

University of Hawaii-West Oahu
Library
96-129 Ala Ike
Pearl City, HI 96782

西風

WESTWINDS

REF H/P
PS508
C6
W48
1993

WESTWINDS

Acknowledgements

Westwinds staff would like to thank the following people for their assistance in the production of our magazine:

The student authors and faculty that contributed their pieces, including the photographers and artists.

The West Oahu Alumni and the ASUHWO (Associated Students of the University of Hawaii at West Oahu) for their financial assistance without whom we could not have produced this magazine.

Phyllis Tsutsui and Cynthia Suzuki for their invaluable assistance throughout the production.

Eric Flower and the library staff for the use of library facilities and their knowledge of computers and editing.

Michael Ishimaru for his technical expertise.

The U.H. Foundation.

Special thanks to Rebecca Lee for her advice, patience, mediation, and necessary guidance through retrograde.

Table of Contents

Fiction

<i>Pins and Needles</i>	Bev Speece	1
<i>Rumi Terui</i>	Grace Eileen Jackson	4
<i>Movie-Star Sighting</i>	Lisa Cervantes	6
<i>The Mystical Crane</i>	Jenny Chan	15
<i>Texas</i>	Sue Agostinelli	21
<i>The Lady In White</i>	Eve de Marco	26
<i>The Rope</i>	Bev Speece	30
<i>The Last Farewell</i>	Roxy Yamaguchi	32
<i>The Hongwanji Hulkster</i>	Stuart Okamura	34
<i>The Bastard God</i>	Eve de Marco	38
<i>An Immodest Proposal</i>	Tony Chalk	44
<i>Koolau the Leper</i>	Hardy Boro	49
<i>A Touching Moment</i>	Hardy Boro	52
<i>Hunger</i>	Karen M. Scott	54
<i>The Ancient Maniac</i>	Maria-Violetta M. Becera	58
<i>Evacuation</i>	Malia Murray	62

<i>Pilgrimage</i>	Isabel Sui Li	69
-------------------	----------------------	-----------

Poetry

<i>Zen</i>	Mini Holt	5
<i>Drowning</i>	Jana Centeio	8
<i>The Sea and Me</i>	Jenny Chan	9
<i>Awakening</i>	Marcelle Mendez	10
<i>Clouds</i>	Hardy Boro	11
<i>My Ocean</i>	Tracy Scoggins	11
<i>Owed to Penelope</i>	Bryan Quisquirin	12
<i>Winged Seducer</i>	Teri Whaley-Holmberg	14
<i>The Tuesday Night AIDS Group</i>	Barbara Newton	18
<i>Gandhi</i>	Anonymous	19
<i>Ice or Fire</i>	Frank X. Sammis	24
<i>Life: Too Short for Love</i>	Marcelle A. Mendez	27
<i>I Walk With My Mind</i>	Eve deMarco	28
<i>Collection of Madness</i>	the Group	36

<i>The Plastic Age</i>	Carrie Takamatsu	36
<i>Halawa Valley</i>	Patricia Martin	37
<i>The Good Old Days</i>	Frank X. Sammis	40
<i>Ode To Dale</i>	Teri Whaley-Holmberg	41
<i>Define a Friend</i>	Pattye Ortiz	42
<i>Towering Majesty</i>	Teri Whaley-Holmberg	48
<i>The Color Pain</i>	Frank X. Sammis	50
<i>Violet Grip</i>	Lisa Cervantes	51
<i>Father, Where Are You</i>	Jenny Chan	53
<i>Megalomaniac</i>	Carrie Takamatsu	56
<i>Wicked Wind</i>	Lisa Cervantes	56
<i>Indestructible</i>	Roxy Yamaguchi	57
<i>Eternal Raging Scream</i>	Anonymous	60
<i>Bad Day at The New Yorker</i>	Albert Lanier	61
<i>The Wild-Child Park</i>	Karen M. Scott	63
<i>Where Have They Gone</i>	Tracy Scoggins	63
<i>Courage to Live: Courage to Die</i>	Marcelle A. Mendez	64
<i>Morning Mist</i>	Anonymous	64

<i>Lace</i>	Patricia Martin	67
<i>Inspired</i>	Lynette Nakatsukasa	68
<i>Purpose Not Forgotten</i>	Carrie Takamatsu	68
<i>POGS</i>	Michael Hirakawa	72

Photography

<i>Front and Back Cover</i>	Rae M. Chow & Diane Marshall	
<i>A Washington Beach</i>	Diane Marshall	3
<i>Exposed</i>	Michael Hirakawa	7
<i>Eternal Cove</i>	Diane Marshall	9
<i>Untitled</i>	Diane Marshall	13
<i>Upland in the Kuahwi</i>	Diane Marshall	14
<i>Water Lilies</i>	Michael Hirakawa	17
<i>Nostalgia</i>	Bonnie Lisa Pestana	20
<i>I Carried My Load</i>	Bonnie Lisa Pestana	23
<i>Star Bright</i>	Sandra Stoddard	25
<i>Untitled</i>	Diane Marshall	27
<i>Sails at Dusk</i>	Sandra Stoddard	29
<i>Hermit's Home</i>	Bonnie Lisa Pestana	31

<i>Patience is Long Suffering</i> Diane Marshall	39	<i>Gran Canaria-Sand Dunes</i> Bonnie Lisa Pestana	71
<i>A Guy and a Duck Walk Into A Bar...</i> Diane Marshall	43	<i>Leeward City Lights</i> Michael Hirakawa	73
<i>The Chorus Line - Arches National Park</i> Bonnie Lisa Pestana	48	<i>Foster's Imposters</i> Diane Marshall	
<i>Halema'uma'u</i> Bonnie Lisa Pestana	51	<i>Art</i>	
<i>A Stitch In Time</i> Bonnie Lisa Pestana	52	<i>Calligraphy of "Moon"</i> Rae M. Chow	5
<i>Haleakala</i> Bonnie Lisa Pestana	57	<i>Untitled</i> Roy Murch	11
<i>Sound Of Sunlight</i> Diane Marshall	65	<i>Art for "Hongwanji Hulkster"</i> Stuart Okamura	36
<i>Mount Rainier</i> Diane Marshall	66	<i>Art for "POGS"</i> Michael Hirakawa	71



FOSTER'S IMPOSTERS
Diane Marshall



**University of Hawaii
West Oahu**



***WESTWINDS
STAFF***

Front Row: Albert Lanier, Rebecca Lee, Bryan Quisquirin. Back Row: Jenny Chan, Jim Becera, Gloria Pegler, Roxy Yamaguchi, Tracy Scoggins, Michael Hirakawa, Susan Goya, Diane Marshall, Maria Becera, Patricia Martin, Eric Flower, Minnie Holt. Not Pictured: Kathleen Wright, Debbie Butler.

Pins and Needles

Bev Speece

When I was six months old my mother pinned my diapers to my body. I screamed, but she walked away. I screamed until she couldn't stand it any longer. She said that when she came back there were blood red blotches on both sides of my dingy white diapers. Then she saw that the diaper pins went through my skin. She thought it was funny that she couldn't figure out why I wouldn't stop screaming.

Not long after that my mother left me alone in the kitchen sink. I fell off onto the cold white tile floor, stopped breathing and turned blue. She called the ambulance but I was already breathing on my own by the time it arrived. Normally, she kept these things quiet because they were accidents and she didn't want anyone to think she wasn't a good mother. So the only person she told was me. Every day she combed my bushy brown hair and pinned a little satin ribbon right on top. She thought that good mothers had pretty children. I can still hear her high heels clicking and clomping down the long wooden hallway that joined the bedrooms and the living room. That cold, hard noise of mother's walk, saying goodnight from my bedroom door, and clomping off to some distant party continued for years like a secret nighttime ritual. If I peeked I could see some strange lady watching T.V. in our living room. I was glad to know I wasn't alone.

Mother wore a tight fitted dress, and she loved for people to tell her that she looked like Elizabeth Taylor. She curled and teased and sprayed her hair into the latest style every morning, but my hair wouldn't cooperate. Her long finger nails poked my head when she combed my hair. This became her obsession in life, to see to it that my hair was curled and pinned up with colorful barrettes. My hair was just as determined to go straight into my face. As I grew, my mother diligently pointed out the overweight kid wherever we were. She whispered to me to notice how the fat kid seemed so unlikable and unpopular and that his or her parents must be terribly embarrassed. Her breathe always had the faint scent of vodka on it, and the more she talked, the stronger it smelled. Her breath was as bad as being fat, I thought. But to mother obesity was a repulsive, socially aggressive act that spoiled an otherwise attractive group of children. A fat kid was abnormal, freakish and unlovable. According to mother, the only thing worse than being fat was having a flat chest, which of course I had. Mother became increasingly distressed at my lack of blossoming breasts and my baggy sweaters couldn't hide my cursed condition for long. She pinned foam rubber falsies to the inside of my bra, "just to give a little shape to it," she said. Mother didn't seem to know that everyone made fun of falsies and they were worse than having no chest at all, but then she was so beautiful surely she knew what was best for me.

All of my friends envied my young, glamorous mother who only wore tight fitting dresses and the latest hairstyles. She had other attractive, sophisticated people over for cocktails almost every evening. But my hair and casual manner of dressing became a source of embarrassment for her and she apologized for my appearance if her friends saw me. I learned to avoid being seen at cocktail parties at all cost, but one evening her best friend, Joy, who drank gin and tonics and looked like Kim Novak, caught me in the hallway by my room. She decided that I needed to have my ears pierced because she had a collection of old pierced

earrings she wanted to give me. She took me into the kitchen and mother found a hat pin and held a match under the tip until it glowed red. Before I could get away Joy took an ice cube from her drink and held it behind my ear lobe as mother poked the pin through it. My ear sizzled and burned and froze all at the same time. The crooked holes never grew back together.

One afternoon mother announced that my eyebrows were not the right shape: too thick and disgustingly unfeminine. While holding me down on the couch she pinched my tender skin with pointed eyebrow tweezers. She pricked and prodded pulling out those outlaw hairs one by one until she was satisfied that my eyebrows had a stylish arch. Mother singed off her eyebrows accidentally when she was 18, trying to light a cigarette and they never grew back. So every morning she drew them on with a black Maybelline eyebrow pencil. They had a perfect arch, just like Elizabeth Taylor's. My friends all wished their mother's were as glamorous as mine.

When I was sixteen an eating disorder caused me to gain 45 pounds in just a few months. Mother accused me of being pregnant and hauled me off to the doctor's office to have a pregnancy test that would confirm her suspicions. I told her it wasn't even possible I could be pregnant, but she was too angry about my weight gain to listen. A long needle sucked blood out of my arm and I cried from the pain and embarrassment of everyone thinking I was pregnant. Mother was so despondent over my appearance that even the negative test results didn't help. She withdrew from me emotionally and physically as if she was repulsed and ashamed of my presence. We never talked about feelings or expressed emotion so I had to rely on my intuition and my impressions to understand mother and try to hold onto her love. My instincts told me not to ask questions, just watch and listen like a pathetic observer to my own life.

Not long after that I stopped eating completely and entered a serious bout with anorexia nervosa. Mother was so delighted with my sudden weight loss that I was determined never to eat again. Besides, I still looked fat in the mirror, even wearing a size 3. My health declined rapidly and before long I was too weak to get out of bed. Certain that it was only the flu, mother once again took me to the doctor, proudly this time, because I was notably thin and stylish. I was immediately hospitalized for severe dehydration, potassium and nutrient deficiencies, and heart muscle damage caused by rapid weight loss. An intravenous needle remained taped into a vein in my hand for a week, like a constant torture device. Gradually I regained my strength. In the months following a slow recovery I gained 15 pounds under doctors orders, but luckily mother considered my weight to be somewhat normal.

At twenty-four I was divorced with 2 little boys, low on self-esteem, and even more flat chested from having babies. Mother strongly counseled me to consult a plastic surgeon about getting breast implants. Several weeks later I underwent general anesthesia and received C cup size silicone gel breast implants. Mother was so pleased that I finally had womanly breasts, except now she pointed out that my thighs were not as firm as they should be and I needed to wear more make-up. My hair needed styling, too. Fifteen years later I had surgery again to have my hardened, painful implants removed. The anesthetic filled needles they stuck in my breasts were 4 inches long and felt like hot swords going through my skin. I cursed the valium I.V. that couldn't block the pain as the doctors sliced through my skin and the thick scar tissue. The silicone bags had completely dissolved inside of my body and the scar tissue

was the only thing that held the silicone gel in hard, apple sized balls on my chest. I moaned in pain as the doctor scraped out scar tissue and calcium deposits for an hour while the warm silicone gel oozed down my sides.

Mother was very disappointed that I chose not to have my implants replaced. She never said so, but I know that's why she began drinking so heavily. Now when mother visits I get out the padded bra, the high heels, make-up and hair spray, and we spend the day looking for a suitable health club where I can work on my problem areas and, of course, a new hair stylist for me. After all, good mothers have pretty children.



A WASHINGTON BEACH
Diane Marshall

Rumi Terui

Grace Eileen Jackson

Why does she speak so unkindly about her own Japanese ancestry? She uses the wartime slang word "Jap" in derogatory tones. There is a vengeance in the way she speaks of this ethnic group. My friend Mary Ann is not a typical American of Japanese ancestry; however, her story has significance in reflecting Japanese values in coping with life's challenges.

Rumi Terui was born in Tokyo, Japan to parents unknown to her. She was an orphan of a mixed racial background - half Japanese, half Caucasian. Perhaps her Japanese birth mother could not afford to keep her. Considering her gender, she was likely to have been a grave disappointment to her mother. Also her mixed racial background would mark her as much less desirable socially, not to mention the shame of being deserted by her birth father.

However, Rumi was adopted by a couple of the same ethnic background as her birth parents at the age of two-and-a-half. She was given a new name -- Mary Ann and a new language to learn -- English, because she was raised on the U.S. military base at Washington Heights. Unfortunately, she also found it necessary to acquire coping skills which gave her reason to "leap from her body" during improper advances by her adoptive father.

When Mary Ann came to Hawaii with her adoptive parents in 1957, she was only six-years-old and spoke no Japanese in the home. Her abusive father insisted upon a "proper" upbringing and proper English was to be spoken. Mary Ann made fun of her adoptive mother who spoke with an accent. During her adolescent years, her mother was such an embarrassment to her that she would tell her not to talk when they went places. Indeed, Mary Ann was ashamed of both her parents. Her mother took a lot of verbal abuse from her father. The value of filial piety, instilled in family life with the father the absolute dominate, left the rest of the family vulnerable to abuse. This value lead Mary Ann to be vulnerable to abuse. As a child, Mary Ann suffered both physical and sexual abuse by her father, it was not even acknowledged by her mother!

When Mary Ann grew up, she suffered abuse from her husband which she endured too long before her American value for independence gave her the strength to end the relationship. However, subsequent years would lead Mary Ann into other submissive, damaging relationships which also included bouts with drug abuse. Mary Ann blames a lot on the Japanese submissive value system. She grew to despise her ancestry, thus going contrary to her Japanese and Western culture.

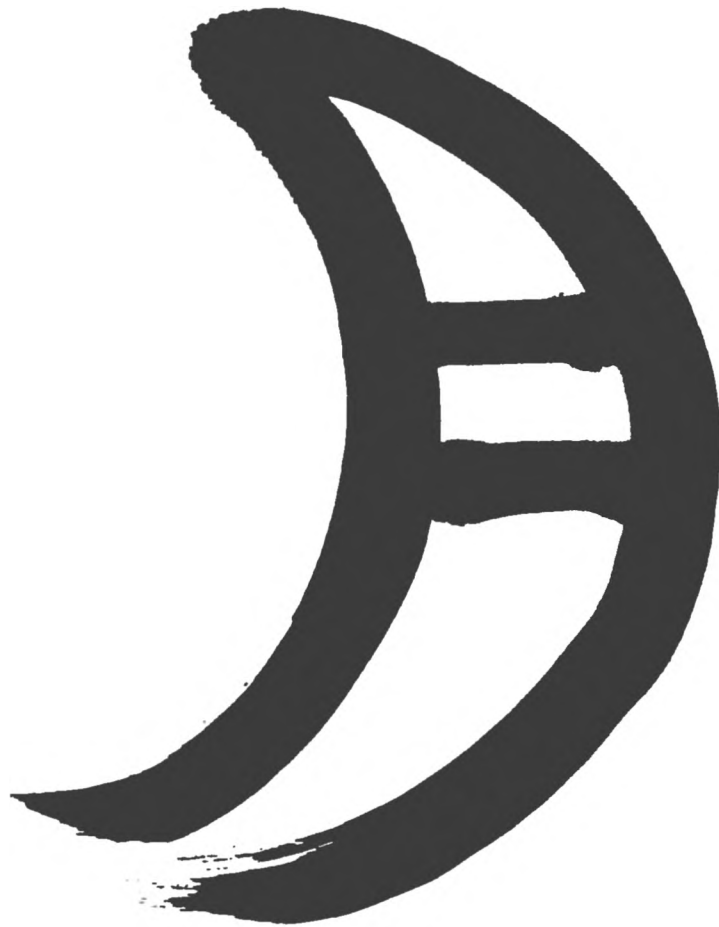
Although her experience was frustrating, Mary Ann is receiving help through counseling to overcome her inadequacies as an atypical American of Japanese ancestry. She's learning to take charge of her life and to avoid damaging relationships. It is interesting that although it was her Caucasian father who abused her, she blames her Japanese mother who stood by and said nothing.

