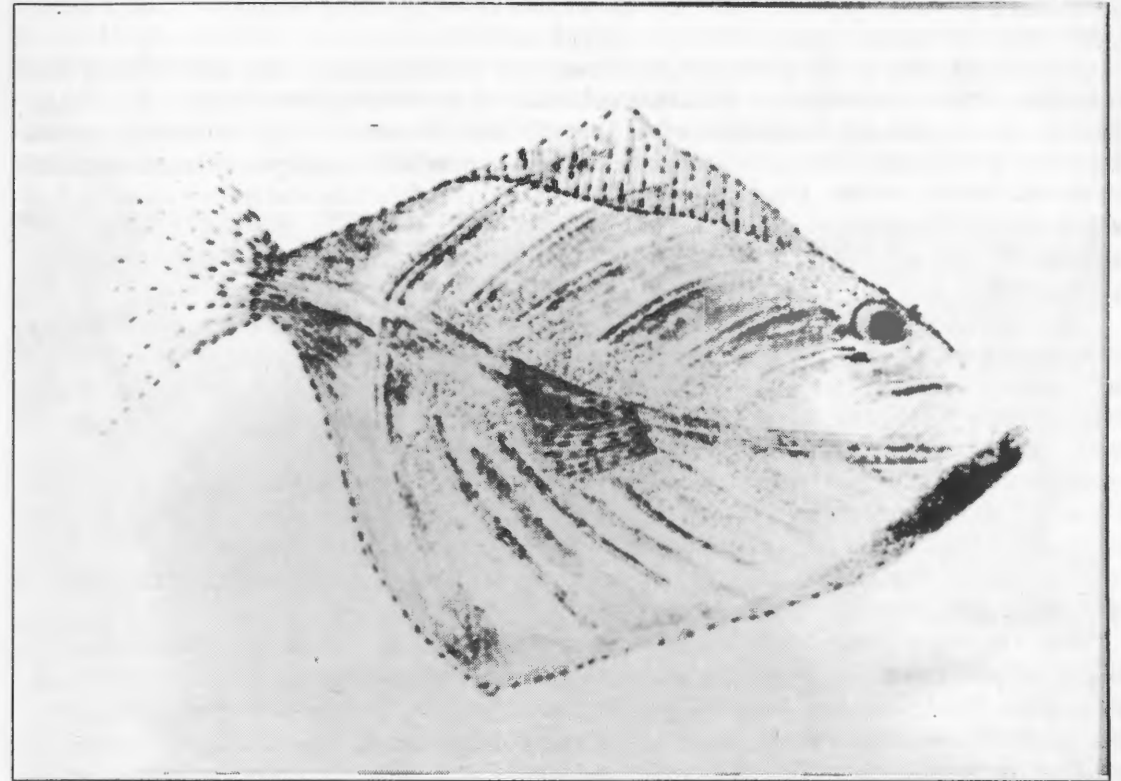
Gregg Love

I pulled open the drawer and
Pulled out my drawers.
I closed the drawer and
Got into my drawers.
I pulled open the other drawer and
Pulled out my pants.
I closed the other drawer and
Got into my pants
That covers my drawers.

haiku

Gregg Love

On Waikiki Beach
All littered with breasts and butts
And boys to clean up.



Deep Water Fishing (watercolor)
Lori Y. Sawada

The Moving Coliseum

Rogelio Diaz

Every morning I prepare myself for an event like no other. In a routine manner, I pack all the equipment I will need to enter the arena, a moving stadium where great feats are accomplished, where fearless people are born and where athletic records are broken. It is a place where, every day, candid displays of remarkable skill present themselves before your very eyes.

I am referring to that moving coliseum we all call "The Bus." Ironically, winners are forgotten soon after their feats are accomplished. Their showmanship vanishes into the empty stares that witness such events. Their records are only contemplated briefly by a crowd that, for a moment watches, but soon dismisses the grand event.

I make my way to the stop near my house and the bus approaches with hissing and squeaking. It seems to want to intimidate me, but my concentration remains unbroken. I enter the bus and deposit my fee for the right of competition. This morning, I have with me two sharpened pencils and a backpack full of books. Both are specialized equipment that are needed for the task I must perform. I make my way towards the rear of the bus, and end up standing half way between the entrance and exit. This is a perfect spot for my task, but that doesn't come until later. As I begin to get comfortable, I look around for any signs of the events which are to commence.

The first display of showmanship begins with a man who boards the bus holding a set of three grocery bags. He deposits his fare. Before the coins ever reach the bottom of the depository the driver floors the accelerator, sending the man down the aisle at incredible speed. Skillfully, the man grips the bags tightly in one hand while grasping every passing seat with the other. I watch his free hand move ever so fast trying to get a winning hold on any passing seat. Finally, he anchors himself to the fourth row of seats. Hurrah! The man saved the grocery bags from disaster. There is a rush of pain going up his arms, but the expression on his face quickly lets me know that in spite of his great suffering, he has broken no record. The people react with little amusement, then return to staring into the emptiness they have created in front of themselves. His attempt at greatness is forgotten.

A few uneventful stops go by before the next demonstration. Today we are blessed with a display of balance and dexterity. A woman climbing the steps at a rapid pace steps on the hem of her dress. To avoid falling, she performs a triple hop with a half somersault. She lands on both feet—unbelievable! The crowd is pleased. Her body continues to tumble, forcing her head to jam itself into the bus driver's side. Her eyes meet the cold stare of the driver as she rises. Her feat is done. A man offers his seat to her as a sign of respect. For a brief moment, we all contemplate the moment of grandeur. Then we return to staring into the emptiness in front of us.

The bus is now nearing the place where my task will be performed. As the bus begins to slow

down, a mass of people stampede toward the rear exit. THE LAST STOP BEFORE HELL IS HERE! At last it is time for my daring deed. I grasp my pencils tightly in my hands and begin to poke about at anyone close to my feet. My great task is to keep the raging crowd off my polished shoes. The crowd goes into a frenzy as a woman with a cane slows down the exiting maniacs. By now I have been stepped on by at least eight people. I begin to fear for my life. The woman with the cane finally exits along with the remaining crowd. Peace once again reigns inside the bus.

As for my unfortunate task, I give it a rating of "failure." My once polished shoes are now beneath someone else's. My backpack did not provide me with greater space as I had hoped it would. My pencils did not force away the menacing crowd. With a disappointed sigh, I wipe the sweat from my face and return to staring into the nothing that lies before me. My stop is near.

As I exit the great moving stadium and make my way out the door, I recollect all the events that have transpired, but only for a moment. Then all of it vanishes into the nothing I have been staring at; the world of the uninteresting and uninvolved.



*Escape (pen and ink)
Carlton Yamauchi*



Odds and Ends (watercolor)
Michael Shiraishi

untitled

Cheryl Sumida

Hey Animal!
Gee, I've been calling you that for years,
you've grown accustomed to the name,
you fit it,
you look like a neanderthal at 5'7" and 200 pounds,
you eat like the piranhas that I've seen attacking cows in movies,
and as for your Reeboks,
but you still love me.

All through your seventeen years of life you've taken my torture,
you let me take the softer blanket that Grandma gave,
you let me mangle your locks when I went through my teenage beautician stage,
and when I pushed you down the stairs and you had to wear a cast for eight weeks,
you still loved me.

You may be younger than me by four and a half years but you taught me about true love.
You were my chauffeur when the weekly visits to the hospitals were needed,
you helped me move out of boyfriend's apartments when I needed a strong man,
you were my companion when I had nothing else better to do on a Saturday night,
and you dropped everything to take me to the market and follow me through every aisle like
a homing device, just so I wouldn't lose my great street parking,
and you still loved me.

Sometimes I feel sad that I don't have your true, faithful like an adoring dog heart,
you're there for me to cry on when guys break my heart,
you smile when I have good fortune, may it be just a raise,
you're here with me now watching Whoopie Goldberg when I know you could very well be
shooting pool with your friends,
you still love me.

I'd like you to know that I love you,
I may not have said it before,
the uptight Oriental ways restrict the Samurai in me,
it's easier for me not to say a word than to have a lump in my throat
just for a second and say how I really feel.

I hope you know that I'll always be here for you,
I love you,
and you still love me.



Lovely Thoughts (photograph)
Elika

untitled

Mary Martin Macko

I should have given him
the ironing board.
No—he never could iron a shirt
as well as I could.
Maybe I didn't give him a chance
to learn how
to please me.
Just an empty apartment now
no furniture
no shirts to iron
no love.
So keep it as a reminder
Maybe even a memory
of the man
Who could never iron a shirt
to please me.



*Front Gate (photograph)
Jo Cangelosi*



Memory (photograph)
Robert W. Trent

Old Friends

Eddie Frazier

I was flying down the Arctic street on Blackie, wooshing leaves and jumping curves, when the question shot into my mind again. Why did he leave us? A cold November gust slapped me in the face. I leaned forward and down onto the handlebars to streamline, and pumped hard on the Schwinn's pedals. I knew I was late. Sweat dribbled down my back, tingling all the way down. I banked right, coasted onto familiar turf, hit both brakes and laid rubber down my driveway. I couldn't help it. That was my style. I entered my building pulling Blackie along with me. The apartment building's bed brick had turned a dirty brown and several of the bricks had fallen out of the corner where the blighted old oak stood.

As I pulled Blackie up the stairs, mom yelled from the third floor, "Andy, where have you been?!" I jumped. Shit, I thought, why not tell the whole world that I'm some little kid who just came home late. I was twelve and felt very mature.

"Andy, I want to know why you were late, right now!"

"I couldn't help it," I said. "Joe dropped off the Trib papers late."

"Well, damn it! If he's late one more time I'm calling the paper to report him. I thought you might have been hit by a car or something." Mom's pissed look was gone. I knew she was just worried, but still, she didn't have to yell.

Mom was a big woman with graying black hair. I often wondered if I had caused it or if other kids worried as much about their moms as I did. I never saw much of her, but when I did, she always had this worried look. I wish she would smile more. Oh, we had good times too. Once in awhile, she sat with me and put her arm around me and rumbled my hair. Her hands were rough, but it sure made me feel good.

I plopped down on our rickety old kitchen chair and wondered for the trillionth time about him. Mom just said "forget him." But saying and doing are real different things. I remember Dad had such large blue eyes. They just kind of grabbed you. He would get sad and quiet and start to drink. Mom would get mad and then they would fight. I didn't remember what they said, only that I felt real cold.

I saw a termite hole in the leg of our kitchen table and it made me wonder how they could eat wood without drinking water. Mom came into the kitchen and said, "I've got to go. I want you to stay home and out of trouble." She hugged me and as she went out the door said, "See ya in the morning and stay at home." I really liked this thing she had. She could get mad, but it doesn't stay with her long. Maybe it's because she was always thinking about paying bills or about work. She worked much too hard. She works days house cleaning, and then half a shift at Arnold's market in the evenings. The money still didn't stretch, so I pushed papers. Although I didn't mind the work, I did mind being alone.

