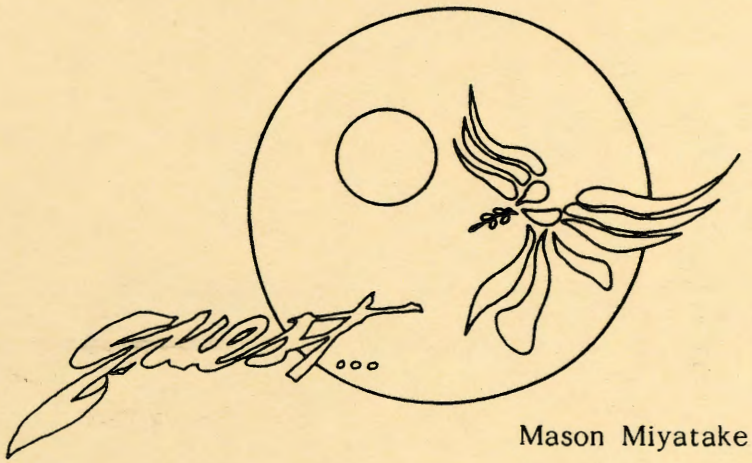
Ka Nani



Mason Miyatake

Ka Nani

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In Memoriam

KATE JAMES

Instructor: English, Literature, American Studies
Kapiolani Community College: September, 1967 - August 1977

THE SEPARATION

His is an island to himself
On which he stands and calls across
To other lands, through sufflate seas
Which separate, which catch his words
To toss them back confused with spray
And swollen by the winds.

-- Kate James

RENASCENCE

Chained by the rhythm of its birth
That unnamed shape, shaped
Certainly to slouch across our sands,
Strains, urgent to deliver
Us who now bear down, down,
Full of knowledge from the first waters,
All innocence drowned.

-- Kate James

HOME AGAIN (FOR MB)

Few know my name
or the pain
but I'm going home to the dust.

But it's alright, because
the dust is comfortable
and the sores will be healed
and the wounds will bleed no more.

There's a mother I won't know
and a mother I won't be
because I'm going home to the dust.

But all's right with me.
The dust is comfortable
and the sores will be healed
and the wounds will bleed no more.

The dust gets thicker
and it's harder to move
but it's comfortable--
like a cat curling up
on my chest
on a sticky summer night.

Tell the dust I'm coming home . . .
after one more breath
of light.

-- Laura Corbett

THE ARTIST AND HIS SUBJECT

by J. Robert Maruyama

He was looking at her quizzically, with a pencil at his fingertips. With a breath of fresh air, which he let out slowly, he hunched his shoulders and brought the tip of the pencil to the drawing pad.

"Okay," he said. "Turn slightly to the left."

She did.

"Good. I want to get you at that angle --that certain angelic quality--the angle that makes you look like an angel. Ha, ha."

"Shut up and draw."

"There," he said. "Just look demure. Don't move."

"How am I supposed to look demure?" she asked.

He put the pencil down and looked at her.

"You know," he said, waving his hands in the air. "Pretend you're a Victorian princess. Sit pretty."

He picked up the pencil and started roughly sketching in her jawbone with a few bold strokes to render her handsome jaw. He drew her hair, working his way up the back of her neck, his lines jumping, curving, into life. He came to her eyes, filling in the pewter jewels with light.

She sat still, holding her eyes in a quiet radiance toward him and didn't move a muscle when she cleared her throat.

"You have a funny nose," he said, looking at her.

"Thanks a lot," she said.

"No, I mean in the picture . . . . I gave you a funny nose."

"Let me see," she said, her eyes going from the bright air to the drawing pad.

"Not yet. I'm not finished."

He looked it over, made a few changes in her nose, brushing away the eraser debris, then showed it to her.

"That looks like Cloris Leachman!" she said.

A NIGHTMARE HAS COME!

By Darith Seng

Until this day, I fear communism. The news from the papers and radio scare me. This fear can be traced to the bitter experiences I had in Cambodia, where I almost lost my life.

On April 17, 1975, Pol Pot, the Khmer Rouge's leader, won the war that he and his troops had fought against Lon Nol, the president of Cambodia, for over five years. Within hours of their entry, Pol Pot's government began its monstrous plan by evacuating the population from the city. The savagery of this new regime was unthinkable. Pol Pot's soldiers would not make any exception, even for the elderly, children, or hospitalized patients. Thus, the horrible year of a proud race began. Unfortunately, I and my family had to leave the city and go to the countryside, too.

Within three months, the Khmer Rouge exiled my family to the northern part of Cambodia. They left us and hundreds of other families in a labor camp located in the thickest forest I had ever seen. There, we entered a world of tyranny. We were allowed no personal belongings. We had no radio, no market, no money, no school, no free communication. All human rights were completely eliminated. Pol Pot's government had removed Cambodia quickly from the modern world. The things they let us own were: one blanket, one towel, one spoon, one black shirt, one pair of black pants. They told us to take good care of these things because if we lost any of them, we would not get a new one for six months. After we settled in the camp for three days, the Khmer Rouge forced us to go to work.

Hard work was not unusual in the labor camp. Everybody had to work very hard for their own safety. During that time, anyone who refused to go to work was brought to the forest and killed by the soldiers. We worked from 4 a.m. to noon. They let us rest for lunch about half an hour, then we continued to work until 6 p.m. Most of the work we did everyday were: building a dam to store water, tilling the land, planting rice, and harvesting the crops. Even though we worked very hard for them, the Khmer Rouge gave us only a little bit of food to eat. At every meal, we received one cup of porridge and one cup of clear soup. Soon, people learned to mix their porridge with any kind of edible leaves they could find in order to fill their hungry stomachs.

