

KA NANI

Spring 1983

KA NANI
THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF
KAPIOLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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VOL. 1, NO. 1

SPRING 1983

We would like to thank all the students and faculty members who submitted work to *Ka Nani*: we received over five hundred poems, short stories, and drawings--many more fine pieces than we could possibly fit into a magazine of thirty-two pages. We are grateful for the support and enthusiasm shown by this overwhelming response, and we hope that all of you will continue to give *Ka Nani* your support in future semesters.

We owe a very special gratitude to the following people who worked with us to put together this first issue of *Ka Nani*:

Wini Au who really was one of *Ka Nani*'s principle advisors;

Shel Hershinow who enthusiastically supported *Ka Nani* from the very beginning and who also encouraged his students to submit haiku;

Esther Mookini who helped name this magazine and who also encouraged her students to write "'O Ka Nani";

Charlie Bretz who gave much needed advice and also encouraged his students to submit drawings;

Ruth Lucas who gave us her firm support and also encouraged students to submit work;

Thomas Kondo who collected haiku from his students and also submitted samples of his own work;

Guy Nishimoto and Haroldine Nunes who shared pieces from the English 10V writing samples;

Ruth Trimble who encouraged her ESL students to submit work and who also shared office space with us;

Jimmy Shimabukuro who introduced our hard-working staff member, Carl Fukushima, to us;

Gary Tachiyama who worked harder than any of us on the actual production of *Ka Nani*.

We also thank the following offices and organizations for their assistance and support:

The KCC Board of Publications;

Ralph Ohara, Dean of Student Services, and the staff of Student Services;

The librarians and staff of both the Pensacola and Diamond Head libraries;

The editors and staff of *Kapio*;

Hawaii Education for Social Progress, Inc.;

Bamboo Ridge Press.

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'O KA NANI

Aia he pua hou,	There is a new flower
Ma Honolulu nei,	Here in Honolulu
'O Ka Nani kona inoa.	Ka Nani is her name.
Ua nani nō 'o Ka Nani.	Ka Nani is beautiful.
E ho'olaulima kākou,	Let us work together
Ā, mōhala i ka nani maoli nō.	Then she will blossom
	into a real beauty.

--Daniel Ko

Tony Ramos

Keneti Viliamu

Mark Haines

Pauline Bagio

Elaine Nomura

Renee Namahoe

Marly Akee

Thornton Lukela

Edwin Aguiar

PICKING

Grant adjusted his wire mesh goggles and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Hot yeah, today?" he grumbled to his friend Alvin.

"Yah, man. Must be 90°. And this field get so many pineapples!"

"Eh, just leave some behine. No need pick all."

"Grant, you gotta pick all. Da fruits going spoil, you know. And your fada one supervisa. You like be fired or wat?"

Grant was silent, but he knew Alvin was right. He recalled almost being caught last week. During lunch, he and Alvin had put water in the pineapple truck's gas tank, and his gang had had an extra hour's break while the mechanic looked for the cause of the breakdown.

As the field boss looked over the mechanic's shoulders that day, Grant and Alvin lay sprawled on their lunch bags, sucking in the extra moments of pleasure. Then Dad had driven up with his truck, and Alvin elbowed Grant in the ribs.

"Your fada. Get up--your fada came."

Grant panicked for a second, and then relaxed. How would his Dad know that he was responsible for the breakdown?

Dad went to talk to the mechanic and Grant heard him mumble something about the water in the gas tank.

"Oh-oh," thought Grant. "I hope dey don't know was me."

He glanced up to the conveyor operator, Sabino. Old Filipino Sabino was perched high above everyone else on a platform that sat atop the pineapple truck. Sometimes he would smoke his big toscane cigar. Other times he'd fall asleep instead of controlling the conveyor belt, and everybody yelled at him then.

Grant peered out from the rim of his hat to glance at Sabino. The old man was laughing and pointing an accusing finger at Grant.

"Shit," thought Grant. "He musta seen me pouring in da wata. I hope he no tell."

"Eh, Grant," Alvin whispered, "Sabino pointing at you."

"Yah, I see 'em."

"You tink he going tell your fada?"

"Betta not."

Sabino, monkey-like, began his descent from the conveyor platform.

"Oh, no. He coming down!" said Alvin excitedly. "He going by your fada."

"Shit." Grant could hear the scoldings he'd get at home. And no car. No allowance. No going out. "I might as well go be one Buddhist monk like Reverend Shishido," he thought.