I then wondered if I should visit Harry? I could have used a smile then and Harry really knows how to smile. I thought about what Mom said. God, I hate it here by myself!

One day last August, as I was passing the Salvation Mission in the old downtown area on my way home, an old man sitting on the curb yelled "Hey, kid. How about a paper?" I always had some spares so I tossed him one. Then it happened. He just seemed to explode into this fantastic smile. His whole face wrinkled up and grinned and I swear even his old bald head got into the act and wrinkled up too. I've never seen a smile that went up that far before. What a sight! The smile warmed me on the inside just like hot chocolate with marshmallows.

Over the past several months, I must have tossed the old man at least a hundred papers. I don't think I ever saw him read any of the papers I gave him. Sometimes I'd stop and talk. I liked to talk with him because he treated me like a grown-up. Ya know, I believe Harry was lonely too.

Harry had a friend named Toothless. Toothless used to have false teeth but he said he lost 'em on a binge. I knew what a binge was because of Dad. I remember that Dad would go on one about once a month and sometimes not come home for several days. I didn't like drinking much, because it reminded me of Dad's sadness and that cold feeling I sometimes get. Toothless had a breath that could kill a fly twenty feet away. It was always important to know which way the wind was blowing when he was around. I also learned to breathe through my mouth so as not to burn out my nose at such an early age. I wouldn't care to ever see Toothless drunk, but I always looked forward to seeing him sober because of his special talent. Toothless could really tell a joke! Harry and I would laugh so hard our sides would hurt.

For several weeks now, I have been leaving the apartment and spending my early evenings with Harry and Toothless after Mom went to work. I didn't know exactly why, but these evenings have become very important to me. It was more than having someone to talk to. What's interesting is that they never drank or cussed around me. I may have even helped 'em cut down. Who knows? I do know one thing for certain: they treated me special. They didn't know my name but it didn't matter. I was 'Kid' to 'em and I felt accepted.

Once, Toothless was being humorous and said, "A husband is what's left of the poor man after the backbone is extracted." I didn't get it, but Harry and Toothless laughed like crazy. When Toothless laughed real hard, it was impossible not to laugh with him. You couldn't hold it back. His face would get red as a beet and his rubbery mouth would ripple and roll. His eyes would get big and his fat old ears would wiggle. It was the darndest thing. Then this energy would start somewhere around his toes and increase power as it rose. As it elevated past his belly, which was like a beach ball hanging over his belt, there was this magnificent change. The belly turned into what looked like a landslide of human flesh that bounced and rolled all around in the air. When the energy finally reached his head it was hard to believe. His lips flapped so hard that his upper lip would slap the bottom of his nose. I can hardly keep from laughing just thinking about it. Toothless could laugh better than anyone I knew.

One time, something happened that I liked better than the laughing. It occurred right after Harry had been looking at a worn out photo of a young woman and a little boy. I then wondered if it might have been his family. He just sat down on the curb and started to hum and rock from side to side. Toothless was there and he sat down and started to rock too. I don't know why, but I sat down right between 'em and all three of us hummed and swayed for the longest time. It felt like being with my grandmom when I was little. She would sit in her porch swing and I would lay my head in her lap and we would just rock back and forth, back and forth.

The memory of Grandmom had made me feel better, but I still wanted to do something. It may be too cold to sit out with Harry tonight, I thought. Maybe, I should call Mike. Mike is a semi-jerk at school, but he's okay when the two of us are alone. When he'd weird-out and start talking about theorems or corollaries, I'd just switch the conversation to girls. It worked every time. I liked to go over to Mike's place because he had a TV and awesome computer games right in his room. The trouble was, that I had to call him first and I didn't have a phone. Usually I'd go next door and use Mr. Lee's phone, but he was sick. I wasn't about to pump 15 blocks through the chill without knowing for sure that he was home.

I hated not having a phone. I couldn't explain it to my friends. What was I suppose to say? "We're too poor to have a phone?" No way, man. However, after a year of having a broken phone, my friends finally caught on. Mom just said, "It's too expensive, Andy," and that was that. It was the first time I remember realizing that we were poor. Well, the good side of it is that Mom can't check on me. God, if she knew what I did in the evenings I'd get tanned for sure. My mind shifted from Mom to Harry and I decided to go see 'em.

I put on my heavy coat, rolled up my right pant leg and put three rubber bands around it. The bands kept the material from catching in Blackie's chain. I rolled Blackie out of the apartment and down the stairs, then mounted and off I went. I didn't have lights, so I had to watch for the police. As I pumped towards downtown, I realized there was another reason that I liked to talk to Harry. There are some things you couldn't talk to kids or to your Mom about. You just had to talk to a man. My mind changed back to Blackie. It was sure harder to pump at this temperature.

I listened to Blackie as I rode along. His bearings clicked and his fenders rattled, but he was all mine. I'll buy you some silver tassels for your handlebar grips next payday, I thought. Your mane will fly in the wind. The frigid air that cut across my face and hands seemed colder than normal. I worried about Harry. Sometimes street-people were found frozen to death in the downtown area. Harry said, "There were always more people than the Mission shelter could hold."

As I neared the yellowed Mission, I saw Harry on the curb. It was as if he were waitin for someone, sitting alone, on top of a newspaper. It's freezing outside, I thought, as I saw my breath hang in the air for a moment. I dismounted Blackie and laid him carefully against a rusty hydrant

and stuck my numbed hands into my pant pockets.

"Hi Harry," I said.

"Hi ya Kid, watcha up to?"

Harry's smile struck me full on, like soft sunlight, and the guilt that I was feeling from leaving home started to dissolve. "Nothing," I said. "I'm just messin' around. Where's Toothless?"

"Oh he's around," said Harry. "He wasn't feeling good. Maybe he drank too much soup."

Toothless was known to hang around and eat the leftovers, but it never made him sick before. Eating and joking were the two things that Toothless did well. I suspected he was drinking.

"Ya know Kid, it's really goin' to be a cold one tonight. Winter is a comin' and there'll be ice in the gutters in the morning. I remember that I used to like the changin' seasons. Now, I think about my joints and the long nights. Sometimes it's hard, Kid."

I watched Harry rub his hands together and stuff em back into his old worn out jacket. "Yeah, I know whatcha mean Harry. Cold is real hard on paperboys too. Not only that, but my Dad left us in the winter. I remember looking out the window for him day after day, hoping he'd come home. I remember things seemed gray and dead and cold."

"Did ya ever see him again after he left," Harry asked.

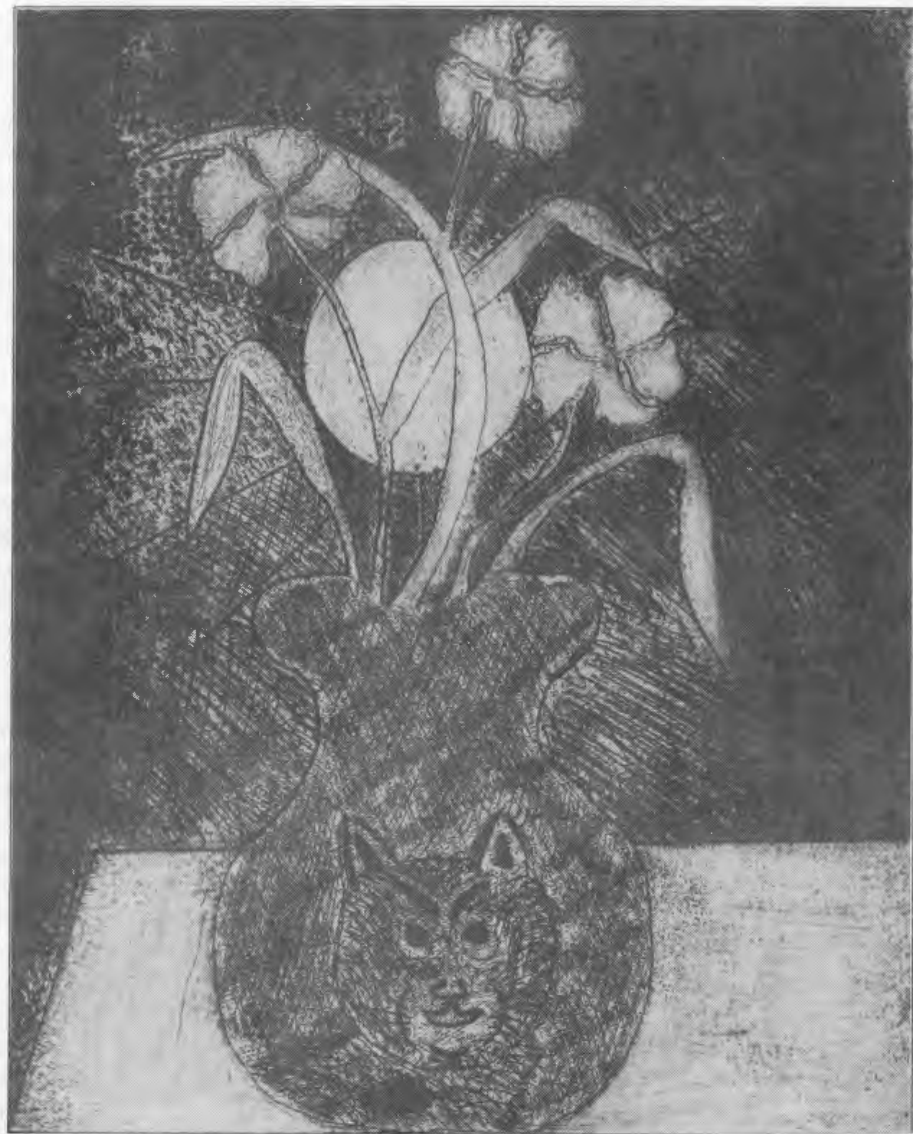
"Nope, never did. He and Mom had this big fight. They yelled so hard that I covered my ears. I remember that I felt scared and cold. I sure wish I knew what they said. I've wondered if it was my fault. He didn't even say goodbye."

Harry looked at me for a moment and then lowered his head and stared at his dirty old shoes. "I dunno Kid. I dunno what they said or why he never came back. I dunno why he didn't say goodbye." Harry was silent for a long time, and was still staring at his shoes as if he were deep in thought. Then he shuddered a little, just a little, and then looked up at me with watery eyes. "I do know some things for sure, Kid. Your dad thinks of you a lot, and he wants to come home but can't for some reason. He's a lonely old man living God knows where, wishing he could be with his family. One other thing, kid, dads leave home because they can't get along with the moms. It has nothing to do with the children. Dads loves their kids a lot, and that's the reason they stay until it gets real bad. I know your dad would want to be with you right now if he could. Ya got that, kid?"