Six months later, some people died because of starvation. Usually, the people who died had the same characteristics. First, they lost weight; then their bodies became swollen; and, finally, they became emaciated and died. I realized that when people

became emaciated, they looked very similar to each other. They looked like living skeletons that were unable to express their feelings facially.

I shall pause here to describe the life of the hospitalized patients. The hospital was not created to provide health care, but rather to prepare the patients for death. Patients were less valued than animals; they were thought of as lazy, and they were given only half the food that the well people received. The treatment was based mostly on traditional medicines made of bark, roots, and tree leaves, or pills made of rice flour. But no one seemed to care about that type of medicine because of its inefficiency. The patients always threw the medicine away when the nurse left. Strictly speaking, the patients were not sick but starved. Life in the labor camp was nothing but the search for a full stomach and escape from starvation. The plate of the patient never needed to be washed. The patient's tongue would lick it thoroughly until there was nothing left. The patients died one after another almost every single day.

Six months later, the situation in the camp became worse for me and my family. The Khmer Rouge sent two of my older brothers and my older sister to work in another camp about 100 miles away. Only I and my youngest sister had a chance to stay close to my parents.

One day, Pol Pot's soldiers didn't give me any food to eat. They had caught me catching crabs in the rice field while I was working. That night, I was very hungry, but I didn't tell my parents that I hadn't eaten. About midnight, when my parents and my sister were sleeping, I sneaked out of the house and ran to the corn field. I went there to pick corn. I was caught that night by two soldiers who were guarding the corn field. I knew what they were going to do with me, but I felt no fear at all. I felt very sorry that I hadn't let my parents know what I was doing. They would be worried when they woke up and didn't see me. During the time, whenever you did something wrong, the soldiers never let your family know where they sent you or what they did to you. The Khmer Rouge soldiers tied my hands in back, and they brought me to the place where they could punish me.

I was placed in the prison camp about five miles away from the place where I used to live. There, they forced me to work very hard. I worked in the rice field from early in the morning until sunset with a chain around my ankle. Every prisoner at that time was locked up with a chain because the soldiers were afraid that we would escape while we worked. They gave me one meal a day with one cup of rice water and nothing but a half spoon of salt. At night, they forced me to work again around the camp.

The work included chopping the ground, growing vegetables, and pulling weeds. They let me go to sleep at about midnight and woke me up at 4 a.m. to start all over again. Because of hunger, I couldn't control myself anymore. I learned to eat raw crabs and raw fish in order to survive. The soldier caught me once while I was eating the crabs, and kicked me three times in my stomach. I was willing to cry, but somehow the tears didn't come out. I wanted to shout to the world and ask them why they let these barbarians do such a horrible thing to the guiltless Cambodian people. Was it a curse from God?

After I stayed one month in the prison camp, the Khmer Rouge let me go back to my family. They warned me not to say a word to my family about what was going on in the prison camp. If I dared tell my family about what they did to me, they said they would kill me. For my own safety, they told me to shut my mouth.

When I arrived home, my parents didn't recognize me at all because of my bony body. They were shocked when they learned that their son was still alive. My mom drew me into her chest while she sobbed. She said softly to me, "Please, don't do that again." I said nothing to her because the words I wanted to say just stuck in my throat. I raised my head to look at my father and my sister. They were all thin, but at least they were much better than I. I wanted to tell them about my grief, but how could I tell them when they had their own to bear. I gave them a dry smile and went to sleep.

One year later, another grief settled on my family. Two of my brothers who were sent to work at another camp died. Only my sister had survived the killing. The soldier found out that two of my brothers were students before. During that time the Khmer Rouge government tried to eliminate all who used to be soldiers, teachers, doctors, and students before 1975. They felt that these people would someday form a revolution against them. People with glasses were killed by the soldiers. Even people with bald heads became victims. They thought that these people were smart people. The killing continued on and on until the arrival of Vietnamese troops.

On January 7, 1979, Vietnamese troops gained a victory over the Khmer Rouge, and the killing stopped. The Vietnamese troops estimated that about three million Cambodian people died by starvation and by killing within the period of three years and eight months. Without my two brothers, my family made a trip back to the city and began our new life. I stayed with my family for almost two years, then I fled to the United States.

Even though I am living in a free world now, I still fear communism. I find it very hard to forget the nightmare I had gone through during those horrible years.

JOEY: A DEMI-TASSE SON FULL OF ME

There's a question in my kitchen
With a plead in its eye
All stammers and shuffle
My voice full of, "Why?"

There's a tease at my table
A mimic on its tongue
All sassy and brash
My mouth full of young

There's a smile on my pillow
Four feet in stance
Dark tango of eyes
My soul in their dance

-- Sandra Perez

VINEYARD SUMMER

By G. E. Abbott

Gray little houses with little porches, chairs rocking and rusting doors. Ocean full of sounds and foam, light footprints in the sand. Crickets chir in the fragrant summer dusk. Slow meadows of ragged pines, silver haze of summer, and twilight smiles of girls hinting those youthful hopes of treasure; evenings of whispering moonlight, mornings of damp solitude fog, and days of fresh adventure; it is summer on the Vineyard.

Lobsters boiling on the beach, music ludded by the homeless ocean, the clambake at the end of the day is delight pure and perfect. Then her eyes speak out to me, naked, agonizing, dark blue eyes. Could they be for me? With a flush of hope, delightful torture of desire, I have no doubt. For me, her gaze extinguishes all the surroundings. Buoyant breasts in superb abundance suspend my breath. My heart beats quickly, waiting for her soft hand. With only our eyes speaking, we roam the beach arm in arm. Finally, we embrace; at last, we touch, our clothing wearing the land and sand.