Dad looked up from the hood of the truck and listened with his ear close to the old man's mouth. Then he casually looked over at Grant and Alvin and back at Sabino.

Grant tried to hide under his straw hat.

"Your fada coming ova," whispered Alvin.

Grant was silent.

"Hello, boys," said Dad. "Sabino been telling me about you folks."

Neither responded.

"He said you two guys been working real good today. Picking all da fruit--even tho get plenny. And neva once grumble. Keep 'em up, eh? Maybe I can ask Ma if we can buy you one guita, Grant."

Grant pulled up his hat and quickly sat up, his rubber boots pulling up against his thighs. "Nah, Dad. For real? Da one I wanted from Electronics?"

Dad was walking back to his truck. He called over his shoulder, "I neva say for shuwa. Just maybe. But you work hard, eh?"

Grant and Alvin looked at each other in disbelief. They thought they were about to be fired, but somehow they had been saved!

Sabino, up again at his perch, called out to the boys. "Huy.... you falla. I do you good fava, eh?" Grant and Alvin gave him the shaka sign. Sabino continued, "Tomollo you brin me present, eh?"

"Wat kine present you like, eh Sabino?" asked Grant.

"Magazine?" smiled Sabino. "Da kine hot kine magazine."

Alvin smiled broadly at Grant. "Dat guy such a skebe, yeah?" said Alvin, using his mother's word for "touchy."

"Yeah. Good ting I still get my old magazines," added Grant.

"Oh, and I going make the ultimate sacrifice," Alvin whispered. "My 'Girls of Polynesia' calenda . . . I bet get some Filipino chicks in dat one."

"Ooooooh, yah. No forget bring 'em, eh?" said Grant excitedly. "Maybe Sabino going broke the conveyer when he looking at 'em."

They both laughed and gave Sabino a smile.

--Lani Uyeno



Sweet yellow ginger
Fragrant in the dewy grass
Sound of bees approach

--Liane Fukunaga



Kaleidoscope of color
Warm winds flow soundlessly
The universal sigh

--Kim V. Glasgow



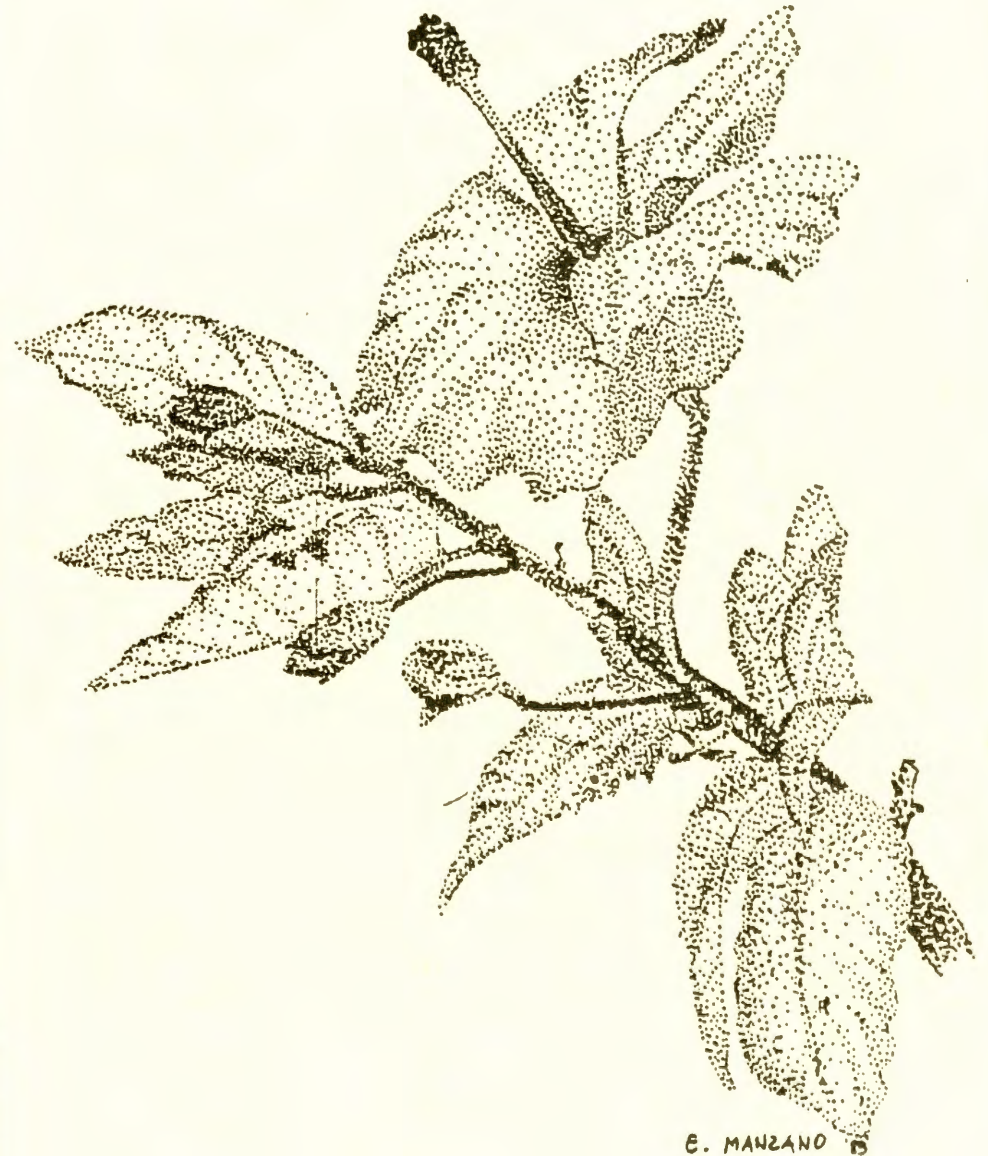
Tights and leotards
Breathing and Perspiration
Day of Aerobics

