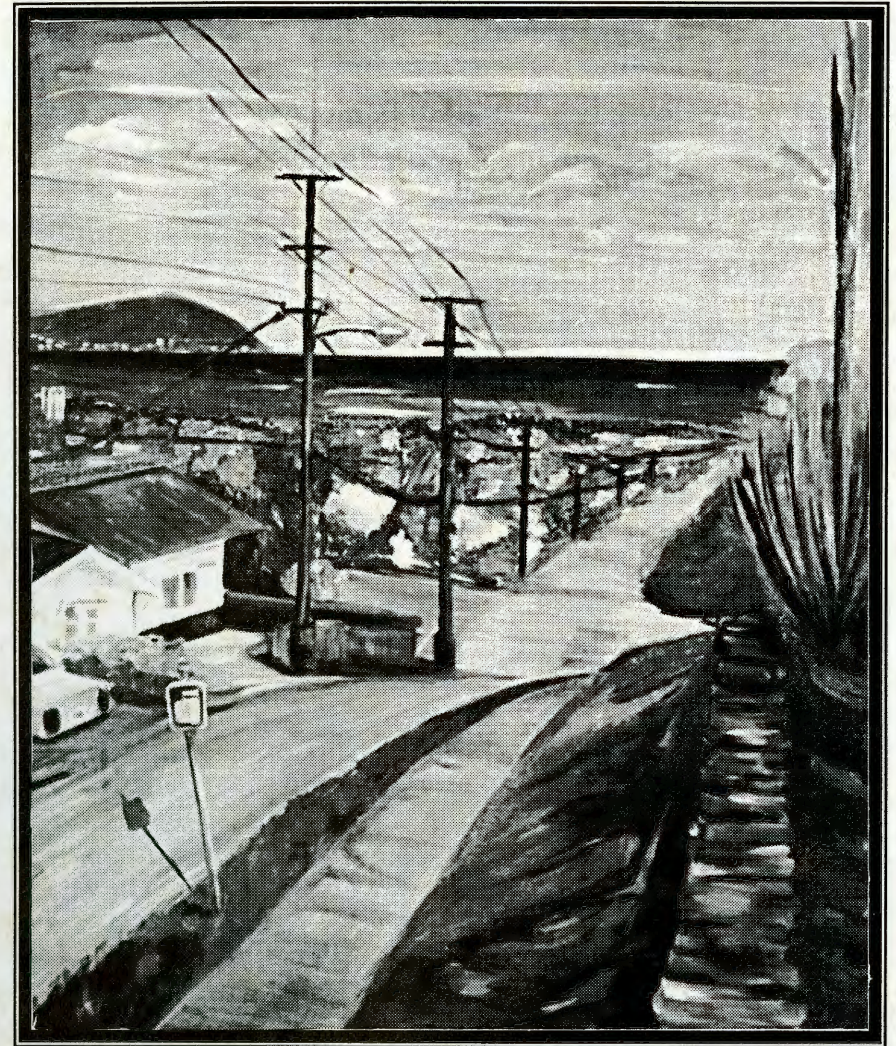


In this issue:

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Kalei Stockstill
Dawn Tada
Robert Tamura
Vinh Truong
Erin Tyau
Jim Vancil

Ka Nani

Kapi'olani Community College
4303 Diamond Head Road
Honolulu, Hawaii 96816



Ka Nani '95

Ka Nani

(The Beautiful)

Literary and Art Magazine

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Ka Nani will publish its next issue during spring semester of 1996. Deadline for submissions will be early in spring semester, 1996. Watch for notices in *Kapi'ō* and on bulletin boards around campus. Anyone interested in working on the staff may contact the *Ka Nani* Adviser through the Language Arts Department in Kalia 101. *Ka Nani* invites submissions of imaginative literature — chiefly poetry, fiction, and short plays — and original artwork and photographs. Questions regarding submissions of writings or artwork may also be addressed to the *Ka Nani* Adviser.

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Write Now!

Mental thunder
 Distant lightning
 Glimpsed. Unwritten.

Maunawili Falls

Mountain apple juice
Flirts with sun-licked lips,
Trickles down chins.
Mountain water
Trickles down mossy rocks,
Through ginger-sapped,
Sticky hair.

Carving

Juicy meat of the turkey,
Carved by a strong hand.
Next to it rests the pumpkin
With its carved, toothless smirk.

Outside, I swing back and forth
On skillfully carved wood,
Tasting the sweet autumn sugar,
carved into bite-sized slices.

From the porch, I see two young lovers
Carving tattoos into tree trunks,
violet sunlight carving shadows
on their golden skin.

Nearby, the ocean carves rocks
With its patient, incessant hands,
As I swing back and forth,
Letting my mind carve endless dreams.

"Whose is it?"

"Ronnie Peterson's."

"Who's Ronnie Peterson?"

"Just a boy I knew years ago."

Carefully, she slipped the lock of hair back into the envelope and put the envelope into an old shoe box I now saw sitting on top of the chest of drawers. Then after gently replacing the lid, she set the box on the top shelf in the closet.

"Have you dusted under your bed?"

"No."

"Well, go do it before Liz wakes up from her nap. When she wakes up, we'll take your Dad a sandwich and some ice tea. He's planning to work until dark tonight."

Back in my room I dawdled some more, then dusted the mirror on my dresser — the dresser my dad had bought at the Swansons' sale the same time he bought our old upright piano so Liz and I could take music lessons.

I always had to get to the bottom of things — a trait I must have been born with because I cannot remember any time, no matter how young I was, when I did not question and sift every bit of evidence, until I discovered at least the correct facts, even though the whole truth might be impossible ever to know. I loved mysteries, but only once they were solved. Until a mystery was solved, it was like an itching chigger bite you got in summer from walking around in weeds: aggravating and impossible to keep your mind off of.

"Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Who was Ronnie Peterson?"

"When we were kids, the Petersons lived on that farm over southeast of ours — the one up on the hill by Banner School. Where Jean Gordon lives now."

"Did you go to that same school where Aunt Karen and Aunt Kristin went?"

"Yes."

"Did he go there, too?"

"Yes."

"Why do you have some of his hair?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Was he your boyfriend?"

"I guess so."

The screech screech of the locusts seemed to grow louder. In the distance the tractor sound had changed. My dad was unloading wheat from the combine into a wagon.

"What happened to him?"

I could always tell when to stop my questioning because my mother would begin to breathe hard, and a wild look would come into her eyes, but, for some reason, today she did not seem to mind my questions. A few years later I figured out that she probably had wanted to tell someone, and since I was the only one who asked, I was the one who found out.

"He died."

I heard my dad shift the tractor into gear and move back into the wheat field, and I went to stand in the doorway of my parents' room again.

My mother was removing things from the top of the chest of drawers, so she could dust: my parents' wedding picture, a pair of big silver and turquoise earrings that Aunt Kristin had sent from El Paso, the dresser scarf.

"How?"

"He drowned."

I was going to start high school in the fall and still did not know how to swim. I had never been allowed to take swimming lessons or even to stand on a bridge looking down at the flowing current, and if Liz or I walked too close to a creek or river, which in Kansas do not amount to much, my mother became so angry that I was frightened of her.

"Get away from there!" she would scream. "Don't walk there!" When I had been smaller, she would grab my arm and drag me out of the danger she seemed to feel any time my sister or I went anywhere near deep water.

"How old was he when he died?"

"Sixteen."

"Where did it happen?"

"Over on Coon Creek. There by that bridge at Grandpa Reiter's farm."

I looked at the wedding picture she had replaced on top of the chest of drawers. My Dad still had thick, wavy black hair when they were married in 1934, and in the picture, my mother's hazel eyes seemed sadder than they did now at this moment.

"Would you have married that guy if he hadn't drowned?"

"Oh, who knows?"

But I was thirteen going on fourteen, so I was pretty sure I knew. And I was also nearly certain that I knew why I sometimes heard my mother crying at night. And why my father often spent an entire day hunting in the woods and hardly spoke to anyone when he came home — just went out by the windmill and cleaned his dead rabbits.

Julie Arakawa

The Cold

I have given
you back
the cold I
caught from you

the one
you seemed desperately
trying
to lose

don't thank me
don't even try
your face says it all

Kimi Morton

Papaya Boy

Your meat is sweet.
Your black seeds
ooze
like fish eggs.

Cutting you open —
pale yellow
or deep red mess?
Or is it that
warm orange,
Sliced smooth
And slow,
Leaving kisses
On my taste buds
and nectar
on my lips.



Still Life
by Robert Tamura

Kimi Morton

The Secret of the Beetles

Beetles and potato bugs quiver beneath moist rocks
and wet grass stains us green where we fall.
Mud-baked in the summer sunlight,
chocolate-covered children blowing bubbles in the wind,
We scream as our sand castles melt in an unexpected wave
then skip off to watch spiraling rainbow kites fly.

Our eyes wander out to a glittering dragonfly,
daydreaming, as we suck on crackseed and rock
candy, of the summer's endless sun and salty waves.
Our eyes wrinkle at long division. We have fallen
into cold cement classrooms where there is no wind,
only blackboards, staplers, and artificial light.

Now our bodies may soak again in light
and salt. Time smiles as we meditate with yellow butterflies
and marvel at swirling silky wind
socks. We laugh as our children squeal on rocking
horses. Sunday we sigh as the sun falls.
In the morning our children look out to our cars and wave.

They drive off into the wild night. Nervously, we wave
from the porch, sipping mango tea. The city is lit.
We relax with visions of forgotten sandcastles and waterfalls,
beetles and potato bugs, kites that danced and flew.
Honey-dripping memories ooze as we creak on our rocking
chairs: years of laughs and mud pies we can't rewind.

Lying still, our shallow breath lost in the wind
that whispers to us and carries us off in a wave
of moist color, we rise over mud and rocks
into light of all suns and moons, light
that smiles and laughs as we fly,
light that cascades into us like a waterfall.

We are the dewy blades of grass where we fell.
We are the melted sand castles, the dirt, the wind.
We are the dragonflies and the butterflies.
We are the salty water that waves
to the children who soak in the summer light.
We are the crimson wood that makes the rocking

horse. Near where we fell, the beetles were waving
and pointing to the wind and the sunlight.
They told us we would fly, then crawled back beneath their
rocks.

Chad Osato

Legends of the Falling

Being a book reviewer, the most commonly asked question I receive is, “Don’t you get bored, reviewing all those boring books out there?” And my answer is always a positive “Yes!” To tell you the truth, I was getting so bored reading what some authors consider “good writing” that I was about to retire.

This plan almost became a reality, until I read a masterpiece, a book, cleverly titled *Draggin the Legend of Mr. T*, written by that innovative biographer, Sir Isaac Hayes III. It tells the life and times of that world-famous adventurer, Samuel L. Travolta. Samuel, or Mr. T, as he is called in the story, has accomplished many amazing feats in his prolific life. Most notably, he became the first human ever to fly a hang glider non-stop around the world. What follows are excerpts from the biography.

The year was 1976, the year of the bicentennial. Four-year-old Mr. T was about to try the impossible, a double back flip with a twist off the five-foot CEMENT TUBE at his preschool park.

“Samuel, you can do it!” shouted a classmate.

“Come on, Mr. T. I have my milk money riding on this stunt,” shouted another.