Summer breezes pass over too quickly. Her last embrace promises letters and next year. Sadness of farewell glimmers on the ferry's early morning decks. Silhouette of island and girl waving slowly fades into the boat's wake.

Summer's gone.

ANTHONY

by Jon M. Okazaki

The alarm sounded. This was one of the most important days in Anthony's life. It was a Sunday, and the next day, at 7:00 a.m., he would take the flight attendant's exam at United Airlines. On this day, he had to study.

All through his twenty-four years of life, Anthony's mother had called him a dreamer and a schemer whose mind was always floating in the clouds instead of concentrating on his responsibilities. Well, this was it--the day when Anthony would show her and all the rest of the family that he could succeed, and do it his way.

You see, Anthony did not consider himself a dreamer or a schemer. He was a planner, and by the age of twelve he had already formulated a complete plan for his life. It was a reasonable plan, not at all excessive, just ideal.

Anthony saw himself graduating from the most prestigious high school in the Islands and then attending the University of Colorado at Boulder to study law.

Anthony was extremely intelligent. He had the potential to attend any college he wanted. His choice of this particular campus was based completely on sexual considerations. Just the words "Boulder, Colorado" sent shivers down his spine, and visions of blonde goddesses in tight-fitting outfits fogged his eyes and made his mouth involuntarily drop open. Anthony loved women.

Upon completion of law school and after he had passed the bar exam, Anthony planned to get a job as a flight attendant for United Airlines. He saw himself flying between Hawaii and the West Coast and having studios in both Hawaii and Los Angeles. He slept with a different stewardess every night and took vacations in Europe because of the flying benefits.

After ten or twelve years of forgetting his keys two thousand miles away, Anthony would tire of the fast life and settle down. He envisioned meeting his dream girl in a casino in Las Vegas, establishing his law firm in Hawaii, and starting a family in his house at Black Point, one of the most exclusive locations on Oahu.

Anthony and his wife, whose name would be Elizabeth, would have three children, two boys and a girl. The oldest son would be named Anthony, Jr. The girl, Elizabeth, and the youngest boy, James. After James Dean. It would be either James or Elvis.

Anthony would live his life in ecstacy and die at the age of seventy-five, the age of death for the average American.

In Anthony's mind, it was a reasonable plan. Unfortunately, at the time, Anthony was only twelve, and he knew little about

the cruel realities of the world. He did graduate from the most prestigious high school in the state, and he did go to Boulder, but that's about as far as he got in his plan.

Everything was going fine until Professor Baccarat squealed on him. The professor caught him sleeping with a girlfriend in the women's dorm. Anthony was expelled from the University of Colorado for unacceptable behavior--and also for being tardy 103 times during the semester. His life was ruined.

Nevertheless, Anthony was a planner, and he wasn't going to let this little setback hold him down. He just had to alter his original plan a bit. After many hours of deep contemplation, he decided to skip law school and go straight for the stewardesses. Sooner or later, he would meet a rich blonde named Elizabeth and just live off her money.

So, this day marked the start of his new plan. As usual, Anthony had forgotten to set his alarm the previous night and ended up sleeping until 1:00 in the afternoon. "Oh, well," he thought, "I don't need to study that much. How hard can serving drinks with a smile be?" Still in bed, he started to figure out the exact amount of time it would take to read the airline manual if he read one page every two-and-a-half minutes. He was asleep again before he could come up with the answer.

Suddenly, Anthony heard the door burst open and his friend Don screaming, "Surf's up! And we're having a picnic with a hundred girls to celebrate! Get outta the sack and grab your stick!"

"I can't go," mumbled Anthony. "I gotta study for an airline job tomorrow."

"You don't study for a job. You just go there and look busy. And you're expelled from school! So forget studying!" Don shouted, an inch away from Anthony's face.

"I can't go," Anthony replied as he turned away from the attacking voice.

"Glorrrrrrria is gonna be there," whispered Don.

Anthony was up, into his swim shorts, and brushing his teeth even before his pillow hit the floor. After a splash of Jovan Musk, he grabbed the United Airlines manual, his surfboard and towel, and raced out the door, swearing to almighty God that he would study at the beach.

Now, God is a forgiving sort, and it's a good thing, too, because Anthony came home at 8:00 p.m. with a tan and a date with Gloria, but with not one page read. By the time he showered and ate a microwave pizza, the clock read "9:07." Nine hours and fifty-three minutes until test time.

Let's see, thought [illegible]. That equals 593 minutes. I have 118 pages to rea[illegible]tes per page, that will only take

me 295 minutes. Only 4 hours and 55 minutes! I'll be asleep by 3:30. No problem.

Anthony read and didn't stop for five hours. Unfortunately, he forgot to consider the fatigue factor into his calculations and, at 3:00 a.m., still had 20 pages to go. He decided to wake up early and skim over them with breakfast.

So, with a hard day behind him, Anthony flipped on a Dion and the Belmonts tape and curled up in his blanket for a good three-hour sleep. He dreamed about the excitement of travel, the thrills of living in the fast lane, and the hundreds of women wanting to have his children. He was ready. He had done it, and done it his way. He had played hard, but he had also studied hard, and now he was on his way. And with these dreams, Anthony drifted off to sleep, without setting his alarm.