--Cheryl Yamamoto



Pumping all the weights
Your body gets into shape
Mr. Nautilus

--Donna Yukihiro



E. MANZANO

--Edgar Manzano

I'LL CALL YOU

I

My father, the man whom I adored
I watched him fill a suitcase with haste
Even though a child, I knew he wouldn't return
I'll be good, I promised
Crying.
He explained that he and mom
Just grew apart.
Please don't leave me I cried
Please don't leave me
I'll call you he promised
As he left the house

II

I watched the man I adore
Lie in his casket
My eyes brimmed with tears
As a child again, I cried
Please don't leave
As I watched them carry him away
I'll call you he promised
I'll call you

--Marlys Wiest

PIRATES AND I

March 29, 1981. It was our fifth morning on the ocean. We were Vietnamese refugees: men and women, thirty-two persons in a little boat. All of us were exhausted. Hunger and nausea had made our faces green and wrinkled. Coming out of the engine room, the pilot warned, "We don't have enough food and fuel to go to Malaysia, so we must take a shorter way instead. Now we are in the Thai sea zone." Everybody was startled because we had been told that this was an unsafe sea zone because of the Thai pirates.

The sky was bright. It was not windy and the sea was calm. These good weather conditions would allow the Thai pirates to identify us easily. "Hey! Pirates!" a teenager screamed loudly. It was though I was hearing the call of death from hell. Five feet apart, the big and skull-drawn ships were speeding up to get close to our boat. All of a sudden, I stood up and opened my eyes wide to assure myself that this was true. Yes, I saw the pirates. These real pirates were dancing, shouting, screaming, singing, and laughing madly while they were brandishing their big knives, hammers, and guns on their ships. There were about fifteen ships and over two hundred pirates. In hopelessness, I looked at my husband standing behind me. He held my hands and said nothing. My hands were cold in his hands.

Meanwhile, the pirates' ships were blockading our boat. Then the horrid pirates jumped over and thronged into our boat. By this time, I could see them more clearly. Their bodies were painted with monstrous pictures, such as skulls, electric snakes, and two-headed devils. The pirates' bald heads made their red eyes look more abhorrent. Also their horrible laugh, "het . . . het" or "ha . . . ha" expressed their avarice. "Oh no, they are not human beings," I told myself. I felt as if all the nerves in my body were vibrating abnormally. I looked around to find some comfort in my people. However, I read the same terror in their wide-open eyes. We sat with our arms hugging our legs as though we were hoping we could contract our bodies in front of the greedy pirates' eyes. Our heads were bowed down and our faces became darkened by fear. All of us were still with frustrated terror. And none of us could know what would happen to us.

