

**KA**

**NANI**



KA NANI  
THE ARTS MAGAZINE  
OF  
KAPIOLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE

EDITOR  
CORAL MARTINS

STAFF  
LORI WONG  
DEBBIE PARKER  
JAMES MORTON  
DANIEL RIEBOW

FACULTY ADVISOR  
LAURIE KURIBAYASHI



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Morning My Substance Invaded My Mind . . .	4
Lisa Yoda	
Block Print . . . . .	5
Chie Boykin	
A Religious Encounter . . . . .	6
Kurt Lemon	
What Is Love? . . . . .	8
Marianne Hyden	
Heracles Archer . . . . .	9
D. Ng	
Haiku . . . . .	10
Ann LaSorba, Candace Fujimoto,	
Chris Cain, Marc Mineshima,	
Sally Kobayashi	
Washington Square . . . . .	11
Sandra Perez	
Drawing. . . . .	12
Michael Atiena	
Dear Diary . . . . .	13
Lorindell Wong	
Tono and I . . . . .	14
D. Nash	
Searching Blindlessly . . . . .	15
Kris Hoshino	
Drawing . . . . .	16
Jerry Livingston	
Haiku . . . . .	17
Gina Feliciano, Joseph Yokogawa	
Lynne Kiner, Melody L. Malone,	
Dean Takeshita	
The Interview . . . . .	18
Martha L. White	
Haiku . . . . .	20
Debbie Helmed, Robin Aipa,	
Julie Nagamine, Cheryl Hirayasu,	
Derrick Miyamoto	
Sunday Is Finally Here . . . . .	21
Richard Rano	
Haiku . . . . .	22
JoAnn Halemano, Laurel Takeuchi	

Drawing. . . . .	22
Rose Perry	
Haiku . . . . .	23
Sandra Among, Yolanda Hara,	
Lehua Leong, T.M. Kondo,	
Tristina Doan	
Escape . . . . .	24
Raynard Oberacker	
Oh, What Now . . . . .	24
Franklin Wun	
Life Tide . . . . .	25
Tommy Muramoto, Cathy Kawai	
Cycles . . . . .	25
Coral Martins	
Haiku . . . . .	26
Melody M. N. Tang,	
Sheri Sakanashi	
Untitled . . . . .	26
Daniel Riebow	
Drawing . . . . .	27
Tien Truong	
A Brooklyn Fish in King Kamehameha's Canal . .	28
Bill Talkington	
Poem . . . . .	30
William Umoto	
The Dream I Had Of Thee . . . . .	31
Diane Burrell	
Drawing . . . . .	32
Liz De Paul	

--Cover by Jerry Livingston

THE MORNING MY SUBSTANCES INVADED MY MIND

I woke up again  
In the eternal silence  
Before the coolness of the air  
Came through my body

I breathed again  
In the everlasting stillness  
Before the noise of life  
Came through my body

I heard again  
In the motionless openness  
Before the fresh sunlight  
Came through my body

I opened my eyes again  
In another day of life  
Before a pile of memories  
Came through my body

I had felt this moment once again  
Before I slipped away from my mind

My blood is laughing  
Nerves are commanding  
Cells are demanding  
Atoms are gasping

To die peacefully, painfully, happily  
Until they turn to be sweet fairies

Feel the flow of life and death  
Interchangeable two moments  
Send your best regards to your devil  
Before you know there is no direction to escape  
Before you see the life is given to die

(In the morning...I woke again...)

--Lisa Yoda



--Chie Boykin



## A RELIGIOUS ENCOUNTER

Drawing his cloak tightly around himself in a futile attempt to resist the icy wind, a lone traveler made his way down a dark lonely road. Dawn was near and he knew that his night-long journey would soon come to an end. The ground beneath his feet had turned to a clinging mud and the going became quite difficult. As he came around a sharp bend in the road, the traveler suddenly found himself stuck fast in knee-deep mud. He pulled and twisted but was unable to work his way free of the clinging muck.

"Your struggles are useless, my friend. You cannot free yourself from this mire on your own," a raspy voice cried out from the center of the mess. A noisome clamour of cymbals and chants along with the aroma of many-scented incense followed the voice in the dark.

Startled, the traveler peered through the gloom and saw his neighbor to be a crooked old man over-burdened by a riotous conglomeration of foreign robes, sashes, belts, bangles of all sorts, as well as multitudes of unusual objects that seemed to serve no useful purpose. Strapped to his back was a cumbersome stack of richly bound books, and clutched in his hands were many burning incenses and rattling cymbals. The stranger was apparently a captive, stuck in waist-deep mud.