Mary Ann has an interesting combination of blatant arrogance and has a soft spoken, nurturing personality. She has many talents which need rekindling and nurturing. She has much to offer this world which is presently being exercised in the nurturing of her own children and grandchild. As she continues to learn and grow, I know she will be a great help to others who have deviated from the peace and harmony which we all seek.

Zen

Mini Holt

Zen
in the art of
praying
living
loving
writing
golfing
walking
gardening
working
being
body
in the spirit of zen
following
quietly
slowly
gently
vertically
deeply
horizontally
becoming one
becoming all
in the spirit of
zen



Japanese Calligraphy of "Moon"
Rae M. Chow



みつこ



Note to reader: the following story must be read with the ultimate and total Valley-girl accent. A movie star sighting, as you might imagine, is not such a rare occurrence in the L.A. area, and since the Shallow People love to gossip, here's the story as I remember it.

Movie-Star Sighting

Lisa Cervantes

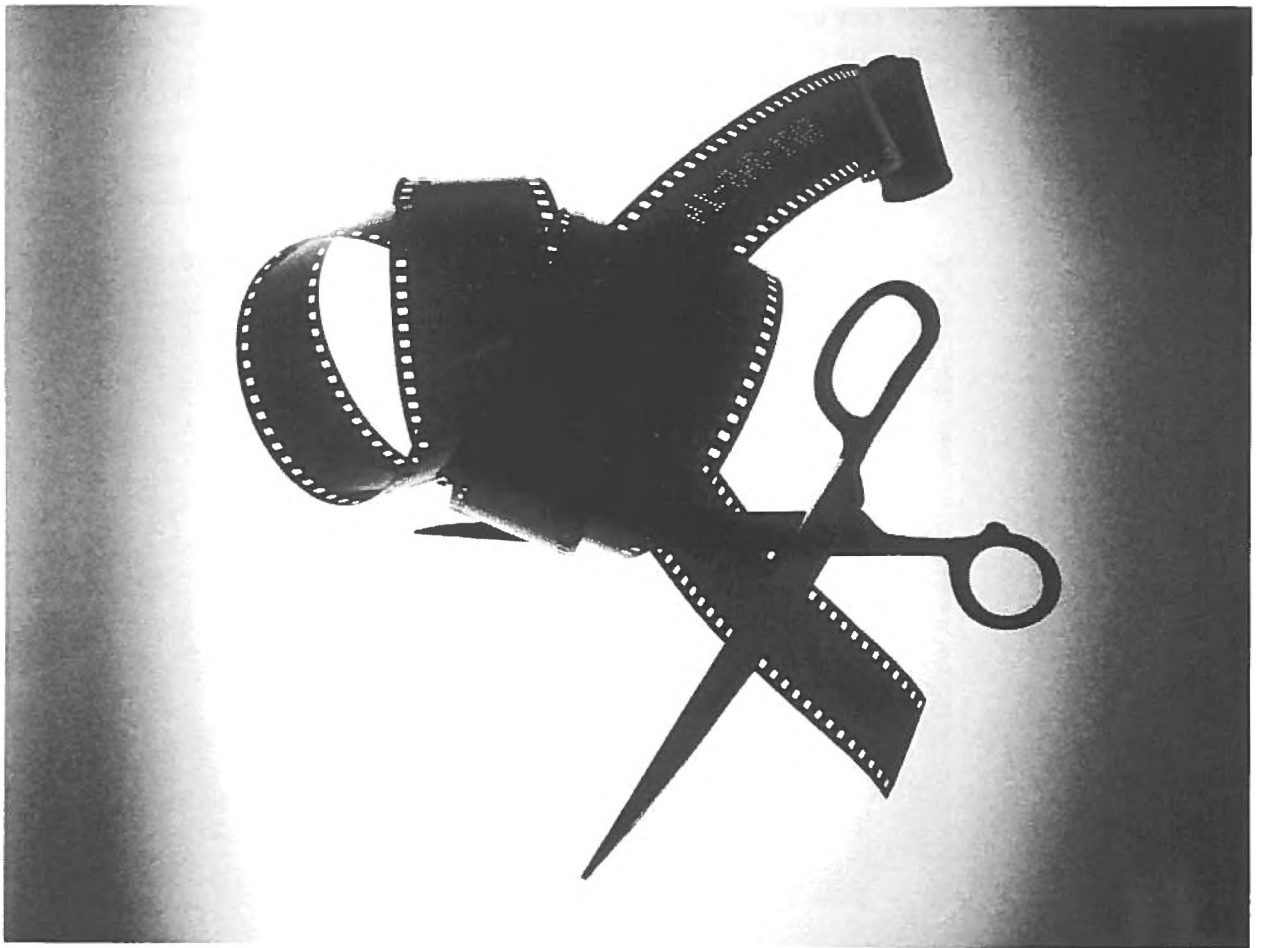
When I see movie stars, I don't care, they're just people. I don't get all excited and wet my pants, you know, but anyway, there we were at the Beverly Hills Thrifty Mart where all the really rich shop, make no mistake and that's when I saw a friend of a friend, no acquaintance, no actually, a stranger. Well, I mean that I actually heard from a friend who heard from her hairdresser (who incidentally is the same guy I went to, and whose shop is right in Beverly Hills, right next door to the Thrifty Mart in Beverly Hills, of course, well, kind of on the outskirts) that this lady was in the Thrifty of Beverly Hills, you know, the one that the sniper with the gun was on top of the roof of and shooting from on T.V. during the Rodney King-L.A. riots? Boy, that Rod must have slept with someone important (you know they're all bi these days anyway) to get so much T.V. publicity, don't you think? He'll probably get an Oscar or something (or is that Emmy?) for being such a celebrity!

So, anyways, like, that Thrifty Mart was supposedly the only place in Beverly Hills where rioting was allowed, but that's because only the really rich go there to shop, and that's where this super rich lady was--not during the rioting of course--but years before (not too many years though, because I lived there just 5 years ago and saw Johnny Carson right down the street on the Avenue of the Stars in Century City, you know where ALL the famous plays come). So, like, this lady was standing in line to buy an ice cream cone the Thrifty Ice Cream Counter where everyone who's anyone in L.A. goes because the cones are, or used to be, only 15 cents and they're the same as Baskin Robbins, you know but their Rocky Road is better, way better than Baskin Robbins, you know, home of the Thirty-Won-Der-Ful flavors and all that. So, this lady, a rich one, probably with her Ann Taylor coordinating outfit and Gucci belt, purse and shoes is standing in line, hiding really, not wanting anyone to know she's blowing her caviar-and-cucumber-only-four-hundred-dollar-a-week-diet, and she's cautiously glancing around. To her complete and total amazement, standing behind her in line is Paul Newman! (Oh-mi-god!) Needless to say, she IS excited--no, more than excited: she's totally orgasmic, you know, and she has absolutely lost her cool, you know, the kind those richy-rich people try to have.

So, like, she sees Paul Newman (this is before he made the movie with his wife, you know, JoAnne Woodward, but during the time when his salad dressings were all the rage even though I hate the Italian because it has SUGAR in it! Can you believe it? Everyone knows that real Italians don't like sugar in their salad dressing!). And so, this lady keeps turning around, trying desperately not to be obvious but maybe trying just to be sure it's really him in the flesh, like if he's really just going to ask her to dinner at Spago's or something! Or, like, I dunno, drop his wife just because he saw a finely-dressed rich bitch in a Thrifty Mart ice cream line! Yea, right!

Finally, she orders her ice cream-- I heard it was a double scoop of Cream Dream Coconut

and Passionate Pineapple--she pays and rushes out to her car, imagining everyone knows just how hot she is for Paul "Salad Dressing" Newman. She gets in her car, revving the engine, and she vaguely wonders what happened to her ice cream cone (she really needs a cool-off now) and plus, she paid a big 30 cents for the double cone! Desperately craving the fat of it all, she rushes back into Thrifty's and up to the ice cream counter where Old Blue Eyes is buying his cone. He looks at her, and she could just die for those eyes, and he says, "Looking for your ice cream?" "Well, y-y-yes", she stammers. He wants to crack-up, but he's the total actor, you know, so he says, "It's in your purse!"



EXPOSED
Michael Hirakawa

Drowning

Jana Centeio

You drank like the earth,
After drought.
One shot was too many,
Infinity not enough.
Were you trying to drown?
Rising resentment enveloped me.
Fire and frustration burned my emotions,
Heavy, like a rogue wave,
Curling, crashing.

Dazed and trapped behind the glazed mask,
Incarcerated unconsciousness.
You had sight, but you could not see,
Numbness, the goal sought.
The Libra scale,
Leaned heavy with disillusionment.
A fortress of armor formed,
The perfect protection from intimacy.

The whimpering wolf returned,
Howling hollow words.
I could not be the cure.

The Sea and Me

Jenny Chan

I dove into the sea
And the sea dove into me
Together, we dove to the bottom
Swimming together yet swimming alone
I emptied my chaotic world into the peaceful sea
And the sea absorbed my thoughts without question

As I surfaced, I left my salty tears in the sea
In return the sea renewed my life with its energy
My gift to the sea was not as precious
Still, the sea beckoned me to return

I am not the sea
And the sea is not me
But I am a part of the sea
And the sea is a part of me

Go there and you'll find yourself
Go there and you'll find the sea
Go there and you'll find me



ETERNAL COVE
Diane Marshall

Awakening

Marcelle A. Mendez

In the awake of the sun,
I place my face calmly upon the deserted sand
Watching the birds skim the surface of the waves
Free, in their flight with the wind.

I caress myself as I embrace my origin, the earth.
I marvel at her humble beauty and gentle acceptance of me.
She is harmony.
She is life.
She is constant.
She is diverse.

I ache to be the one with something or someone.
A cause, a marriage
A religion that accepts human imperfections.

God embraces all of me.
I am loved unconditionally by this Divine energy,
Which gives me my peaceful center,
My capacity to love,
My courage to know and heal myself and others.

The tide has risen.
She approaches with empathy,
Feeling my pain
Soothing me with her return.
She tastes of sweet salt,
That heals the wounded soul,
The vacant heart.

God's love is the anchor in my life of unexpected changes
Of my painful loving growth.

Upon her,
I release my tears.
Through God,
I am transformed..

Clouds

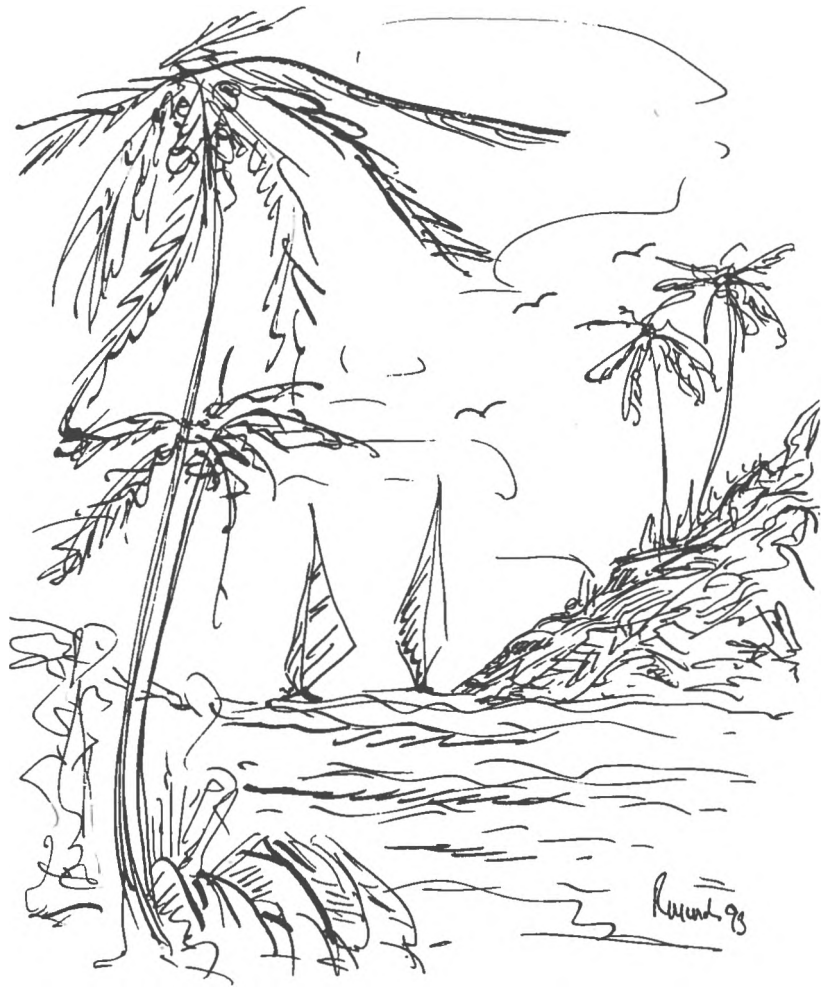
Hardy Boro

The clouds drift
like lightweight feathers
They fill the valley and ridges
like gossamer pillows
and then drift on.

My Ocean

Tracy Scoggins

Waves are crashing
in my sea,
Wind is not blowing though
all is calm,
There is an imbalance
somewhere,
It will stay for days,
until the shore
is at my feet again.



UNTITLED
Roy Murch

Owed to Penelope

Bryan J. Quisquirin

(A humorous adaption of the Greek classic Odysseus or "Ulysses")

In far away Ithaka, Odysseus left his wife
For ten and ten years, all alone, she fended
for her life.

Her husband gone to fight a war,
He returned naught: She wouldn't be a
whore.

From far and near, her suitors came,
A hundred strong; a mighty throng!

"Penelope, O faithful Penelope,
Won't you let us in your canopy?
For twenty years have passed on by
And all you do is cry and cry.
Better still to sleep with us
Than let your love life rot to dust."

"Nay, suitors like you, I detest:
You eat my cupboards bare, no less;
You plot the death of Telemakhos;
Yet, all you want to do is...gut 'us.
Better I remain celibate,
When Odysseus comes; We'll celebrate it!"

"We implore you, O gracious Queen
What you hope for is but a dream,
For good ol' Odysseus' dead;
And excuse me, so's your bed!
As for your oath of celibacy,
'Tis closer to Abnormalcy!"

"Twenty years, you've had no man
What! Are you mad, barren or lesbian?
What's a woman without sex?
Horny bitch! Still pining for her Odysseus
Rex!

Why even the gods have their foreplay,
Still, here you sit, no more I say."

"Eurymakhos, Antinoos, Thou arth cruel;
Lurking and smirking like a ghoul.
If I had one wish tonight,
Y'all be dead or off in flight
With harpies chasing at your neck,
They at my call and at my beck."

"Beauteous Queen, you mar us ill
When all we ask, is marriage still.
Three years have we patiently waited,
While yon shroud got capriciously
remaded;
So here we sit, all fat and bloated,
Till your marriage vow is throated."

"Very well, I will remarry:
He who can unstring this bow, no tarry;
Through the heads of yonder axes,
Till it's done, no man relaxes."
Came each suitor, to no avail,
Not a notch, did each man fail.

Came a man of rugged stature,
Did the deed and fought right after.
With the arrows, he did kill
All those suitors who did ill.
Unveiled. Odysseus to his son,
"Telemakhos, We have won!"

Called Odysseus for his wife;
"Penelope beloved, "How goes Life?"
Not a word did she utter
To her saviour and worn-out lover.
"Tis a test, she addresses,
Only she would know my caresses."

Came the bed hour, to his dismay,

All around him lay in disarray.
Something's wrong here, O wiley wench;
Only a god my bed could unbend!"
Came the laughter and the tears,
"Truly, it is you, after all these years."

Shrieks and hollers throughout the night,
Athena help him Odysseus' Plight!
Poor ol' Agamemnon had a wife,
And her lover, and her big knife:
Poor ol' Odysseus, 'tis hard to conceive
His wife wants NOW -- back-sex, I
believe!

Not a word, need be spoken,
Twenty years, all pent-up with emotion;
Truly this is Sacred Devotion,
Either that or some foolish notion.
Here's to the Greeks and that great nation;
I raise my cup in awe and libation.



UNTITLED
Diane Marshall

Winged Seducer

Teri Whaley-Holmberg

Oh winged seducer, wrap me with your colors in concert.
Bare my being your blanket of solace
that forbidden hide-away, deep in the crevices of composition.
Mystical blue orbs mesmerize,
tease and taunt me to you
transcending my spirit to a higher plane.
Touches of brightness embrace my heart,
healing my wounded soul.
Limitlessly free, your spirit soars
like an eagle through the sky.
Flying past white masses sprinkled with midnight glaze,
I watch you fondle the blazing crescent.
Above the rich, rude darkness of night,
rapture reveals the fire-flies
illuminating the path to Earth's mound.
Protective wings sweep and seduce me,
like a broom to dust,
like the wind to the leaves.
Flaunting the folds of my heart,
fevered by your mysterious flight.