The pirates separated us into two groups: men and women. Five or six husky pirates tied each man with ropes and dragged them all to the rear of our boat. Then the pirates searched us and robbed us of our money and our gold, diamond rings, and necklaces. They took everything they thought they needed. They even jerked the pieces of junk cloth away cruelly. With their weapons, they forced us to obey whatever they ordered. We had nothing to protect ourselves with. Our hands had become useless because of hunger and illness. Watching their actions, I felt shame for them and for their inhuman behavior.

Finally, the most horrible moment came. After the pirates were satisfied with their robbing, they walked to their chief--a short, fat man waiting in a corner of the boat. Looking at the mass of jewels and money, the chief laughed hilariously. His laugh echoed in the air, and my scorn for him rose. Then the pirates' chief stopped his laughing suddenly and looked at the women. The dreadful silence covered us. It was warning us of another terror. I knew what would happen next: they were going to rape us.

All of a sudden, my mind became clear. My terror disappeared and was replaced by my survival instinct. Hastily, I took the black oil on the engine and put it on my face and on my body to make me look ugly. Then I took off my bra because I wanted my breasts to look flabby. Without food and water for many days, my muscles were already flabby and pale. I felt that I did not look sexy at all; therefore I felt calm.

When the pirates touched me, I tried not to resist. I remembered that my mother had told me, "In case you are being raped, if you do not have anything to protect yourself with or anybody to help you, don't try to resist because your resistance doesn't help you at all. Rather, it just inspires excitement in the men." As a consequence, the pirates left me alone.

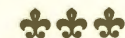
Meanwhile, the miserable women who still looked healthy could not escape the pirates' greedy eyes. I saw the women being raped in front of me. I closed my eyes, but the terror still made my lips and my tongue numb. The pirates whipped the women who resisted them. The sound of the sticks whipping the women was as chilling as

the sound of the pirates' laughter. They laughed when they saw the blood being shed. I could not bear this cruelty and bestiality, and I wanted to faint.

After whirling around the women, the pirates were satisfied with what they did. Finally, they left us. However, they left their disgusting scenes in our minds. In silence, we looked at one another. We were having the same feeling--the feeling of emptiness. We fell asleep with that awful feeling.

Happiness? Freedom? Everything is meaningless when human beings have savage behavior. Man abuses man, even in the countries that are considered free. Pirates are everywhere.

--Chau Tong



Lies let me escape
Always deceiving myself,
Reality waits.

--Rodney Nagasako



Daddy's fantasies
entertain him without end
teardrops fall like rain

--Arlene Lloyd



When I look at you
Why does the wind blow swiftly
Is this a message?

--Sonny Gollero

THE BEACH

Extrêmement hot, the sun cooked my skin. So, I decided to go swimming. As I walked slowly into the water, it cooled me off instantly. Moving constantly, I got used to the temperature of the water. Then all of a sudden, I spotted two huge jagged reefs which were about three feet below the surface of the water. And I spotted a school of fish swimming above them. They looked like leaves blowing gently in the wind. As I slowly settled down on one of the two reefs, I saw a school of them swimming very close to me. They looked cleverly hand-painted. Each of them done perfectly. The fish, big, small, and of all shapes, swam constantly in harmony.

--Jane Wakamiya



The summer winds blow
Leaves rustle throughout the trees
Serene warm freshness

--Hank Rice



When the sun is strong
we squirt ourselves with the hose
And the day is hot.

--Raynette Kawamura



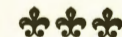
Lava flowing down.
Burning the beautiful land
Boiling blue water.

--Kathleen Pacle

ACROPHOBIA

One of the biggest discoveries of my life was finding out what acrophobia is. As a child I lived in a large family and quickly found out that the boys in the family got to do all the exciting things. Realizing this, I spent most of my time following my brothers and their friends around. of course they were unhappy to have this small skinny female chasing them everywhere. But I persisted in doing everything they did and one day this included climbing to the top of a very tall pine tree. Up and up I climbed feeling very excited, not only was I enjoying my climb. But I was way ahead of some of the boys. I had almost reached the top when I glanced down. Suddenly my knees turned to rubber and then my legs felt as though they would crumple under me. I broke out in a cold sweat and there thirty feet above the ground I discovered I had acrophobia.

--Mary Kim



Rain clouds everywhere
Frolicking voices echo
Umbrellas unfold.

--Lien Lu



At the sound of chimes
Maka leaps up to greet me
A loyal poi dog

--Allen Oshiro



Noises near Midnight
Thumping and banging of blocks
A game of mah-jong.