This was a stunt that young Mr. T should never have attempted. His three-foot frame was no match for the gigantic height of the CEMENT TUBE. A young Howard Stern was in the audience commentating. “Ok, here goes the little weasel. Yes, that was the first flip. Here’s the twist and the final fli— ... Oh no, the little weasel landed on his face. Are you OK, you dummy?”

“Shut up, Howie! He might be hurt!”

As classmates gathered around the wounded Mr. T, he let out his signature phrase, “Ow.”

He was taken to the nurse’s office by his best friend, Gilligan Howell. The nurse then said, “Hey, I haven’t seen you since you rode your tricycle down the stairwell, which my records show happened yesterday. What happened to you today?”

“He fell off the CEMENT TUBE and landed on his face and he said ‘ow’ and ...”

“That’s enough, Gilligan. Wow, it looks like you got a shiner there. Let me get some ice.”

“Did she say eyes, why do I need new eyes, Gilligan?”

“I don’t know, T.”

Wasn’t that the most descriptive passage you’ve ever read? Well, that was just the beginning. The book is filled with funny anecdotes and interviews with the great T. I haven’t read anything so interesting since — ah — never have I read anything so interesting in my entire life. I’ll let you read more of this exciting and captivating biography.

This section of the story tells about Mr. T’s experience in bungee jumping, about how he looked at his fear of heights and said, “Give me your best shot.”

The year of 1992. Mr. T turned twenty. He and a bunch of friends had just seen a commercial for the State Farm Fair, which was coming to the Aloha Stadium. On that commercial the group saw and heard, “For the first time ever in Hawaii — Bungee jumping!”

Almost everyone became excited. “I have gots to try it,” said Gilligan in a wannabe New Yoke accent. “How bout you, T, eh?”

“I don’t know, Gill. I still have that fear of heights.”

“The one from that time you fell from the tubes in preschool? Don’t be a wimp.”

“Yeah,” added the soft spoken, but very smelly Grundy.

“Shut up, Grundy. Who asked for your stinky remarks!” barked T. “You know? You’re right, Gill. I have to get over this fear. Thanks for being such a swell friend.”

“Golly gee, no problem, Beav,” replied Gilligan in a corny T.V. accent.

Gary Chang

Gifts

I shared with my girlfriend
a Mrs. Field's cookie,
a glass of milk
and my poetry.

I imagined I had her
eating out of my hand.

Gary Chang

Smells Like A Simile

There is something wrong with my mechanical pencil. She's either barren or frigid. Either way, no matter what fertile thoughts I introduce her to, she does not reproduce. A blank sheet stares at me accusingly.

Oh, maybe that's what the problem is: my pencil is a male and it's the paper that needs to be coaxed.

Kalei Stockstill

This "friend" of mine

is a desert,
a mass
of useless resources,
hollow mountains and withering streams.
Snakes, scorpions and scrawny rats
infest his greedy belly.

His favors
are quicksand;
promises,
a mirage
disguised
as the sanctuary
of a lush oasis.

His thoughts
are famished vultures
feeding off the weak.
His words
are deadly venom,
destroying all hope.

I have fallen for his oasis
and been swallowed by his sand traps;
but to his venom
I am immune.

Maria Medina

Powder-Covered Toes

Feet differ in our family: Andre's feet are flat and skinny and always dirty. We call them *mata olmega* in Spanish, which means *to kill ants*. Kucci's feet are fat and flat. The skin on the soles of her feet needs to be filed every other week. Joanna has super-wide feet, with toes that look like fingers. They could probably type if she trained them. And my feet are cute, small and very picky about what is put on them. That is what I have been told.

Jazmyn. Well, her feet are still young, only two years old. She has the prettiest feet I have ever seen. I love to play with her toes, pretending they are the five little pigs. I love the way she holds my face in her tiny hands and kisses me good night, the way she hugs me tightly. I love when she takes a shower before bed and decides to pour half the bottle of baby powder on her feet, then stares at me as though I had done it. I love it when she smells her feet, and then says, "Mama, I smell good." I love twirling her little curls in my fingers, as Jazmyn falls asleep in my arms, while watching *Sesame Street*.

The *Sesame Street* video,
the curls on her head,
her tiny hands,
her little
powder-covered toes.

Kalei Stockstill

Black Stapler

The baked floor
of the drought-plagued desert
cracks under the midday sun.

At first glance,
the appearance of a
lifeless wasteland is becoming.

A black snake
swims across the sand.

Its elongated head
stays afloat
to guide the ship
while its pronged tongue
smells for food.

Hard right,
the sweet aroma
of a ripe rodent lingers.

He himself,
merely out for a peaceful brunch,
unfortunately arouses the serpent.
Using its radar, sonar, and heat seeking devices
the ophidia inconspicuously
stalks the rodent.

