KA
NANI

KA NANI

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE

OF

KAPIOLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE

EDITORS

DORCAS ABBOTT

MICHAEL MINATOYA

LORI WONG

STAFF

CARL FUKUSHIMA

MILES TAKAHASHI

FACULTY ADVISOR

LAURIE KURIBAYASHI

VOL. 2, NO. 2

SPRING 1984

CONTENTS

Show Me the Other Side 4
Peter Wilmoth
Joseph 5
Lori Wong
Haiku 6
Mona Shimabukuro, Robert Collier
The Showdown 7
Bill Talkington
Haiku 9
Hyuujoo Jon
The Bee 10
Jon Kaita
Parents 11
David Imada
Self Portrait 11
Celestina Abejon
Who Feels It Knows It 12
Dorcas Abbott
Haiku 14
Traver Carroll, Carol Ahmed,
Michael Waki
Free the Statue of Liberty 15
Sandra Perez
ROY G. BIV 16
Ainsley-Keith
Red Bird 17
Kikue Kaita
A Break in the Silence 18
Catherine Cua
Poem 21
Michael Prosser
Haiku 22
Margaret Akamine, Roberta Friel,
Chris Cain, T.M. Kondo,
Leona N. Yamada
An Afternoon with a Dog 23
Aimee Watanabe
Haiku 25
Don Fujimoto, Lenore Nakama,
Nani Johnston, Ann Lasorba,
Joshua Mayfield
Haiku 26
Lisa Takeuchi, Garret Watanabe,
Brenda Au, Shannon Oyamot and
Alan Tom, Sherri Kahanu
Pa 27
Miles Takahashi
Poem 29
Craig Howard
Acid Rock 30
Selwyn Yee
Haiku 30
Wendy Chung, Patrick Makekau
Haiku 31
William Whitt, Keith Kiyuna,
Scott Furushima
A Boy from Red China 31
Jin Zhang
Exultation 32
Coral Martins

Cover photo: Connie Fine

SHOW ME THE OTHER SIDE

Escape with me now:
through a hole in the wall
a portal to another time
where imagination is King
and fantasy is the law.

Escape with me now:
to a time when Pegasus
roamed with Zeus
when Sophocles dreamed
of things to come.

Escape with me now:
to the other side of reality
where friends once lost await
to rejoice the freedom of spirit
and tempt you never leave.

Escape with me now:
while the conscious isn't looking
before common sense denies existence
of a world of light and love
and condemns you to reality again.

--Peter Wilmoth

JOSEPH

The butterfly lay crumpled on the hot slab of concrete--a victim of a motorscooter. A heavy-boned man with a jutting forehead sat in shock as he stared at the butterfly. That butterfly, for a moment, had been his only friend.

Joseph had been remembering everything his mother had told him.

"Computers are the devil's spawn! Technology and computers just aren't natural. Technology killed your father, and soon it will kill you, me, and the whole world," she said to a vulnerable and much younger Joseph. Technology did kill his mother in the form of an airplane crash. Now, his mother's enemy had become his own. The war against technology began to grow in him.

Joseph was thus absorbed when he saw the golden-winged butterfly flit across his vision. A smile tugged at his mouth. He had almost forgotten what it felt like to smile.

How cheerful the butterfly looked!

"Would you be my friend?" Joseph asked in a gruff voice. The butterfly bobbed its agreement in mid-air. It settled a few feet from its new friend. That`s when Technology struck. Technology came and killed the butterfly with the same "mercy" as Hitler, and ground Joseph's friend into the burning sidewalk. Joseph knelt by his friend and tried to pick up the lifeless form. The butterfly crumbled into golden glitter in Joseph's awkward hands.

A hurting pain started in his chest. First his parents and now his only friend. Technology would pay for this. The oath Joseph uttered at his mother's funeral was renewed with fresh anger.

"I will kill you, Technology! With the bitterness of the Sioux nation I will strike you down!"

The smile was erased forever.

A year later Joseph was able to gain access into the Master Control room as a janitor. On his way to

work he decided that this was the day. He remembered when he first saw the Master Control Computer. An overwhelming hatred had suffocated him. He had to control his urge to destroy until he knew more about computers. Now he was ready.

Instruments of death lay in his pocket. As he reached the M.C. room, Joseph took out his tools and began his plan to kill Technology. Slowly he opened the panel--a security beam burst forth blowing off Joseph's hand. Joseph looked in wonderment at his shredded arm. Wires protruded from the stump of his arm. Realization came quickly.