--Gloria J. Wong



--Marion Chew



--Kevin Mashida

WAS P.T. RIGHT?

Would be fishermen
patiently
wiggle their poles in vain
as soda bottles prove to be
more challenging
than the most
elusive
fish in
any sea

Misguided baseballs
whizz by the target racks
upsetting a doll or two
but seldom
the required three
all for the chance
to win a
stuffed animal
made in taiwan

Dimes clink and clatter
in and out
of their intended targets
caromming everywhere
except into the
flattest dishes
perched atop
the most
prized glassware

Yet still they persist
young and old
cotton candy on their lips
reaching in their pockets
for another chance
another try
to succeed
where few
seem to

And when the lights are
out at last
and the victorious ones
enjoy their spoils
thinking of those who never won
and wondering
if there is
one born
every minute

--Kurt Kam



MISTAKES

Slaps and slights
I thought I deserved
I could not understand
that it was your problem,
not mine.

When you tried to explain
and sobbed your drunken confession,
years later,
it was too late.

My childish respect and fear,
mostly fear,
were gone.
All that is left
is disgust and pity.

--Briana McRae

ESL CLASS

It was around one o'clock. Sitting in the ESL 100, I thought that outside the classroom was bright and full of joy. Everything looked like it had been cleaned by its maker. As soon as this class, which was the last class of the day, was over, I picked up my textbooks and belongings and left the classroom. Stepping down the stairs, I was overwhelmed by a strange feeling that I couldn't explain. I had sometimes been depressed by my thoughts before: this is not my native country and I have a hard time communicating with the local people since English is my second language. But this feeling was odder than what I had felt before-- I did not know it then, but later I realized that it had been caused by a feeling of isolation from my environment.

Heading for the white lunch wagon parked under the large tree, I talked to myself, "Even though I am not hungry now, I had better eat something. Then this uncomfortable feeling might disappear by itself."

Usually, many guys and girls are waiting for their orders--talking about their instructors, homework, or exams. And some are usually whispering in each other's ears. But on that day, all their familiar actions seemed to further alienate me. Suddenly it seemed as if I was the only man after a nuclear war.

After waiting ten minutes, I paid \$1.50 for an egg sandwich and an orange juice and walked hastily toward the white wooden bench as if I was very busy and had lots of things to finish in a short time, feeling that this would get rid of my discomfort. But whatever I did to overcome the feeling of being a stranger in a strange place, it was inscribed firmly in my mind.

"Return to Korea?" I asked, talking slowly to myself. At the same time, I could hear the voice of reason firmly ordering me: "No." However my emotion still whispered again in my ear, "What about after graduation?" Dazzled by myself, I couldn't eat even one bite of egg sandwich.

Usually, if I'm troubled, I drive far from Honolulu, park in a secluded place, and watch the surf pounding continuously on the shore. Then, after awhile, I can feel my tension diminish and I can get the balance of

my mind again.

Once the thought of this solution hit me, I wrapped up my lunch and started walking toward the parking lot. Turning up the radio loud, I started up my yellow Chevy and headed for Ewa Beach via the H-1 freeway. But after driving ten minutes, I realized that today's drive would not make me more comfortable for the freeway was really jammed with a flood of cars, and the traffic was moving very slowly. In the middle of hundreds of cars, I regretted not considering the traffic situation earlier, but it was already too late.

As time went by, the temperature inside the car and outside on the freeway was rising gradually, and I felt perspiration on my back. Becoming wetter by the minute, I was getting upset, both about the terrible traffic and my stupid childish emotion. Since I had been driving in the fast lane, it seemed impossible that with my short experience in driving that I would ever be able to get off of the damn freeway. After changing lanes with several dangerous moves, I finally got access to return home. By then, I had almost forgotten why I wanted to head for Ewa Beach.

In returning from the H-1 freeway, I finally realized that I had been trying to run away from my situation as a foreigner in Hawaii and that if I continued to try to solve my problems indirectly like I did with my drive, I would never find success in my new life in a new country.

--Yongbok Kong



Tranquility

Early morning rain
Lingering over the air
Trace of Pikake

--David S. Imada

First ray of sunlight
So early in the morning
I must go to school

--*Jerri Aoyama*



A bright and warm day
Mynahs and sparrows above
Chit-chattering sounds

--*George Nakamura*



A moist and cold wind
Chills the earth but warmth rises
From the heat within

--*Sang Soon Forbes*



Crabs along the rocks
A wave washes over them
Alive--unseen--there

--*Jason Aragaki*



On a cloudless night
The stars begin to twinkle
With its light so bright

--*Devini K. Kaniaupio*



Eternal silence
When the crickets hesitate
I listen to God.