The traveler, not believing his eyes, asked, "Who might you be, good sir, and where are you from?"

"My name is religion," pronounced the old man. "I am from here as well as there, for I have traveled all roads and am known by men of all nations. I have been mother, ruler and judge to them all. Men call me Buddha, Shiva, Jesus and much more. I am the prayer a wife says for her sick husband or a warrior cries out when he is slain. I've led armies to conquer the world. I've been comfort, and answer to all questions, and have been credited with the creation and sustenance of the universe!" The stranger ended his

furious speech with a chaotic outbreak of chants in many unfamiliar tongues.

"You, sir, appear to be as stuck in the mud as I," the traveler responded dryly.

"Of course, I'm here in the mud with you!" screamed the older one. "That has always been the purpose of my existence; to meet man in the mud in order to elevate the both of us out of it. You could never escape without my aid for I am your strength and knowledge. You are nothing without me!" said the stranger in a belittling fashion.

The traveler, angered by the stranger's arrogance, replied, "I've had just about all that I can stand of your impotent stammering. I bid you farewell and good riddance, creator of all!" With that he gave a mighty heave and pulled himself free of the mud with a loud sucking plop. "As you can see," said the traveler, "I pulled myself out. It's really quite easy when you put your own muscle to it."

The stranger stared in disbelief and immediately began an attempt to imitate the traveler's escape with pitiful thrashing. But his weak muscles and heavy burden caused him to sink still deeper into the mire.

The traveler, feeling a sudden pity for the wretch, suggested that the old man remove some of his surplus baggage and grab hold of his hand to be pulled free.

The stranger became enraged. "I will not remove anything. I've worn it all too long to rid myself of it now, it is a part of me, my source of power. As for your hand, move it closer so that I may bite it off at the wrist!" raved the old man.

"So be it," said the traveler. "Sink with your silly do-dads." Turning his back on the sinking stranger the traveler continued down the road and soon lost the scent of incense and the ring of cymbals.

The sun rose above the hills shedding light on a man picking his way cautiously down a long boggy road. The morning rays cut their way through the

tree tops and struck the surface of the swirling  
mud as it adjusted itself to accommodate the glory  
and glitter newly added to its depth.

--Kurt Lemon

#### WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is an experience  
that everyone goes through  
it can never be prevented  
and sometimes leaves you blue

Love is like a cancer  
it spreads and it spreads  
pray that you don't get it  
or you're just as good as dead

Love is also sorrow  
and tears that you go through  
but love can be a beautiful thing  
for you to experience too

So ask me what is love again  
it's very clear to me  
it's anything you make of it  
and it will always be

--Marianne Hyden



--D. Ng

As I look down,  
On ten little toes,  
They wiggle with glee

--Ann LaSorba

An afternoon nap,  
Without a care in the world,  
The life of my cat

--Candace Fujimoto

A heavy burden,  
Sweat dripping off my forehead,  
Haiku time again

--Chris Cain

Sitting in class,  
Endeavoring to pass,  
With no luck, I crash

--Marc Mineshima

You're always there, friend  
To cry on, cuddle and hit,  
Just a teddy bear

--Sally Kobayashi

## WASHINGTON SQUARE??

Bums,  
Drums,  
Dancing feet,  
Moving to the rhythm of a reggae beat.

Braids,  
Shades,  
Acapella choir,  
Chinese juggler,  
Eater of fire.

Cop cars,  
Candy bars,  
Wino runs,  
Fist fight,  
Uptight,  
Africa's sons.

Drug bust,  
Young lust,  
Comedian's gig,  
Puerto Rican hustler,  
Marijuana cig.

White arch,  
Gays march,  
Washington Square,  
Hot dogs,  
Cool jazz,  
Park bench fair.