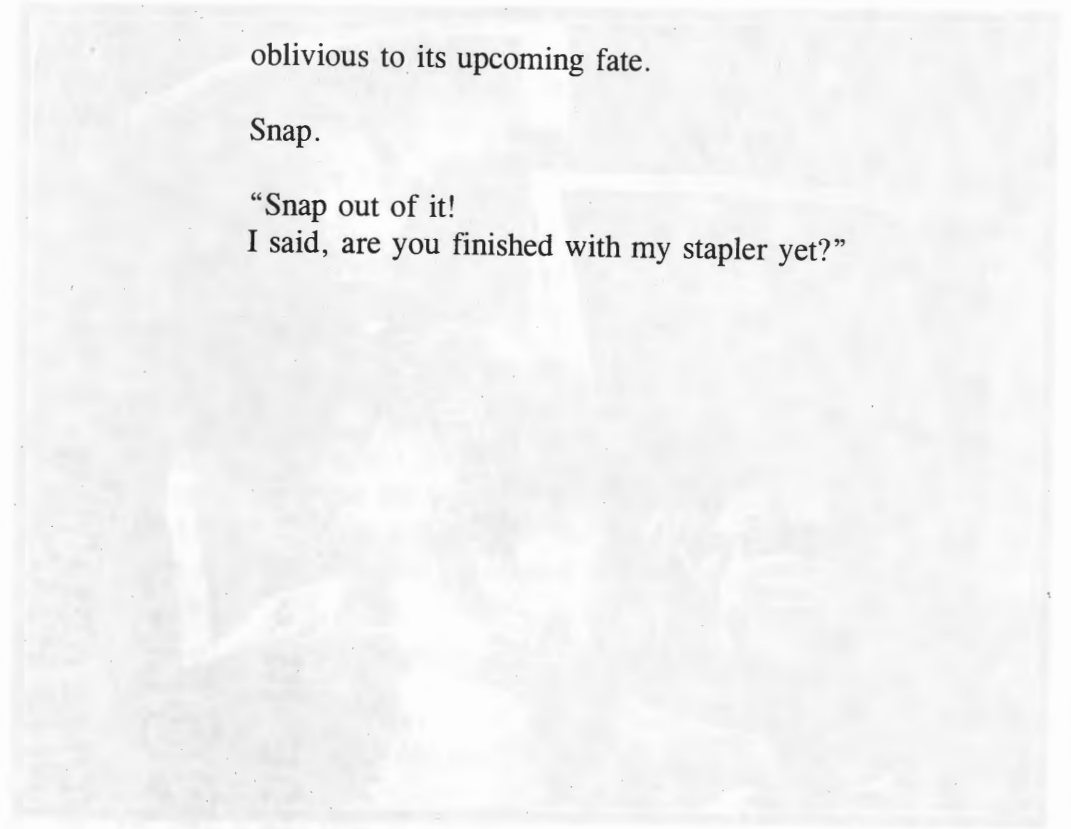
It slithers and slides
ever so close.

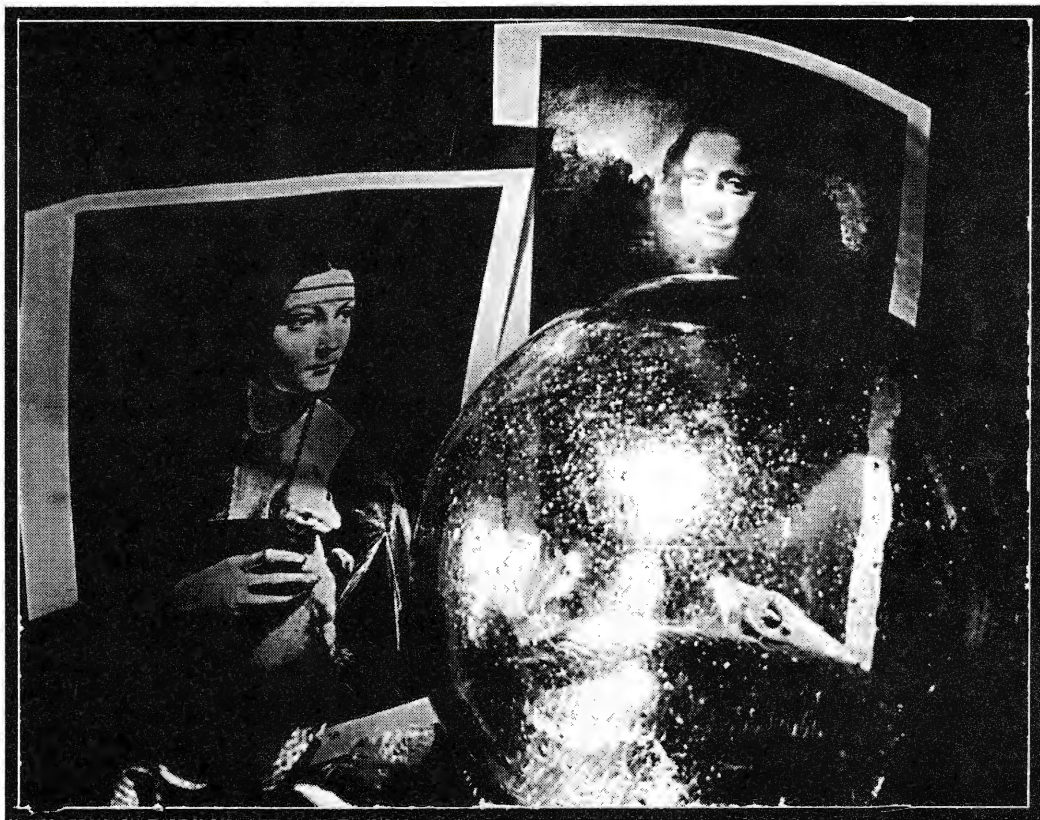
This poor, harmless soul
nibbles and gnaws,

oblivious to its upcoming fate.

Snap.

“Snap out of it!
I said, are you finished with my stapler yet?”





Leo's World

by Bryan A. Sekiguchi

Marlene Hawkinson Kamei

Notes from a Lecture on Poetry

It is the dark of the moon.

*Cars driven by strangers pass in the rainy streets,
and from every nook and cranny of the night,
poems call out their names and ask to be written.*

Do you remember that morning when you were very young, and you rose while it was still dark outside and sang ten purple satin orchid-songs before the sun stuck its leg over Diamond Head?

That's a poem.

Or that night you dreamed you were in a tower, like Rapunzel, and you were going to jump out the window, but someone behind you, whom you couldn't see, put an arm around you and stopped you from jumping. Then you woke up, and you could feel an arm around you, but no one was there.

That's a poem, too.

Or that time you visited your grandmother on Maui, and the rooster's morning song woke you before daylight, and you lay in bed listening to the rain until it was time to get up.

Of course, that's a poem.

Or maybe it is night, and everyone is gathered around the kitchen table, drawing, coloring, writing poems, and your mother makes popcorn.