--*Linda Kealoha*

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Destroy you tomorrow
that's what the papers say.
I'm here today
to rekindle the flame.

Grass like sugar cane
dried leaves litter your door
crying flakes of bluish grey
you are alone no more.

Into the house
once brightly lit
dingy and dark
echoes with silence.

I touch the frame
and see again,
a sofa with
children romping,
mom bustling
through the house.

You sat and watched
enjoyed what's yours,
never knowing
you would soon exist
no more.

The sky is darkening
filled with clouds
I must go
time is precious.

Turning
one final look
a gust of wind blows
leaves are gone
grass is down.

Renewed for a moment
I took that with me,
the spark
to rekindle the flame.

--Mary Ann Akamine



Reaching middle age
I must compromise with time
Resetting life's goals

--T. Kondo



Barren trees lose leaves
Weary arms bend winter's charms
Covering gently

--Henrietta Egami



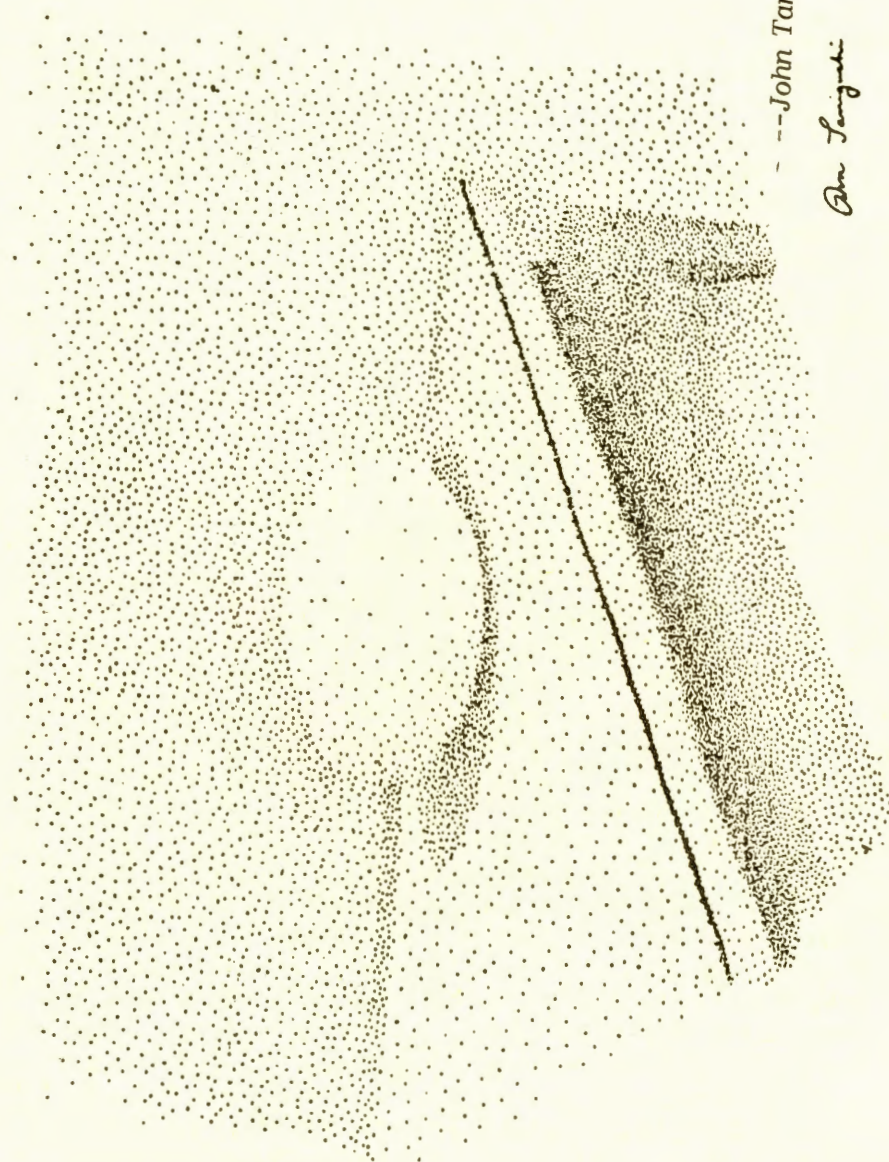
Gentle caresses:
Slowly fall orange and red
Cool is autumn's sigh

--Mary Carter



A rouge colored leaf
Swaying in the cool crisp breeze
Snaps, to glide downward

--Scott Settsu



--John Taniguchi

John Taniguchi v3

REUNITED

I arrived at the auditorium a bit late. Everyone was already seated. The audience seemed unusually quiet, or perhaps, apprehensive. The program was about to begin.