I couldn't even talk. I just nodded. Harry had never acted like this before but I knew that he had meant every word he'd said. I tried to act grown-up but my chin started to quiver. I scooted a little closer to Harry and put my arm around him as far as it would go. Then Harry shuddered again. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't control myself. Tears started to drop and then flowed down my cheeks. We must have been a sight to anyone passing by, but I didn't care. I just held onto my old friend Harry. But, there was something more. As we started to rock back and forth, I didn't seem to be cold anymore. Although, when I looked at the gutter, I could see the ice crystals.



*Night Scene
(print)
Michelle Chun*



Untitled (print)
Les Asato

Cats

James Ko

Dinner time.
We sit at the table,
Checking out what's offered.
Sometimes we bite,
Sometimes we ask
To eat out.

Then my cat...
Well, he's not really
My cat.
Well, yes,
He's my cat.

Anyway, my cat comes
And scratches on the
Screen door.
I'm hungry, he meows,
And I meow back to him.

He likes me,
I can tell,
If only for my food.
I like him,
He can tell,
If only for his company.

I gather some scraps
From the table, and
I give it to him.
He meows in appreciation:
He doesn't care
What I give him,
For the most part.

I look at his paws.
He doesn't seem to wear
A watch.
I see only a collar.
But he's always there,
At dinner time.

In Ten Years

Brian Inatsuka

Hello.

As I write this letter I am scarcely twenty.

How does it feel to be so much older?

Does it feel any different?

Have you changed at all?

Or are you still a child?

Are you married?

Anyone I know?

How about Nana, is she married?

Do you still keep in touch?

What about Mica, Vicky, or Selena?

Do you know how they're doing?

What do you do now?

Please tell.

I am very interested to hear about it.

Do you enjoy your work?

Do you work hard?

Are you really committed to anything?

So far I can't say I've accomplished much.

Just ambling along.

I hope you're able to say different.

Still living with my folks,

Not doing my own laundry,

Going to school

And working part time for Henry..

Do you remember me at all?

Or am I as foreign to you as you are to me?

Please, take care of yourself and those who love you.

April 9, 1989



Many Selves (sculpture)
Beth Stone

Trucking. Tooling down the highway with eighteen wheels of chrome and steel right behind. A large shadow casts shade for a moment on the road side brush, neighbors make it a point to wave. They recognize a trucker — The All American Dream.

In the spring of my freshman year, my foster parents took me out of school. They needed money for the farm, so they sent me meat packing at the local plant. There, I did hard labor until I was old enough to move out. My "parents" told me they'd pay me back once the farm was back on its feet. I found out all too late that they'd squandered it all away on booze and card games. I don't trust people now, except Mr. Dunfrey.

After I left home, I moved to Tully and rented a room at the Lighten Motel. Mr. Dunfrey was the owner of the establishment, and after talking with him, I learned that he owned a lot of property in Tully; the filling station on Fifth and Magnolia, the welder's shop on Main and even part of the local fire station. Mr. Dunfrey knew I was having hard times, so he offered me a job in his filling station, pumping gas and tuning cars. He said that I shouldn't look at the offer as anything else but a job. I knew better. He'd been running that filling station for ten years now and folks all knew he'd do that till the day he died.

Once or twice a week he'd come by to tell me the local news (Like when Mr. Johnson, the owner of the local insurance agency took a vacation before he renewed Mrs. Fransworth's policy, so she went delinquent and now she's suing). Our conversations always seemed to drift to one of two things, fishing and Sue. Fishing was solely trout and Sue was my dream rig.

As a trucker to be, I had only one dream — owning my own rig. I spent many hours dreaming of her details. Eighteen wheels (Dunlop series 1485 extra wide, extra traction) with chrome lug nuts which were each stamped with the American Flag. The first of my two trailer rigs would be painted blue, bright blue. Each rivet that held the steel panels would be polished chrome. The second trailer would mirror the first but a satin white would be painted along the bottom half. The inside of my trailers would be polished press board. The individual seams nailed so close that one would think it was a solid piece of lumber, cut to size for my rig. The cab would have black leather interior, and the CB would slide right into the dashboard instead of being mounted underneath. A hidden cooler to hold a cold six pack or two would be beneath the seats.

I spent countless hours describing Sue's details to Mr. Dunfrey. He seemed to listen but most of the time I'd catch him sleeping. The only time he did listen was when I talked auto parts. He was pro-General Motors and I was pro-Chrysler. "Boy, those damn Chrysler people use *Japanese* parts," Mr. Dunfrey would bark.

"I wouldn't care if they were German parts. They last a lot longer than most GM parts," I'd

reply.

"Boy, you had better knock some sense into the brain of yours. GM is pure American and Chrysler . . . well, they're just *Japanese*." The long summer days were filled with arguments and acknowledgements of better car parts and bigger fish.

Over the next few months, I attended night school to receive my high school diploma. I worked in the garage to make rent and I studied at night. Mr. Dunfrey quizzed me before my exams. For each exam I passed he knocked a dollar from my rent. One month, I received five dollars off. I studied hard to pass, and I felt so proud when they handed me that certificate. That was the fall of 1969.

The following spring, I became eligible for my rig license. An extensive six week course in Kern County was required. Mr. Dunfrey gladly agreed to replace me for awhile at the filling station. I sent in the deposit and awaited the reply. Two weeks later my registration form arrived and I was all set. Mr. Dunfrey closed shop early that day. He took me down to Bob's pub to celebrate.

It was 7 a.m. when I turned the pick up onto Highway Six. Kern County was about an hour's drive and I figured I'd be there by 8:15 a.m. at the latest. I got to class with forty-five minutes to spare. I took a look around the classroom. Two blackboards faced the class along with a slide projector, desk and a podium. I picked a seat near the front ("It looks better, boy," Mr. Dunfrey had said.) and gathered a paper and pen from my sack. Classes began at 9 a.m. The instructor's name was Mr. Crupter. He was approximately 5'5" with thick glasses. His voice was high pitched and he spoke very fast. At first, I thought he was a foreigner, but he told us he was from New York. It was hard to understand him. He explained that in the six week ahead, only a few of us would pass. He gave each of us a class schedule, test dates, etc. . . . One area I did not realize we would be covering was on-the-job training. Being a trucker who never "trucked," I began to worry. He continued to explain the course and dismissed the class at 12 p.m.

By the third week, Mr. Crupter thought we were prepared for some "training." Three single trailer rigs were our training mobiles and the primitive machinery had much to be desired. I have to admit I had the time of my life during these practice training hours. As I hit the ignition switch for the first time, the antique qualities of this GM tool became apparent. Her engine leaped, turned again and then kicked to a roaring start. I heard the rolling of thunder beneath me but I was in for a shock. The rig began to shake. I had never thought that these beautiful streams of steel would shimmy as much. For a moment, I felt as if all the information that I had learned in the past two weeks was being shaken from my head. I grabbed the steering wheel and held on for life. I attributed her massive motion inside the cab to her age, and then, once calmed,

concentrated on the course in front of me.

Twelve rubber cones spread equally apart lay before me. The objective was to maneuver the truck around the cones. Needless to say, I didn't do very well. The height threw me off. Being almost ten feet off the ground was an extreme handicap. The side mirrors were my only tool, and I failed miserably, but I didn't feel so bad because everyone else had failed. The next four weeks flew by. Lectures, truck maneuvering and tests were all I thought about.

The last day of instruction finally arrived. The past six weeks had been exhausting, but the final would top it off. I loaded the old pickup and headed out towards Kern County. The clock read 8:46 a.m. when I entered the classroom. Twelve students were there, and I made thirteen. I remembered Mr. Crupter saying it would come down to this, less than one-third of the class left to take the final. At 9:04 a.m., Mr. Crupter entered the room carrying the test booklets. He handed one to each of us, flipped the hourglass which stood on his desk and left the room.

"Two weeks have passed since I took the damn thing," I said to Mr. Dunfrey.

"Don't worry, boy. They said two weeks and now it's just two weeks. Now you're late opening the shop, boy. Go!"

I had to admit to myself that I did not pass. My trucker dreams began to fade away and the thought of working all my life as a gas pumper began to become reality. I did my best, though. "That's what matters. That's all that matters," I said to myself. The days passed by slowly. Each mail truck I saw reminded me of the letter, the news. By four o'clock Mr. Dunfrey hadn't come by. The mail came at 1 p.m. and I knew he'd stop by if the letter had arrived. "Well, you're an idiot," I said aloud. I didn't care who heard, I was so angry and let down. I was going to try again and invest another \$100 on my career. But for now I was content spending my money elsewhere. With nothing to look forward to, I wanted to drink my troubles away. Mr. Dunfrey left on vacation, so now I was all alone at the motel, which only made things worse.

At 10 a.m. Saturday, I opened the garage. I knew Mr. Dunfrey wouldn't be too happy if he knew I'd opened late, but that didn't seem to matter. Actually, I was upset when he did not offer to take me with him on vacation. After all that I went through over the last two months, I would have appreciated it. When I arrived, I wondered if I'd get any company that day. I wondered if Billy would come down with a flat tire or maybe one of the social ladies would try to have me donate \$5 to the women's league. I had a Mustang to work on and a hangover to forget, so I set up shop.

"Honk!"

Startled, I jumped about fourteen feet in the sky. "What the hell?" I turned to face the jerk and what stood before me was a miracle. Eighteen wheels with two trailers. Blue and pearl white

painted the scene and polished chrome framed it. In my lifetime, I never dreamed I'd see her, but here she was, idling in front of me.

"Fill her up, Boy," I heard from the cab.

The door opened slowly and a feeble body climbed to the ground. His thinning brown hair modeled his face while the blue of his eyes stared at me. The small framed man whom I'd come to respect handed me a letter postmarked 15 days earlier.

"Pay her back when you can, boy," he said.



*Leaky Streetlamp (photograph)
Corey Avecilla*

R.S.V.P.

James Ko

Let us go then, you and I,
when the night
is spread across the sky.

With deference to Eliot,
we'll save the small talk,
for those who come and go.
For tonight is the night when
J. Alfred is home at bed.

Main Street is alive
with lights and sound,
a veritable symphony
of motion and emotion,
illuminated against the skyline.

Let us go then, you and I,
while the day is beyond the horizon,
and only a hope for tomorrow.