Sal Nieto

LIKE A SPIRALING COMET

She dances like a spiraling comet
A dazzling flashing fury
Pirouetting dizzy somersaults
On wondrous magic feet

She leaps across the stage
As if upon the moon
Crimson gilted dancer
Blazing in the night

Her eyes are laughing diamonds
'Neath the canopy of stars
She leaves me standing breathless
In the moonlight soft and pale

Blazing astral traveller
Wild and free
Earthbound
She entrances me

-- I. Ginger Khan

UNTITLED

Shadows covered my spirit.
A butterfly flew in through the open window
and flashed bright colors upon me.
I said to the butterfly,
"I'm so glad you're here,"
and the butterfly smiled and said,
"But you know I have to go."
And though I knew that he would leave
just as quickly as he came,
that one moment,
touched by that butterfly,
shed light on those shadows
and soon they began to disappear.

-- Marie White

THE TAIL

by J. Robert Maruyama

I walk into the room. A waiter is serving drinks to a middle-aged couple sitting in the center of the room. Two girls in flashy dresses stand at the bar, quiet. Music is playing from speakers near the ceiling. I walk past a man with thinning hair and notice his gray suit. He is slightly drunk. I take a seat in the middle of the room, dimly lighted and flanked on both sides by empty chairs and tables.

She walks in and goes to the bar and orders a drink. I watch her. She takes out a cigarette from her purse and lights it up. She looks around the room and sees the man with thinning hair who had taken his seat near the door. She walks over to his table. He looks up from his drink. She sits down. I see them talking for a while. Then the man hunches his shoulders and leans across the table to point at me. She turns around and looks toward me, her eyes settling on me nervously. She turns to the man to say something. He nods. She stands, holds out her hand to him. He offers his hand, and she squeezes it. She walks to the bar to get her purse and walks out quickly.

Now I know she's onto me.

When I get up to go to the payphone, the man in the gray suit pays for his drinks and leaves. I decide to call Jack. I mean, this was all his idea. I dial his number. I'm in luck; he answers.

"Yeah?"

"She's onto me."

"What? How do you know?"

"Some guy in the joint tipped her off."

"Who? What guy?"

"I don't know--never saw him before."

"Did she leave?"

"Yeah--no use following her now."

"I guess you're right. I'll have to get someone else to tail her."

"Jack, I think you're getting carried away with this--"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I've been following her for two weeks, showing up at places she frequents, and I have yet to see her with this other man you've been talking about."

"Well, what about the guy who tipped her off?"

"He's old enough to be her uncle."

"Maybe you're right . . . . Listen, I'll call you tomorrow. Thanks a lot.

"I hang up and walk out."

Two weeks down the drain.

LATE WINTER WRITER'S BLOOD

On the clean paper
nothing is seen
but the ordinary emptiness;
only the black trees, leafless
across the fields and the highway
spell their shapes against the whiteness.

Somewhere on the edge of this vague blank,
car tires spin
furious
in the intractable slush.

On this hill,
on miles of snow and road,
the car will not move a foot.

Leaving its marks to be revised
by the weather,
the poem wanting to be written
doesn't march into being.
Its fragments come loose
and the metaphor is freed.

-- J. Robert Maruyama

MARIKO

Singing soprano was what you did best
Your smile, a hint upon your face
On opening night at the opera
I loved your apricot dress.

No quiet conversations
No Manoa night rains
Drinking tea in sidewalk cafes
Japan has stolen you
Now you're singing your heart out
In L.A.

-- Ben Manuel

MAMA SAN

By I. Ginger Khan

"Ruger, number three, mama san."

"Tank you, young man," smiled the old woman. She chuckled to herself as she slowly boarded the bus and eased into a seat behind the driver designated for "ELDERLY & HANDICAPPED."

"I no can see da sign sometimes, you know, when you get to be my age, yeah?" She was old, her spine curved, ancient. But her eyes sparkled, clear and fresh as a baby's.

She looked to her right, and then forward. "You know," she began, to no one in particular, "Dis is a nice big bus, yeah? But sometimes too much samui, you have to wear jacket. But das okay, air condition, good invention!" She paused, her brown fingers feeling the large plastic bag of flowers beside her. "Long time ago we had trolley buses going down King Street, you know, by the Iolani Palace. Yea, nevah had paved roads . . . ." She was ten years old again. She liked riding the trolleys. But she didn't always have the money.

The bus jerked and grunted, winding its way around Maunalei into Kilauea, climbing toward Leahi Hospital. Leaning toward the driver, the old woman asked, "Young man, can you please tell me when we come to da graveyard?"

"I'll let you know, mama san. Maybe another five more minutes."

"Tank you, tank you."

The bus stopped. A young mother and her baby got in and sat down across from the old woman. The old woman's broad śmile and twinkling eyes caught the sparkling, clear-water blues of the baby's, and both giggled. They had become old friends. The bus lurched again and turned the corner from Diamond Head Road into Twenty-Second Avenue.

"Diamond Head Cemetery, mama san."

Her head perked up. "Okay. Okay." She gathered her plastic bag of flowers. The bus halted, gently. She rose to leave. She pulled two long-stemmed gladiolas out of the bag and gave one to the young mother. The other, she gave to the driver.