UPLAND IN THE KUAHIWI
Diane Marshall

The Mystical Crane

Jenny Chan

As the plane returned to the Honolulu Airport from China, Thomas wondered why he even bothered coming home. How could he tell everyone that he had returned without Nicole, his younger sister. "Please remain in your seat with your seat belt fastened. The flight tower has informed us that there will be a 20-minute delay," the flight attendant spoke calmly. "We apologize for the inconvenience." The passengers moaned, and some stood up, absent-mindedly thinking that they could get a better view of the delay. This kept the flight attendants running up and down the aisles, and they repeatedly requested, "Please remain seated." Thomas, on the other hand, welcomed the delay. This gave him time to rehearse his story.

Thomas leaned back and reconstructed the events in his head. "Our adventure began seventeen years ago. While doing research at the University of Hawaii Hamilton Library, my sister Nicole accidentally came across an article, "Mystical Crane," dated January 15, 1976. Scientists from a variety of fields had studied and searched for the elusive bird, but none was willing to retell his tale even though the secret was worth a Nobel Prize. After reading the article, Nicole became obsessed with decoding the cryptic message of the crane. She downed many cups of Folgers and dumped pocketfuls of change in the Xerox machine; Nicole discovered that the last sighting was at the Hebei province in China. Finally, she had a starting point. She studied the crane's habits: eating, walking, sleeping, flying. She marked each crane sighting within the last ten years on her world map. Soon, she could mimic the crane's walk, its wing flapping, and its high-pitched resonant voice.

In May 1989, Nicole excitedly called out, "Thomas, wake up, we're off to China." I groggily answered, "O.K. In a second." Of course, I had not had my daily dose of caffeine, and I wasn't thinking straight. "Stop confusing me," I mumbled. "I can't go because I have final exams." Nonetheless, she quickly gathered all my camping gear and packed my survival kit. In a few minutes she was out the door. I scanned the room and was about to ask her about the expedition, but I was alone. I called out, "Nicole?" The only answer was the sound of my voice echoing off the walls. She probably didn't hear me, so I thought. The next moment she stuck her head through the doorway, tossed a plane ticket to China at me, and dropped a diskette on my desk. And before I could blink, she was gone. She didn't even sit for a moment to explain the expedition. As she was running toward her car she yelled, "See you in China next month, and good luck on your exams."

I dragged myself out of bed even though it was only 5:00 A.M. I grabbed the diskette she had labeled, "China: Crane Mystery Solved." I switched on the computer and slid the disk in.

Exams came and went, but the crane was still a mystery to me. When I arrived in China, I was shocked at the mix of traditional and modern influences. China: the green mountains, cool rivers, hot, dry air, still, smoggy air, horse-drawn carts, electric trams, automobiles, bicycles, Coca-Cola cans. A mixture of man and nature.

I met my sister at the campsite, and together we chose a lookout point. Each step we took sank us into the wet, soggy ground. We had set up our lookout base three miles and five steps from camp near the Hebei River. This was not the best spot for a picnic: a gallery of

mosquitos, ants, crickets, black bugs. We pitched our tent and covered it with leaves, tree branches, and plastic sheets to camouflage our hideout. Our connection to the outside, our lifeline, was a 3-inch hole on the side of our tent. We took turns sleeping and peeking through the hole. I felt isolated from the outside, yet I felt part of the world. Still, I had a feeling of insignificance. We took up space, but we were inconspicuous.

Cooking out was no picnic for me. Everyday we woke at 6:00 A.M. and ate beans and bread. When we ran out, Nicole traded her Swatch for three months' supply of dried noodles. The plain food and hard sleeping quarters made me appreciate my studio apartment at home. Two months later, I was ready to leave. Nicole, on the other hand, was more excited than a child in a houseful of toys. Nothing bothered her, not even the pesky bugs. Although we weren't getting near our goal, I stuck it out for a few more weeks, and I witnessed Nicole's transformation.

One morning, Nicole and I decided to take a walk to stretch our legs; we were hoping to come upon a better lookout spot. Together, we silently and slowly climbed over a hill and sloshed across a stream. Six hours passed with nothing except the hot sun as company. My legs grew numb, but Nicole seemed to fly across the trail. I felt my way around a large boulder blocking our path, and I dropped my pack near the river. 'Nicole, take a break,' I shouted, but she waved me away.

I fell asleep instantly. The long walk exhausted me and the cool breeze and the sounds of the river were an invitation to rest. Nicole kept going. This was her project, and she was obsessed with the secret of the crane. My dream had set me soaring freely in the sky.

The crane stretched its neck over a bush like a child on his tiptoes reaching for a cookie jar. I rubbed my eyes and stretched my neck forward to get a better look; I tried to stand, but my legs trembled beneath me. I inched closer to the crane on my hands and knees; in my excitement I kicked my backpack into the river and the trinkets from my pocket fell out. The crane instantly sank its head back behind the bush. Frightened by my sudden clumsy movement the crane bolted like a blind race horse. Surprisingly, I mustered enough energy to jump to my feet. I spun around and called out for Nicole. No answer.

I ran after the crane; I had no choice. Unfortunately, after a few minutes of stumbling over forest debris and dodging bushes, I began to tire. However, I kept going for my sister's sake. In the next minute, I came to a clearing near the Great Wall. The only sound echoing throughout the forest was my heavy breathing and my pounding heart. Soon my breathing quieted to a whisper and my heart was still. I circled the area, but no crane, only its footprints in the mud. I called out to Nicole, but I was only wasting my breath. She was no nearer than the clouds.

In defeat, I headed back to camp, but the crane called my name, at least it sounded like my name. I turned around and saw the bushes in front of me swaying. I lifted my right foot and stepped through the bush, falling head first. The crane turned, but it was not startled; in fact it seemed to expect me to tumble. It threw back its head, flapped its wings, and produced a piercing sound. The crane's graceful movements reminded me of Nicole. The wind blew, and

the crane flapped its wings once more and took flight. I turned my head upward and followed the flight of the crane. My vision must have tricked me or the heat of the sun must have distorted my eyesight. For a moment, I saw Nicole gently floating below the clouds. I shook my head and blinked, and again saw the crane. At last I understood her mission, but it was too late for me to ask her to share her secret. I could not comprehend her language, and I probably was not ready or worthy of the secret.

"Excuse me sir," the flight attendant tapped Thomas' shoulder. "Do you need help with your luggage ? Thomas looked around, every seat was empty. "I guess I must have fallen asleep," Thomas smiled. He picked up his bag, stood up straight, inhaled deeply and silently left the plane to face the press and his family.



WATER LILIES
Michael Hirakawa

The Tuesday Night AIDS Group

Barbara Newton

We have so much to mourn:

Loss of sex, friends, lovers, lifestyle,
freedom.

Loss of a sense of wholeness, of purpose,
of security, of identity.

Loss of function--mental and physical.

Loss of job, money and independence.

We deal with pain.

Not just the physical pain, and

Not just the slow, dull ache of loss--

Missing the selves we were, the others we knew.

But the pain of indignation at the hands of those who judge us,

And those whose positions of power lay claim to our
homes, bodies and finances.

We cope with fear.

Will this Christmas be our last?

What about this birthday?

This month? This week?

Each new pain...a new fear...

Is this small pain the beginning of the end?

Amidst this grief, this pain, this fear,

We are challenged to begin our lives anew

Each day, each moment.

Unable to plan our futures or

Savor a sense of security,

We struggle to stay present in

A state of absolute uncertainty.

It is often said, the only time we have is now.

How true.

Gandhi

Anonymous

He is the last of my idols.
He was full of self-control.
He showed the people how to be free,
and sowed the seeds of hope in me.

Kennedy disappointed me
with his infidelity,
he was once a hero to follow,
his goodness for me is now overshadowed.

And although he did much good,
how could King preach to me on Sunday,
and commit adultery on Monday?
This is something not understood.

And so you see,
there are no heroes or idols
left for me, that I would follow,
no one that is, except Gandhi.



NOSTALGIA
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

Texas

Sue Agostinelli

My earliest memories begin in the early 1950's when we were living in San Antonio, Texas. Although I wasn't born there, I've always remembered Texas as my first home. We lived there for over five years. Because we were a military family, living in Texas was to be the longest time spent in any one place until I was in my mid-20's.

Those early years in Texas were easy and fun. I remember the sunshine being bright, warm, and always there. With my sisters and all the neighborhood kids, I spent most days outdoors, wearing nothing but shorts, playing until the sun went down when we were all called into our houses for dinner, a bath and bed. It seemed we were our own little family of children.

It was a grand time too. We played tag and hide-and-seek around the buildings and out in the cornfield. We splashed around for hours in our little wading pools, and then went hiking in the woods. There we built forts for our "club" where only kids were allowed. We played "school" in eager anticipation of the day when each of us would start to go. My older sister was always the teacher, since she was the oldest of the neighborhood kids and the first one to actually start in school. She made it seem so nice that we all thought school was going to be great. We put on neighborhood plays, acting out our favorite stories or just making something up. The grown-ups were our audience, and they came outside on the porch to watch. We charged them each a nickel and then raced to the corner store after our performance to see how much candy we could purchase with our take for the day. We almost always ate our lunches together outdoors in the yard. We had so many sleepovers that I think we all considered ourselves members of all the families of our neighborhood friends.

It was a safe and secure neighborhood. The grown-ups watched out for all of us, and it often seemed like they were all interchangeable parents. When we did need to go indoors for a drink or to use the bathroom, we were free to enter the closest home. Anybody's mother was just as good as our own at cleaning our scrapes, applying band-aids, wiping tears, and sending us off with a hug. Anybody's father could repair our toys, tighten our roller skates or umpire our backyard ball games. On weekends, our families always picnicked together out in the yard. Sometimes we were driven to a nearby park where the grown-ups talked and laughed and barbecued while we kids found the best trees to climb or looked for polliwogs in the stream.

It was a close neighborhood. The only division there seemed to be was between the kids and the grown-ups. The grown-ups were there to keep us safe, clean, fed, and generally, I thought, to make our times as children even more fun. Grown-ups were certainly necessary, but they were not really a part of our kids' world.

Texas was full of my childhood firsts. I got my first friends in Texas, and it was there I first learned how good it was to belong to a larger-than-family family.

We left our neighborhood in Texas so early one morning that the sun had not even come up. Yet all of our neighbors: adults and kids were there to see us off in our well-packed car. The adults were mostly hugging and crying. The kids were mostly listening enviously as my sisters and I talked about this new adventure we were about to begin. We would head east then north to our new home in Pennsylvania. Hearing about all the new sights we were going

to see and all the new, fun things we were going to do, made them all wish they were going with us. We could hardly wait to get going. I did not know then that they were the lucky ones because they still had each other. I didn't know how much it would hurt to not be with them, to miss them. Leaving Texas was to be my first time of many to know how it feels to be homesick.

My father drove all day, and we cheered when we crossed the Texas border into Louisiana. We cheered even louder, later in the day, when we entered Alabama, where we stopped for a few days to stay with old neighbors from Texas who had left before us. Their two children had been favorites of ours from our Texas neighborhood gang, and we were eager to play with them again. What a wonderfully long sleepover we were planning to have.

After a good night's sleep for the adults (we kids spent most of the night awake whispering and laughing under the covers with our flashlights), we began our short reunion with a trip to their neighborhood pool. I had never been to a real pool before. All my previous water activities were in streams, backyard wading pools, or water hoses. We had been told by the grown-ups that they even had a special children's pools where the water was not very deep. I knew that this was going to be one of those new, fun things I was going to get to do because we were moving.

We were hardly inside the pool gate when I spotted the kids' pool. It was like seeing the presents under the tree for the first time on Christmas morning. The kids' pool was crowded with children jumping, splashing, screaming, yelling, and laughing. I could not wait to join the fun. I was out of my shoes and cover-up clothes and in the water before the adults had found a place to sit.

However, my fun was short-lived. I had not even gotten my whole self wet when the strong hand of a strange man in a lifeguard suit grasped my upper arm and pulled me out of that pool. Without releasing his hold on my arm and with no words of explanation to me, he marched me back to my family and told them to keep me out of that pool. He said that pool was only for the colored kids and I should be playing in the white kids' pool. In a loud voice he said we were not to cause trouble, and we must follow the rules or my family would have to leave. Then he pointed out the white kids' pools but it looked just like the colored kids' pool to me. It didn't make sense, but I knew I had done something terrible, and I better not do it again, or else. Somehow I should have known better. I knew I had been bad, even though I was always considered a good little girl. I was mortified, embarrassed, and I wanted very much to be back in Texas where all the kids simply played together.

I never went back in the water that day. I was too miserable. I wanted to get out of there, to just disappear. I knew everyone around us was looking at me. The adults spent the day trying to coax me out from behind a lounge chair and back into the water, but I wouldn't budge for fear that there were other rules I would break and be scolded for.

It suddenly became a different world for me, where a lot of things didn't make sense and never would again. It became a world with new rules and with divisions that I didn't understand. My parents did their best to explain to me what had happened. Their explanations about race, color, prejudice, and discrimination only confused me more. I had so many questions and I remember the anger at not being able to understand the answers. It all sounded so grown-up, and I wondered what it had to do with children.

How come I never knew that Mattie May, my best friend in Texas, was "colored?" If we

couldn't swim in the same pool, could we still be friends? We had played together everyday I could remember; we slept overnight in each other's beds; we ate with each other's families. Why hadn't anyone told me? What was so wrong about being "colored?" And why did it matter anyway?

Does this mean that Lawrence was "colored," too, and we couldn't swim together either? Lawrence was the first boy that I admitted to "liking." He gave me my first valentine, his mother made me dresses, and his family took me out to eat with them because Lawrence liked me too. Was he "colored?" The answer made me sick. Lawrence was Mexican, and yes, in a way he was "colored" too. Why did some people think this was so bad? How come I never knew? Would I be able to play with any of my old Texas friends again in other parts of this new world that I was already beginning to intensely dislike? And again why did this "color" thing matter?

I was very quiet for the rest of our car trip north. I had so many questions still floating around in my head. I was still angry, embarrassed, and so very confused about what I just learned. And I was scared. I did not know the rules. I had to be very careful now. What other mistakes would I make because I didn't know how to play the game?

Texas was my childhood world. It was so uncomplicated there. People all seemed the same there. Differences were not noticed and didn't seem to matter then. The rest of my childhood and my life was forever changed on that first day out of Texas. I guess it was the beginning of my growing up. I was introduced to a whole new world that day, and I was afraid because I did not like what I saw. I discovered there were things out there I would never understand and would choose to never be a part of. I began that day to make decisions about the way I would live my life although I didn't know it at the time. I eventually got over the anger, fear, and confusion. I learned how to play the game by the rules. I even learned how to cheat a little when other people's rules were not appropriate for me. However, my life would never be as easy and carefree as it was in Texas. I still miss Texas. Sometimes I still desperately want to go back.



I CARRIED MY LOAD
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

Ice or Fire

Frank X. Sammis

Puritan principles and cryogenics cannot coexist.
Of course there is a much, much longer list,
Of precepts, canon, conviction, and the scripture,
A freshly frozen corpse just isn't in the picture.

Puritan principles aside, it would be rather nice,
To spend, a century or three, coolly encased in ice.
Until a time when crime, poverty, and disease abated.
A utopia, or at least, an era that's more highly rated.

Not to rot, worms having little appetite for ice.
Rejuvenation, looking good, to be a bit precise.
Perhaps we would not come back smelling like a rose,
But it would be a big boon, simply not to decompose.

There are a few dilemmas, aside from the great cost;
Example, when the power fails, you undeniably defrost.
Are the rules the same as for refreezing unfrozen meat?
They could lightly braise you, then refreeze complete?

Yet, with all the limitations, plus the uncertainty
It beats the hell out of cremation and it's finality.
True, it is unpredictable, and costs a lot of cash,
At worst you'll turn into a slurpy, not a pile of ash.

Keeping that in mind, we have, the question of a heaven,
a slurpy just can't get there, only to a Seven-eleven.

Life: Too Short for Love

Marcelle A. Mendez

The delicate petals slowly open
Shyly smiling towards the sun
Rhythmically unfolding
As the quiet wind
Gently kisses the corners
Of her revealing face

Nourishment from nature
Is short lived
For soon, someone will clutch her throat
And break her neck
Her life shortened
Only parts of the roots
Remaining



STARBRIGHT
Sandra Stoddard

The Lady In White

Eve de Marco

Come on, you guys! What is taking you so long?"

It was a beautiful night in Wai'anae. The moon was a huge, silver disc in the sky and the stars looked like they were secretly winking at me. I was waiting for a couple of friends to come out of the house so we can get going. I had been looking forward to this party for a long time and I didn't want to miss one minute of it.

"Hey, hold onto your panties. We're coming. Geese Tita, you'd think the party was gonna run away or something."

"What the hell took you so long. I could've gotten ready three times over for all the time you took. I never want to hear how long it takes women to get ready again. Let's go."

We piled into my car and I started to back out of the driveway.

"Hey Stan, there is a lady standing right behind us." We all turned to look out the windows but there was no one there. "Ya what have you been smoking? Maybe I had better drive. You're seeing things already and we haven't even started yet."

I snubbed Stan and turned around to back out the car again. I looked in the rear-view mirror and there she stood again, blocking my way. This time I said nothing to the guys and got out of the car. I thought, maybe she needs help or something. I stood there looking at the end of the driveway, beginning to think I was losing it. No one was there. I got back in the car to the teasing of my friends. "Eve, tell me something. Do all you whites see things that are not there?"