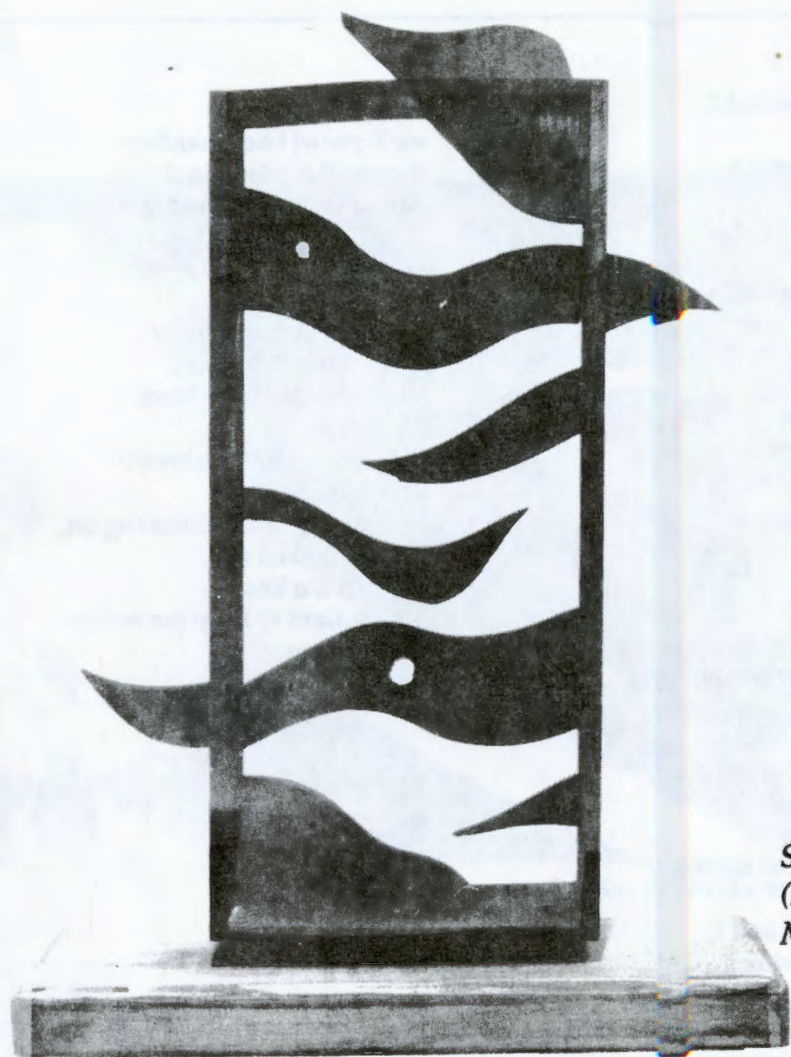
We'll bathe and dress,
it's not imperative to impress,
for there's no real need,
'cause we're under no
binding obligation to succeed.

Let us go then, you and I,
while the time is prime,
and the night
beckons to excite!

This is The Jungle;
we'll prowl like a panther,
the smell of blood in the air.
Not what Sinclair had in mind.

Let us go then, you and I,
while the night
is spread across the sky.
Instead of ether,
we'll breathe in the stars.

We'll cruise the boulevard
in our Mondial:
Top down, air conditioning on,
stereo cranked up,
but not too loud—
for we want to keep the music
to ourselves.



Stormy Monday
(sculpture)
Michael Shiraishi

We Lie

Michael Molloy

We lie together
And make
Not lust
But love

It is over
When you pat me
On the back
Two times

My son's stereo is set on "stun."

I had the Grateful Dead. He has Bad Brains. Plus ca change....

Beneath the decibels, I can still hear (or maybe just feel) the typewriter humming impatiently at me. Anxiety steps up and hums along in two-part harmony.

What I need is more coffee. Hah! So I take a sip, hoping inspiration has been stirred in it with the Coffee Mate. Cold. I glare balefully into the dregs as if there are answers there. And then, coffee cup inches from my face, reality does this funny little two-step and sort of shimmers like an August mirage on a Kansas highway at high noon....

A bluebird and some barn swallows are doing a Gladys Knight and the Pips in the holly tree outside my bedroom window.

What's with all this anxiety? Test anxiety. Anxiety anxiety. I'm not prepared. Some things never change. Spring of 1966, and finals are coming up. High school graduation, too. I sit at my desk before the typewriter, staring at blank paper. It's better than staring at textbooks full of words, the blank paper in my head.

Of course I can't concentrate — the sap is running. I feel like I am too. But towards what?

Am I right to go to the University of Washington? One of our genius high school counselors, when I asked for the UW application form, counselled, "Oh, you don't want to go there. It's too BIG."

I like BIG. So much for counselors.

I do want to go there. Where else will I find all those opportunities? Meet all those different people from all over the world?

I can't concentrate. I'm on the brink and I know it. Everything until now has just been the prelude and now the orchestra is warmed up and so am I. There hasn't been much really important happening in my life yet. Just introductions to stuff. But the curtain is rising — agonizingly slowly, so that all I can see is a glimmering of light at the bottom.

Actually, I guess the prelude had to be Jon. Only two weeks gone and it's funny how I miss him. Or is it just loneliness? It's like some sort of surgical procedure, this breaking up. After being part of each other for almost a year, even when at the end all we did was argue, it's like something was amputated. Now he's no longer here. Not even to argue with.

The last big blow up hardly deserved that description. He simply asked for his fraternity pin back. I cried a lot. Few words were spoken — they'd all be done to death before. I know I

maneuvered it until he had no choices left. But, as usual, my timing sucks. The prom is coming up, there's no one to go with, and not enough time to find a sub.

And this little voice that's been yammering away at me lately keeps reminding me what a bitch I am to be worrying about something as trivial as the prom when what I should be doing is writhing in shame at what I did to a sweet guy like Jon.

But another voice — my self-righteous one — keeps coming back, "Well, if he hadn't been such a damned doormat...."

We started going out last summer and my mom was ecstatic. This was the son she never had. She's the one who played matchmaker, and it actually worked out. At least for a while.

At first it was so exciting. I was a high school senior-to-be. He was a sophomore at the University of Washington. A scenario right out of a teen romance. He was a journalism major; I was signed up for journalism. He liked foreign films; I loved foreign films. He likes the theater; I loved the theater. He likes taking me out; I like going out. It was Fate.

And so what if he saved all the ticket stubs and dance programs and has hair only slightly longer than a Marine recruit's? Love can overlook a lot. He was, after all, pretty liberal for a Young Republican.

But the difference all too soon became more important than any similarities, real or imagined. The thing just sort of limped along of its own momentum, both of us uncertain as to how to administer a mercy killing. So I pushed. And became such a shrew that I no longer recognized myself.

Just before the end, we went to a Dylan concert. Another of Jon's "concessions." I know he didn't care for Dylan, but he pretended to because of me. At first that sort of thing has pleased me; by then it just set my teeth on edge.

After the concert, we tried to decide which coffee house to go to.

"How about the Queequeg?" he asked hopefully. Allan Ginsberg poetry readings were about as exciting and controversial as it got at the Queequeg. Jon's Brooks Brothers appearance and short hair would only raise eyebrows there.

"I'd rather go to the Eigerwand," I muttered sullenly, hoping it hadn't been closed down again. The Eiger was a haven for every disaffected weirdo in the state of Washington. The police were always trying to close it.

Naturally, we went to the Eigerwand. We'd only been sitting at our table a little while when Chuck, the Eiger's resident acidhead, came leaping nimbly across the room, grabbed me around the waist and started dragging me to his table, brandishing his umbrella like a rapier.

"Back, I say! Back! The wench is mine! And the combined might of all the kingdom shall not part us again! Give the Duke this message," he cried, and made a gesture with his umbrella. Too many flashbacks from too many trips had Chuck permanently convinced he was Errol Flynn.

It took a few minutes to get Chuck calmed down. Nothing seemed to work, until someone, in a moment

of pure inspiration, yelled, "Cut! Print!" and everyone applauded.

In order to take his bow, Chuck loosened his hold, and I slipped away. When I reached our table, Jon was in the middle of an argument with a guy sporting a ponytail and a lot of denim. Perhaps "argument" is not the right word. Jon was being his usual intellectual, calm, sweetly-reasonable self. It was driving the other guy crazy. I know the feeling. I sat down as he smacked the table in front of Jon with the palm of his hand.

"All right," he said through clenched teeth, "all right. Forget the 'domino theory'; forget all that other shit. Bottom line is, if this war is so fuckin' righteous, what are you doin' here all safe 'n sound behind a student deferment? Huh? Why aren't you out in the boonies somewhere, humpin' an M-14 an' killin' Commies for Christ?"

It was the tension, I swear. That and the use of the phrase "killin' Commies for Christ." I couldn't help it. I giggled.

Jon looked at me in mute appeal.. He knew I knew how much his college education meant to his parents. I became engrossed in the table top, tracing with my fingernail the fascinating words and phrases gouged into the wood.

I don't remember much of what was said or done after that, but the table top, scarred with four-letter words and anti-war rhetoric, will probably be burned into my brain forever.

Two weeks later we broke up. I found out yesterday that last week Jon and two buddies got drunk in the middle of the afternoon and enlisted.

I always thought I was a nice person. But I guess it took someone like Jon to show me something in myself I don't much like and never knew existed.

Still, it's terrible, feeling like I'm quivering on the precipice, with the world and my future spread out at my feet, all bright and shiny, but with this big dark ugly thing hovering at my elbow.

"Go away, Jon," I find myself whispering. "Just please go away."

But of course he won't. And the glimmer at the bottom of the curtain dims and gradually goes dark....

and the Kansas highway mirage shimmies and dips and does another two-step

and I put down my coffee cup to the sound of Bad Brains ba-booming just loud enough to set the teeth on edge but not so loud as to make the neighbors complain.

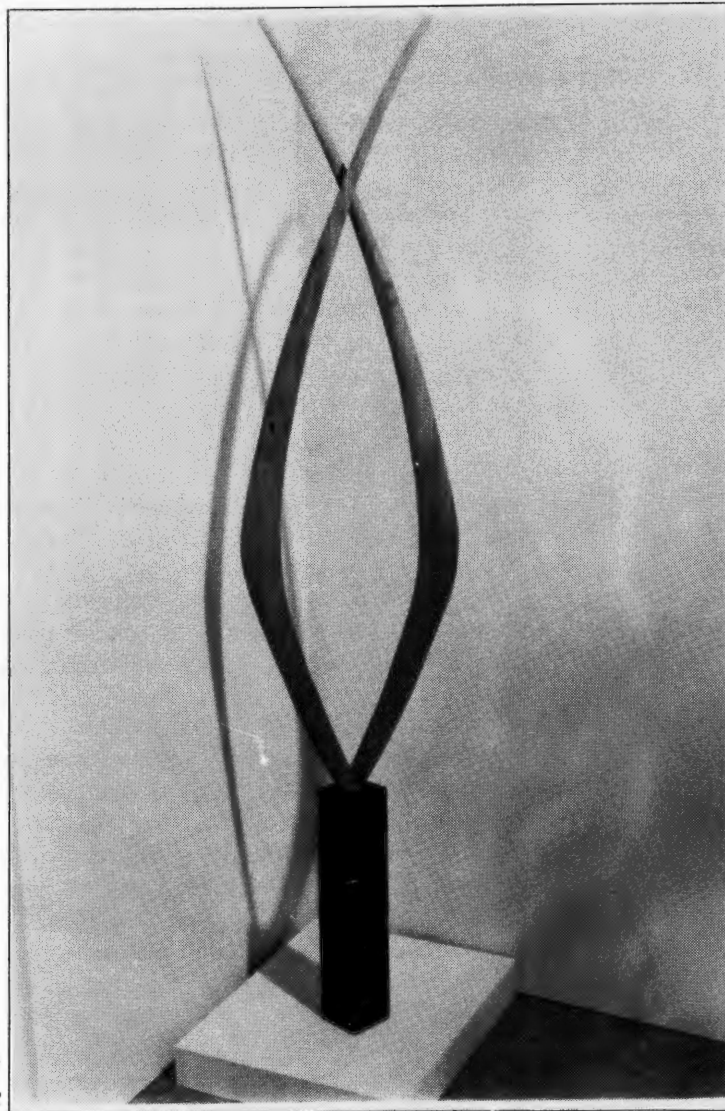
Just eighteen, and, after about a six-week trial period, a college drop-out. And registered with his friendly neighborhood draft board. That big dark ugly hovering thing won't go away either.