Felines' hissing sounds
High wailing noisy curses
Awakening all

-- Carlina Bartolome

Versatile spider
Knits a web of destruction
Wondrous creation

-- Ruby Valdez

Perched upon a cliff
Waves crash down on sands and dreams
Silently in the night

-- Elsie Billena

Soft wet noses
Pitter patter of paws
Huggable puppies

-- Rae Chappell

Cloudy morning, the sun dim
I walked through the garden
Where he once lived

-- Tammy Tran

Dew drops glistening
The sun peeks from behind clouds
Rainbows for breakfast

-- Lisa Baird

A weary old hat
Flying up into the sky
Using wind for fuel

-- Garrett Goo

The sound of rain drops
Soothes me into the trance world
Rain drops, don't stop

-- Richard Asato

The wind blows freely
Carrying seeds of new life
And the wild weeds grow

-- Richard Tappe

You are so precious
I find it hard to say
"Be mine forever"

-- Jeff Matsuzaki

Exciting so many
Yet never ever touching
Platonic romance

-- T. M. Kondo

Room fans cleanse the air
Creating silent music
The plants dance in joy

-- Chandara Uk

The moon paints a path
Across the ocean tonight
Waves in dance of light

-- Lisa Baird

She spread her sails
The wind gently pushes her
Who would deny her

-- Kevin Ash

Wind blowing so hard
Birds struggling in the sky
A girl scurrying home

-- Elsie Billena

Smell something oishii
Ono food tonight, but wait
It's from the neighbor.

-- Dallas Wilcox

Clear, full moon
The night ever so still
Deafening heartbeat

-- Tammy Tran

Savor the moment
Emotions ever fleeting
In the body hide

-- Lyndon Patterson

A cozy twilight,
Just you and me and baby,
My mother arrives

-- Linda Chang

NIGHT COURT

By Archie McCoy

It was a Saturday night that was planned for partying and fun. However, the night did not turn out as I'd planned. That night, in a Waikiki alley, I and three other boys who were total strangers joined in the cause of justice.

"Good-bye," I said to the pretty girl on the crowded bus as it gradually came to a stop. I stepped off the bus onto the sidewalk filled with people, tourists and locals alike. I heard noises all around me. Sounds from the honk of car horns to the chanting of the Hare Krishnas singing to their god filled my ears. The bright lights from movie theaters, stoplights, car headlights, and the several stores that lined the street lit up the night. I knew it was going to be an exciting evening.

I was on my way to my cousin's house, which was located across the street from the Ala Wai Canal. My cousin and I had met these two girls at a high school dance the week before, and they were coming there to meet us. Knowing that these two girls like to smoke, I stopped at Tony's Fried Chicken to buy a couple of joints from a friend who worked there.

"Leilani!" I said, trying to get her attention.

She turned around and with a big smile on her face energetically responded, "What, Archie! What you like? Came for check me out?"

You crazy or what?" I answered.

The somewhat cheerless expression that started to grow on her face made me laugh.

She replied sharply, "Okay, then, beat it!"

"Just joking!" I said, in an attempt to win back her friendship. I then asked, whispering, "Leilani, I like buy two joints?"

She looked around to make sure no one was watching. "Okay, wait," she responded, as she dug her hands into her pants pocket, searching for what I had requested.

The transaction was made, and I said, "Thanks a lot, Leilani. You take it easy."

As I walked away, she yelled, "Okay, you too--and call me up sometime!"

I waved good-bye and walked around the corner. I fantasized about what the night had in store for my cousin and me. A few hits from these joints and those girls would be in the palms of our hands.

I had a long way to go, and my legs were tiring. I looked at my watch; it was 9:45. My cousin had told me to be at his

house around ten. To make sure that I got there on time, I walked faster. The rate of my heartbeat was rapidly increasing as I thought about the beautiful girl that I was going to score that night.

I decided to take a shortcut through a dark alley. The alley was a long narrow street between Kalakaua and Kunio Avenue. Thanks to the light from the two main streets at both ends of the alley, I could see where I was going.

I felt a light tap on my right shoulder and turned around.

"Excuse me," said a middle-aged man with a British accent. "I am bloody lost. Would you happen to know where the Driftwood Hotel is located?"

"I'm sorry, mister," I responded. "I don't."

He said, "Thanks anyway, young chap," and walked away.

There were three other boys also walking through the alley. We were all strangers to each other. The headlights of a car blinded us as it cautiously made its way through the narrow street. We moved out of the car's way to let it pass. In single file, the three of us proceeded on. We were walking pretty close to each other and in the same direction.

A piercing cry of a lady, "Stop! Help! Stop!" echoed through the alley. With much zeal, we looked in every direction to see where the screams were coming from.

"Somebody getting lickings," said the heavily built Hawaiian guy. I later learned that his name was Kalani. He was nineteen and from Waianae.

The Filipino guy agreed. His name was Baltazar. He was twenty and from Ewa Beach.

I, a Black-Puerto Rican from Kalihi, shouted, "Look!" as I pointed to the shadows on the wall. The images displayed on the wall showed a man leaning over a lady. He was hitting her profusely.

"Eh, brah, we go help the lady!" declared the Samoan-Chinese guy. His name was Mosese, and he was from Waimanalo.

"Shoots, we go!" proclaimed Baltazar.

My perception of what was going on became clearer as we approached the man and lady. The man was a tall haole guy. From his clean-cut appearance, I figured he was in the navy. The lady was definitely a prostitute. I was uncertain what race she was. Because of her rich brown complexion, I assumed she was either Black or Filipino. She wore a white mini-skirt, red high-heel shoes, and a red blouse laced with white lines. Her face was smeared with a combination of blood and make-up.

As we got closer to the scene, the man saw us and stopped hitting her. He began to walk away. Mosese, Baltazar, and I blocked his path. He backed up toward the wall. His hands and

legs were trembling from fear of what might happen to him. Kalani went to help the lady, who was lying on the dirty ground, crying. She slowly stood up and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"That guy owes me sixty bucks! I kept asking him for my money, and he started hitting me," she announced. She then picked up her purse and ran off into the darkness of the alley.