"I am a robot. I am technology. I must destroy technology: I must destroy myself."

Slowly, with the same determination, he picked up a tool and raised it to his head.

Unit JSPH 501 had self-destructed.

--Lori Wong

The steep Koolaus,
Rushing down to meet the sea,
Home is in between.

--Mona Shimabukuro

Mynahs

Sparring on the lawn
Flashing feathers, black and gold
Flutter of combat

--Robert Collier

THE SHOWDOWN

It had all the makings of a crazy summer night in Waikiki. The fleet was in town for a three-day stopover, and the street was packed with sailors and marines. They were on their way home from Beirut, and all of them were in a party mood. I had decided to stay behind the front desk until things calmed down a bit. Then I heard it--the sound of a punch and a moan. Another marine had bit the dust, and his buddy was helping him get away. That was the fifth GI that was knocked out in three days, and I knew I had to put a stop to it. Sooner or later, HPD was going to get involved, and I didn't want that to happen. I had to get George to stop hitting people before he killed someone or got himself killed. I had tried to talk to George the night before, but without any success. Now, it looked like I had to confront him, and for me that was the "acid test." Sometimes, a show of force is more effective than talking in getting a message across, although I doubt if that can be called "real" communication.

George was the night watchman for the car rental company that uses the hotel's lower parking garage. He was a big guy, about six feet tall and seven feet wide, in his early forties, and had very simple tastes (simply because he could neither read nor tell time). He had seen Superman II a week before, and the movie had left a strong impression on him. George was a paint-sniffer and spent most of his evening on a "Spava Clear" buzz. Besides that, he liked his music loud. In the wee hours of the morning, his radio could be heard from quite a distance. All those factors added up to a very unstable situation, but the major problem was the loudness of George's radio.

When the clubs and discos in the neighborhood close, the folks who had been drinking and dancing inside wind up on the street. When the fleet's in town, most of these people on the street are in the military, usually marines. Hearing the music

bellowing from the garage, the average marine looking for a little more fun was attracted to the sound like a moth drawn to a flame.

"Hey, man! Where's the party?" the unsuspecting marine would say as he walked down the driveway to his doom. Startled from his paint-induced dream, George would jump out of his chair, wild-eyed, and put his fist into whatever was in front of him. The half-drunk marine didn't have a chance. The poor guy wouldn't know what hit him as George played "Superman."

That night, George had gone through his fifth marine and I didn't want him to make it six. I could hear the radio booming from the garage below. I knew that another grunt was going to get it if that radio wasn't turned off. It was time for a showdown. I walked over to the driveway.

"George," I shouted again,"Hey, George." That time he stirred. His eyes opened and they focused on me.

"What?" he shouted back. He had a mean look on his face.

"You have to turn that radio off," I yelled. "It's causing too much trouble."

"No," he said, scowling,"I don't have to." The man was definitely loaded.

"Turn it off, George," I said. "There's been too many fights here. That radio is too loud." He shifted his weight so he could stand up.

"Oh, shit," I said to myself, "this is it! He's coming after me now." I also realized that the street was quiet and I was all alone, except for George.

"I don't have to listen to you," he shouted. He got up from the stool and dropped his paint rag. He started walking toward me.

"I'm the manager of this hotel and what I say goes," I said, calling his bluff. I was ready to run if he rushed me. I keep a steel pipe behind the front desk for these kinds of emergencies, and, if I had to, I would have used it on him.

"Fuck you," he growled, and charged up the

driveway toward me. I made a mad dash up the stairs to the front desk. I grabbed the pipe and turned to face George. He was halfway through the lobby by then. He caught sight of my equalizer and stopped dead in his tracks. Then I charged toward him. In what appeared to be one quick move, George made an about-face, ran down the stairs, and then down the driveway. I stood there in the middle of the empty lobby with a tight grip on the steel pipe. Then there was silence. No more music.

God damn, I thought, that was close! Apparently, no one had seen what had taken place. There was no crowd of onlookers by the hotel. The street was still empty.

George spent the remainder of the shift downstairs in the garage. I didn't see him until the following night. From that point on, he didn't bring his radio to work. There were no more fights, either. I guess "Superman" had decided to hang up his cape.

George doesn't work for the car rental company anymore. This past November, he was hired as a bouncer at a nightclub near Sand Island. He asked me for a job reference and I gave him one. I'm sure he's doing a good job.