And as the now-safe chicken hawks mouth their jingoistic, nationalistic rhetoric, I lay awake nights thinking about things that go around and come around.

If Jon was the prelude, is the finale, this whimpering in the dark?



Still Life #2
(watercolor)
Lenie Bolosan



MIA (sculpture)
Steven Lee

A cry for help found in a bottle washed on the shore

James Ko

It's like watching
A dead clock,
Urging the limp second hand forward,
Without success.

Or like watching
An ant scuttle about
Randomly, aimlessly.
Is there a method to your madness?

It's sitting here in Limbo.
Hell, but without the smoke,
Inspired to write this ode,
The third in a series.

If this ode
Seems brilliantly uninspired
— An erasure of genius —
Blame its rich and fertile environment;
I am merely the caretaker,
Watering the manure.

Where did that ant go?
I want to know.

The mighty river
Meanders through the mind.
Carrying with it
Miscellaneous ramblings,
Alpha waves,
Strewn among the effluent.

My hand conceals my mouth,
Trying to hide the boredom.
A stream of consciousness?
My ass.

Brain-dead,
It is a struggle
Filling the paper void
Full of brilliance and
Sparkling wit.
As you can see, dear God,
I am losing.

Beam up me, Scotty,
Or take me down,
But, please, God:
I'm tired of waiting.

I'm dying. I no longer feel the pain. As my life flashes before me, I wonder what I have accomplished. Most people do not think about what they could have done in life until those last and final minutes. Life is so unfair.

My parents left me at an early age. Being young and naive, I did not mind being alone. In fact, being alone taught me how to survive.

I soon learned the tricks of the trade. In fact, I think I have become too good, and made a lot of enemies. I've been scowled at, called names, and even threatened with loss of my life. "Ha!" I laughed at them.

I got myself a place with all of the luxuries I could dream of. There was enough food to feed a nation. Boy, I had it made. Everything was going great until those people came and raided my place. They must have used some sort of poisonous gas because I was forced to leave.

Once again, I was out on the street. I was taking a walk, dodging danger this way and that. I retreated to an alley and saw a beautiful dame. I introduced myself, and she replied, "Hi, my name is Raquell." When I whispered something soft in her ear, she slapped me. To my dismay, she had a very protective boyfriend. "I can take care of that problem," I thought. I arranged to get rid of him. He didn't have a chance against me.

We met on the battlefield, Sixth street. We met eye-to-eye, leg-to-leg, the scene was bloody. Parts of our bodies lay sprawled everywhere. Well, it was more like push and shove. He shoved me, I pushed him. Unfortunately for him, I pushed him in front of a moving car.

I was stunned. I didn't know what to do. I wondered what Raquell would think of me now. What is left for me? I stood there mourning what I had done, for what seemed eternity, when actually, it was a mere five minutes. I then went to see Raquell.

The smell of roses filled the air. No wonder, I was standing in a rose garden. I decided to climb Raquell's porch. I noticed her standing there watching me. I felt like a fool.

I moved closer and was about to say something when she slapped me. I did not know what to do. I just stood there staring into her eyes. I'm not sure what happened after that, everything seemed like a blur. The last thing I remember was kissing her.

I left her place very early the next morning, deranged and confused. By the time I gathered my senses, it was noon. I went back to Raquell's place. As I climbed back on to her porch once again, a million words flashed through my mind. How does one tell a girl that her boyfriend is dead? I was so caught up with what I was going to say to her, that I did not notice the smell. They had gassed Raquell.

I cried for the first and last time in my life. Rage filled me, and I started tearing up the place.

I felt as if I was going insane. I literally started climbing the walls. That's when I noticed the egg, my child. Raquell must have hidden it when she knew she was in danger. I quickly climbed down the wall, grabbed my egg, and made my escape.

New love filled my heart. I found new purpose in my life. I took the subway to the edge of town, and left for the suburbs. Hope and a good life now seemed within my grasp.

Living here is different. No pollution, no smog, just clean, fresh air under a moonlit sky.

My son Junior hatched one week later. The sight was spectacular. My life became increasingly more enjoyable. I taught Junior everything I knew. I even found an old abandoned house where, under my guidance, he learned how to survive. He was a spunky kid, and also quite intelligent. It's the old saying, "like father, like son." Then it happened.

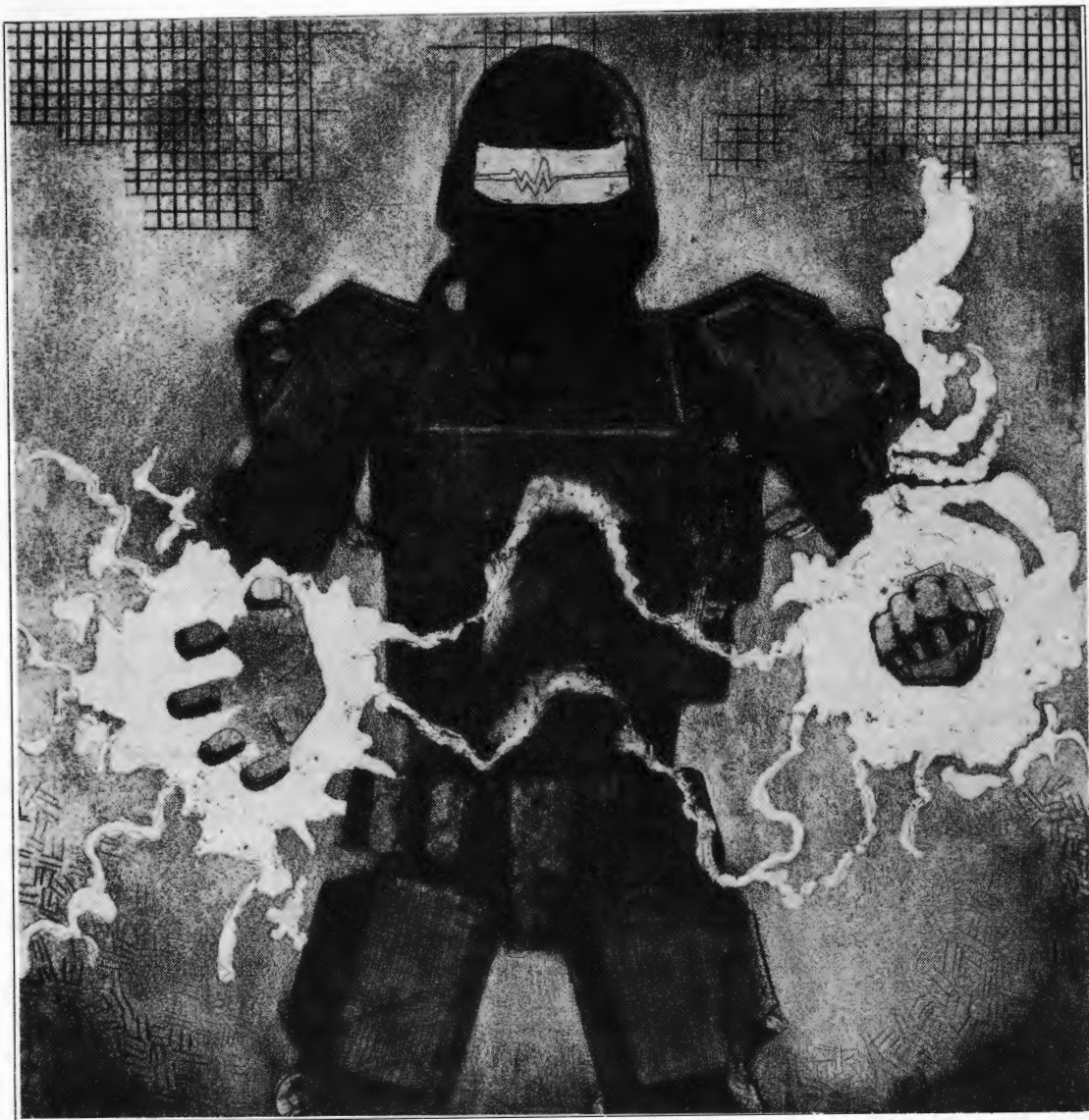
They came in the afternoon, I had sent Junior on an errand. I didn't notice until it was too late. I suppose age caught up with me, I should have seen them. They were ugly giants standing on two legs, with white cloth covering them. They had two big metal cans attached to hoses.

A hiss came from the hose, and that's when I recognized that poisonous smell. I tried to get away, but running did me no good. I was trapped. Hate filled me once more. I heard all of the voices of previous victims, screaming for vengeance. Their spirit seemed to surround me and give me strength. I could have sworn it was the force. If I am to go, I will at least take some of the predators with me.

When I leaped at one of them he seemed to be afraid of me, he dodged out of the way. My old limbs are not what they used to be. If I as younger, I would have gotten him. Unfortunately, it was the other way around, they got me.

Pain erupted all around me. I'm not sure how I escaped them, but that did not matter, it was too late. The poison was already in my blood, and I was dying. First, I slowed, then I was paralyzed. I dropped to my back, reaching out, trying to move my limbs. That was no use, I could not move. It became harder and harder to breathe, and that is when I realized that I was doomed. Thank God they did not get Junior.

The pain has already disappeared, and all that is left are the flashes of my life in front of me. I always wondered what happens after death, or how life would have been if I were something other than a cockroach.



Computer Wizard (print)
Tommy Leong

An Incredible (But True) Incident At The KCC Science Center

Thomas Coughlin

It was a windy and rainy evening in February. Most of the students and staff had left Kapiolani Community College for the day. However, there was a young lady who stayed late to cram for a Biology Lab test in the Science Center.