We all gave the man our dirtiest looks. Sweat was pouring down his face. He was petrified. Mosese pulled the man's hair and yanked his head back, saying, "What, brah, you like hitting chicks?"

"No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he cried out. He then begged us to let him go.

With a powerful punch, Baltazar struck the man in his left eye and said, "Too late for apologies."

The man fell to his knees and covered his injured eye. He tried to fight back but to no avail.

Kalani cocked his leg as if he were about to punt a hundred-yard field goal and kicked the man in his ribs. He screamed out in pain and bent over. Mosese picked him up and held him against the wall. "Having fun, mister?" asked Mosese with a big smile on his face. With a thrusting blow, he punched the man in the stomach. The man spat squirts of blood from his mouth. I was beginning to feel sorry for him.

Baltazar again hit the man in his face, and so did I. Kalani grabbed a handful of the man's hair and banged his head against the wall six times. The defeated man fell to the ground. We all kicked and punched him. Everyone was so out of control that I was mistakenly hit in the mouth.

Mosese searched the man's back pockets and took his wallet. The man laid stretched out on the ground with his mouth wide open and eyes staring up at the sky. He looked pitiful.

"Since you never like pay the lady, you got to pay us," said Kalani.

The man mumbled some words, but we did not understand him.

"We go!" I declared.

We ran as fast as we could. Mosese led the way. We followed him to the empty parking lot at the Honolulu Zoo. He took the money out of the wallet and counted it. I grabbed the wallet to see what else was inside. According to his identification, the man was a police officer from San Antonio, Texas. My eyes grew big. I wiped the wallet with my shirt to get rid of my fingerprints.

"Three hundred and sixty dollars!" shouted Mosese. He divided thirty-six by four and gave us each ninety dollars. We shook hands all around and introduced ourselves.

"All right," said Baltazar. "We scored tonight."

The cool air from the beach was making me cold. I put my hands into my pockets to keep them warm. I felt something that wasn't familiar. I took it out. It was the two joints that I had bought earlier. I had forgotten all about my cousin and the girl I was supposed to meet that night. Not remembering why I had the joints, I decided to smoke them with my three new friends.

"Any of you guys get one match?" I asked.

All three of them anxiously pulled out their lighters. We laughed. Since Kalani had his lighter out first, I took his and lit up the joint. We smoked and talked about what had just happened. After we were all good and stoned, we shook hands and went our separate ways.

I was hungry and sleepy, so I decided to go home. I felt good about myself as I slowly walked to the bus top. It wasn't that I was feeling light-headed or ninety dollars richer. It was because I had helped someone that night. I felt justice had been done.

Scott A. Young

JET LAG

My suitcase lies open
my clothes in disarray
It's an impossible task
to put things away

When it's time to wake up
I want to sleep
My unread mail
is a desolate heap

The gifts I bought
with such delight
Have no charm
in my present sight

When the phone rings
I shrink from the call
At the slightest frustration
I just want to bawl

Photos I took
are still in the case
My mirror reflects
a newly lined face

My wallet is empty
my bills unpaid
Dishes pile in the sink
and my bed is unmade

When will my clock
start clicking right?
When will day be day
and night be night?

When jet lag gets me
I swear I'll not roam
Never again
will I leave home!

But then one day
it all falls into place
And I start dreaming again
of flying in space

Travel folders begin
to look bright on the rack
And I know for sure
I'll be going back

To baggage and jets
and with passport in hand
I'll loudly proclaim
that traveling "is grand!"

But right now I wish
for some magic tape
To hold me together
while time does escape

Indeed I'll agree
that travel is neat
If my head arrived
along with my feet!

-- Shelby W. Parker

BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP

By Rachel Reynolds

Every Wednesday afternoon during the hours between 3:30 and 6:30 p.m., just off Fahad Al Salem Street on the seventh floor of the Al Rashed Building, in the Black Stump, one of the most exclusive little clubs in the city, a group got together in the tiny vault area of the Australian Embassy for the most serious purpose of seeing who could drink the most Fosters. It was during one of these bouts that we met up with Wilf, a swashbuckling type, an Australian by birth and a pirate at heart. He had a certain allure about him that some women found very attractive.

One Black Stump afternoon, Bill, Wilf, and I were discussing the upcoming Eid, a Moslem holiday. "What about going to the Greek Islands?" said Wilf. "I'm thinking of buying Simon's boat. We can try it out. Find out if it will sink or not. There's plenty of room; she's one of those fifty footers."

Bill, my husband, was an avid sailor, and any opportunity to go sailing, he never missed. "Great idea. What do you think, hon?" Bill asked. "We could take a few extra days and stay about ten. We'll need to get a crew together, though."

All of this was fine with me. Bill, Wilf, and I had been boating buddies for about six months. We knew we wouldn't encounter any problems amongst ourselves if we had to spend any length of time together in a confined space.

"I know Sheila is due some time out," I said. "What about her?"

"Hey, that sounds good," said Wilf. "I'll ask her and also a couple of others I know. Do you know Wendy?" he asked. "I've known her for about ten years."

By this time, Sheila had arrived. Sheila was around fiftyish, a bit overweight from Middle-Eastern living. She had light red-brown hair and green eyes, and she was a bit stooped. Sheila was rather fond of Wilf.

At the same time, Wendy had come in. After the usual greetings, Wilf introduced us to Wendy. She was kind of medium in height and looks, with a few freckles. Along with a rather abrupt manner, she had a very direct way of looking at you when she was speaking.

"Nice to meet you," said Wendy, in her most formal Australian accent.