Erin Tyau

Chloe

Chloe is the girl with a China-doll face and legs like the Nile. When Chloe leaves her house, she struts tall with elegant maturity and yet laughs and bats her naive eyes in innocence. The men she passes almost always turn to watch her walk down the street.

She lives across from me with her boyfriend, but he's never home. When he does come home, it is late, like three o'clock in the morning late.

Chloe walks home every day in her usual confident, bouncy way, but when she sees her boyfriend waiting at the door, she turns into another Chloe. She drops her head and shrinks, shrinks like Alice in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Sometimes Chloe wears black, Ray-ban sunglasses on cloudy days. I figure it must be a "bad eye day." Sometimes Chloe and I are on the same bus. We talk about the weather and things, but when we get to her house, her boyfriend is always waiting. She shrinks again. I say bye to her, but she does not hear me.

Chloe's boyfriend never looks happy to see her. He is always blank with no emotion. I think I will call him Stoneface from now on. I wonder why she shrinks like that.

Doesn't she like to go home? Does Stoneface make her shrink like that? Maybe she wishes that she could come home one day and find him waiting with a smile or a bunch of red roses for her? Maybe she wishes she did not have to go home at all.

One day I will ask her why she never looks happy to go home. One day I will tell her she can come over to my house. I will promise to smile at her if she promises not to shrink.



Light Study, Plants
by Gigi Grandmain

Jacqueline Garza

Yellow

Adorned in yellow —
a lovely child —
You bring to mind the sun.
The corners of your mouth are pulled upward,
yet, behind dark glasses, that mirror my own,
your eyes reveal a darker reality. Malice —

hurt I know, but cannot define.
We stand opposed —
reflecting our misgivings.
You hold your ground. Your smile is strained.
Only against me you are resolute.
Yellow is the color of agitation,

agitation born with you. Cries
ushered in your unrelenting quest for freedom.
No more substantial now than upon your arrival.
Your slender shoulders slice through
the softness of your shirt —
a frightening delicacy.

Without regard to direction
you strike out toward the unknown.
You forage for freedom —
the sustenance you seek.
To its alluring promise — you succumb.
Drawn toward the dangerous abyss of the unknown.

My warnings become lost echoes
in the uncharted caverns that lie ahead.
My cautions are a siren song to your ears,
leading you toward your doom. You think
I impede your freedom and covet your happiness.
I fear the abyss.

and moved back.

He insisted that I sign it. When I simply asked for a type of identification he became angry. For no reason at all, he got red in the face and said, "Please, lady, I just need you to sign for the stupid package, and then I'll leave you alone. What's the big deal?"

"Alone?" I asked myself, "How does he know I'm alone?" That's when I knew this was no normal visit.

But I closed the door, and with all my courage I unhooked the metal chain and slowly opened the door, knife still behind me. He stood there, like a lunatic, face flushed, clipboard in one hand, the package at his feet.

All of a sudden, the madman viciously thrust the clipboard at me. I was so frightened! I'm sure if I hadn't thought fast I wouldn't be alive to write this. I saw the clipboard coming at me. I brought the knife around, and I plunged it into the lunatic's throat. He lunged toward me and let out the most awful yell. He was surely going to kill me. He reached for my neck, and so I sliced at his hand. He flailed around violently, grabbing for me. I had to keep him back by waving the knife towards him.

Then he suddenly collapsed and was still. I grabbed the package from under the bush, where it had been kicked during the commotion, and I placed it on the living-room table.

I was repulsed by the mess that the psycho had made of my front door step. I went upstairs and found that nice shower curtain I ordered a while back — guaranteed not to stain. It repels all substances. I brought it down and laid it on the rug right by the door. Then, after putting on my gloves with the special fingertips for grip, I slid the madman's body onto the curtain. This, by the way, was no easy task — he was far from light! After that, I dragged the curtain with the body on it into the laundry room and locked the door.

Now then, I have spent the last three hours trying to get the darn blood stains out of the rug by the door. It was such an awful experience. I can't get his horrible smile out of my mind. But I must say I am very pleased that the package came, for in it was the potato peeler that I ordered from that 1-800 number on the TV. Now I think I shall retire to bed. I find myself finally getting sleepy. I can't wait to try out my new potato peeler tomorrow!

†

From the Journal of Olivia Payne
7:06 a.m., December 10, 1991

It has been exactly three hours since my last entry, and again I am unnerved. I couldn't have been asleep for more than thirty minutes when I was awakened by the most irritating noise coming from the laundry room — tap, tap, tap. Perhaps, now that I think about it, it is more of a tscrat, tscrat, tscrat.

I've tried everything to calm my nerves since the tscrat, tscrat, tscrat. First, I tried my ear plugs, for peaceful silence when your surroundings are louder than you'd like them to be. I tried my stress-relieving eye mask, you know, the plastic one with that blue-ice pack in it that you leave in the freezer. Why, I even tried my all-natural chamomile lemon grass sleeping pills — but nothing could help me overcome that terrible tscrat, tscrat, tscrat.

I just had a glorious idea! There's one way to end that tscrat in the laundry room: my all-species bug spray! Guaranteed to kill all pests! Boy, I'll show that darn tscrat! I'll go down there right away. Then maybe I'll get some rest! Come to think of it, I have to go down anyway. I'm pretty sure I left my new potato peeler on the washing machine. How could I be so careless?

†

agitated; screams would kill the silence. Precipitating himself into his room, he would again put on the music, trying to concentrate on a captivating book, although he wouldn't be able to control the shakes in his body or the tears running down his cheeks. Finally he would then just fall asleep, entering into a dream which he would forget, but which would leave him in a weird mood the next morning.