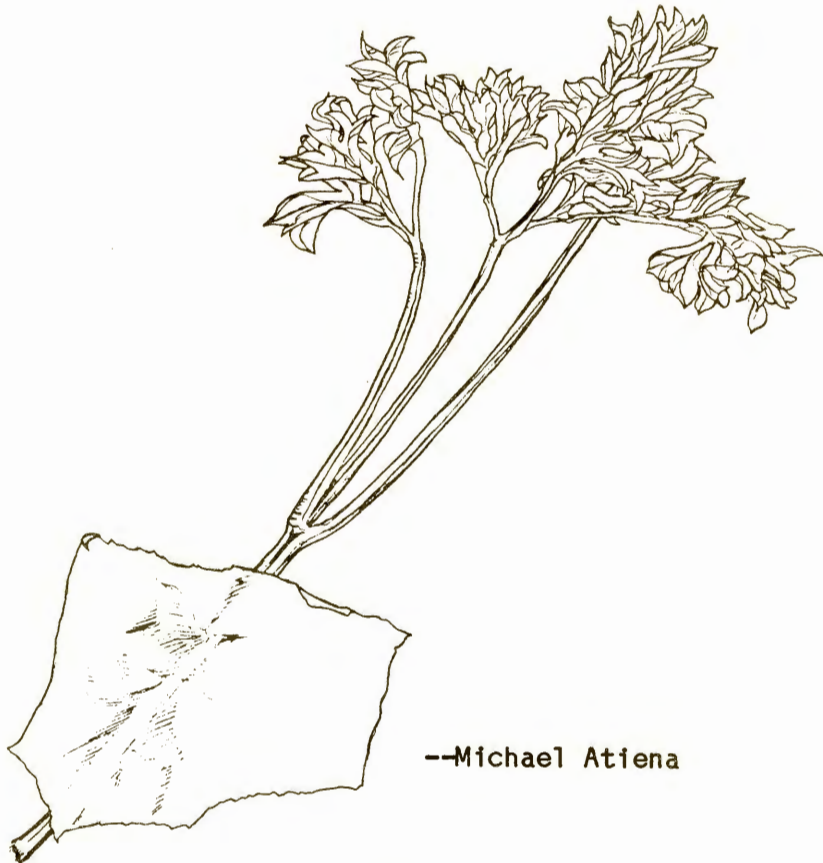
Brownstone,  
Kid's cone,  
Street song babble,  
Green grass carpet  
Village rabble.



Tramps piss,  
Girls kiss,  
Policemen run,  
Lovers quarrel,  
Bathers sun.

Some clown,  
Downtown,  
Fourth Street train,  
Gather together,  
New York strain.

--Sandra Perez



--Michael Atiena

Dear Diary,

Sometimes  
a situation arises  
where I feel  
trapped, stifled and  
very resigned.  
How may I escape?

I look, I reflect  
and at last  
I see a door  
Ah! Freedom  
But (and there's a lot of complications in my life)  
In the doorway  
looms a huge Heart

Looking closely  
at this monstrous apparition  
I see age-old bruises  
and scabs upon dried-up wounds  
a very fragile thing--the human heart  
as anyone who possesses one may profess

So there it is  
the sentinel heart  
blocking my passageway  
to freedom

"Let me out! I can't take it any longer!"  
(No!) booms the Heart.  
I feel my own heart  
slowly withering  
and drying up...

A decision  
must be made  
or the decision will be made for me  
by my reluctance to confront  
this serious problem



God, would you forgive me  
for further crippling one of your creatures?  
There is no love  
only insecure possession...

The decision is made  
I feel a surge of hope and perhaps happiness  
But (--so many of these...)  
It's so difficult  
so very, very difficult  
to break a person's heart  
no matter how much you resent them.

--Lorindell Wong



--D. Nash

## SEARCHING BLINDLESSLY

Fathomless was the dark,  
Entering a cold heartless landscape,  
Shadows like that of creatures lurking amidst,  
My throat, a barren lot.

I yielded, grit in my teeth,  
Endless whipping winds crippled my every step,  
Then dirt played hopscotch on my face.