So, then, there were five of us assembled. I was wondering who else Wilf would invite. Up to that moment, he had said nothing to either Sheila or Wendy. As Sheila moved away to chat with some others in the bar, I overheard Wilf speaking with her.

"Sheila, would you like to come to the Greek Islands with me for the Eid?" asked Wilf.

Sheila's face lit up. "Yes! When? For how long?" Sheila answered.

"About ten days," said Wilf. "I'm going to buy Simon's boat, so thought we would try it out first."

Within the next five minutes, I watched Wilf ask Wendy the exact same thing and watched her response. It was more low key than Sheila's, but similar.

So, I thought, she, too, is interested in Wilf. After Wilf had asked Wendy, he moved on to Robyn. Now, Robyn, I really didn't care for. In her late-twenties, Robyn was a pouty faced, short, blue-eyed, mousey looking person with a harsh Australian accent that grated with each word. She was interested in Wilf; she thought he was rich and had asked me about this at an earlier date. Not Robyn, I thought. But, yes, once again Wilf used the exact same words with Robyn as he had with Sheila and Wendy.

Robyn's face actually looked alive as she responded, "Oh yes. Who else is going?"

"Just Bill and Rachel and myself," said Wilf.

With this piece of information, Robyn twisted up her nose and said, "Alright." She said it as if she were granting some concession.

Well, things were really starting to take shape. Wilf had invited three women to go sailing with him. All three thought they would be the only one. I could see problems looming on the horizon, so I decided to say something to Wilf.

"Wilf," I said, "do you know that you have invited three women to go sailing with you, and they all think they are going to be the only one?"

"No I didn't," said Wilf, somewhat defensively.

"Well, I think you should tell all of them exactly who will be there, just so we don't have any conflict of interest.

Prophetic words. We all went to Greece, and our nine days, at times, were nightmarish, each woman vying for Wilf's attention while Wilf was looking at every other unattached woman.

These three ladies mutinied, snarled, cried, argued with each other, and, in general, upset everyone on and off for the nine days. The sailing was wonderful and totally wasted on three ladies whose only interest was the skipper.

On our return to Kuwait, friendships had altered. Bill, Wilf, and I continued on as before. However, Sheila distanced herself from all of us. Robyn ignored us, especially Wilf, and Wendy started sailing with us on the weekends.

FLAMING YOUTH

by Patricia De Mello

The day was beautiful as I watched it from my window. Derek gave me a ring about 9 a.m. and promply picked me up about 10 minutes later. That was his usual manner. He was very organized and prompt. We headed for the beach and spent a romantic day cuddling and kissing under palm trees. We fantasized about many things. The day went by swiftly, and I enjoyed being with this fascinating and captivating young individual.

We talked about everything mostly music and ourselves and stared at each other from across the table. We were in such love, it was almost fairytalish. We left the restaurant and decided to find a place where we could be alone. I was so nervous. Only sixteen, I was quite inexperienced in courtship and real love. So I playacted most of the evening searching my mind for a romantic figure to imitate.

Quite convinced I was an innocent young fille, Derek took me up to Tripler and we parked in the darkest area. I was so nervous, I thought I would throw up. He began kissing me and I him and we worked ourselves into quite a heat. He began undressing me. I found the whole thing so interesting. I have never seen a man so intensely interested in me before. He was like a kid in a candy store, and I guess I was dessert. It was fun. It was just him, me, and the moonlight. I was gazing at the moon when, suddenly, a flash of light shone in the car and a face appeared at the window. I was shocked. A voice in the darkness ordered Derek out of the car. Before I could get dressed, a large hand grabbed me and hauled me out of the car. I was pulled so roughly that I hit my head on the roof of the car. When I looked up, there was this large MP standing and staring at me. I clasped my breasts with my hands and demanded he let me dress.

He said, "Stay put. Don't you know this is private property?"

Derek demanded that I be allowed to dress, but the guard told him to shut up. Poor Derek, only 18 and very thin, felt helpless. I began crying. I was so upset and extremely cold. The MP looked me over and went into the car. He returned with a towel. Holding it over my head, he said, "Jump for it."

He was about 6'4". Very angry, I made an attempt for the towel. He pulled it out of my reach.

Derek yelled, "You fucking bastard!"

The guard turned to Derek and threatened to take us into headquarters if he didn't shut up.

I pleaded with Derek to shut up and begged the MP for my towel.

He became bored after a while and gave me the towel. Taking down Derek's license number and our names, he warned us never to return there. I assured the guard he'd never see us again. I wanted to hit him so bad, but a wild night down at headquarters being subjected to more humiliation and having to explain to my mother what I was doing nude in a parking lot would be more than I could bear.

Derek drove me home. We said goodnight at my door and never mentioned that incident to each other.

SHORE

Dark blue touched with green,
  Crawling grain by grain
Reaching for me.
  Tide tugging back upon the leash.
Foam floating toward my feet
I sit, bent forward,
  Wondering, just wondering.