Mary Mutated, a practical nursing student in her early 20's was busy reviewing her Human Anatomy workbook and studying the Somso model torso. A few minutes before the 7:30 p.m. closing time, Delassa, the assistant at the Science Center, got ready to turn off the lights when she noticed Mary. The assistant went over and told Mary that it was time to close the center for the evening.

Mary pleaded with Delassa to allow her to finish her anatomy studies, saying she needed another hour. The assistant sighed, saying that it was not possible because school policy required that all classrooms be locked up at the same time. And that time was 7:30. However, Mary begged Delassa to let her stay, explaining that she had a difficult exam tomorrow.

Delassa felt sorry for Mary and hesitated for a moment, wondering what to do. Mary, sensing her hesitancy, tried to convince Delassa to allow her to stay. Mary promised that she would turn off the lights and lock the door when she was finished. Delassa said, "I really don't know...hmmm...all right, if you promise to check on everything, to turn off the lights and lock the door. I don't see the harm in letting you stay. However, promise not to say one word about this to anyone."

Mary thanked Delassa profusely and promised that everything would be fine. Delassa left, leaving Mary alone. It was raining hard. The winds had picked up from the Ko'olau range and found its way through the center, rustling Mary's golden hair. Mary remained unperturbed and continued her studies.

A bit later, Mary deep in concentration, heard a voice. Looking up startled, she spun to see who had spoken to her, but no one was around. She walked to the door and peered into the pitch-black night and saw no one. The rain was falling hard and Mary thought perhaps she had mistaken the pitter-patter of the rainfall for a voice. She returned to her table.

A few minutes later, Mary definitely heard a clear voice saying, "Hello!" Momentarily frozen in her place, she could feel her heart begin to race. She was almost afraid to look up. The voice came from the end of the table, close to where she was. She slowly glanced at the end of the table, but no one was there. Again, the voice spoke to her and, suddenly, she realized that it came from the male torso model on her table. Reluctantly, Mary lifted her eyes and met those of the model. His blue eyes were staring directly into hers. She felt nauseated and sensed that all logic had somehow drained away. She could barely breathe.

The model was actually talking to her. Mary remained stupefied, unable to think or talk. She felt she was losing her sanity and kept saying, "No...no way...that thing does not talk...no way." But her eyes remained glued to his.

The torso began to speak to her at greater length. Mary was not able to hear as she was panic-stricken. The torso began to tell her that he had fallen in love with her. He had seen her coming to the Science Center almost every day and he just could not help but fall in love with her. Incredulous, Mary just stared at him, not sure whether she was awake or in a twilight zone of a nightmare.

The torso sensed her fear and assured her that there was nothing to be afraid of. He told her that what she heard was not something imaginary, not something that was going on inside her mind. All was real. The torso suggested that she pinch herself. Slowly, Mary lifted up her hand, her eyes still glued to his, and pinched herself. Yes, she could feel it...it was real. It was not a dream at all!

Mary then uttered, "Incredible...I just can not believe that I am hearing you speak. It is impossible for an inanimate object to talk or even look at me."

The torso then said, "Mary, we do not have much time. You have about five minutes to do exactly what I tell you to do. It is important, yes, critically important. If you do not follow my request, you will regret it for the rest of your life."

"What would I have to do?" Mary replied, feeling silly talking to a non-living Somso torso model in the Science Center. She hoped that it wasn't just some trick on her, fearing that she would probably become the laughing stock of the campus.

The torso said, "Listen, my dear, follow my instructions quickly...do not waste time thinking or analyzing this situation. You have four minutes now. Come over here and look closely at me."

Mary got up from her chair and walked up to the torso. His eyes were following her. The deep blue eyes struck Mary as very real and genuine. She had never seen such beautiful eyes before. Standing only a few feet away, Mary could feel his breath. He was very much alive.

The torso said, "I have been in love with you ever since you first came to the Science Center. I have been tormented by an unquenchable desire to embrace you, to kiss your lovely lips." The torso then emitted a deep and anguished groan, a sound typical of young men in the throes of erotic passion. Mary, however, remained glued to the floor, not able to come closer. His voice was sweet and yet manly. She had never before heard such a beautiful and strong voice.

The torso looked lovingly at Mary, his eyes filling with moisture and said, "Hurry, Mary...time is running out...ah, the curse...please follow my instructions now: come over and kiss me. Please, now..kiss me..just one kiss is all I ask of you, my beautiful Mary. Do it now before it is too late!"

Mary, for a moment, felt a tug inside of her to do his bidding. She nearly believed him and

began to inch forward. Her heart was beating really fast. The torso kept on saying, "Hurry...hurry, Mary, the time is running out. do it now before it is too late...kiss me NOW!" Mary was a few inches away from his trembling lips, oblivious to the world around her. Her lips were trembling and her eyes remained fixed on his deep blue eyes.

Then, suddenly, a surge of logic swelled in Mary. She became aware of her position now. She became conscious of the ghastly swirl of exposed muscle and skinless lips and mouth of the torso model. The bare zygomatic cheek-arch bone looked ugly and dead. Now looking up to his pleading blue eyes, Mary, this time, noticed the absence of his palabrae, the skin-covering tissue of his eye sockets. The naked white sclera of his bulging eyes were barely hanging by their exposed muscle ligaments. Nausea swept over her. Stepping back and shaking her head, Mary realized that she could not fulfill the torso's request. She backed further and was now seeing him from a different point of view. What lay before her was a mass of swirling muscle fibers and bare bones; a skinless creature and, worst of all, a completely castrated male.

The torso sensed her fear and said, "My dear, Mary, do not look at me this way. You do not see the real me. Beauty is only skin deep. You have no understanding of my profound love for you. Come and kiss me NOW before it is too late for me to save you!"

"Huh...save me from what?" Mary reeled backwards, feeling more confused than ever, repeating, "...save me from what?...huh from...what??"

The torso replied quickly, "From the curse of the Science Center."

Mary then looked sharply at him, "What curse?..." but before she could finish her question, the torso emitted a mournful cry.

The lights flickered erratically. Mary felt something eerie going on within her body. She felt all of her cells begin to harden. And, just for a moment, Mary felt a sensation similar to the Rosicrucians' ad in magazines, "A split second in eternity." Everything inside of her was popping real hard, so hard that she slipped into a maelstrom of semi-consciousness, terror, and an infused sense of mystical union with an entity. Then she could not remember anything. Everything went black.

It was still raining. The room was empty. There were genuine lacrimal tears running over the bare cheekbone of the model. He had become silent. His deep blue eyes looked lifeless now, staring vacantly at the ceiling.

Delassa did not sleep well that night. She had many strange dreams. She dreamt of torso models crawling all over the floor and under her bed. This nightmare woke her up at the break of dawn, leaving her gasping and sweating. "Damn it," she said, "I shouldn't have let that student stay alone." She got up and went straight to the Science Center, sensing what she thought was the inevitable terror that awaited her. Sure enough, she found the door left open and the lights on. A wave of nausea swept over her. She began to worry about her future career in the

field of biology instruction. She walked around the room and, to her surprise, the Science Center looked about the same. Nothing was missing. She was puzzled for a moment, fearing something worse, but there was nothing unusual in the room.

It was then that Delassa noticed a very large box on the floor, next to the table where the male torso model was. She had never seen the box before. The box was tagged, "CAUTION: HANDLE WITH CARE...FEMALE SOMSO MODEL." She had no idea where it came from and decided to wait until Professor Phaniels arrived.

At promptly 8 a.m., Professor Phaniels walked into the Science Center and saw the box. Delassa asked him if he had ordered any new Somso torso model. He replied, "No." The professor knelt down and opened the box. He then exclaimed, "Wow...a female torso model...that's exactly what we needed. I wonder who ordered this for us?" Delassa said she had no idea,

The professor then related a similar episode a couple of years ago when someone had anonymously donated a male torso model. To this date, no one knew how this model found its way to the Science Center. The professor wondered who donated the female model this time. Delassa then asked him what she should do with the female model. He said to put it up on the table for the students to use. "Where?" she asked.

He said, "Why not put her next to that male torso on that table. They make a cute couple, eh!" Delassa couldn't suppress her giggles while she was placing the female model on the table next to the male torso. While she was propping it up, she thought she heard a throaty male sigh, but dismissed it as a figment of her imagination...probably a remnant of her troubled sleep last night. She thanked God that no one noticed anything about last night.

There was a report in the newspaper a couple days later about Mary Mutated. Her mother reported her as missing. She said that Mary was last seen at home before heading for Kapiolani Community College to study for her exam. However, she left open the possibility of Mary visiting her boyfriend in Waimanalo. Police reported that her boyfriend denied seeing her on that day. Later, her distraught mother consulted a psychic to help pinpoint her daughter's whereabouts. Nothing was revealed except for a vague reference of Mary happily living with a disabled man. Police dismissed the psychic as a basket case.



Sacrificial Love
(print)
Kevin Yamada



Crab In Hole (computer art)
Ropati Hebenstreit

The Lagoon Where The Sharks Have No Teeth

Ropati Hebenstreit

I opened one of those weekly tabloids,
to find on the front page a turtle resting.
Think about the gauntlet it had to go through,
the jagged reefs, the secret passage,
fishermen with nets, sharks with empty bellies,
called back to ancient coral atolls, back to that special bay,
back to smell the sand and lay her eggs,
under the stars that lead the way, to this lonely place.

Mid-afternoon and the lagoon speaks
of the beautiful creatures in her care
It calls me to plunge and explore.
"Can I go swimming please?"
It seemed like forever before she spoke.
"All right but let me tell you a story first."
She put down the fish she was preparing and sat me on her lap.
"This is a very special lagoon, the sharks have no teeth, just gums,
In this lagoon the sharks are rascals,
they might want to play with you and pull you down.
If you see them, swim close to the coral
so you can hold onto it if they come to grab you."
Then she pretended to bite me all over, like a shark with no teeth.
It tickled.

She gave me my raft, a rope tied between two coconuts,
and off I went, down to the lagoon,
past the crabs sitting watchfully from their holes, down to the
shore and into the clear water.
I felt like I was flying far above the sandy bottom.
Then I saw the sharks my mother had warned me about.
The rascals were circling below,
chasing each other's tails, like kids playing catch around a tree.
I swam closer to the coral forest

and disappeared into a labyrinth of coral.
The sharks soon lost interest
swimming off to find some mischief elsewhere.
The coral heads looked like tall coconut trees without their crowns,
straight trunks growing up from the lagoon floor,
millions of pancakes stacked to the surface.
Sitting on top, like a lump of butter,
a hermit crab cleans house.

A bus roars by followed by the whiz and whine of the road outside.
I hear the neighbors moving about,
the air conditioner's hum brings me back,
back to the tabloid and the turtle stretched out on the sand.