Portrait of Doug
by Jordan Santos



Plant Forms
by Dawn Tada

Michael Molloy

Saturday Night in Spring

Overloud laughter at the new neighbors' house:
Women in full skirts, and round men, middle-aged,
In long-sleeved shirts, carried casserole dishes in
An hour ago. Now the sounds of drunkenness mount.

I sit in my hillside garden
And gaze at the full spring moon.
I wait, as it separates itself from a film
Of cloud that's lit around by silver.

I stay to see the moonlit leaves
Of the slender, rustling panax,
Brushed white tonight,
And sway with the stalks of new bamboo.

While I walk back up the stair, I note
My neighbor Jack there on his balcony
Across the way. He sits quiet in the dark,
Looking down at the same party of strangers.

Lucia Corsi-Clark

I am a Dancer

I am a ballet woman

I am an arabesque woman

I am an assemble woman

I am an attitude woman

I am a balance woman

I am a classique woman

I am a romantique woman

I am a changement woman

I am a demi-plié woman

I am an échappée woman

I am a glissade woman

I am a jeté woman

I am a leotard woman

I am a pas de deux woman

I am a pirouette woman

I am a plié woman

I am a preparation woman

Katherine R. Nakazato

Forgiving and Letting Go

Ever since Holly had been in elementary school, she and her grandmother had not gotten along. Holly was now twenty years old, and the most easy-going, friendly, kind-hearted person anyone could ever meet. However, when she was younger, Holly had been a sassy rascal. She always answered back whenever she was told to do something, which was probably why her grandma never took a liking to her.

Her grandmother, whom she called Obachan, had lived in Okinawa until Holly's brother, Eugene, was born. Obachan moved to Hawaii when Eugene was about a year old so that she could help her oldest son, Holly's father, with his family while he ran his small business. She knew very little English, yet she managed to live in Hawaii for eighteen years. Her style was very old-fashioned. She believed in better treatment for boys, as was the customary view in Japan. So naturally, Holly and her older sister, Jennifer, were second in importance compared to Eugene, who was spoiled rotten.

However, Jennifer was always treated better than Holly, maybe because Jennifer was the oldest sibling, or maybe because Jennifer did whatever Obachan wanted. Maybe their personalities were compatible. No one knows why she treated her own granddaughters so differently.

One day, Holly and Obachan got into a huge fight. There was yelling, shouting and anger in the air — you could feel the hostility just by being in the same room. It started when Obachan picked on Holly about her laundry.

She said to Holly, "You'd better put your clothes in now because it's going to rain. You don't know anything, and you're so lazy!"

Holly was minding her own business, doing homework in her own

room, and was under quite a lot of stress, so she yelled back, "I'll put it in later." Obachan would not let her go with that. She then stormed into Holly's room and yelled, "The clothes are going to get wet. You're so lazy. All you do is sit in your room. You don't do anything around the house."

Then Holly snapped back out of frustration, "I know it is cloudy, but the clothes can stay outside. I have to do my homework because I have a class today."

The next thing you know, Obachan returned with the dripping wet clothes and dumped them on the floor of Holly's room. Obachan then cursed, "Don't you dare use the dryer. It costs too much money to dry clothes that way. If you had just listened to me, you wouldn't have this mess."

Holly was very upset because the laundry was none of Obachan's business, yet she proceeded to interfere. Holly stomped up to Obachan and said quite tensely, "Why did you do that?!?" Obachan just ignored her. Holly repeated the question, "Why did you do that? I said that I would put it away later. You didn't have to touch my laundry!"

Then Obachan shouted back, "Because you're so damned lazy and you don't know anything!"

Holly was so hurt by her own grandmother yelling at her that all she could do was cry and walk away from Obachan.

Later that night, Holly talked to her mom, Obachan's daughter-in-law, and told her what had happened. Holly's mom said out of anger and frustration, "The only way I can help you is to tell Obachan to go back to Okinawa. You have suffered so much, I really think that this is the only way to solve this problem."

Holly, who had been treated so unfairly by this woman called Obachan was feeling quite guilty for what was just said. Although there were many arguments and angry words shouted throughout her life, Holly still felt that Obachan had raised her, and she still loved her because, after all, Obachan was her grandma.

Holly's heart began to grow heavy as the idea of Obachan leaving ran through her mind. She was thinking, I don't want her to leave because

I know that she likes it here, and she is not always mean to me, only sometimes. Maybe I was wrong. I shouldn't have yelled back at her. Tears started rolling down Holly's big, bright eyes, so her mom asked her why she was crying.

Holly sobbed, "I know that she was mean to me today, but maybe it was my fault. I shouldn't have yelled back at her, and I should have done what she told me to."

Her mom got even more upset over her helpless daughter's feeling of guilt. She said, "Holly, you have to be strong! That's why Obachan picks on you. Listen to what I said, and there will be no more problems."

So Holly returned to her room, still feeling sad over the thought of Obachan going back to Okinawa.

Holly tried to sleep that night, but had nightmares because she was feeling guilty about Obachan. In her mind she kept thinking, if only I had listened to what she said, then things would be normal. I must be the one to change. But Holly knew that she tried her best to get along with Obachan, and things were still the same. Maybe things would be better if she went back to Okinawa, she tried to reason to herself, but then she started crying again.

She found herself walking over to Obachan's room and watching over her as she was sleeping. She looks so cute and so old, she thought to herself. It must be my fault for being so impossible to live with. I still care about her, but maybe she would be happier in Okinawa. At least we wouldn't be fighting anymore. So she returned to her room, feeling a little bit better.

The next day, Holly saw that Obachan was packing all of her belongings and was saddened to see that she was crying. But Holly was strong, like her mom told her to be, and said to Obachan, "I know that you don't want to go, but if you stay, we will always be at war with each other. I still love you, Obachan, and I know that you love me, too. You are just too stubborn to admit it."

Obachan pretended not to hear, but then muttered under her breath, "You're right. I do care about you."