-- Sean Morinaka

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I bequeath all my self-worth
  to the open theatre
  in any state, in any time
    and

I bequeath my sense of humor
  to my friends
  who always knew where it
  came from and why
    and

I bequeath my intellect
  to the silent ones
  who realized thinking and
  speaking aren't related and
  quiet does not impair
  brain waves
    and

I bequeath my possessions
  to the creative people
  who will know what to do with
  my peacock feather fan and my
  picture of Judy Garland
    and

I bequeath my spirituality
  to the open-minded, who are somewhat
  baffled and confused in their lack of
    commitment--because
  that's what often comes with open-
    mindedness
    and

I bequeath my music
  to my mother, whom it belongs
  to anyway, and who, I suspect
  has direct connections with God
  (she'll return it to him)
    and

I bequeath my intuition
to my therapist
who found it and showed
it to me in hopes that I
might understand something that
I never understood to this day
and

I bequeath my body
to my former boyfriend
who was the only one to appreciate it
even though my things were plump
and hips un-eventful
and

I bequeath my writing
to any publisher with the
intent to make my name famous
and

I bequeath my birthright
to any unborn baby
willing to accept the idea of incarnation
and come back as
a more perfect version of myself
and lastly

I bequeath all my energy
to my brother, who often lived
his life mellow--in pursuit of
the unknown he never knew

And so it is written
Let it be-quethe

-- Patricia De Mello

HUSTLER

by Dean Michaels

Shooting pool has been a passion of mine for the last twenty years. When I moved to Hawaii last summer the first thing I did was look for a pool hall. But not just any pool hall. There are pool halls and there are pool halls. I was looking for one that had all the earmarks of a hustler's domain. Pool is a sport I take seriously, and all the conditions must be just right.

When I walked into Diamond Cue in Honolulu, I immediately knew I'd found my new hangout. The pool tables were of high quality, but the atmosphere was dingy and dirty. Ashtrays overflowed with butts, and the once red carpet was covered with coffee stains and a variety of others markings.

The players had that purposeful indifference to my presence, so typical of hustlers. I felt uncomfortable being the only haole there, but experience told me this would soon change. I had been a Yankee in Florida, a Damn Yankee in Texas, and now a pilau haole in Hawaii. Our differences would vanish with the first stroke of a cue stick.

So there I stood, feeling like an atheist at a revival meeting. I felt very middle-America with my topsider shoes and bermuda shorts.

Fingers drew my attention. He wore burgundy polyester pants that were faded and bagged in the ass. His aloha shirt was via Woolworth's clearance counter. His yellow toenails had not been clipped since before the birth of Christ.

But, oh, when he picked up his cue stick. He was transformed into a graceful swan. He and his cue became one. They flowed together, a ballet dancer catching his lover in mid-air. His dark almond-shaped eyes narrowed and became transfixed on the object ball. He was a lioness stalking a prey.

I was hypnotized by the familiarity of it all. I was suddenly unaware of his physical appearance. The cling-clang of the pinball and video machines in the background faded from my consciousness. My years of experience came into play as I tried to figure out the next shot. I felt as if I were playing instead of Fingers. My heart was racing from the excitement. A cool, clammy sweat filled the cracks of my palms.

I turned away and paused to calm myself. I knew that in the future our cue sticks would duel. Like knights at a jousting tournament in medieval times, our lances would each seek a weakness in the other. I looked forward to returning. My search had ended. I was where I belonged.

DR. SEUSS REVISED

I don't like going into bars
and watching all the Geeks,
I don't like driving 'round in cars,
or potholes in the street;
I don't like hustling half-assed chicks,
or the trouble that it brings,
I don't like playing with my dick--
I don't like anything.

I do not love my country,
no, I don't like Uncle Sam,
I kinda dig on money,
but I hate green eggs and ham;
I do not like the traffic lights
that make me stop and go,
I don't like getting into fights--
I don't like much, you know.

I hesitate to trust in fate--
there's too many unknowns,
But most of all, I think,
I hate this stupid fuckin' poem.

-- Mike Lovell

THE FAITHFUL MOTHER

By Ruriko Oshiro

One night just after the small shop closed at 11 o'clock, someone knocked frantically on the door. The shopkeeper looked out the window and saw it was a lady dressed in a white kimono carrying a baby.

When the shopkeeper opened the door, he suddenly felt a chill run down his spine. The lady's face was pale and shrunken and her eyes were gray and gloomy.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

She said in a weary voice, "I need milk." Her voice made him shiver again. After she paid for the milk, she left without saying a word.

The next night, at the same time, she came with the baby to buy more milk for her baby. This continued for five days. The shopkeeper asked a few questions, but she didn't answer at all. The shopkeeper wondered about many things. Where had she come from? Why did she come late at the same time everyday? Why was her face pale? Why didn't he see her in the daytime around the town?

He told his friend about this mysterious lady. His friend was astonished when he heard the story. They decided someone should follow her. His friend said, "Let me do it tonight."

That night, the shopkeeper and his friend anxiously waited for her to come. A little after 11 o'clock, the lady pounded on the door. After she got the milk, she left. His friend stealthily followed her. The lady took the road going to the outskirts of the town. It was dark and deadly silent. He became fearful, yet he followed her. The lady walked into the local graveyard. When she got next to a fresh grave, she suddenly disappeared. The friend was terrified and ran back to the shop.

The next morning, the shopkeeper and his friend reported the story to a policeman. When the policeman heard the story, he couldn't believe it. The policeman wanted to check for himself. That night, the policeman came to the shop and waited for the lady.

Sure enough, she came at the same time. When the lady saw the policeman, she was frightened and ran away. The policeman and shopkeeper ran after her. She went back to the graveyard. Like the night before, she disappeared when she got next to the fresh grave.

The next morning, the policeman and several other people went to the graveyard to dig up the grave. They opened the coffin and found the dead lady with her arms around a live baby.

The policeman tried to take the baby away, but the lady held the baby very tightly. The policeman realized that he needed someone who could communicate with her soul. Thus, he called a monk from the neighborhood temple, who told the lady that her spirit could rest because her baby would be taken care of. Finally, the lady released the baby.

The policeman found out what had happened to her. She had died in an accident seven days earlier. She had been pregnant. The lady had given birth after she had been buried!

Rene Maeda

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