I didn't even try to give them any lip. I was feeling an icy breeze playing around on the back of my neck and I got back out of the car, walked around to the passengers side and opened the door. "Stan, you drive, I don't know what is going on, but I don't feel like driving."

As Stan got in the drivers seat the mood changed. The joking and fooling around had disappeared and nobody was even talking. Stan started the car, stuck his head out of the window and looked toward the end of the driveway. Stan quietly turned back around, shut off the motor and told us we were not going anywhere that night. No one argued with him. His usually brown face was a sickly shade of yellow.

When we were all back in the house, we got ourselves a drink and just sat around talking quietly until we had calmed down enough to ask Stan what he had seen.

"There was an old lady standing back there. I thought you were just trying to be funny when you kept seeing her and none of us did. It was like she was a statue. Her hair was long and all white. Her muumuu was white, her skin looked white, even the lei she wore was white. When I took that step toward her, she disappeared but when I started to get back in the car, I looked back and there she was again. There was no way I was going out of that driveway tonight."

We stayed up late into the night and just talked quietly as if someone were listening.

In the morning we found out that a bad accident occurred one block from our house at around 8:15 pm, the exact time we were trying to back out of the driveway. Two people were killed.



UNTITLED
Diane Marshall

I Walk With My Mind

Eve de Marco
(For Jenny)

My legs know no movement
but please don't pity me.
My mind gives me enjoyment
and my eyes let me see.

I watch from my window seat
to see what's happening in the street.
I watch some kids at play
for me it is a happy day.

It's mind over matter, this I know,
so in my imagination, into the street I go.
There is fun to be had by one and all
and me, I run and never fall.

Legs are only one part of my body, you know.
I have my arms, my mind, and a smile that shows.
I have two eyes to see nature's beauty
and the sun makes me feel warm and cozy.

I have two ears that hear nature's music
and ten fingers that can learn to copy her magic.
I have a heart that yearns for love,
and I get it too! From Heaven above.

I hurt and worry just like you.
Sometimes I cry and feel so blue.
But it doesn't last and the sun breaks through
to brighten my day and I start anew.

Now to college I do go, and my wheelchair is my feet.
Here there are so many friends for me to meet.
There are kingdoms for me to explore
and there is a key to every door.

I worry about grades and if I'll pass.
I wonder if I look okay or if I'll do alright in class.
Then a friend comes up and says, "Hi"
and makes me feel great inside.

In books, I run and dance just like you.
There seems a million things to do.
Lectures to hear and notes to write
and lots of homework to do at night.

I hear the birds singing, making music divine.
I watch a sunset, its brilliant colors make me blind.
I see the blues of the ocean and the misty violets of the hills
I stop and thank the creator for giving me such thrills.

Life's greatest treasure is friends that are true.
There is no difference between me and you.
But please remember I have my dignity
and never, never pity me.



SAILS AT DUSK
Sandra Stoddard

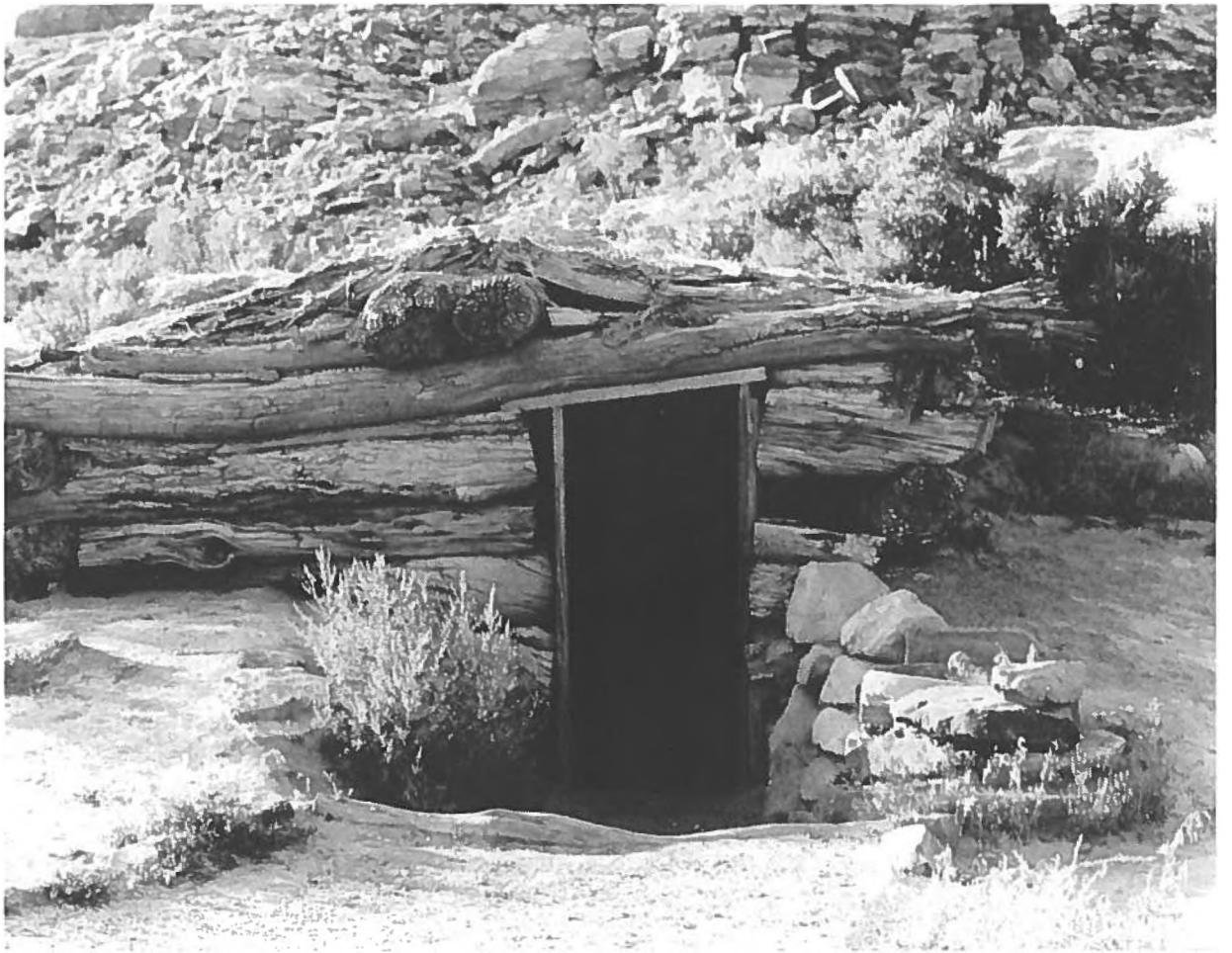
The Rope

Bev Speece

We sat across from each other at the backyard picnic table shelling walnuts to make oatmeal cookies. I tried not to hit my fingers as I cracked the walnuts open with the heavy hammer, but grandma Birdie's stories about her childhood on the Nebraska plains in the 1880's were enough to make me daydream. As she spoke, I pictured a tomboy with short curly hair galloping bareback on her pinto pony over the barren yellow hills. In my mind I saw her tracking a lone wolf or roping a lost calf to pull it back to the safety of the herd. I tasted the warm cream that she pounded into butter with a wooden churn. I smelled the slabs of bacon and buffalo meat hanging in the smokehouse like dried up, forgotten prisoners.

Many times Birdie's mother, Anna, saw Indians approaching from the distant hills and she hid her children in the tall cornfields around the house until they were gone. The Indians took whatever they wanted during their raids. They would also take Birdie if they found her, so Anna kept her carefully hidden. During one raid Anna stood up in the cornfield and ran to distract some Indians who were coming too close to Birdie's hiding place. They tied her to a fencepost in the sun to dehydrate or starve to death if she wasn't found. In the muggy stillness of a long summer day, Birdie listened from the cornstalks until she heard the sound of the last Indian pony fade away, and they ran to untie the ropes from her mother's hands and feet. Sometimes Birdie's father left for days or weeks to go hunting in the winter. One cold night when the lights were low in the cabin, Anna asked Birdie, then 13, to come close to the coal oil lamp to help her do something. Anna said there was a large lump in her breast, and she knew it had to come out. She held a sharp knife into the flame and said to Birdie, "If I pass out, wake me up." Anna pulled the lump out from the side of her breast with her fingers, held her breath, sliced it off, then fell over onto the floor. Birdie revived her mother and later held the wound together while her mother sewed it up with her darning needle and twine. It healed well and Anna never had a growth in her breast again.

During the winter months Anna kept a long rope tied from the front porch of the house to the barn door. She knew that a blizzard could blow in so suddenly from the north that within minutes you could not see your hand in front of your face. One gray winter day Birdie was out by the barn and a blizzard raced down the plains and blinded her with stinging, thick sheets of snow and ice. She pulled herself along the ice-covered rope until she felt the steps of the front porch, then she crawled to the front door. Anna carried her daughter into the house and gently warmed her by the fireplace while outside the north wind raced, wild and free, through the ice-edged clouds.



HERMIT'S HOME
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

Last Farewell

Roxy Yamaguchi

Dear Friends,

What I'm about to say and do may leave you asking yourselves "Why?". It may make you sad while it may make you angry. I'll be leaving you now to find some peace. There has been so much trouble and turmoil in my life that I just can't bear it any longer. I know that everyone has their problems and that most of these subside in time, but I'm not as strong as you may think. I never told anyone, but I've prayed many nights to be taken in my sleep. Somehow, my prayers were never answered. I did not want to burden you with my sorrows -- everyone has their own life to manage. By the same token, everyone has the right to be happy, and it seems that there hasn't been much in my life lately. This is not to say that you haven't brought happiness into my life in your own special way, but that kind of comfort can only carry you so far. There's a difference between being alone and being lonely, and the latter has seemed to plague me at every corner. It seems that at every venture, my hope for finding true love and happiness, with that secure sense of belonging and feeling of being needed, somehow slipped through my fingers. Although I've tried in vain to apply my hard-learned lessons, there was always something new that I had to confront.

Friends, I'm tired of confronting these insurmountable odds, and tired of being the one to try and make things work. I know that any relationship requires the work of all involved, and it seems that I've been doing all of the work with those chances at love that I wanted to happen. I can honestly say that I've fallen in love twice in my life with people that I actually foresaw a future with. They know that there wasn't anything that I didn't do for them that was within my power. Whether I had a lot or a little to give them materialistically, they had my complete and absolute love and devotion. I only wish that I had found that kind of unconditional love in my lifetime. Maybe that chance is right around the corner, but I already have two strikes against me, so I've decided to quit while I'm ahead. I only ask you to please understand my decision and know that we'll always be a part of each other's lives -- forever. Be happy for the times we've had, for that's all we have when we go. But most importantly, don't ever hold back your feelings! If you're angry, let it out... if you love someone, let them know before it's too late -- these were my faults. Please learn by my lesson and spare yourselves the pain. I thank each and every one of you for the love you've given me, and I wish you all a lifetime of love and happiness. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

Until we meet again.....

Dear Friend,

Why? What was so bad that drove you to your fateful decision? We've all had our share of heartaches and disappointments, but friends have always been there to help me pick up the pieces. That's what a true friend is -- one who's there when you're in need, whatever that need be. I'm disappointed in you! I thought that we were friends. I thought you were a winner and a fighter... and I respected you for that. I admired your strength and courage when you were confronted with adversities. Apparently, you masked your pain very well, with your quick wit and ability to turn situations into a joke. You had a pain that ran deep, and you wouldn't let anyone in past your walls of defense. It seemed that as soon as anyone got closer to climbing over that wall, you put on another tier. That wasn't fair to those of us who wanted to be there for you. I understand that everyone has the right to run her life as she sees fit, but what you've actually done is rob all of your friends. You robbed everyone of that special gift from God, called you -- a person who usually gave to a fault, an ear always willing to listen, our Rock of Gibraltar with so much love to give. It seems that you were always giving, and it makes me wonder if I reciprocated that gesture. I know that there's no sense in getting angry with you... but I am! I also know that your special someone, whoever it may have been, will be devastated in learning that the chance for a lifetime of happiness is gone. You took that away. I envy those two people that you fell in love with. Very few people will ever experience that kind of unconditional love that you must have given. It must have been very special, for the love you gave me as a friend has always helped me through my darkest days. I guess I'll have to depend on our memories to continue to see me through life. I know that you'll always be there for me, to talk to when it seems like the world is driving me crazy. I trust that you'll put me at ease and help me to see possibilities that I never thought were there. You've always had a knack for looking at situations from many perspectives. I only wish that you had found an alternate possibility. I forgive you, my friend, and hope that you find what you've been searching for.

I'll Miss You.....



The Hongwanji Hulkster

Stuart Okamura

"Mount Fuji", The Musubi-Monsta", and "Garret Kahn, The Mongolian Muscle-Man" are samples of nicknames we call one of our die-hard drinking buddies, Garret. This Asian-Arnold must be, pound for pound, muscle to mass, one of the "giantest-Japanese" and most unusual orientals to roam the island. Big Garret lumbers in at a splinter under six feet, while squashing the scales at a lead-lined 250 pounds. A pair of 20 inch light posts for arms hang from his bowlingball-like shoulders, and this Siamese-Sasquatch sports a sideways keg of Budweiser for a chest. Topping off the Korean-King Kong hangs the 2 -1/2 feet wire brush tresses of the missing-link. Garret's Australopithicus appearance is amplified by his Cro-Magnon character traits. The vascular-vortex inhales a hamburger steak plate with a teriburger deluxe chaser, faster than you or I could eat a small bowl of chili with rice. Garret "whoofs" downs a stein of Budweiser followed by a Bartender's Iced Tea like a normal person takes a shot of Tequila with a "pop" of lemon and rock-salt. After consuming a brewer's worth of liquid courage, Garret-zilla stalks around Bobby McGee's, smirking at every skirt at a bar stool. Awe-struck onlookers describe the beer-guzzling-behemoth as everything from a Samoan/Eskimo to a fire-eating Hawaiian from a Vegas side show.

Collection of Madness

The Group

The butterfly, in the spine
whispers chaos.
It glides, flutters,
weaves white, blue and green patches.
My dream, whispers of past yearnings.
How I wish to touch them.
Today,
Before I go.
Stars touch my heart and eyes--
A greeting of the evening.

Vomiting,
Pele screams to the drillers,
"Screw you,"
And spits more a'a.
Their waxy flesh melts and drips.
The parameters quiver with identity.

The Plastic Age

Carrie Takamatsu

Our children's grandchildren,
May someday excavate,
A neo-Pompeii-like,
Past existence--once called,
The twentieth century.

They may see psychedelic,
Shiny-skinned corpses be,
In kaleidoscopic
Buildings with furnishings,
Stiffened curtains once in breeze;

Plastic dishes, cutlery,
Clothes, cars, everything else--
And guess, perhaps, that we
Were some alien guests,
From another galaxy.

It would be too hard to guess
--Be named the "Plastic Age"--
That we were human;
Too human that we erred
for convenience's sake.

Halawa Valley

Patricia Martin

Walking the valley in the rain,
so dark is the night sky,
that the stars are hidden from view.
The ground is soaked and muddy.
Climbing is precarious.
Halawa Valley is filled with treasures,
huge boulders, birthing stones,
petroglyphs and plants.
Parts of this valley are to be sacrificed,
for modern progress.
Cement pillars, asphalt roads,
man and machines with blades of steel,
will plow under or destroy,
the connection we have of the past and present.
Trucks, tractors and trailers are silent,
while the moon is bright.
Birds, crickets and foot steps are all that is heard.
Men, women and children camp to protect the site.
Entry is given by the chanter.
The chant echoes far into the valley,
through the fern, tall trees emerging from the fertile land.
River rocks and boulders draw closer as the deadline draws near.
We must protect this valley,
let the echo not fall on deaf ears.

The Bastard God

Eve de Marco

Depression seemed to be as much a part of my life as eating or breathing. When I looked into the mirror my eyes seemed permanently red and swollen. My skin looked sickly yellow and there were new lines around my mouth and across my forehead. I looked unhealthy, like a person who was confined to an attic where the sun was forbidden entry.

I hadn't bothered to bathe in two days. I never used make-up anymore and I wore the same clothes I slept in and I DIDN'T CARE.

I thought about T.C. and felt the hot tears stinging my eyelids again. Why God? The voice in my mind shouted, but not in my usual angry voice. It had turned into the whimper of a beaten child. Take me home. I don't want to exist anymore. I've done my time in this hell. Please, Please, Please. I don't want to fight anymore. I don't want to think anymore. I don't want to live anymore.

DAMN YOU! The thoughts swirled around like a laboratory rat in it's cage. If you knew I was gay, why didn't you let me know when I was younger? You gave me that joy in my forties only to snatch it away just when I believed I was the happiest, luckiest woman alive. Why do you play games with peoples lives? Do you enjoy watching your creations suffer. You are not a loving Father, God, you are a bastard with no father, no mother, no lover, no children! You are nothing.

You say you love all your children, well you lie. How can you allow such heartbreak and suffering if you love me?