--Bill Talkington

A mountain village,
Deep in snow...under the drifts,
A sound of water.

--Hyuujoo Jon

THE BEE

There was once a bee that was yellow as a lemon with stripes black
As coal.

Each day it would wake as the sun rose into the sky like a peach
Colored balloon.

All through the mornings his saw-like buzz could be heard. He
Darted from flower to flower, like
Shoppers running from store to store doing their last-minute
Christmas shopping.

With nectar, as valuable as gold in his sacs, he returned to his
Hive to make honey, as sweet as a lover's embrace.

--Jon Kaita

PARENTS

Like a piece on a chess board
I am controlled
From all angles

Manipulated, pushed,
Towards what?
What I want,
Or what they want.

Caught in a stasis,
Nowhere to go

But forward, always forward
Toward their goals.

--David Imada

SELF PORTRAIT

This is what I have to do.
Surely, Picasso must have done it too?
When himself he drew.

A pencil and a pad in my hand,
Before the looking glass I stand,
Dressed like Eve when time began.

Though in my privacy,
I can't help but be uneasy.
For an hour myself to see.

"She needs a Freudian," others might say
If they see what I'm doing today.
This project must be done, so it's okay.

--Celestina Abejon

WHO FEELS IT KNOWS IT

The church surprised her. It was a square building, bleached-looking, bone-dry stucco with a red-tiled roof. What seemed to be hundreds of mynahs were squawking in the two tall, old date palms on either side of the front door, filling the air with their gossip. Ann was waiting for her husband to return from parking the car. She watched as the birds, one by one or in pairs, flapped noisily down to earth and strutted across the glowing, green lawn. It was the Sunday before Thanksgiving.

Ann felt hot. Although she'd only been living in the Islands for three years, she could no longer remember a time when she hadn't felt hot. She tried imagining the holidays at home in Massachusetts, the woods outside her parents' home waiting for snow, her mother's wind-chapped face. But it didn't work--the strong sun and the mynahs called her back.

"Let's go in, honey," said John, coming up beside her. "My parents went inside already." He had on his most Japanese expression, his face as unreadable as a cat's. When his mother had decided that they should all attend services together, John had said only, "She's getting more interested in the church as she gets older." Ann, who at the age of twelve had slipped out of religion as if it were a worn-out sweater, thought: "That'll never happen to me." The last time she had been in a church had been for her father's funeral, seven years ago.

Inside, the church was quite unlike the one she had been taken to as a child. For one thing, there was no stained glass. Sunlight poured through the clear glass windows and onto the brass vases and yellow chrysanthemums that stood on the altar. The air smelt like new carpeting. Ann suddenly wanted to smell incense, but could not conjure it up. Other things were missing. No pictures, statues, stations of the cross, not even a crucifix was in sight. The Lord, thought Ann cynically, is conspicuous by his absence. Still.

The church was about half-filled. They walked

up a side aisle and slipped into the pew where John's parents and his sister Barbara were sitting. His mother had a countrywoman's slow, handsome face (how much John resembled her). Ann's father-in-law, however--she always thought of him as "Dr. Miyashiro"--was silver-haired and scholarly. Barbara's slender face reflected his fine features. She was a music major at the University, her father's darling. John leaned over and whispered, "Barb says the organ is really good. A friend of hers is playing."

Ann nodded in reply and smiled self-consciously. She had always felt like an impostor in church. Religion was a language she didn't speak, a country she only read about. She picked up a program that was lying on the seat beside her and started to fan herself with it. The minister appeared, a too-thin, exhausted looking haole man, and the congregation rose to sing the first hymn.

The air trembled as the music tenderly began. Barbara's friend was very good indeed. Ann was startled to recognize the tune. It was a very old hymn, a very beautiful one. She was horrified to feel tears stinging her eyes as the music gained power. Then something happened. The music now lifted her. She felt herself rising, diffusing, being carried away. She was someplace indescribable. It only lasted a few moments--then she felt the cool hard wood of the pew in front of her under her fingers, and a breeze stirred the air.

She glanced around quickly. John's mother was singing the familiar words with her eyes closed; the doctor, on her right, sang seriously and slightly out of tune. John looked polite. There were no prophets, no voices, no angels in evidence. The organ, softer now, murmured comfort.