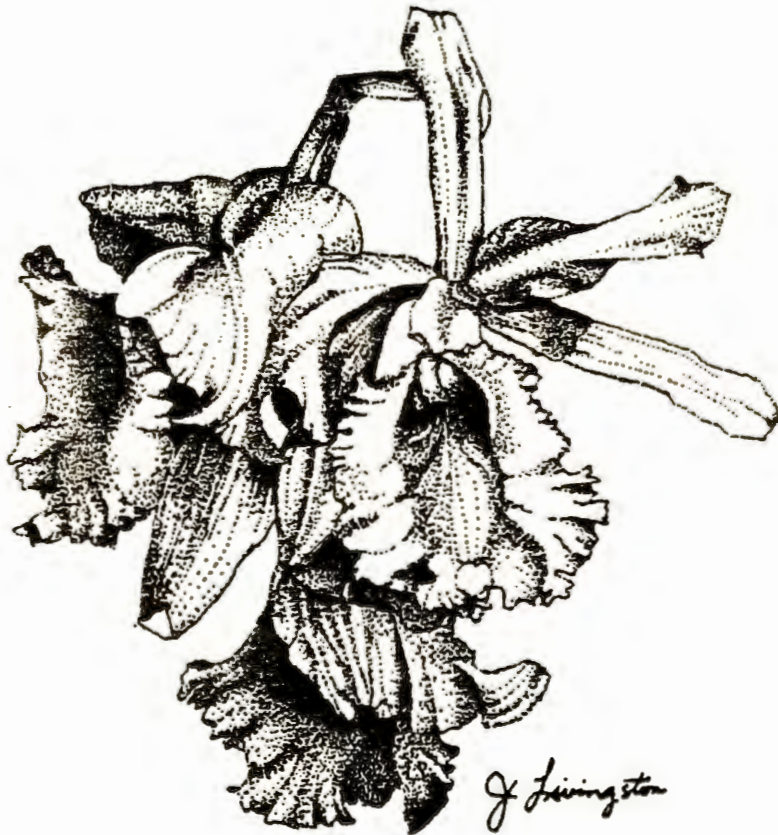
The door broke free,  
My palms dripping with fear,  
Then looking -- cots, a mouse's maze,  
A private drawer of belongings,  
A frustrated picture framed,  
On a gray aching wall,  
Fell onto the ice-chilled floor.

I, fear-stricken by the abrupt clamor,  
Was still like the frost on a meat locker door,  
Until my eyes captured it,  
Her eyes turned into stars dancing in puddles,  
I reached, lifted,  
I found my warmth,  
And all darkness was a dove within my grasp,  
Tail wagging against my leg,  
Warmth, then licked my dirt-happy face.

--Kris Hoshino

Beautiful Waimea,  
Feel its breeze and warm sea air,  
Washing away life's problems

--Gina Feliciano



--Jerry Livingston

Petite houses stand,  
Against an immense background,  
Rain-swept Koolaus

--Joseph Yokogawa

Evening primrose,  
White blossoms against black skies  
Who witnesses your beauty?

--Lynne Kiner

Dawn, the sun shines  
On the slopes of Diamond Head,  
Causing a shimmer

--Melody L. Malone

Waialae breeze,  
Leahi grass swaying,  
Hidden, a keiki napping

--Dean Takeshita



## THE INTERVIEW

The day was incredibly hot, made all the worse by the fact that I was over-dressed. None of my clothes were suitable for the climate of California. When I bought them in Arkansas only three weeks before, they were very much in fashion and seasonable. Now, the styles were wrong, and the thick material clung to my back in damp patches. To add to my discomfort, the bus was late. It ran by this place only once every hour, at a time left more or less to the discretion of the driver. The thought occurred to me that if the bus had already made its round, it would not be back in time for me to make my appointment.

There was an odd mirage effect on the asphalt created by the unrelenting sun, a reflection as though a stream had sprung from the desert and spilled across the road. Through the waves of rising heat, the bus rolled up to the stop, destroying my last hope of reprieve from the impending job interview. The door of the bus slapped shut behind me as I took a seat behind the driver.

Aunt Jean had said, "Try not to bite your lip or pick at your clothes. Speak clearly. You always string your words together and talk too fast." She had meant well, but it was hopeless. No matter how slowly I spoke, the words ran headlong into each other with an unmistakable drawl. I knew this interview would end badly.

The bus came to an abrupt halt at the old post office and deposited me, in some bewilderment, on the curb. What did I know of this job anyway? It had all been arranged for me through people that I hardly knew. Obviously, it had something to do with the police department, as that was my destination. So, with reluctance, I dragged my feet in that direction.

The police station was a small, one-story building made of stucco with a red tiled roof. It was designed, as were all the buildings in Ojai, to look Spanish or Mexican. Inside, the thick

walls gave some relief from the heat. "I have an appointment with Chief Alcorn," I said, more to the rim of the counter than to the girl behind it. She unlocked the gate by her desk and showed me into a brightly lit office.

The only available chair, other than the one behind the grey steel desk, was an uncomfortable, straight-backed affair positioned to put applicants (or possibly criminals) on the defensive. Time passed. Just as I had convinced myself that I was misplaced or forgotten, a large, muscular man with thinning hair briskly entered the room and seated himself behind the desk. After fumbling in the drawers for a torn manila folder, he began the interview.