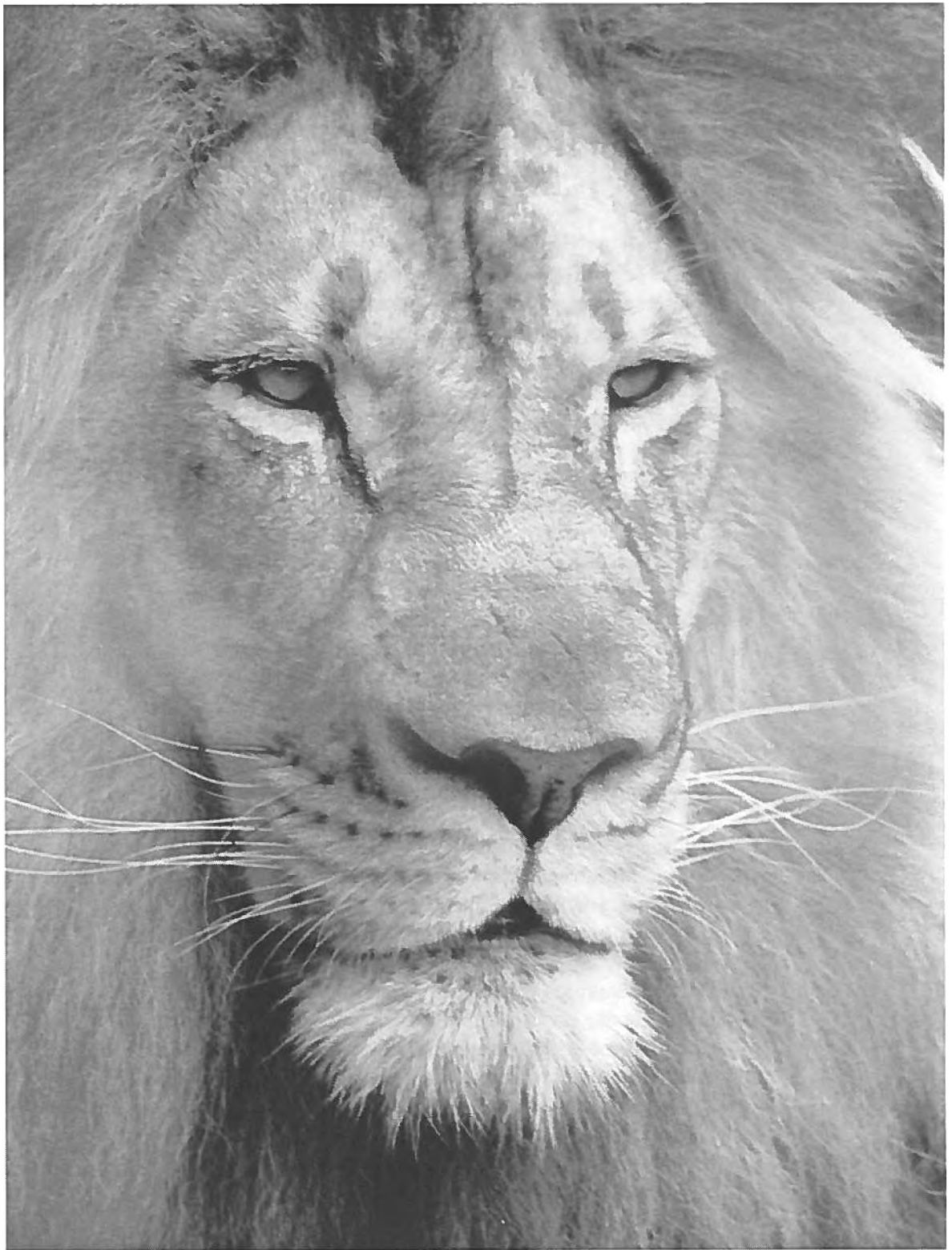
You gave me the most beautiful, talented woman in the world. You gave me happiness that I did not know existed and then you drove me insane by making it impossible for us to be together. I HATE YOU! I'll kill myself before giving you another chance to tear me apart.

I looked at the insulin needle in my hand and realized that I had filled it up to 100 units, much more than would be needed to bring me peace. I stopped crying. My sobs were choked off as I looked first at the needle then at the face staring back at me in the mirror. "I have found a way out," I softly breathed aloud. "I can end it and no one will know it wasn't an accident."

As I stared at the needle, I knew that it would soon be over. No more fighting for survival, no more pain, no more suffering, no longer a plaything for a cruel god. The kitchen faded and a vision played itself out before my eyes. I saw myself lying in a casket. I watched as my baby granddaughter tried to crawl in beside me, unable to understand that grandma couldn't hold her anymore. I watched another grandchild fight with his mother because she wouldn't let him go to Nana. I saw my beloved daughter fall on the floor in grief and pain. The vision faded and I found myself back in the kitchen, still holding the needle.

No, I would not kill myself to please a Bastard God. Instead of killing myself, I would kill him. I will not worship such a God. From now on when I pray, I will pray to the Mother Goddess, she is love and understanding. The Father God is nothing but a god for men who believe they are superior because their false god has told them so.

No, I could not put my family through such grief. I couldn't take the chance that there would be another vision sent to me to stop me the next time. I thought of T.C. and longed to be in her arms. I needed help to drive her from my mind if not my heart. I put the needle down and walked to the phone.



PATIENCE IS LONG SUFFERING
Diane Marshall

The Good Old Days

Frank X. Sammis

These days of dissension, discord, din and strife,
Cause some to yearn for the past, and that lost life.
Modest, unpretentious, simple and uncomplicated,
Innocent earlier age, that remains somehow undated.

Wake up! You dreamer, smell the coffee, and arise,
Wash those unconscious dreams out of your eyes;
Get in touch with the real world and reality,
What you get, is what you get, just what you see.

Those "good old days" were never really very good,
When things were made of cast-iron, brass and wood.
Steel is shining and much stronger, plastic's clean,
A gas flame burns less brighter than a laser beam.

Forget not the incurable diseases, bane, and blight,
That no shaman, physician or medicine could fight.
Would you volunteer to go back to that grand old time,
When expressing disagreement with authority was crime?

It's true that invention and progress has great cost,
Tranquility, privacy and peace, they say are lost.
Albeit are you able to identify a time and a location,
Harmony, peace and brotherhood transpired in any nation?

Do not become a casualty to Miniver Cheevy's fate,
Believing the past great, and you were born too late;
Camelot had chamber pots, was damp, and dark and dank,
Their iron clothing rusted fast, and also made them clank.

If antiquity still looks good to you, in retrospect,
How about that guy Guillotine's blade upon your neck.
So, do not lament reformation, restyling and transition;
Or, perhaps you would prefer, the Spanish Inquisition.

Ode To Dale

Teri Whaley-Holmberg

You were always so precise, so detailed, so despoiled.
Your zest for life was deliberate by the tender
care of its physical casing.
We all wanted to be a part of your life,
an episode of your being.
Your love of self was obvious by the velvet drapes
caressing your concrete stature,
exotic curiosity dripping from your eager demise,
driven by a fast red carriage
racing to your dominance over perfection.
The creases in your clothing were like the ones on your face,
lined with the lucid symmetry of your soul,
pressed with the iron core of your perfect wand,
Your plan was successful, your finality secured.
A pillow protected your precious head from the mess
of imperfections neatly splattered on the white tile.
Why, my sweet, sensible Dale did you slip
from life's hand, gripping instead the fiery
silver which plunged into the center of your brain?
Why, in the midst of life's sweetness,
did you crave the bitter bile?
But only you would know its taste.
What is it like now in your world,
Your world of disdain distance and darkness?
Oh, and what a spirit you had!
A zest for the dismemberment of hearts who loved you,
a love for the things in this life you could not have,
You discarded and deprived all hope in your perfect privy.
I was not pure enough to exist
in your realm of pristine decoction,
But then no one was invited to your vain resolution.
You went alone, killed alone, and died alone,
without even a whisper of quest.
If those lips of ashes could speak to us now,
What would they say? How could they answer?
You have left us here in a world of darkness,
guilt, and loneliness.
At least you are free,
leaving my sorrows swimming in your pool of selfishness!

Define a Friend

Pattye Ortiz

Define a friend.
One attached to another,
Then friends cannot exist
One without the other.

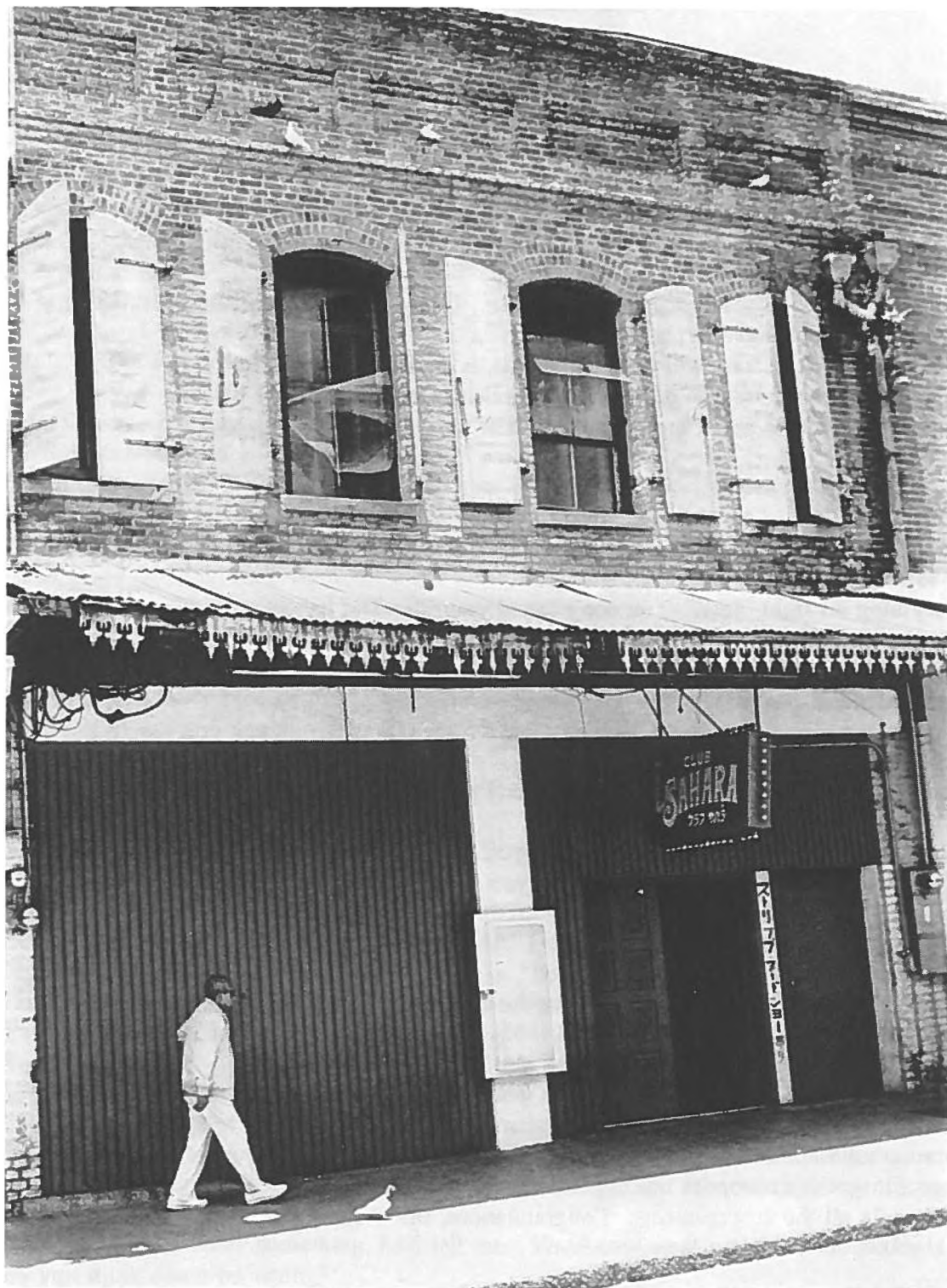
Friendship in return
By being the state of friends,
Ceases to exist.
The other without the other.

Friends can be forgotten
Worse even ignored,
But friendship taken lightly
Is no true friendship implored.

A lasting commitment
Till death us do part,
From a true friend
Is to never fully depart.

To recognize that friend
I have found in you,
Forgiving, Committed
Endlessly true.

NO dictionary contains
One full word,
To describe the magnitude
Of one complete message I've learned,
True friendship means -
You.



A GUY AND A DUCK WALK INTO A BAR...
Diane Marshall

An Immodest Proposal

Tony Chalk

"Worthington Distributors, Mary Burke speaking. May I help you?"

"Yes, madam, I believe you can."

"Steven! What a surprise! Are you back?"

"Yes, I just got in. How's about dinner at seven. Fancy dress. Tonight it's on me. I'll even pick you up for a change. Whaddaya say?"

"Well...okay. Sure. Seven will be fine...Steven, is anything...wrong?"

"Wrong? No, everything is right as rain. Better than ever."

"All right. See you at seven then. I love you."

"Uh-huh, bye."

"Hello."

"Hello, Mother. I won't be home for dinner tonight. Steven is back from Boston and he wants to take me out."

"Is everything all right, dear? You don't sound yourself. Did he say something to upset you?"

"I don't know. Something has changed. He sounded so different on the phone...so decisive. This isn't like him."

"You've known each other for so long. I'm sure if there was a problem, you would have seen it coming."

"I'm not sure. He's been travelling so much and putting in so many hours at work. We haven't seen a lot of each other lately."

"Don't worry, dear. Whatever is happening, you'll know soon enough. I'll see you when you come home to change for your date. I love you."

"I love you, Mother. Bye."

"Good morning, Cassini's. May I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to make a reservation for two for dinner. Tonight. Seven thirty. Name is Adams. Steven Adams."

"Very good, Mr. Adams. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"Yes, I'd like a table by the fire...and I was wondering if you could do me a service. I'd like to reserve the violins to coincide with our after dinner drinks. I'm also having flowers delivered around six and would like to have them brought to the table when the music starts. You see, I'm going to propose marriage tonight."

"I will handle all the arrangements. Congratulations, Mr. Adams."

"Thank you."

"Images Beauty Salon, Rosalind speaking. May I help you?"

"Hi, Roz. This is Mary Burke. Can you squeeze me in today?"

"Hi, Mary. Well, I'm booked through five. Let me see what I can do. What's with the rush at the last minute?"

"My Steven just came back from a business trip and he wants to go out to dinner. I'd feel better with a new look. Maybe a trim and a set?"

"Well, if it's in the name of love, I don't see how I can say no. If you can make it by one, I can fit you in."

"Thanks, Roz. You're a life saver."

"See you then."

"King's Ransom Jewelers."

"May I speak to Ben Edwards?"

"This is Ben Edwards."

"Ben, Steven Adams of Centurion Alarm Sales. How've you been?"

"Hi, Steven. Business is well. How's your system doing?"

"Worth its weight in gold. I'm very happy with it."

"Glad to hear that. Hey, Ben, the reason I called was to ask about something in that catalog you gave me the last time I was there."

"Sure, you got the page number?"

"Yes, page thirty-three, bottom left-hand side. Item number G fifty-four. Do you have that in?"

"Full carat, diamond solitaire, engagement ring. Yep, I got it. What size?"

"Six should do it. What's that one go for?"

"I'll give you thirty percent off. Brings it down to fifteen even. Preferred customer."

"Hey, thanks, Ben. You're a pal. Can I pick it up today? Say about five?"

"Sure. Who's the lucky gal?"

"Miss Mary Ann Burke of the Severna Park Burkes. And you got that right, she's the luckiest girl in the world to land a catch like me."

"All that class and modest, too. See you at five then, Steven."

"Later, Ben."

"Good afternoon, Gateway Travel, Fran Michaels speaking. Can I help you?"

"Hi, Fran, it's Mary. Are you busy?"

"Hi, Mary. No, it's slow as mud around here. How are you?"

"I'm not sure. Has Jake said anything to you about Steven and me lately? Anything I should know about?"

"Well, no. Why do you ask?"

"I'm not sure. Steven just got back from Boston this morning and asked me out to dinner."

"It's not like him to be so unpredictable, you know, so off the cuff. We never go out to dinner during the week. I thought maybe something was wrong, and Jake would know if anyone would."

"I'm sure if Jake knew something, he'd tell me. You know what a blabber-mouth he is. What do you think could be wrong?"

"Maybe...I don't know, Fran. It's just that we've been dating for so long. Eight years now, on and off. Maybe he's grown tired of me. I used to think that we'd get married, but Steven always refuses to talk about it until we're more financially secured. I've always thought of it as an excuse to put me off."

"Mary, how can you think that? Steven has never been with anyone else. You've known each other since high school. I'm sure he's just being cautious. You know how he is."

"I just don't know what I'd do without him. I can't bear to think it. He's my whole life."

"Nonsense! Mary, listen to yourself. You sound like a pitiful old maid."

"Isn't that what I've become? Isn't it the truth?"

"No, it is not! You are a pretty, talented, and brilliant woman. Thirty is not old and you certainly aren't a maid. Now you pull yourself together and go to dinner. Whatever happens, you'll be fine. And you ask me, you're not the one who needs Steven. It's Steven who needs you. He can't live with his parents forever. He's a thirty year old man."

"I don't know. Maybe I'm making too much of this. He seemed so different on the phone. Full of conversation. I think he's going to break it off."

"Well, if he does, it's his loss. He'd be a fool to pass up a catch like you."

"Thanks, Frannie. I've got to run. Talk to you later."

"Bye."