River Vigil (sculpture)
Margaret Chang



My Roots (photograph)
Jo Cangelosi

haiku

Kathleen Thornton

Raindrops on a puddle;
bubbles bloom
and melt away.

A gust of wind;
A golden shower of leaves
dance across the sky.



King Protea (watercolor)
Choey Wong

The state that drips
with pine-scented rain
where thousands of Christmas trees
stand on their toes
dressed in skirt-shaped branches
to dance in the forest.
Termites thrive on the bark
and pale slugs slide through rotten stumps.
Wet stones covered with lush springy moss
make the Grizzly bear's elegant throne.
Coyotes, wolves, and foxes leave footprints
from last night's gathering
to howl at the moon.
Another rain soaks the air.

Animals venture out of the island of pines
to find themselves in a sea of brush.
Gold, grey and brown
where the rain doesn't reach.
Rattlesnakes live there—
thick and scaly to the touch.
They announce their presence to jack rabbits.
Covies of quail are drawn right into the landscape
and the pheasants are hand-painted.
They play hide & seek with hunters and dogs.

There were times
when the rain poured down
on our isolated home,
that my father would pull an old book
off a high shelf
and point to a faded picture
of an Indian warrior.

"He's your Great-Grandfather"
I was told,
"He lived and fought where you live now."
I've found Indian jewels to prove it—
arrowheads, bones, and memories
of the ancient warrior
embedded in surrounding rocks.

In Oregon
enormous gleaming Steelhead
fight their way up the river gorges
to spawn.
As swirling thick water tries to hold them back.

Dans Le Jardin (a response to David Hockney's set for *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, a Ravel opera)

Brian Inatsuka

I enter and am entranced
The music touches my ears
and awakens my body
The light like pink champagne
intoxicates my mind
and lifts my soul
I am the bubbles in the
light but sweet liquid

Like a haunted house it draws me in
but there is no fear

Ravel's opera drops down upon me
and surrounds my senses
The music takes my arm
and accompanies me through
the foyer of paint and light

The flamingo pink curtain is drawn
The adventure begins

Within the confines of a room
lies an entire world
a world of cool greens, cool reds,
spots of white, and a sky of blue,
all tainted by a crimson light

Bold colors, bold shapes
beckon and take over
Lollipop trees with red fruit
Stand between the green and blue
As flat as my imagination

Words are spoken
Voices are heard
Yet there are only walls

Black bats,
hundreds of them
frozen in the wall with black paint,
hold their breath
Still,
within the walls

Eyes fixed upon these walls
of hills, trees, and meadows,
and black bats
I watch and wait
Anticipating
Like the edge of a violent sneeze...

Any moment now,
any moment now,
Something will dart,
someone will greet us
Something will give itself away and
betray the curtain of the wall

For now, they will watch
and wait
from their hiding places
in the walls

Hockney! Hockney!...
"Vous êtes l'enfant et les sortilèges"
(You are the bewitched child)

David Hockney, artist and set designer for the New York City Metropolitan Opera, created this environmental three-dimensional installation for a 1983 art exhibition, "Hockney Paints the Stage." This set is for Maurice Ravel's 1926 opera, "L'enfant et les Sortilèges" (roughly translated The Bewitched Child). The Contemporary Museum acquired the installation in 1986 as part of its permanent collection.



"L'enfant et les Sortilèges"

Acrylic on canvas and wood, carpeting, wool, velour, laminated foam board and colored light.

© David Hockney 1983 (courtesy The Contemporary Museum)



Nude (oil)
Rose Perry



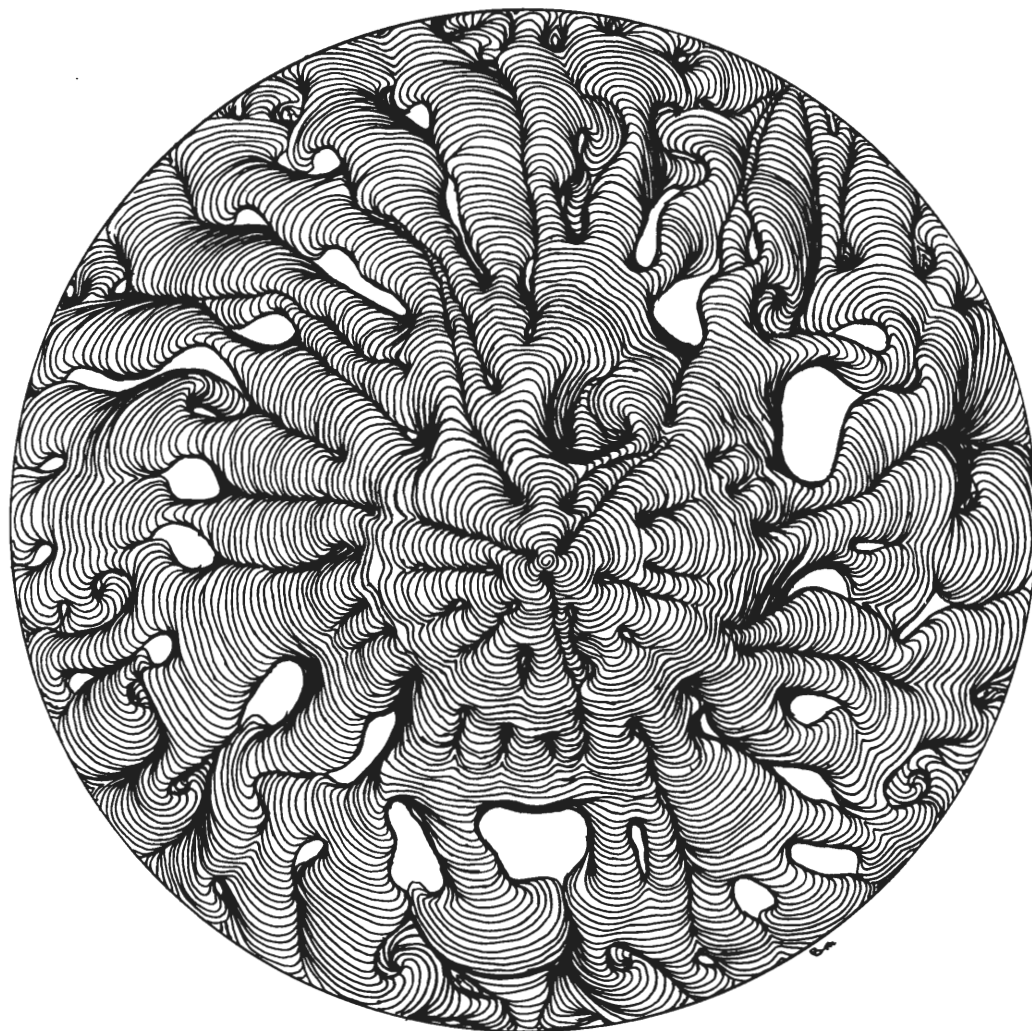
Nude (oil)
Rose Perry

I sit in our dusty earthen castle
The air smells of ground corn set aside for the day
The distant roar of the people
Mingles with the dust
Filtering through the yellow square of window

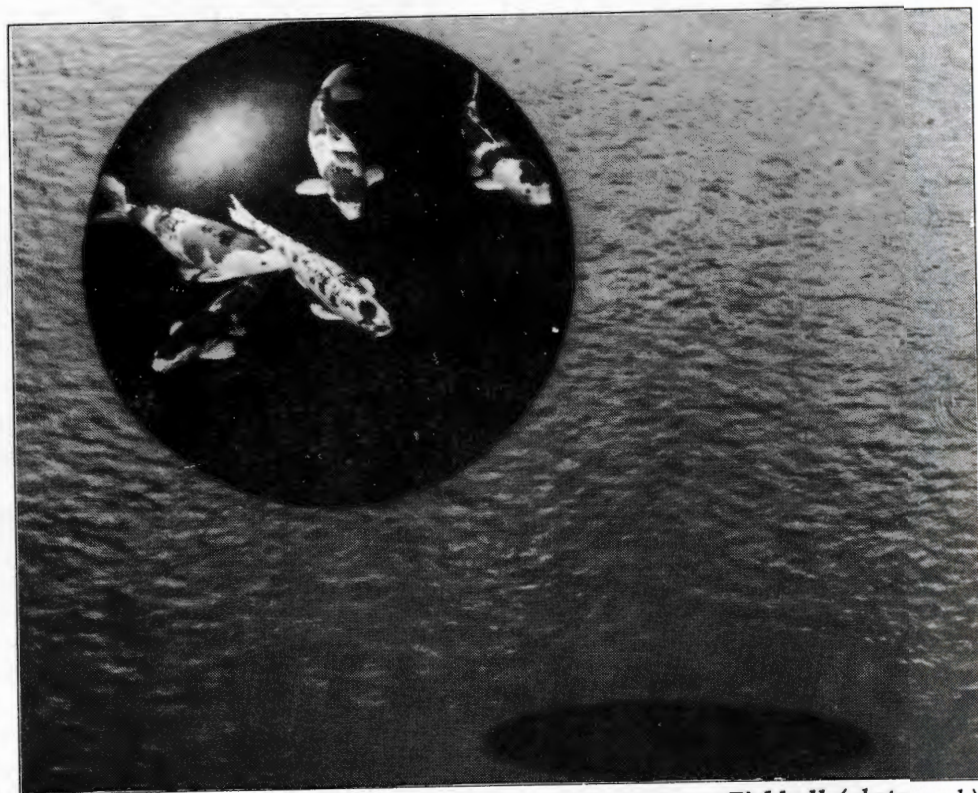
Sitting at a weathered wooden table
My mouth grows dry
As dry as the skin
Abandoned
By a desert snake
My leaden heart beats heavily
As the time paces about.
White cotton clings to the cold dampness
Of my back as my skirt hangs
Motionless, draping my legs.
My forehead weighted and burdensome
Pushes my neck deep into my shoulders.
With a delicate hand I wrap strands of thick black hair
Around my finger.
Mesmerized, like a flashing deck of cards,
Flares of brilliant red
And the blurring of black are painted before my eyes
Stopping only
To reveal
The deep stain upon your white silken shirt
Growing with each pulse
Under the breast of a brocaded and sequined jacket
Liquid maroon
Seeping
Into
The parched
Dry clay

I sit in the blue-black darkness
Of square adobe

...waiting



Ongalabala (pen and ink)
Bill Dabney



*Fishball (photograph)
Robert W. Trent*

Moving

Michael Molloy

In the middle of moving
Ten year's memories
Stored in movers' boxes
More neatly than they were lived

Have I seen too much of memory?
Green-blue dishes from Japan
Color of butterflies' wings
Take me back

The apartment near the Inland Sea
Three waterfalls outside the bedroom windows
I hear again the sound of water
Recall making love there on the floor

Diaries from twenty years ago
College books from thirty years before
Of a weight beyond memory
Was that ever me?