Time has thankfully removed most of my memories of this meeting. Yet, I do recall pulling nervously at a loose thread which stuck out from the seam of my skirt and somehow made me feel shabby and at a disadvantage. At last, he paused in his interrogation, closed the folder and said, "Thank you for coming in, but I don't think you'd be happy in this position. We're looking for a girl to work as our night dispatcher. Considering your speech defect, I doubt you would be easily understood."

Shocked and hurt by this frankness, I stood on shaking legs. Suddenly seized with temporary courage, I spoke in my best imitation of Scarlett O'Hara, "With due respect, sir. This is not a speech impediment. This is a Southern accent." In my haste to leave, I nearly collided with the hateful straight-backed chair and made a less-than-graceful exit through the door.

Later that evening, Aunt Jean was bursting with curiosity over the outcome of the meeting she had so carefully planned. "Well, I didn't get the job," I replied to her questioning. "However, it wasn't a total loss. As Pappy always said, 'In a losing situation, strike a blow for the South and make good your retreat.'"

--Martha L. White

The dawning sun glows,  
Fragrant morning glories bloom,  
But at dusk, they wither

--Debbie Helmeid

The winds through the branches,  
Whisper haunting melodies,  
To me, so softly

--Robin Aipa

Love and warmth abound,  
Quarrels, intermittent,  
Matrimony endures

--Julie Nagamine

An old photograph,  
Just an image of the past,  
Stir up memories

--Cheryl Hirayasu

Loneliness, watching  
Getting closer to the soul  
Love is far behind

--Derrick Miyamoto

## SUNDAY IS FINALLY HERE

When I looked at my clock it wasn't even six,  
But the sounds of my sister and mom struck like  
midnight.

CLASH, BANG, CLASH, BANG.

They moved so forcefully, but all in good Taste.

The Birds were chirping so happily,  
It seemed they knew what was Brewing.  
One would think our inspirations were different,  
But something told me our pleasures were the same.

The only delay from this Feast; twelve dragging hours.  
These hours seemed so wasted.  
A long Sunday Mass, more boring Football games, and  
useless Family Stories.  
If only they would give me a chance.

I would show them this only takes but a few minutes.  
I could blurt a quick prayer,  
I could shout the scores from the Sunday paper,  
I could even make up the best Italian fable.

Oh, what's the use,  
They wouldn't even listen if I tried.  
I just rolled over and thought,  
PASTA, PASTA, Sunday is finally here.

--Richard Rano

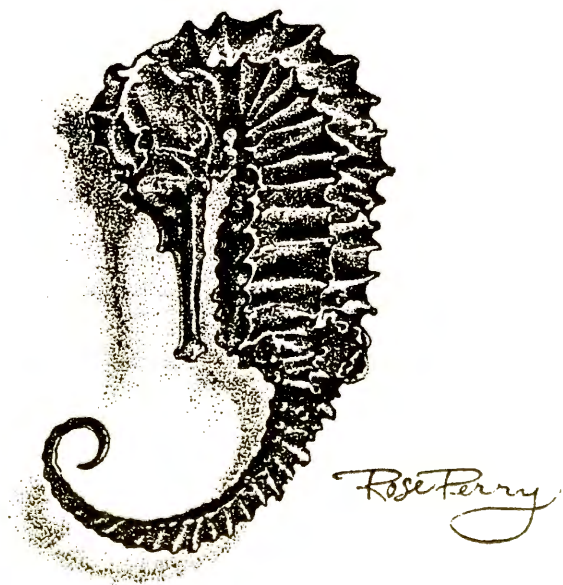


The turbulent sea,  
Pounding on innocent shores,  
Manifesting its fury

--JoAnn Halemano

Midnight fills the beach,  
Sand crabs frolicking everywhere,  
Flashlight, they all flee

--Laurel Takeuchi



--Rose Perry

Dog star, Sirius  
Double Canis Majoris,  
Shone brightest of all

--Sandra Among

The milky way,  
Glitter like evening diamonds,  
Heaven's scattered stones

--Yolanda Hara

Walking hand and hand,  
Under the twinkling stars,  
Silhouette couple

--Lehua Leong

Images prancing,  
Kaleidoscopic sights,  
Insomniac nights

--T. M. Kondo

Bird of many flights  
Wishing to be you tonight,  
In my dreams, I fly

--Tristina Doan

## ESCAPE

Beautiful lush green mountains,  
Peaceful and relaxed,  
No buildings, no traffic,  
No litter or noise,  
Just the tall cool pine trees,  
Whistling in the wind.