Cassini's possessed a magical quality this evening that Steven had not remembered during his previous visits, which was the second Saturday of every month, Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, and his and Mary Ann Burke's birthdays. It was his favorite place to eat, not so much because he loved the food or the atmosphere, which were never lacking in perfection. He liked Cassini's because they made him feel like somebody. All of the employees knew Steven by name and greeted him upon each and every visit.

The table by the fireplace was indeed the table of his dreams, that at which he knew he would one night propose to his future wife. Tonight was that night. They had just finished their meal. Veal parmesan, Caesar's salad, side of Fettucini, bread sticks, and house wine. Same every time. Steven liked things to be steady, reliable, dependable, without change. This is why Mary was so startled at his sudden suggestion of this dinner. It was against his routine.

Their conversation, from the time Steven picked her up at her mother's house through the main course and dessert, had been the usual mindless and meaningless chatter Mary had grown accustomed to; but never actually bothered her until tonight. He talked about his day and his business trip and his opinions. Just for amusement, during the cherry cheese cake, Mary counted the number of times he said either I, me, or my. Forty-four. Through dessert alone. She wondered what job he could possibly do if not sales. He never shut up. Did he stop to breathe? Was he human? She had always accepted what she considered to be her biggest drawback. She was plain. She had a plain face, plain figure, plain hair. She considered herself lucky to have a man. Any man. Her father told her that often, right up to his death three years after she graduated from college. Steven Adams was captain of the tennis team, top salesman for Centurion Alarm Sales, and quickly headed for management. She could do worse. This is how she felt her whole life, as far as she could remember, right up to this very moment.

"Mary Ann, I've got something very important to say to you. This trip to Boston put me over the top. The big boys upstairs were very impressed with me. They want to make me assistant district manager. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, Steven. It's wonderful. Your parents must be very proud." She felt as though she

were in a coma yet still somehow able to speak. She felt nothing. out of the corner of her eye, she noticed the waiter bringing the after dinner drinks.

"That's not the best of it. I get a company car, a huge expense account, a bonus, my own parking spot, and a ten thou a year raise."

She forces a smile. She never minded his climb to the top. She only now felt like each time he climbed, he used her head as a step. He liked her around because she made him feel not so plain in comparison. Yes, that had to be it. Well, ain't that a kick in the...

"Of course, you know what this means. I'll finally be financially able to make an honest woman of you."

She stared at him blankly. Somewhere in the distance she heard violins playing a heart-wrenching Italian love song. one dozen long-stemmed red roses materialized from an unknown source. This schlep wasn't dumping her, he was proposing. Her lips parted slightly. She still stared, but now in utter disbelief. This was going to be good.

"Well, here goes. I've already put a deposit on a quaint little townhouse over in Hillsdale and told my folks the news. All that's left is to pick a date, call the church, send out invites, and make it official. Thought we'd zip off to Aruba for a week for the honeymoon. Before you know it, it'll be you and me and baby makes three!"

He opened the small satin covered box in the palm of his hand, exposing the glittering diamond. She was speechless and numb. Without blinking, she raised her gaze to meet his and softly whispered the first syllables she had ever spoken to him which vaguely resembled defiance. .

"Are you proposing or informing?"

"Excuse me?"

"I said, are you proposing marriage to me or informing me of you plans."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that I'm tired of being talked at instead of to, of being the straight man for your comedy of the grotesque. I've had it!"

"Mary Ann, you don't know what you're saying!"

That was partially true because she felt as though she were only along for the ride with someone else at the controls of her mind. Although unsure of the origins of the words she spouted, she liked them and became very amused. Quickly standing, she snatched her purse. She created quite a scene and was enjoying it.

"Steven, you bore me. You...you suck."

She crossed the dinning room and walked through the door into the cool night air, never feeling so free and alive.

Towering Majesty

Teri Whaley-Holmberg

I stand in awe as your loyal subject swept away by the gentle
breeze caressing your vastness and greatness.
Your peaks of purple, mixed with grey,
pierce and taunt the protective sky.
In quiet reverence, my eyes outline the pattern within
your gulches: smooth, deep, and flowing against the rigid everlasting
fixture pasted together for eternity.
Matter over mind, form pressing functions,
stealing away all consciousness of my being and soul.
You look at the others, your subjects in nature,
like a father over his children masking
disappointed features and tears turned
into ashes.
But I will never leave you, my king.
Loyal to the end, in love with
your towering shadows surrounding me,
mesmerized and enveloped by curiosity and fear.



THE CHORUS LINE-ARCHES NATIONAL PARK
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

Ko'olau the Leper

Hardy Boro

Once upon a time, we ruled a string of beautiful tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean where our descendants, the Hawaiians, with their bronze-colored skin, large dark eyes, heavy features and dark hair enjoyed deep blue seas, brilliantly colored flowers, graceful palm trees and magnificent waterfalls.

Once upon a time, we worshipped our gods, and wore our native costumes, *malo* for the *kane*, *pa'u* the *wahine*. Then the *ha'ole* came in sheep's clothing to evangelize the word of God and engage in trade. Soon they came to own the flowers, the seas, the waterfalls, the trees.

Once upon a time, we took walks with *tutukane* and *tutuwahine*, taking with us the *poi* and dried *aku* and sharing about the future, marriage, bearing *keikis*, things like that. Dreams. So many dreams. They seemed so possible. Not so today, not so.

Once upon a time, we were beautiful in body and filled with hope until stricken with the *ma'i ho'oka'awale*, the Chinese immigrant brought from overseas. Our appearance was grotesque, distorted faces, harpy-clawed hands, on some faces a space where a nose used to be. We were spurned, shunned, subjected to imprisonment on the isolated peninsula of Moloka'i.

Once upon a time, we drank the root of the ti plant, its potency so intense on the brain, it recreated within us a rousing spirit of aloha expressed through the plucking of strings on the ukelele and the lilting voices of the wahines beckoning kanes with barbaric love calls to engage in the dance of love with them in the evening's warmth.

Once upon a time, the soldiers came to Kalalau, the valley of multi-flowered deep ravines, beetling cliffs and crags where wild goats bleat. Like lambs led to slaughter, sheep before the shearers, we wondered who would think anymore of our destiny.

The fighting began with a flare from a rocket, a warning of what was to come. The bullets and exploding shells caused great destruction and death for both leper and lawman. Some wahines became frightened, some kanes became disheartened, eventually, they surrendered to the soldiers. They betrayed ideals once held dear. As for me, I could not give up. I was a free man. I would never give up.

Once upon a time, we ruled a string of beautiful tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean, where my descendants, the Hawaiians, with their bronze-colored skin, large dark eyes, heavy features, and dark hair, enjoyed the deep blue seas, brilliantly colored flowers, graceful palm trees, and magnificent waterfalls. As death looms, I see myself, Ko'olau, a lusty, able-bodied youth, chasing the wild bulls in hot pursuit, roping and leading them down in the valleys with my fellow *na paniolo* of Ni'ihau, the good old days. *Amene*.

The Color Pain

Frank X. Sammis

As a pigment, I picture pain, predominantly to be
An intense imperial purple, dominant in its majesty
Humbling pompously, with all soft sensations dead;
On the other hand, pain could also be the color red.

Scarlet red, a blazing crimson of burning agony,
Descending to depths of consciousness, endlessly
And pain in its persistency, is yet another hue,
Not unlike sub-zero cold, it can be an icy blue.

Pain, again akin to ice that's held incessantly,
The aching hand that holds it, numbs paralyzingly.
The color pain can be as well, a blazing yellow one,
burning unshielded eyes, staring into the burning sun.

Pains hues in parable, combine to be a mix intense,
Upon a human pallet of fragile, and limited endurance.
Combining hues composes, bitter abstractions of agony;
A red and yellow, orange tinge, creates despondency.

Violet, in the outer circle begets a deranged agony.
There is no alleviation, nostrum, balm, or remedy;
Pain, drips and splashes resplendent hues of misery,
Like a Jackson Pollock painting, on canvas of infinity.

No universal solvent, or medication will stem the tide,
Narcotics briefly dull, fleetingly to anesthetize,
Sedating, temporarily with the tones and tints, they play,
Muddling brilliant colors, transforming to aching gray,
No matter how color pain is mixed, it will not go away.

Violet Grip

Lisa Cervantes

Perplexing purple:
You are so royal,
yet so horrifically human.

I can't live under your magnificence,
or without your blaze.

Purple wisps of hair
Tingle and penetrate.
Bloodshot blue stirs remembrances.

Purpleized eyes gaze into mine.
Wisdom of the ages
Drips from their violet.

If the poignant purple stare
Never read my soul,
I'd be gliding free
In the purple polka-dotted sky.

Now I'm draped in swarthy silken sheets
Of noxious violet.
Passion of my wistful youth,
My perceived strength, yielded
to his purpleness.



HALEMA'UMA'U
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

A Touching Moment

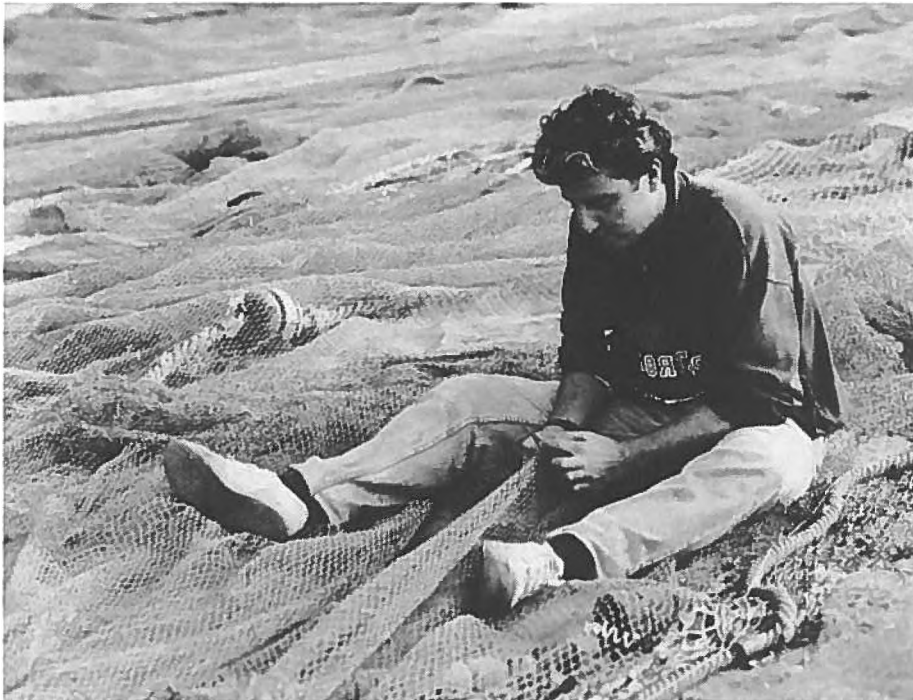
Hardy Boro

The door opened. When I saw dad, the tears began to fall. It was so hard to see him laying so very quiet and still. I loved him, but we did not have a father-daughter relationship because he was ill. I was eight-years-old when he became ill.

As I touched his cold face, I remembered that he made time to build the luau tables and benches for my one-year-old birthday luau. He made time to take me swimming at Sans Souci beach every week. He made time to take me to eat Chop Suey every Friday evening after work. He made time for me to practice my faith. He made time for me to experience a good Christian education. He made time to sit and listen while I asked him questions from his extensive book collection, the one which held a fascination for me, "1000 Answers to 1000 Questions." He made time to construct a shower stall with hot running water. Our house was the first house on Hart street to have it in the early 1940's. He made time to see that I was dressed appropriately for every occasion: especially for church. My daddy loved me.

There's an appointed time for everything and a time for every affair under the heavens, and my dad saw to the fulfillment of his tasks.

Bending, I adjusted dad's dark brown and white Aloha print tie; I said a little prayer and kissed him on the cheek which was no longer cold to me. I will be seeing you, dad. I love you.



A STITCH IN TIME
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

Father, Where Are You

Jenny Chan

A mother whispered tears of sadness.
She wrapped herself around her husband's coffin, unwilling to retreat.
Her husband's last words were not heard.
No tears came to her son's eyes, but his spirit could not be lifted.
He endured life with an arrow in his heart and a cross in his hand.

He thought only of his father and no one else.
In respect for his father, he did not allow his grief to be lifted.
He journeyed twelve days to the mountain top.
Soul weary, he dropped to his knees and shouted,

"I must fly away, else I grow weary. Heaven and earth both are frail.
My father, the king, my father.
No two eyes the same, still, I know I saw him.
I blinked and he vanished.
Doomed to walk the night, I am tired.

Forbidden to reveal the truth,
Revenge must follow.
A knife to cut and rid the horror.
There you are, pay your dues.

I will keep my promise.
No ghost will rise from the graves.
I swear upon my cross,
I will bear the burden.
The spirits will rest.

Life shall lift the soul and drain the soul.
Where will you go now?
Who has sent you?
No room for reason.
Faith will lead."

Hunger

Karen M. Scott

Kekua was hungry. He tossed and turned in his sleeping bag, trying to sleep and forget the painful emptiness he felt inside. Finally, despite the crowded tent and his empty stomach, he slept.

Once, long ago, Kekua lived in an apartment in town with his mom and dad and two sisters. The kids went to school and had friends and toys and clothes and food...wonderful food like hamburger and fries and cake! Then, one day, his dad got really sick and had to go to the hospital. His dad was in the hospital for a very long time. His mom kept working and tried to pay all the bills. Soon, the money ran out. They could not pay the rent or the hospital bills. All they had was their old car. It would become their new home.

Kekua's mom sold everything she could, even Kekua's treasured baseball glove. He cried so hard that he didn't think he could ever stop crying. His little sisters cried because they had to give up their things also. His mom cried because she didn't want to hurt her children and they didn't understand that she needed the money to buy them food. His dad cried because he couldn't leave the hospital and help take care of his family.

Sadly, Kekua and his family climbed into the car, taking only the things they needed to survive. There were blankets, pillows, sleeping bags, and some clothes. His mom put a cooler, dishes, and sacks of food in the trunk. She had traded her possessions with neighbors for a tent and a lantern and other items she would need for camping. Kekua's friends were sad and asked when he would return. "Hey, Little League starts soon!" one of them yelled. Kekua turned away from them in shame and pain.

For the next couple of weeks, Kekua and his family parked by the beach. During the day, Kekua and his sisters would play in the ocean and build sand castles. It was fun for awhile. His mother tried to get a job. She could not get enough sleep or food for strength. She could not stay as clean as she wanted to nor did she have a place to wash and iron her work clothes. Eventually, she had to quit.

She hated leaving the children alone during the day, but she knew Kekua would care for his sisters. She took the bus and looked for other work and applied for unemployment and welfare. One day, while she was gone, a police officer came to talk to the children and find out why they weren't in school. Kekua told him that they lived here. The officer said that they couldn't stay and the children started crying.

Kekua's mom came back just then and rushed to see what was making her children cry. The policeman told her about the homeless camp and said she would have to go there to stay. They packed their belongings and rode with the officer to the homeless camp.

All eyes turned to look at them as they arrived. In those eyes were pity and anger reflected shame. Those eyes looked hopeless. Kekua and his family hugged each other in fear and terror. Then, a nice man came over and showed them where to pitch their tent. He also explained the rules of the camp. The family was too tired and scared to do more than eat the remaining small amount of food they had and try to go to sleep.

As time passed, they settled into a pattern. Some people would come to the camp and teach the kids for a few hours a day during the week. Occasionally, a church group would bring

food and candy for the children. A doctor visited and treated those that she could. Kekua's dad finally got out of the hospital and came to stay with them. The whole family was so happy to see him. The kids were shocked by how thin and weak he looked, and he in turn was shocked to see how skinny and tired his children and wife looked. There wasn't much to do around the camp and the family kept as busy as they could. They had made friends with the other homeless people and learned their stories.

Kekua found some boys his own age and they played ball. Kekua still missed his glove and remembered the times when he played little league as his family cheered him on. It was pretty boring most times at the camp. And it seemed as if everyone was a little bit upset and worried all the time. He always found himself afraid, but didn't know what he was afraid of. Some of the older people in the camp just sat by their tents crying, day after day. They had lost their homes and had no family to help them. They were too old to work, and too weak. A few of the people in the camp had been drug addicts. They were clean now, and looking for work. It was hard to find a job, your welfare could be cut so you still could not pay rent and buy food.

Sometimes the television and newspaper reporters would come and talk to the homeless. Some asked stupid questions like "Do you miss your friends?" and "How long has it been since you watched a movie?" Most, though, were very nice and talked quietly with the adults.

Once, a group of picketers marched outside their camp. Kekua couldn't understand why they didn't want him to stay here. He was terrified they would make him go somewhere else. He had just gotten used to the camp. All the children and most of the adults had nightmares nearly every night. There was just so much fear and hopelessness. How could they ever get out of this mess? Why couldn't they live in a real apartment again with hot water and flush-toilets? Would he ever see television again or listen to music on a stereo? He remembered from before, going to the mall and seeing all the clothes and food and stuff for sale. Why were they suffering when there was so much available.

Kekua did find he was luckier than some of the other kids. His parents were loving and caring. There were other camp children who had been hurt by one of their parents or family members. These children stayed in their tents, coming out only once in a while. They would play and be happy for a time, then suddenly when a man or woman walked by, they would race back to their tents in terror.