Holly then gave her a hug, and they cried in each other's arms.

So the time came when Obachan was to leave the house for the airport. Holly could not go, for she did not like good-byes, but she gave her Obachan, who had treated her so badly before, one last hug and said, "I love you, Obachan. Don't be a grouch."

Tears started to well up in Obachan's eyes, and she said to Holly, "You're a good girl. You just don't listen."

They laughed, and for the first time in her life, Holly felt at peace with herself. As she let Obachan go, Holly realized that they cared about each other, but could not live together.



Portrait of Dawn Tada
by Vinh Truong

Catherine J. Pimentel

Weaving

The wefts and warps of the world,
cover you from head to toe.
Just as the loom beckons you to create,
life entices you, too.

Just as writing lures you into a trance,
weaving is writing, a dance
of togetherness, the one with the other.

A string, a yarn,
mohair, wool, 100% cotton,
it discombobulates
the senses.

My senses.

(Ha, ha, just like writing.)

A 100% cotton frame, tied so tightly
it might just break.

Just beyond the boundaries of
physics, the string is tightened around the frame.
The words may begin to fail me now ...

The first inch of yarn is rough.
It cuts the deft fingers that coax it into place.

The first woven inch is
basically for coverage,
so the whole tapestry doesn't fall apart.
It is a guide. (Like an outline ... tee hee.)

Then you fill it in. (Like the body of a paper.)
One by one, yellow, green, rich magenta.

But that's not it! There's more!

Soft yarns follow,
patterns form ... a burst of flurry appears from nowhere.

I laugh. It is so much fun.

Then again,

there is also writing. Ha, ha.
One can never tell where the fine line appears between
one thing and another.....
Am I writing, or
weaving?



Native American
by Corin Meijide Gentry

Ricson Bunghanoy

Desir'ee

Desir'ee is the girl who is as enchanting as Paris and charming as a diamond. The boys at school think she is the prettiest because her figure is shaped like an hour glass. When she brushes back her golden brown hair and smiles, you look into her dreamy eyes and just get caught up and wonder how could she be so beautiful?

Her parents are fortunate that she is so faithful in their religion, especially since they are Jehovah's Witnesses. Daddy must feel lucky. She can not go out: no parties and no boys. All the girls jump for joy — "Her loss is our gain," they say.

But what about the boys? No boy dares go up to her and ask her out. Not only do they feel intimidated because she is the prettiest girl ever to walk on earth, but she is very hard to ask out on a date. There is no special line for this gorgeous lady. "I told you she is J.W.," is the comforting reply every time someone asks Desir'ee out and is rejected. I guess when God created Desir'ee, he made her not only beautiful, but sacred.

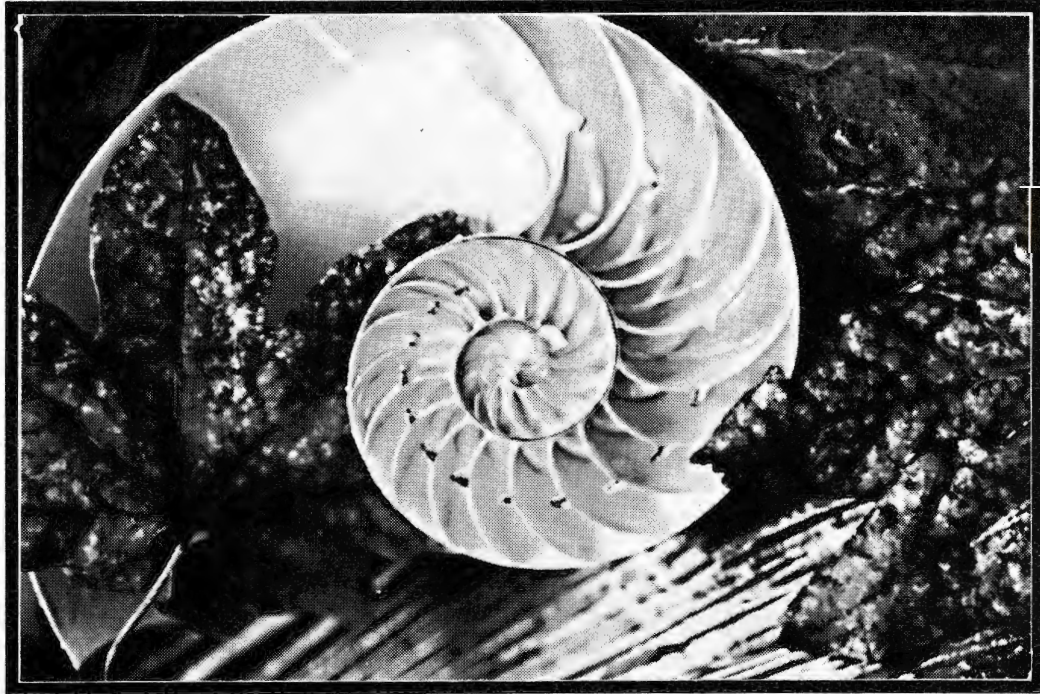
Oh, Desir'ee, why so pretty and friendly? How could a girl be prettier than Cindy Crawford and still be friendly to the natives? When Kyleigh talks to Desir'ee and talks bad about Trisha, Desir'ee replies, "You should not talk that way about her," and smiles. Desir'ee, you do not talk bad about anyone. I guess that is why everyone likes you.

Every morning when I drive to school and see you sitting down on the stone wall by the Ellison Onizuka Gymnasium, I just wonder if you have someone special in your heart — if that special someone is me — but you are afraid to admit it because you do not want to disappoint your parents. Your facial expressions says, I'm just happy to be alive and so fortunate to be me. Desir'ee, will God punish you for loving someone other than the Almighty?