--Raynard Oberacker

## OH, WHAT NOW

OH, HOW MY KEEPER'S HANDS MOVE EVER SLOWLY:  
SEVEN O'CLOCK SEEMS SO FAR OFF IN THE FUTURE.  
OH, HOW MY HEAD THROBS, FLOATING IN FUMES,  
ANOTHER CAR, ANOTHER FILL UP, OVER AND OVER AGAIN  
OH, HOW MY LEGS FEEL SO HEAVY.  
PASTE ON A SMILE, "HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?"  
OH, SHOOT! ANOTHER FILL UP, CHECK EVERYTHING:  
ENGINE, TIRES, WINDOWS. I THINK I'LL DIE.  
"OH, CAN I HELP SIR?"  
"WE CAN'T DO THAT NO--"  
"NO ONE'S HE--":  
OH, WHAT NOW, FIX A TIRE? PULL OUT THE NAIL; PUSH IN  
THE PLUG."THAT'S \$6.24." (GEEZ, NO TIP)  
POUR ON THE SOLVENT. MOP UP THE MESS.  
OH, NOT AGAIN, ANOTHER TIR-, IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK.  
ALL RIGHT, FINALLY.

OH, "HEY YOU GUYS WANNA GO HIT TOWN  
AND CHECK OUT THE ACTION."

--Franklin Wun

## LIFE TIDE

Rolling surf on shore  
Rocks to sand as life passed by  
Destiny Revealed

--Tommy Muramoto  
and Cathy Kawai

## CYCLES

Changes: intruding, brooding, strange, uprooting  
changes: so confusing--am I winning, am I losing?  
Changes.

Problems: strange new places, staring faces,  
problems never solved: always looming, so consuming:  
Problems.

Learning: senses lurching, endless searching;  
learning how, and what, and why, and giving it  
another try  
Learning.

Dreaming: emotions elated, desires sated  
dreaming fills a heart with hope and inspires one  
to try and cope.  
Dreaming...

of

Changes: intruding, brooding, strange, uprooting  
changes: so confusing--am I winning, am I losing.  
Changes.