Kekua's mom was finally able to find work. His father watched the kids since he was unable to work. The camp manager said they would have to find another place to stay since their time was almost up. Kekua's parents talked to counselors and soon they were able to move to a small homeless village. The little houses had been built by volunteers and, though small, at least were bigger than a tent. They even got mattresses to sleep on and hot water. They got donations of clothes and furniture and Kekua and his sisters went back to school. Kekua's father is babysitting for free so that others can go out and to work. For now, Kekua and his family have some hope. As soon as his father gets stronger, he will get a regular job. If they can stay here for a while, maybe they can find a bigger place of their own. Maybe someday Kekua will get another baseball glove and play Little League. Maybe someday Kekua and his family won't have nightmares. Then again, maybe tomorrow they will be on the beach again, and the nightmares will continue; if not for Kekua, then maybe for your child.

Megalomaniac

Carrie Takamatsu

He touches a rock,
His sins are dissolved;
He goes to church,
He is "loyal" to "god".

But says who,
But himself,
His followers?
God? Satan dressed as God?

He kills people--
Every day, some way,
And loves a dare to what?
Peace? Evolution? War? Destruction?

Yet to himself,
His followers,
This is not the grandest sin...
This is not even sin.

He'd like to own oil--
countries, people,
The world--
Like Jesus? Or Hitler?

Yet to himself,
His followers,
This is not sin...
It's just his own, old way.

Wicked Wind

Lisa Cervantes

Nurtured by jeweled mountain streams,
Basking in a rainbow light and hushed
breezes,
Our velvety limbs stretched exquisitely
Over Kaua'i, our quiescent sanctuary.

Then, he arrived, uninvited
and in a rush.
He forced up our skirts.
Cruel and brutal,
he stripped and pummeled
our beauty.

Circular whips
ripped our limbs,
scattered our softness.

He tore us down!

The Whispering Wind
became Iniki. He
went insane--
Utterly mad, they say.

We are broken, bruised and battered,
Splintered, severed and smashed. Some are
Dead forever.

The Wailing Wind fled,
Guilty, still running free.

Indestructible

Roxy Yamaguchi

I go where you do not dare to venture.
I fear only you when you chase and I flee.
Your huge piercing eyes show me that you're upset.
It turns you inside out, the mere presence of me.

We should treat each other as equals,
But you make me feel so inferior.
Lest not you forget work by Charles Darwin,
"Survival of the fittest", I am superior.

I can be controlled but you won't be rid of me.
My birthright freedom--upon it you encroach.
I sit back and laugh at your human tactics,
For it is I, the indestructible cockroach.



HALEAKALA
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

The Ancient Maniac

Maria-Violetta M. Becera

While I was doing my domestic chores one morning, a friend of mine called me up to ask for my assistance. He told me that he had several appointments to attend to before noon that day, but that he was not feeling too well enough to do much driving. In fact, one of the places he had to go to was his doctor's office. Being the good and accommodating friend that I was, I agreed to drive for him.

Since my car was not available at that time, he had to drive from his place to mine. As soon as he arrived, I assumed my role as his temporary chauffeur.

By having a driver, my friend was relieved of all the tedious and time-consuming inconveniences of driving through heavy traffic, looking for parking space, locking up the car, and walking several blocks to and from the car. As a result, he was able to attend to all his appointments in less than two hours, which was more than half the time it would have taken him if he had been by himself.

When we arrived back at my place, I stopped the car momentarily to yield to an elderly pedestrian who was about to cross the street. Instead of going all the way across, she headed towards my side of the car. Recognizing her as she got nearer, I started to roll down the window to greet her. In reply to my salutation, she bellowed out a litany of profanities and raised her right arm which was armed with an umbrella. Fortunately, her battle cry was enough to stun me and freeze my hand, thus preventing me from rolling the window all the way down. She delivered a blow so hard that her weapon made a deep dent on the roof of the car. Quickly recovering from her disappointment in missing her target, she was able to thrust the umbrella through the tiny opening of the window. I finally got over my shock when my ailing friend amazingly managed with great agility to pull my head towards him with his left hand and simultaneously grabbed the umbrella with his right hand. He then ordered me to drive away from there.

However, the ancient superwoman was able to sprint towards her own car and follow us before we could even complete a turn into the first intersection. After driving around two blocks, my friend told me to stop the car so that he could go out and talk with our lunatic tail. As I slowed down, she repeatedly rammed her car against ours. When it eventually dawned on my friend that further attempts to communicate rationally with her would be futile, and perhaps even fatal, he told me to drive to the nearest freeway on-ramp.

Upon entering the freeway from Kalihi, I reminded my friend that we were not in California where one can drive for hours and not run out of freeways. Because we were in Hawaii, we were scheduled to reach Kahala, the end of H-1 freeway, in less than twenty minutes. My friend told me that there was nothing else we could do then and that the drive would, hopefully, enable us to think of a better alternative action.

I tried to drive within the speed limit, but there was constant jolting contact of the front bumper of the woman's car and the rear bumper of our car each time she caught up with us. Having no choice, I finally stepped on the accelerator as far as possible. Then, for the first time in all my driving years, I prayed to God, Buddha, Allah for a police officer to make a miraculous appearance.

In answer to my fervent prayer, three police officers indeed came into view--the first one past the Pali off-ramp, the second one by the University off-ramp, and the third one near the Waialae off-ramp. I honked the horn at each one of them, but the first two were probably deaf and blind because neither one chased us. Officer number three was definitely the only one without any impairment. However, it was not until we drove past Aina Haina Shopping Center that he caught up with us.

As he drove by my side, he signaled me to pull over. In reply, I indicated to him that he first had to take care of the maniac behind us. After pulling over to the side of the highway, my friend and I saw the frantic woman getting out from her car and running towards our direction. The officer stopped her, grabbed her, and ordered her to go back inside her car. His colleagues, who had just arrived, restrained her while he approached us.

Calmly and courteously, he asked us why we were being chased. my friend candidly explained that I was his girl friend and that the other woman was his estranged wife who had just been served divorce papers the day before.

Upon being asked if we wanted to file a complaint against our rabid follower, we replied that we could not make any decision at that time because all we wanted to do then was to be safely far away from her. The officer assured us of several hours of freedom from the old woman because, whether or not we decide to file charges against her, he would have to detain her at the police station until after the completion of their own complaint reports and charges against her.

As for my friend and me, we were allowed by the officer to leave without giving us even one ticket. After what we went through, it was certainly a big relief to be free of any charges and, most of all, to be free of any kind of harassment from the ancient maniac. However, such a relief did not last long. On our way to a convention in Kailua-Kona the following day, who do you suppose was on the same plane and was subsequently charged with several offenses?

Eternal Raging Scream

Anonymous

The endless billowing
Of darkest rage
Spurting out
"Bad" blood
In the farthest distance
You can hear
Her endless echoing scream.
The pain is too intense.
Others cannot make out the words.
She swallows the anger
Again!
Silently inside
Wondering
If the constant empty, hollow feeling
Is destined for all humanity
Or saved
For only the delicate few.
"You look healthy to me!"
"What's wrong with you!?"
"You're not working".
"You're only a part-time parent"
Her instructor shakes his head.

"You should be able to carry
three classes!"
Her secrecy is gnawing.
Her innards away.
Other people have diseases.
Sicknesses.
They can be helped.
There are cures, well-known treatments
But not for her.
This is a new virus
That develops into an
Incurable disease
A slow, painful death, she is told.
No one understands her sensitivity to life
And now that hers may be shortened,
She has more reason
To respond to everything,
To absorb all the good,
And address the injustices.
Her energy is precious.
Her health constantly watched.
"You're just too sensitive!"
No, the world is not sensitive enough.
In her private abyss
Her screams are lost
In the blind ignorance and fears of others
And yet,
She clings to Hope!

Bad Day at The New Yorker

Albert Lanier

Ethereal.
"Wafting gently in the atmosphere"
Uneven.
Imprecise.
Uninteresting.

Farce.
"Frivolity abounding in my twentieth century"
Simplistic.
Tasteless.
Boring.

New Age.
"The new force surges in us all"
What?
Why?
How?

Undergrad.
"Of endless beer kegs and tapped potential"
Idiotic.
Imbecilic.
Moronic.

Ivy.
"O! Academe. Thou art sick"
Tasteless.
Fantastically.
Lawsuit.

Underwood.
"Monotony rules rigid as the oak"
Intriguing.
Readable.
Interesting.

Sails.
"The murk lays restlessly ahead"
Stretching.
Mediocre.
Okay.

Tears.
"The gallant stream runs"
Incompetent.
Inconclusive.
Shallow.

Friends
"As if a snug old glove"
Pedantic.
Didactic.
Sycophantic.

Honor.
"Majestic as if the bulk of a monarch"
No way,
Forget it.
I'm gone.

Evacuation

Malia Murray

Mama was tying a bow to the belt of my blue dotted dress, a ritual she attended to every Sunday morning in preparation for church. My mouth began watering just thinking about the warm sugar doughnuts Papa was bringing home for breakfast. We usually had sugar doughnuts and tea on Sundays.

I heard Papa coming in the front door. He and Mama walked into the kitchen and I trailed after them.

I heard the word "war." Mama screamed. I remembered thinking that must be a very bad word.

I picked up the feed bucket and filled it with chicken mash and walked out the back door. I was two steps away from the back porch when I looked up and saw three planes, like mosquitoes lined up bracing for the attack, swoop low in my direction.

Mama must have heard them, too. She grabbed me by the collar and pulled, just as the Kamikaze pilots strafed where I had stood.

Immediately Mama and Papa gathered together emergency supplies -- food, water, blankets, lanterns -- and us kids for evacuation. My sister and I were crammed onto the ledge of the back seat of the car. Neighbors, clutching at blankets, lanterns, food and bottles of water, were piled high on the back seat. A couple of men were on the running board of the car hanging on.

Papa drove. Mama, with my baby brother held close to her and my older brother on her lap, sat next to him. A neighbor with her four small children, crying, was next to her.

Papa drove like death was chasing us. Out of nowhere a plane appeared. Rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat-tat. It continued strafing at the car until Papa pulled under the protective canopy of a grove of banyan trees.

Where Have They Gone

Tracy Scoggins

There was a time when
butterflies lived in my stomach,
food was not necessary, for the
butterflies kept me alive.
One day the butterflies
died, and ever since
no amount of food could
ever take their place.
I dream of the butterfly
and hope that some day
it will return

The Wild-Child Park

Karen M. Scott

There should someplace be,
For kids of terrible-two,
A Wild-Child Park
Hidden from parents' view.
With tall, strong fences.
A mudhole, a tree,
To keep these kids content,
Until they turn age three.
Terrible-two-year olds
Can drive a parent nuts!
All we want to do with them
Is spank their little butts.
In a Wild-Child Park,
They can run around all day.
Plenty of food to eat;
It's always time to play.
What a relief it would be,
Not to see them all week long.
We'd go to visit 8-5,
When Saturday came along.
We might miss them,
More than just a little bit,
But being a parent to a terrible-two,
Makes parents want to quit!

Courage to Live: Courage to Die

Marcelle A. Mendez

The world wind of life knocks me down,
Rushing past my consciousness,
Spinning my vulnerable view
I pause:
I am lost.

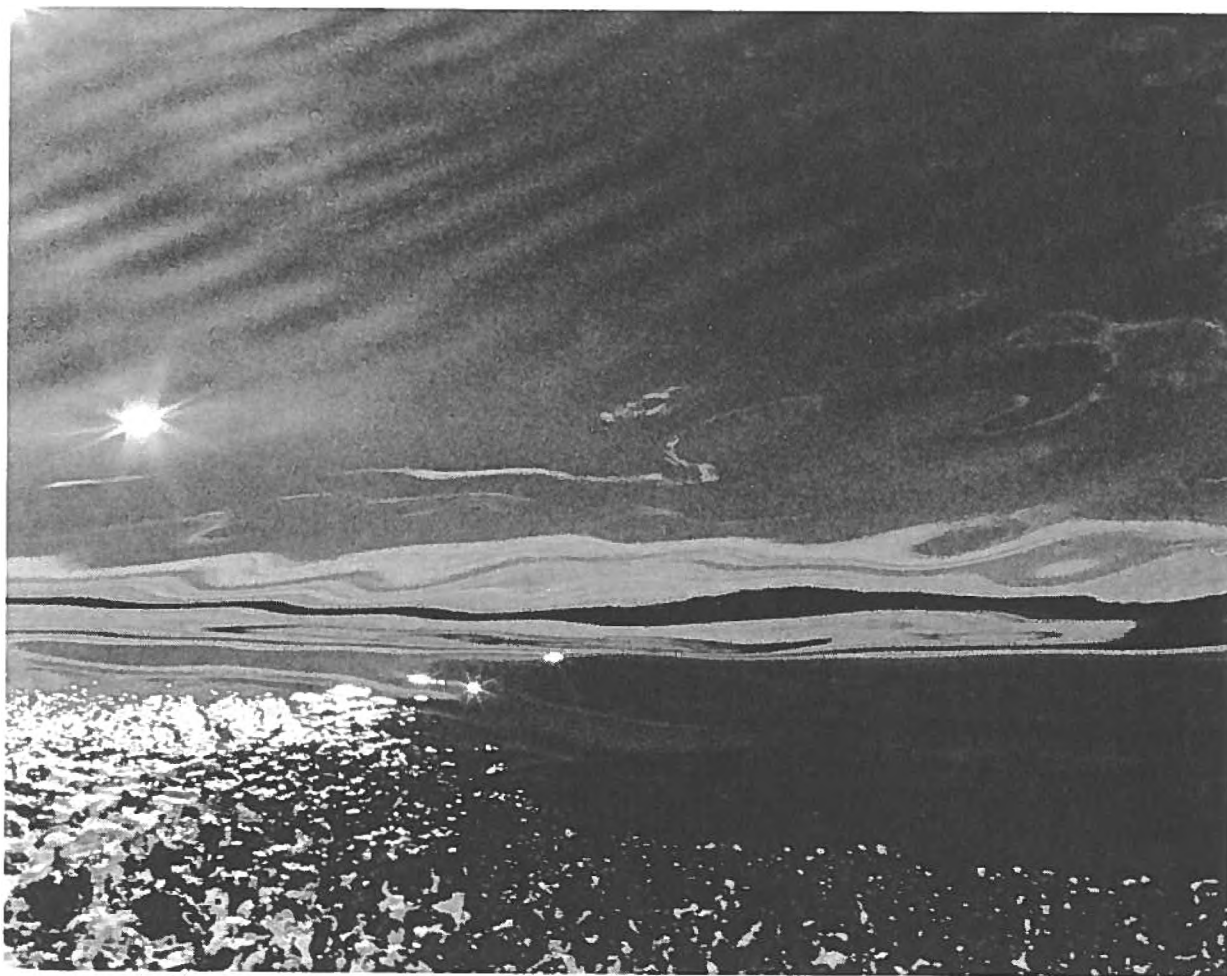
The tornado of love wears my heart,
My private, delicate world is tumbling
I am alone: letting go of
All illusions of power and control
To a force that blows me
Towards an unfamiliar path.

Ask no questions
Surrender to the mysterious unknown
In the mist of shattered dreams and lost
loves
I may rediscover me...or
Calmly, quietly
Watch the burning sun fall
Beneath the sea - waiting
Patiently for me.