James Jungblut

Autumn Star

They strolled under the standing beauty of the stars. She held the comfort of his smile close to her troubled soul. Together they knelt before the vastness of the universe wishing for a shooting star. The smile of a cool wind diminished as a somber rain shower moistened its laughter. The dance of Autumn came to a close as the brown soiled foliage began its seasonal slumber.



Nautilus #1

by Renee K. Hatchie

Grant Muranaka

A Step at a Time

As the child
rolls
back
and forth

gaining momentum
rolling left
and then right
until finally

slowly but carefully
he rolls over
onto
his stomach

and then
raises himself
onto his
four limbs

first raising
his butt into the air
then the rest
of his little body

wobbly
arising
onto his

two feet

swaying back
and forth
gaining
his balance

tired, exhausted
he looks up,
and before him
straight ahead,

a happy parent
with open arms
and a big smile
greet him,

and then
one foot
in front of another
he walks.



Singapore Plumeria

by Bryan A. Sekiguchi

Heather Amick

Amor perdido

*¿Para dónde llevaste mi vida
en dónde se queda mi sol
en qué rincón del mundo
abandonaste mi corazón?*

*Te entregué toda mi vida.
Amor te di sin esperar.
Pero hoy me arrepiento de todo.
Te fuiste a otro lugar.*

*Me ganaste con dulce mentiras.
Las comí con ansiedad
y ahora mi alma se muere
de hambre y de soledad.*

*En sueños te estrecho en mis brazos
y siempre me llegues a abrazar
pero cuando despierto — lloro —
no estás y jamás vas a estar.*

*Ya vivo en tristeza oscura,
sin música y sin color,
un vacío desierto de silencio
que late con gran dolor.*

Where did you take my life
where lies my sun
in what corner of the world
did you abandon my heart?

I gave you my whole life.
I gave you love without hoping.
But today I repent everything.
You went somewhere else.

You won me over with sweet lies.
I ate them anxiously
and now my soul is dying
of hunger and loneliness.

In dreams I hold you in my arms
and you will always be with me
but when I awake — I cry —
you aren't there; you'll never be.

Now I live in dark sadness
with neither music nor color,
an empty desert of silence
that throbs in anguished pain.

Katherine R. Nakazato

Jackson Chameleon

Careful
slow moving
cautious

always looking
with eyes
rolling

green
scaly
amphibian skin

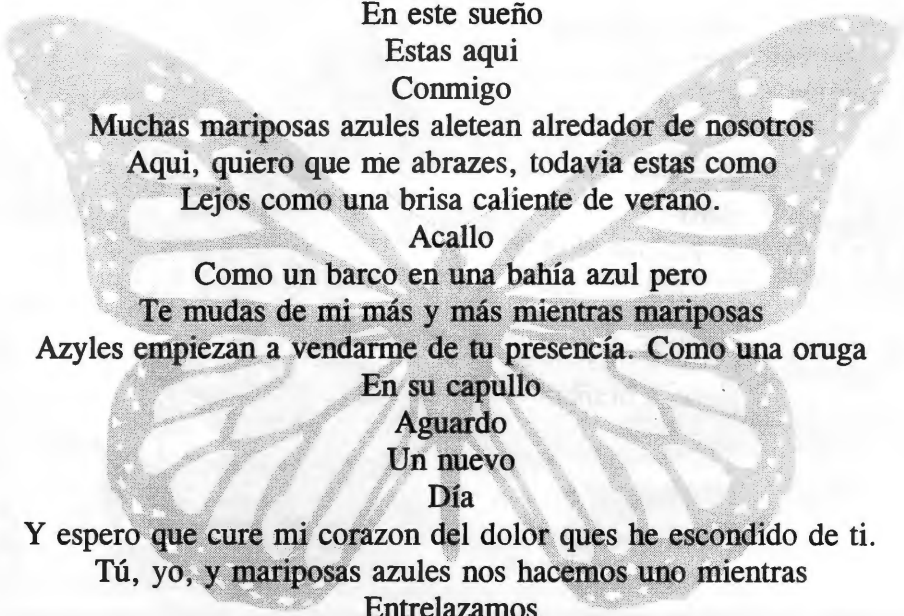
creeping
perfectly balanced
along a branch



Homage to Pissaro
by Sally Bartholomew

Maria D. Parcon

Larvicolous



En este sueño
Estas aqui
Conmigo
Muchas mariposas azules aletean alrededor de nosotros
Aqui, quiero que me abrazes, todavia estas como
Lejos como una brisa caliente de verano.
Acallo
Como un barco en una bahía azul pero
Te mudas de mi más y más mientras mariposas
Azules empiezan a vendarme de tu presencia. Como una oruga
En su capullo
Aguardo
Un nuevo
Día
Y espero que cure mi corazon del dolor que he escondido de ti.
Tú, yo, y mariposas azules nos hacemos uno mientras
Entrelazamos
La seda
En este sueño.



In this dream
You are here
With me
Swarms of blue butterflies flutter around us.
Here, I long for your arms around mine, yet you are as
Far away as a warm summer's breeze.
Motionless
Like a ship in a blue bay, yet
Farther and farther you drift away as blue butterflies
Begin to blind me from your sight. Like a caterpillar
In its cocoon
I await
A new
Day
And hope my heart heals from the heartache that I have hidden from
you
You, me, and blue butterflies become one as we
Intertwine
The silk
In this dream.



Kim Chung Nguyen

White

White is the gleaming snow on a fresh winter morning
It erases all the flaws of this imperfect place
It is not sweet like the creamy icing,
Or warm or happy as a fireplace.

White is never there when I am in love,
Or ever there when I am happy.
It is always waiting, watching from above,
And wraps me in its arms when I'm lonely.

I feel the touch of coldness when my love leaves,
It freezes my heart and slows its beat.
It lasts forever,
Unlike love, which is here today, and gone tomorrow.

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