--Coral Martins



Evening of rain,  
Birds huddled on a branch,  
Feathery tales

--Melody M. N. Tang

Towering pine trees,  
A mother bird feeds her young,  
Nature is timeless

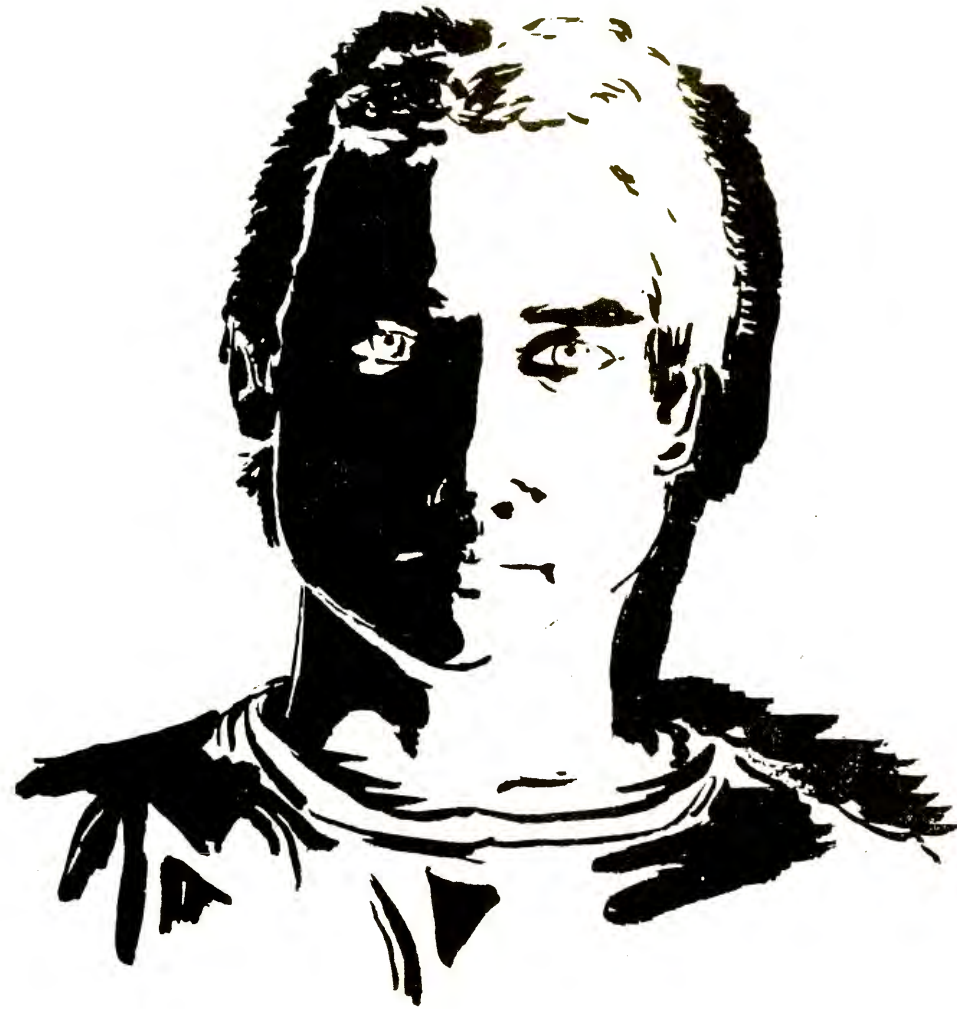
--Sheri Sakanashi

God reveals Himself to man,  
as coincidence, seemingly.

As we begin to recognize that these events are  
divinely guided, and not happenchance  
occurrences,  
they begin to increase in frequency;  
until God ceases  
to be conjecture or belief and  
becomes a conviction--  
a knowing.

When this point is reached, life becomes a  
continuum of miracles.

--Daniel Riebow



--Tien Truong

## A BROOKLYN FISH IN KING KAMEHAMEHA'S CANAL

I couldn't sleep that night. The moon was full, and there were too many ideas running through my head. So, I grabbed a beer out of the fridge and went out. I figured that if I couldn't sleep, then I might as well sit by the canal and relax with a beer. It was about two in the morning. There was hardly anybody outside, and I didn't see any cops patrolling, so I felt fairly safe drinking a beer by the canal. It's really nice to sit out there when the moon is full. The lights on the hills and the moon's reflection on the water help me think and get my ideas in line. I sat out there for about a half hour, when I heard a voice.

"Hey, you!"

I looked around to see who it was. There was no one around.

"Hey, you!"

I looked around again. The streets were empty. I looked to see if someone was calling from the building across the street. Not one light was on over there.

"Hey, shmuck! I'm tawkin' ta you!"

That time, I got a fix on where that voice was coming from. I turned toward the canal.

"It's about time! Jeez, yer slow!"

It was a fish. I was sitting there looking at a fish with his head sticking out of the water.

"Whatsa matta? Ain't ya never seen a fish before?"

"I gotta be hallucinating," I said. "You're not real."

Convinced I was experiencing some drug flashback, I decided to play along with it. No sense going through some psychotic episode, I thought. Besides, it wouldn't have been my first hallucination.

"Whaddya sittin dere wit'chya mout gappin open like dat? Say sumptin!"

"Whaddya want me to say?" I asked.

"Hello would be nice," said the fish.

"All right," I said. "Hello, fish."

"Dat's betta," he said. "Say, ya sound like a New Yawka. What part a New Yawk ya from?"

"Brooklyn," I said.

"Oh, yeah? Me too!"

"You're from Brooklyn? You swam all the way here?"

"Do ya see wings on me, stupid? Of course, I swam here! How da hell else can a fish get around?"

"I guess you're right. I am stupid." I just couldn't believe I was sitting there talking to a fish. I only had a couple of beers earlier. I thought that maybe I was finally having delerium tremens.

"Don't worry, pal. I'm fer real," said the fish, as if he had read my mind.

"Okay, I believe you. But, why talk to me?" I asked.

"At dis hour, da pickins are a litte slim fer choices a people ta tawk ta."

"Yeah, I'll buy that."

"So tell me, whaddya doin out here all alone at two tirty in da mornin?"

"Couldn't sleep. I got things on my mind," I said.

"What kinda tings?" he asked.

"Things to write about," I said. "Sometimes my ideas get all jammed up, and then I can't sleep. So I sit out here and drink a beer."

"Yer more fish den me, buddy."

"Could be. So, what's a fish from Brooklyn doing here?" I asked.

"Da East Riva wuz gettin too doity, so I decidedta come here," the fish said. "Besides, I needed a vacation, anyway. Hey, I got an idea! Why don't cha write about me?"