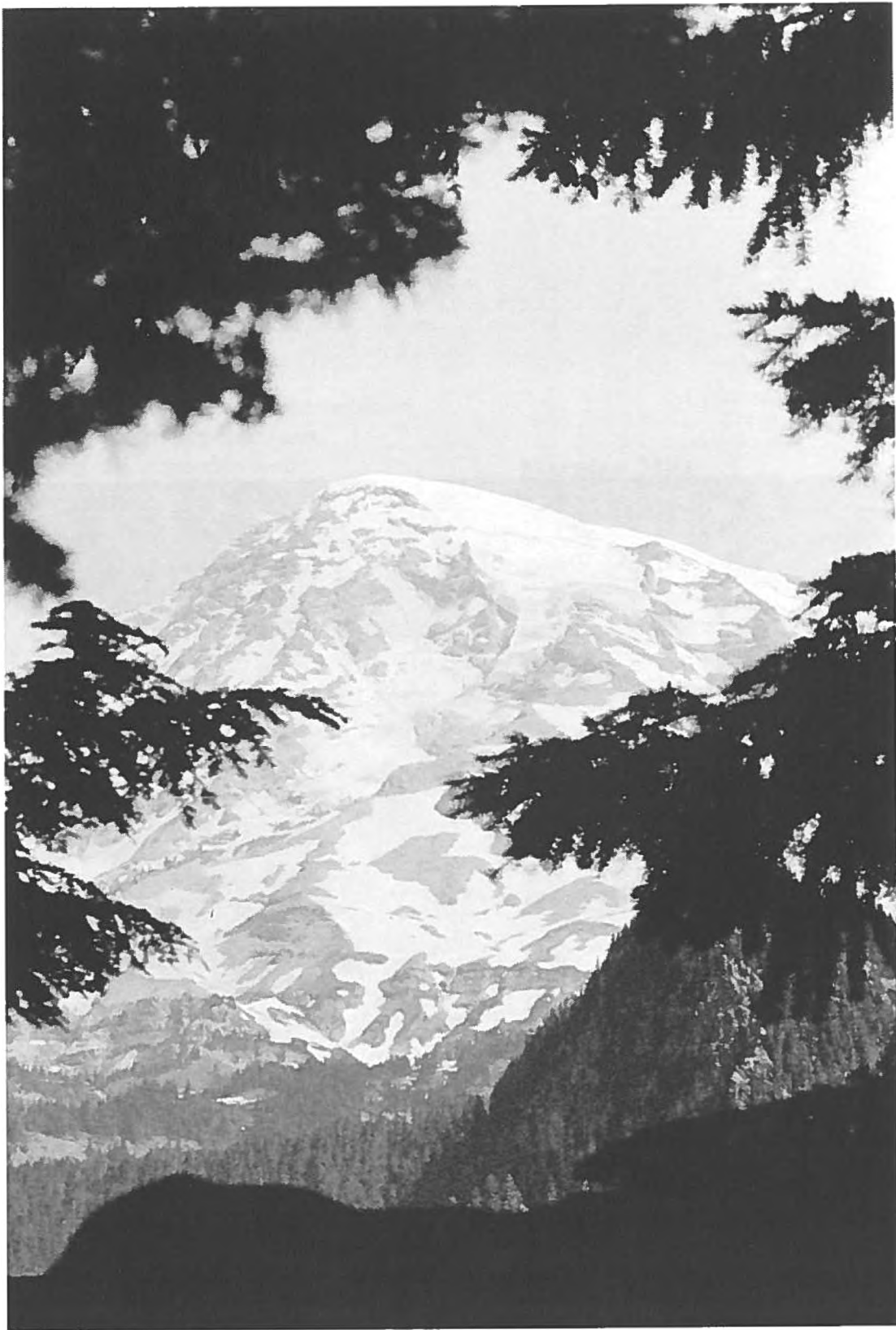
Morning Mist

Anonymous

In the early morning hour
When all are in their last dream stage
I slide my body into my warm dark cocoon
I, safely snuggled in bed
I caress my soft, hungry body
Untouched by man's lustful, selfish flesh
As my own body waves in and out
Up and down
Side to side
Longing for the eternal bliss of another's
Soothing vibration
I cry
For it is my heart
That is spastically longing
Endlessly hopeful
To reconnect
With Her Mysterious
Mythical Love
I lie
Waiting



SOUNDS OF SUNLIGHT
Diane Marshall



MOUNT RAINIER
Diane Marshall

Westwinds 66

Lace

Patricia Martin

Life on the edge of a precipice,
taught me how to change
mauve marshmallows into grape shave ice,
to use amethyst crystals and lavender soap,
to see purple cows and translucent pansies,
to grow maroon pin-striped mushrooms in violet manure.

I wonder how god created the purple mountains,
washed in limestone, sand and time?

I know black and blue bruises become purple
as they heal.

I learned the color purple is spiritual,
invisible visible, royalty and heals.

What does it take for the bruises
on the inside to heal?
Time? Purple? Lilac frogs?

To heal, do I wear wine colored cowhide or bake plum ice cream?

To heal, I will write my poetry with a purple ink pen.
As the words flow onto the page
time, truth and energy
will help erase
the bruises etched in lavender jade
that I have come to face.

Inspired

Lynette Nakatsukasa

Behind empty tears
I grieve another unborn
soul.

The loss cripples
and bruises
my faith
Emotions, like ominous
shadows, cloud my heart.
The fire burns
within the center
of my universe.
Dark days hover over me.

The nurse in white
awakens my deadened heart.
The lost,
she gathers
in a circle.
United with lighted candles
we free the spirits.
We sing
dreams of babies
cradled in our love.

The lady in white
offers arms of courage
and I hold on--
unaware of the black
dress she disrobed
minutes earlier.

Purpose Not Forgotten

Carrie Takamatsu

At an Air Force base bus stop,
Indifference sat---still---
In the thunderstorm of time.

Bolts of present thought
Flash-forwarded to the future
Worldly woes....Is it too late?

Thunder of past action
Resoundly hacked, as if to say
"Remember the bomb---or else...."

Indifference with deep, dark eyes,
Glanced---silently---but not again.
Had he forgotten so soon?

Looking ahead at gray skies,
He said, "Thy will be done."
"Thy will be done" he echoed.

Pilgrimage

Isabel Siu-Li

"Excuse me, excuse me." I looked over my shoulder and saw a man elbowing his way through the crowd behind me. As soon as the departure of the ferry to Macao had been announced through the loudspeaker, droves of people started to hurry toward the boarding gate. My mother pulled me onto the side, but another group of people also trying to reach the gate pushed me back into the man's path. "Excuse me. Let me pass," the man said imperatively in Cantonese as I inched back out of his way.

The man was followed by a stream of people who were also hustling to reach the gate. They were carrying all sorts and sizes of suitcases, boxes, bags and sacks. I tried my best to avoid being bumped or scratched by them while at the same time, I tried not to step over somebody else's toes or trip over someone else's luggage lying on the floor. As the passengers of the Macao ferry extricated themselves from the waiting crowd and disappeared through the gate, their places were reclaimed by the people around me.

It was Christmas day. My mother, sister and I were at the China Ferry Terminal in Kowloon, Hong Kong. My parents had fled China when the communists took over the government. On that Christmas day, more than 40 years later, my mother was going back home. However, homesickness was not the only reason we were standing at the China Ferry Terminal. My mother had never put the thought into words, but I intuitively knew that this visit was a chance, perhaps the last one, for sister and me to recover our Chinese heritage.

As we waited for the boat that would take us to Zhongshan, I observed the people around me. This crowd was a lively one. Families and friends talked so loudly that at times their conversation drowned out the voice from the loud speaker. I turned and said to my sister, who was standing behind me, "Lots of Chinese people make lots of noise, don't they?" Noisiness is a quality I have never associated with Chinese people before. But then, I have never been among so many Chinese people before either. Perhaps, that is how I started to lose my Chinese identity.

After my parents left their homeland, they made a new life in South America. Because the Chinese community in Lima was a small one, and we did not live in Chinatown, I grew up isolated from other Chinese immigrants. At home, my parents would address me in Chinese. However, unlike other Chinese parents, mine did not force me to answer them in the same language. Against my mother's wishes, my father allowed my sister and me to speak Spanish at home. "We are no longer in China," my father would say to my mother. "Our ways and our language are of no use to our kids here." Yet, my mother never gave up teaching us Chinese. Whenever she could, she pointed at things and gave them their Chinese names. Unfortunately, Chinese words never stayed too long in my mind. They were driven away by the Spanish sounds brought by the television, the radio, and the people in the street.

Later, her efforts fell on deaf ears -- mine. As a teenager, I rebelled against my mother's lesson. I could not understand my mother's insistence on listening to her family stories and childhood experiences. Like my father, I kept reminding her that this was not China and, also, that I was Peruvian. For years, I heard her without listening to her. I never realized how successfully I had ignored my mother's word until a friend told me I was the most "un-

Chinese" Chinese person he had ever known. However, it was not until my father's death that I came to understand the full meaning of my friend's observation.

My being "un-Chinese" went beyond my inability to speak Chinese. When my father passed away I, realized I was distressed not only by his physical absence but also by the lost of his legacy. Though my father would talk about his early years in Peru, he rarely told about his own childhood in China. He almost never talked about my grandparents. His life before becoming my father was a blank to me. So in a way, he died a stranger to me. In my mind, his story had no beginning, and if I continued ignoring my mother, her story and my own would be incomplete, too.

My mother also felt the incompleteness. When my oldest brother offered himself to accompany my mother to China, she turned his offer down with a firm, "No, only the girls come with me." I knew then that my mother's visit to China was not only for herself but for us too.

Our ferry was the last to leave the terminal. Two hours later, we found ourselves in communist China. The next morning, we stepped into another time. "Auntie, do you remember now," my cousin called to my mother as we followed him through a narrow lane flanked by brick houses with blackened walls. My mother could now hide her awe at how much her neighborhood had change since she last saw it. The river was no longer in sight. My cousin said it was hidden by the new buildings. The rice fields my mother used to tend had disappeared too. They were all buried beneath concrete, asphalt, and cement. Suddenly, my cousin stopped before one of the brick houses and asked my mother again, "Auntie, do you remember now?"

"Our house?" she asked. Before my cousin could say a word, she added, "Yes, it is our house!"

To walk into my grandparents' house was to walk into another era. Household altars with red panels and golden Chinese characters were scattered in the living room. The furniture my mother knew more than 40 years ago was still in use. Pictures of my grandparents and great-grandparents hung on the wall. On the others, there were more frames filled with pictures of uncles and aunts, of cousins and ourselves. Those were the pictures my father had sent throughout the years to his sister. My aunt reached for them, some of the pictures were no longer legible. Water had leaked inside the frame so the pictures were reduced to colorful dots. My aunt found me in one family portrait--one of the few that had survived the action of time--taken when I was six or seven years old. "You ," she said in Chinese and gave me a toothless smile.

I could only nod to her while my mind looked in vain for Chinese words that were no longer there. I felt dumb. My mother had to speak for me. I had become mute. I could no longer participate in the exchange of gossip that was going on among my mother, my aunt, and my cousins. I felt like a child who had been sent away by the other kids because I was too small and did not know how to play the game. After a while, the group broke up. My cousins left to prepare lunch. My aunt started to open the gifts we had brought for them. They were boxes of candy and cookies. As I watched my aunt tear up the wrappings, I felt ashamed. I thought, what a ridiculous gift chocolate-covered macadamia nuts made. They looked out of place. They reminded me of my own alienation. We should have given them something they could really use, I thought. I looked at the naked stone floor and remembered

the softness of a rug. "She is going to be disappointed," I said to myself.

However, no looks of disappointment clouded my aunts face. Instead, and to my astonishment, she started to empty the contents of all the boxes onto the table. "Mom, what is she doing?" I whispered to my mother. She did not answer me. From all the candy on the table, my aunt picked up a couple chocolate bars and cookies and put them on a small plate. Then, she took the plate and solemnly placed it in front of one of the altars. Once my aunt had finished making her offerings to the god in the altar, she turned to my mother and said something about already having added my father's name to the ancestors list. "Good," my mother answered.

My aunt, then, motioned my sister and me to joined her before an altar with a picture of our grandmother next to it. "Come and honor your grandmother," she said to us. I must have looked perplexed because my mother repeated Aunt's words. "How?" I asked helplessly. The answer came neither from my mother nor my aunt. To my surprise, my sister knew how. She bowed to the picture. "That's how," my aunt said in Chinese. I followed my sister's example and bowed to our grandmother's picture too. Suddenly, the uneasiness and the incompleteness that had been troubling me since my father's death lifted from my heart. A sense of joy and relief enveloped me. I felt the relief of finding something that had been long misplaced and forgotten. As I bowed to my grandmother , I knew I was bowing also to my father, to his father and to all those who came before me--my ancestors. Now I was no longer an outsider, no longer a missing link. The link had been found and restored to the chain.

As my sister and I completed our third and final bows, I looked up and found my mother and my aunt beaming on us with approval.



GRAN CANARIA-SAND DUNES
Bonnie Lisa Pestana

POGS

Michael Hirakawa

What is going on with kids today?
The circle has come around again!
They're grabbing cards and milk bottle caps,
collecting from foe and friend.

It was nice to see, these kids so active,
keeping busy with baseball cards & such.
But all these POGs have changed their lives!
It is really just TOO TOO MUCH!

"Mommy, please, I need some POGS"
is all I hear all day.
If I had kids, my response would be:
"Get a job and earn your pay!"

But kids are not the only ones
rushing into this milk cap craze.
The fever has reached the grown-up kids.
POGs keep their minds in a haze.

These grown-up kids are collecting POGs
and other treasures of worth.
It seems as though they are trying to
regress back to their birth!

Adults are hoarding cards and caps
while waving dollars in their fists.
"But one POG," they say, "is never enough"!!!
as they break out their Christmas lists!

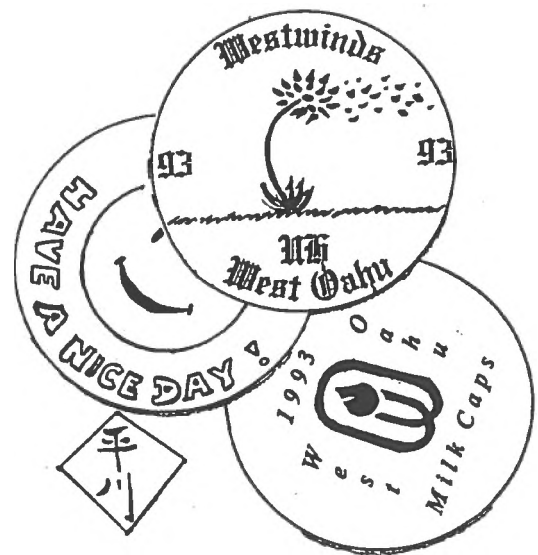
I saw this happen! Yes, its true,
at the local discount shop.
It seems as though these collectors need
to wipe their saliva with a mop!

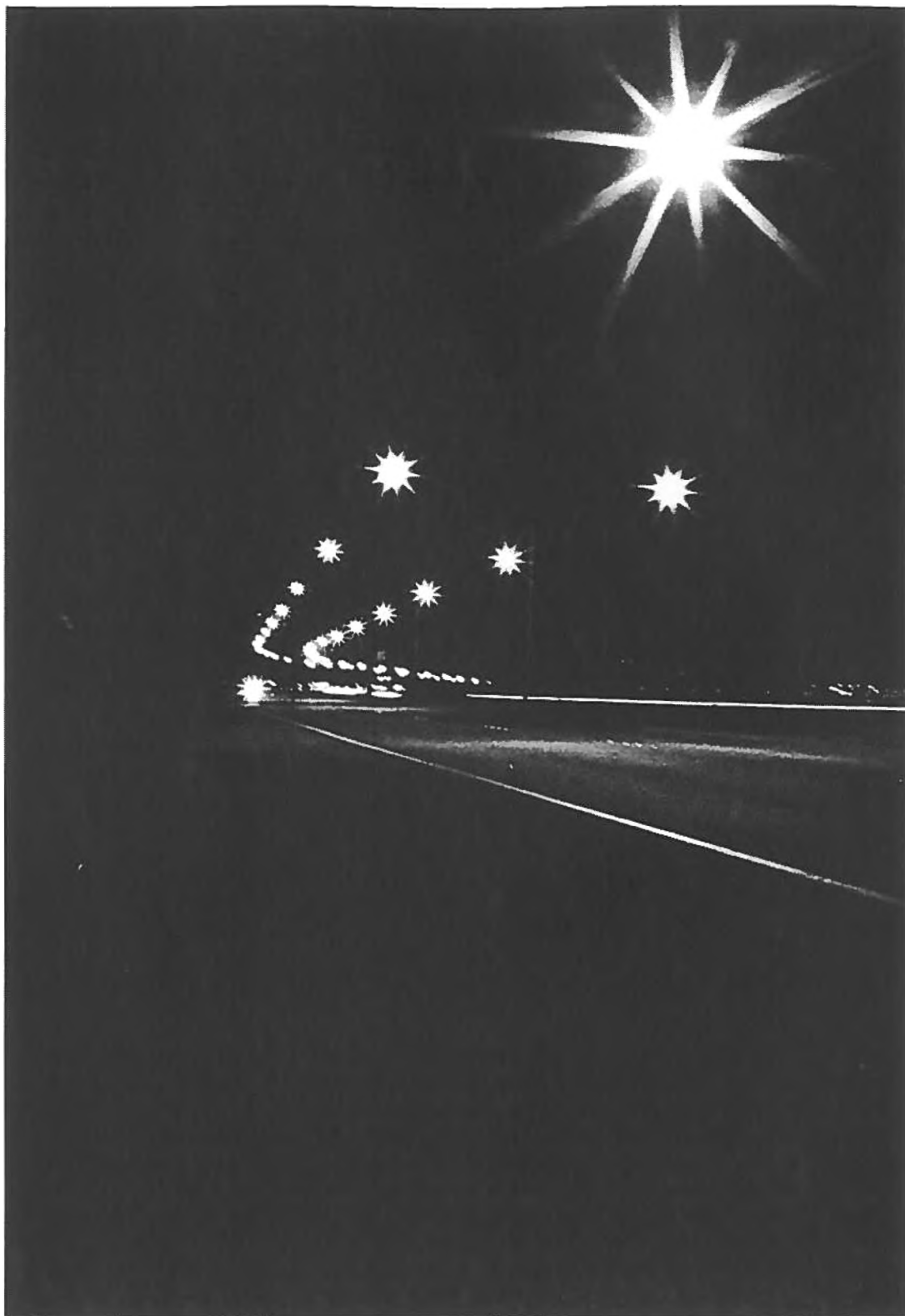
Adults alike should stop this hoarding
of all these cards and lids.
'Cause prices will be out of this world
for all the little kids.

'Cause it was fun, to collect these cards,
I remember it so well!
But vendors and dealers, they charge so much,
They all should go to...
(you know where!!!)

So, farewell to thee, my days of youth!
How good those days were to me!
When the picture show was just a dime,
and milk bottle caps were free!

"POGS"
Michael Hirakawa





LEEWARD CITY LIGHTS
Michael Hirakawa



UH-WEST OAHU

9000298464