All 448 students were on stage looking very impressive. The boys were wearing white jackets and blue slacks; the girls had on white dresses, all very nice. As the class sang and the speakers went through their boring monologues, I had a chance to locate and watch my son, Lee, among the group of shiny faces. Lee was one of the taller boys: about 5' 11" plus his two inches of shoes. He certainly took after his mother--looks wise. She is a lovely Chinese woman who has managed to maintain her beauty while raising three kids. Lee is quite a surfer, which explains his super tan showing above the collar of the white jacket.

It seemed like a very short time ago I was bouncing my son on my knee and watching him try to take his first few steps. When he was two years old, he used to sit in front of me while riding my nifty, thrifty Honda 50. You see, when Lee was very young, his mother and I got divorced. She remarried shortly thereafter and left for Europe with her military husband and my son.

Until six months ago, I hadn't seen my boy for thirteen years. One day at work, I got a phone call from Lee's mother. She had traced me down through the help of her friend. She said our son wanted to meet his Dad. This created a feeling in me I had not felt before. There was an indescribable knotting in my stomach. I made arrangements to meet my son the next day.

I spent a very difficult night wondering what he looked like, was he a good kid, how he was doing in school, and I wondered quite a bit about what we would say to each other. That part scared the hell out of me. That, and why did he decide he wanted to meet me NOW. They had been back in the islands now for two years (which I didn't know).

It was almost three in the afternoon: the time I got off work and Lee should arrive. I agreed to meet him in Waikiki near where I worked. He kind of knew what I looked like, but I was kept in suspense. The only thing his mother said was that she was very proud of him. While thinking of a million different things to say, someone

yelled out, "Hey, Wes." I turned around to see a big, smiling face walking towards me. Hell, he was taller than I am. There was no mistaking him for someone else; he had his mom's smile and too many other features resembling his mother and me. He stopped about four feet away. For a couple of seconds we just looked at each other. Then he said, "Hi Dad," and we hugged each other. I have never known such a feeling in all my life. I was so happy, yet I was almost crying.

In the five months that passed after that unforgettable reunion, we saw each other less than a dozen times. But each one of those times brought us closer together, and we learned a lot more about each other.

Now, tonight, my son is graduating from high school and looking forward to college. As he proceeded toward the exit, with the class, I caught Lee's eye. He responded with a smile, relieved that I had made it in time to see him graduate. I know his other family is somewhere nearby in the audience, but there is no way they can be any prouder than I am this evening.

--Wes Goodpaster



A dew-dropped orchid
Opening its sleepy eyes
Welcomes the sunrise

--Fran Ascencio



Glory

A morning glory!
And so today may seem
My own life story.

--Sheila Taguma

COCKROACH POEM

All hail to the little cockroach!
Who skitters, crackles here, there.
Quick, sharp-witted,
able to survive mass poisoning
of thick chemical fog.
Hiding in an intricate world
of dark, damp places I never see.

And when I seem to be the winner,
a late night craving for a treat
Bright kitchen light on my squinting eyes.
Scramble, crackle: Cockroach mad hustle
to cover.
Argghh--kill!
Spray raid over black, brown, moving chiton shells,
over dishes in rack,
over sponge,
over dishcloth.
Breathe in the fumes.
Get those small horrors of creepy night.
Me in pajama, half-asleep nightmare.
They are everywhere.
When over, upright bellies, skinny, crooked
legs stiff towards the ceiling.
A fantastic feeling--Ha Ha! Got ya.
Frenzy of kill over,
wash cockroach carcasses down sink,
grind up in garbage disposal,
while knowing only a small casualty--
Many more to continue the fight.

Into the bathroom, a little baby cockroach
stops at the attack of light.
Little antennas feeling the air for clues
to its danger.
I watch it scamper to safety.
Let it go. Seems so frightened, so tiny.
Not its fault to be born a cockroach.
Tired of slaughter.
Let it go.
Watch it run away.