"Who the hell is going to believe a story about a talking fish?"

"I can see dat I'm wasting my time tawkin to a brainless turkey," said the fish sarcastically.

"What diff'rence duz it make if dey believe ya or not? It'll make fer int'restin readin."



"Come on," I said.

"Hoo, what a jerk!" the fish said with a laugh. "Dere ya are, hurtin fer an idea, and here I am. A gold mine of a story! If I wuz you, I'd get off my lazy duff and go write a story 'bout da fish I just tawked ta. Yer really choice, ya know dat? Yer too busy lookin at da moon and gettin sloshed on brew ta write a halfway decent story. Tink about it! A chance of a lifetime!"

The fish went on. As he was telling me that I was nothing but a pile of pigeon droppings, I saw something pop out of the water just behind the fish. It was a crab's claw. And the fish went on. That was the mark of a true Brooklynite: they didn't know when to shut up. The fish went on some more, comparing my brains to sewage waste, when the crab claw, which the overly talkative fish didn't notice, silently reached around the fish and neatly snapped his head off, sending it floating with the current.

"Serve's ya right, fish!" I said as I stood up. "That's what ya get for talking too much!" I finished the rest of my beer and went back upstairs to my apartment. Then, I wrote this story. Afterwards, I got a good night's sleep for myself, and I haven't sat by the canal at night since.

--Bill Talkington

A slender form floats by  
a gentle wistful cloud  
raining laughter into my world

Love returns  
10 years absent  
because a son leaves home

--William Umoto

## THE DREAM I HAD OF THEE

As the daylight rises before me,  
The darkness doth retreat  
Like the dream I had of Thee,  
While I lay here fast asleep.

I dreamt we went a-Maying,  
And the wind blew at our hair  
And the sunny slopes were playing  
Scented songs that filled the air.

A rabbit who was a-hopping  
By the cheerful stream,  
Spied us and came a-stopping  
And spoke, "'Tis but a dream!"

"Master Rabbit," quoth I, all a-smile,  
"How doth thee speak to me?  
Pray, do stop awhile  
And enlighten us--prithe?"

The rabbit remained for a time too long  
And spoke of learned things,  
To Thee of books and music and song  
And to me of diamond rings.

So upon the slopes of sunny May  
We sat and spoke with Thee.  
The rabbit who passed the whole of day  
Rambling on and on endlessly.

But even as I marveled, the rabbit said,  
"Allow this not to turn you.  
Remember to never lose your head  
Nor heart to one who scorns you."

Such truth did darken all for me  
And the sunny slopes grew cold  
And the rabbit who sat beside Thee  
Grew all the more so bold.

"The one who loves is always lost  
When the recipient turns away  
And only a fool will pay the cost  
For all her live-long days."

He waxed philosophical, the brainless twit  
Of lovers and painful starts  
While Thee did only smile and sit  
Beside me and my broken heart.

"Enough!" cried I, leaping to my feet,  
"Enough has been said and done!"  
And the rabbit vanished with some amazing speed  
And Thee was also gone.

And so the dream I did have of Thee  
Showed me truths I knew not before.  
And even though he did make me see.  
I cannot abide rabbits anymore.

--Diane Burrell



--Liz De Paul

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our sincere gratitude goes to all the students and faculty members who submitted their work and who encouraged others to also support Ka Nani. We again received more fine pieces of poetry, prose, and art than could be published in thirty-two pages. Thank you for your continued support and interest.

The following people deserve special recognition for their contributions to this issue:

Wini Au, one of Ka Nani's principle advisors, who again handled Ka Nani's contract arrangements;

Carol Freedman, our patient and hard-working typist, who again played an essential role in the production of Ka Nani;

Charlie Bretz, our art advisor, who collected drawings from his students and encouraged them to support Ka Nani;

Tom Kondo, an instructor in Japanese, who again collected work from his students and also shared some of his own haiku;

Ruth Lucas, an instructor in Language arts, who submitted her student's essay and encouraged others to submit work;

Carl Fukushima, a former Ka Nani editor, who handled the production of Ka Nani;

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

The KCC Board of Publications;

Shel Hershinow, chairperson of the Humanities Department, and his staff and faculty;

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

Leon Richards, Dean of instruction, and his staff;

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

The KCC Business Office staff;

Meena Sachdeva, editor of the KCC Bulletin, and the Office of Community Services;

The editors and staff of Kapio.