Jodo Buddhist Temple Near Lahaina

Michael Molloy

Cemetery by the sea
A last bathe in the sun
for some. Sounds of the few dry
spare kiawe trees, headstones
rounded by grasses and weeds
like pagodas in flames.

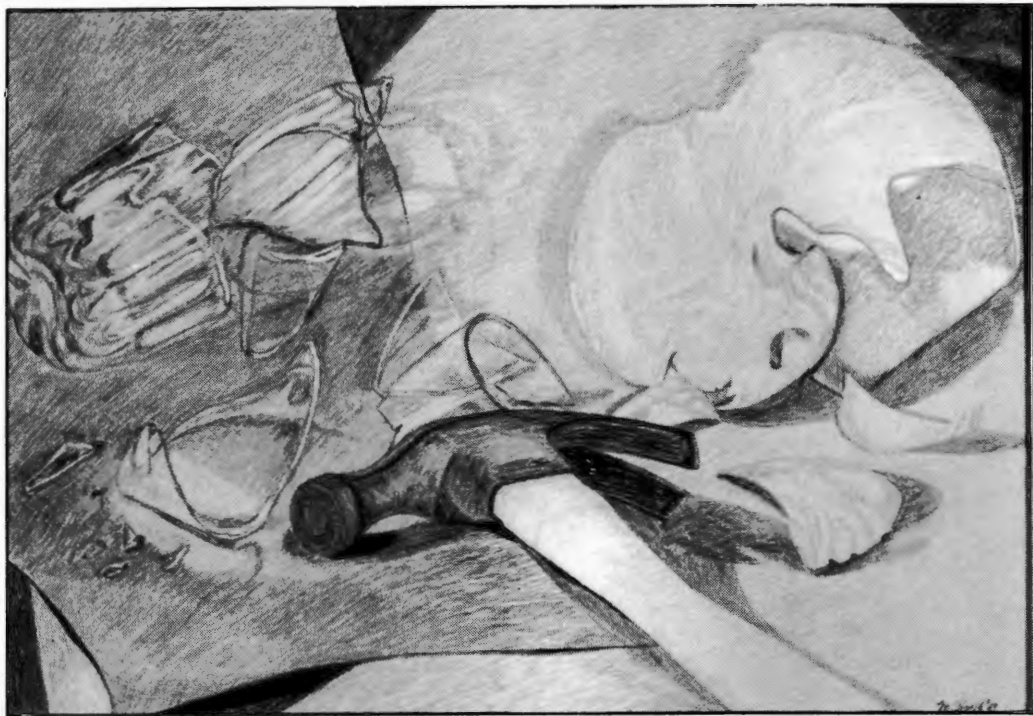
I park and enter the Chinese gate,
To dissolve in space and silence.
It is a country temple.

Above, an infinity of light and sky.
Beyond the wall, an immensity of mountain.
A blue copper Buddha, protected
by that volcanic slope, faces the ocean motionless.
I bow my head
And smell the yellow chrysanthemum.

Here are darkened buildings of weathered wood: a library,
a sutra hall, a square enclosure for the bell.
A pavilion of six sides covers a red Coke machine.



Cranes (print)
Carol Suda



Fragility (pencil)
Millie Hong

untitled

Cindy Morimoto

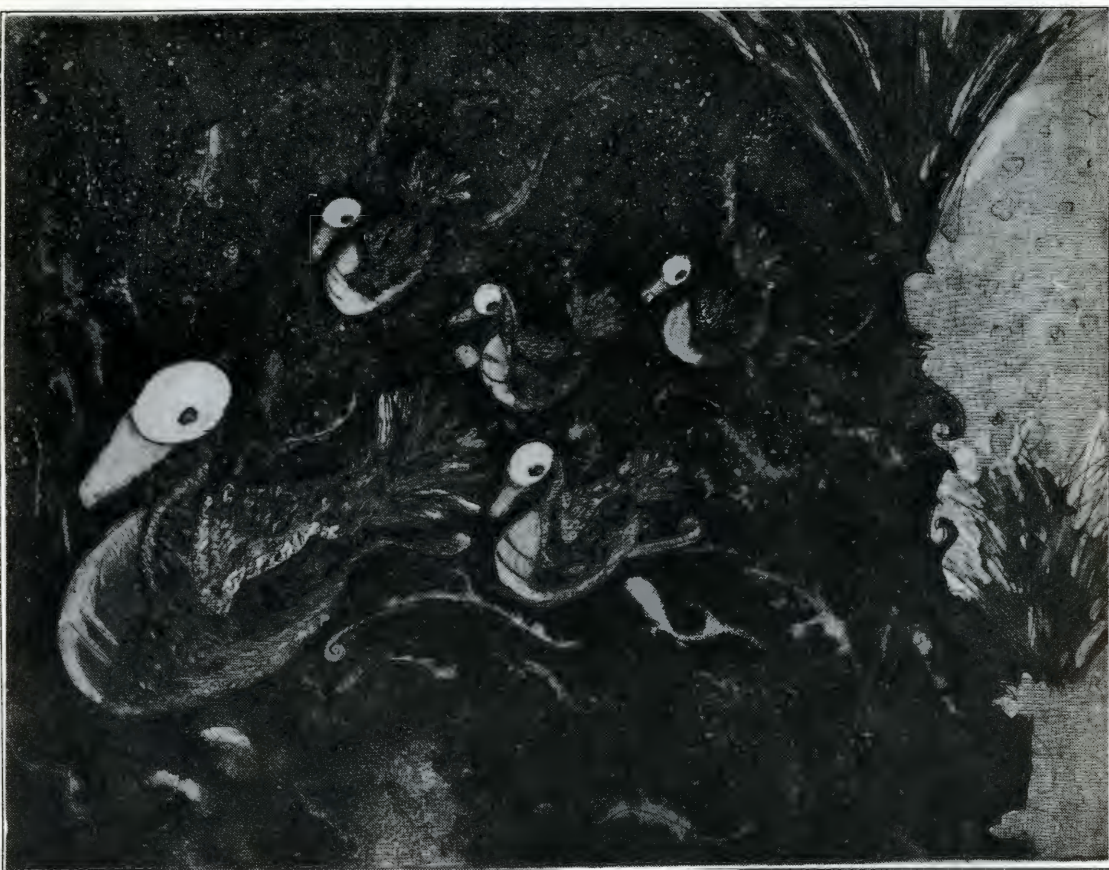
Mom:

Stacks of dishes, mounds of laundry and a messy
unkept room lie before you,
and I am nowhere to be found.
But I have a good excuse,
A sale at the mall made it
impossible for me to be with you.

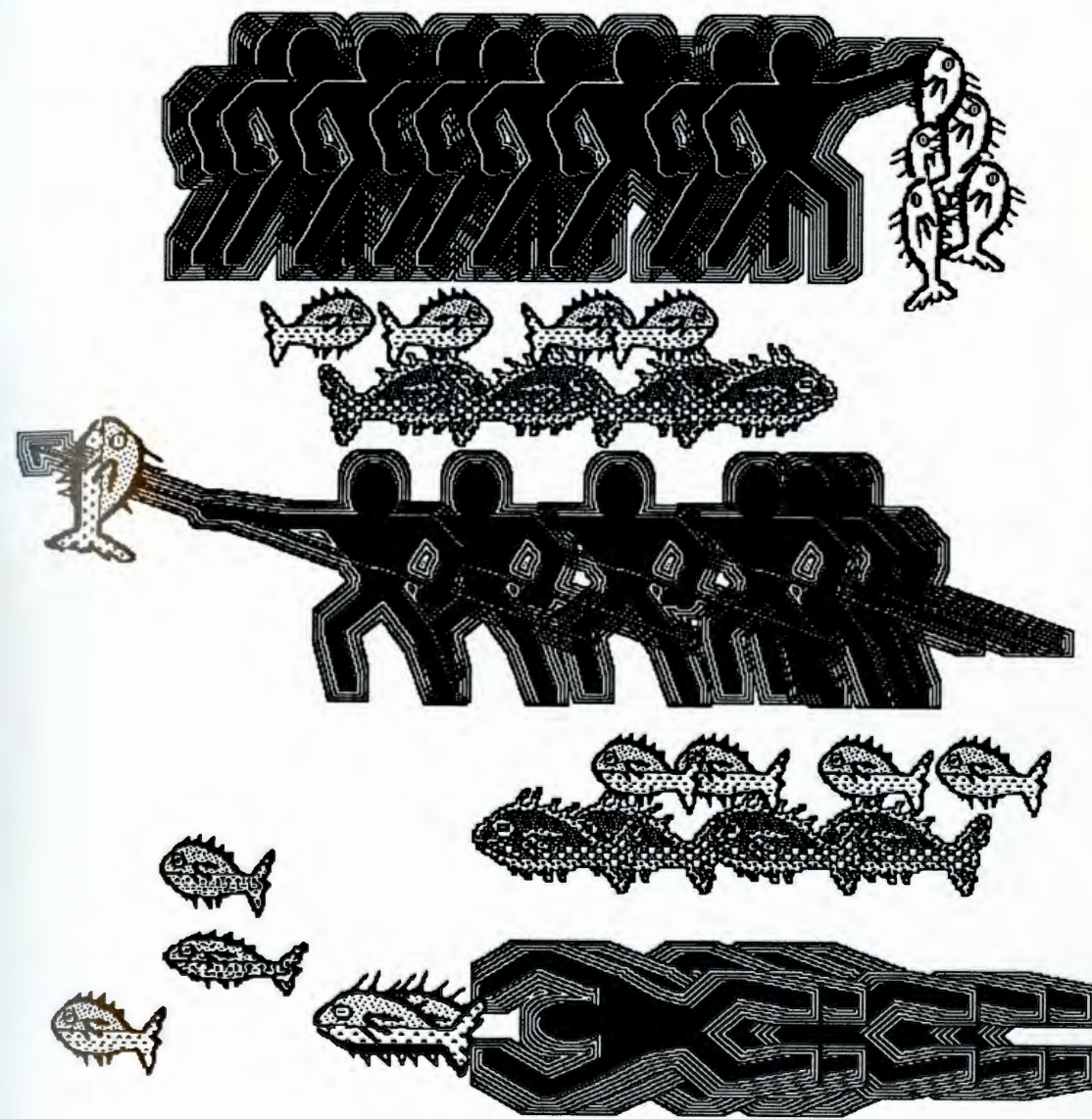
I'll be home by 5,
no later than 7,
or maybe just past 9.

Don't wait for me
for I'll be home
long after you've begun.

Cyn



A Family of Ducks (print)
Cathy Hajiro



Fishermen (Computer art)
Ropati Hebenstreit