All hail to the cockroach
who skitters, crackles here. there.

--Barbara Meyer



Heat unbearable
Diamond Head no longer green
Summer has arrived

--Lorene R. Kim



Not my choice to do
What I choose to do this day
Oh priority

--Jan Marie Hanson

THE GREEN CONSPIRACY

I returned to Kapiolani Community College after sitting out a year. Upon entering the Business building, I realized something was very different. All the walls and the ceilings had been painted green, every shade imaginable. Even the floor tiles were green. There was too much green in the color scheme at Kapiolani Community College.

I didn't know if other students recognized the problem, or if they just chose to ignore it. But I knew that I had to find out the causes behind this green conspiracy. I decided checking with the Provost would be a good start. She had a lot of power on campus and even if she wasn't involved, maybe I could pick up some leads.

I went to school early the next morning and waited for her to arrive. She pulled into the parking lot driving a green Granada. She was very cool, admitting to having a small say in the matter, but telling me the real decision to repaint was made by the Dean. I knew she was trying to cover something up, just as she was trying to cover up her green outfit with a beige overcoat.

I made an appointment to see the Dean. Maybe I could get more information from him. His secretary told me I would have to wait until after 12:30 because he was eating lunch and watching his favorite T.V. program, "Green Acres".

When I entered his office, the first thing I noticed was the poster on the wall. It was of the Green Bay Packers football team. I was surprised to find him wearing a brown suit. But his green tie stood out like a priest in a strip joint.

I asked him if he was aware of the green scheme. He said he knew nothing. I confronted him with the fact that he had given the order to repaint the walls. He said he had given the order, but the choice of colors was up to the Head Caretaker. He was tough; I knew I wouldn't get any more information from him.

I decided to track down the Head Caretaker and question him. I checked the shed where they kept the utilities; he wasn't there. But I found something else, gallons and gallons of green paint. I checked one of the labels on a can. It was from a local company, Colors Inc. My next stop was the library, to check the City Directory for the name of the owner of Colors Inc. The

name was so obvious that it caused me to chuckle. Everything seemed to come together, yet there was one big clue missing. I knew somehow the Head Caretaker had the information I was looking for. And with the evidence I already had, I knew I could make him talk--if I played it right.

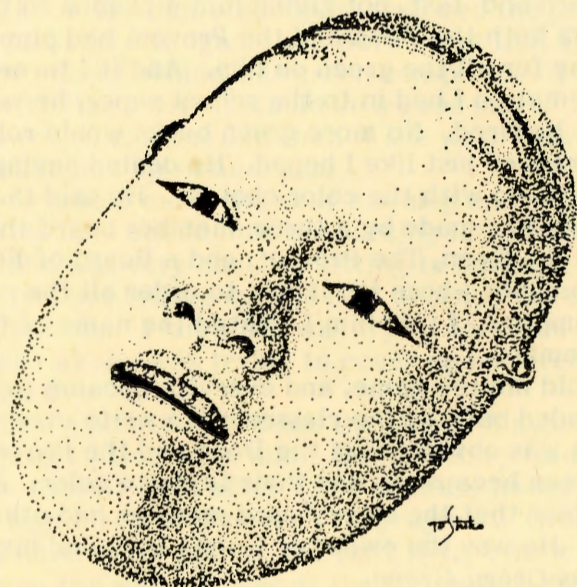
The sun was going down by the time I found him in the greenhouse. I knew I had to hit him with the evidence hard and fast, not giving him a chance to think. I told him both the Dean and the Provost had pinned the blame for all the green on him. And if I turned all the information I had in to the school paper, he would probably be fired. No more green bucks would roll in.

He cracked just like I hoped. He denied having anything to do with the color choices. He said that the choice was made by a three-member board that included the Dean, The Provost, and a Board of Education member whose job it was to order all the school supplies. I told him I wanted the name of that board member.

He told me the name, and everything came together. I headed back to the classroom to write everything down. It was obvious that the Dean and the Provost chose green because it was their favorite color. But it was clear that the other board member had other reasons. He was the owner of Colors Inc., and his name was Gregg Green.

The conspiracy was big: I knew if I turned it in to the paper, it would wreak havoc. A lot of people would be blue and many others would see red. Green wasn't such a bad color anyway. So I ripped up the paper and threw it in the green wastebasket on my way out the door.

--Carl Fukushima



--Toshiko Yajima