For an instant Ann felt bitterness. Is that all it is, she wondered. Some kind of trick they play with words and music? But her heart, beating strongly, told her it was not a trick. She had been given a gift, the gift of understanding. When the

hymn ended she sat down gratefully. She felt irrevocably blessed. A desire to laugh filled her, and she wanted to kiss her father-in-law because he was probably thinking about golf. John, she noticed, was bored now and started leafing through the prayerbook. He settled down to read the burial service. Funny, thought Ann, I don't even know if he believes in God. I should ask him. No. I don't want to know if he doesn't.

--Dorcas Abbott

Dappled sunlight slants
across the still green glade
startled hare scurries

--Traver Carroll

The lowly silkworm,
Spins its regal thread of life,
Captivating all.

--Carol Ahmed

In early twilight,
Our old mango tree erupts
With mynah bird talk.

--Michael Waki

FREE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

I O say can you see,
The statue of fair liberty.
By the dawn's early light,
She stands waiting.

II Her arm full outstretched,
Her lamp skyward etched,
She gives hope, love, and ear
To our yearning.

III O Lady of Light,
Are your feet numbed with cold?
Do you suffer from nasal congestion?
Can your back stand the pain,
From a nation of strain?
Do you hunger for human connection?

IV If you had your way,
Would you lay down your torch,
Run free through the streets of Manhattan,
Kidnap a beau,
Endless nights love him so,
On sheets of red, white, and blue satin?

--Sandra Perez

ROY G. BIV (Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo, Violet)

IS
A COLOR, WHICH COLOR IS
LONELINESS.
IS IT BLACK?
BLACK
EMPTY
AND MYSTERIOUS, WHERE NO ONE IS ABLE TO SEE
WHAT IT IS, IF IT EXISTS.

LONELINESS
IS IT WHITE?
WHITE
COLD
AND SPACE, WHERE ONE IS ABLE TO DO
WHAT ONE WANTS, WHAT IS --- RIGHT?

LONELINESS
IS IT BLUE?
BLUE
BEAUTIFUL
AND DEPRESSED OF BEING, BY ONE'S SELF
WITHOUT CLOUDS.

LONELINESS
IS IT GREEN?
GREEN
GROWING
AND GREEDY FOR BEING PART OF, HAVING ANOTHER
AS ONE, TO SHARE ONE'S HARVEST.

LONELINESS
IS IT RED?
RED
ANGER
AND LOVE WITH ABUNDANCE, STRONG IN ONE'S SELF
TO GO THROUGH --- LIFE.

LONELINESS
IS IT YELLOW?
YELLOW
BRILLIANT
AND FRIGHTENING, AFRAID OF ONE'S SELF
OF SEEING
LONELINESS AS
IS.

--Ainsley-Keith

RED BIRD

Beneath the giant earpod
In solitude I sit
Nature's sounds intrude upon
Silent, forlorn thoughts.

Mynah's strident chatter
Overwhelming sounds
Countered by the tenor
Of the red bird.

Latter on the bough
Looks down in empathy
Descends it now to sing to me
A soothing melody.

Bird who warbles sweetly
My sorrow to dispel
Would you sing so joyously
My burden to you known?

--Kikue Kaita

A BREAK IN THE SILENCE

The warm evening progressed into a winter night. My father lay on the couch reading the evening newspaper while I prepared dinner. We lived in a small two-bedroom apartment in a noisy three-story building. I could hear neighbors in the apartment above us laughing as they entertained their party guests. In the apartment away from ours, a neighbor banged on his bongos. Downstairs, someone was blasting Japanese music on his stereo. The only sound that came from our apartment was the whisper of the television set. My father and I hardly spoke to each other. If we did, it was either to ask a question or to answer a question. That night, my father asked about my brother James. He was constantly worried about my brother. We talked about James. At the end of our talk, I understood my father's feelings for not only my brother James, but for my other brothers and me as well.

My father and I had our supper in the living room. He was seated on the couch and I on a chair in front of him.

"Did you hear from James?" my father asked me. His voice startled me as it broke the silence.

Without turning around, I shook my head. I stared at the television screen and continued to eat.

"Doesn't he care?" my father asked.

I thought that it was a silly question. I turned around and said, "Of course he cares."

He placed his plate on the coffee table and stared at the ceiling. He sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

"That guy hasn't contacted us since he left for the Air Force," he said.

I reminded him that James wrote about five letters in the past two years.

My father said, "Yeah, but if he was a good boy, he would've contacted us about now. It's almost Christmas. At least your brother Gerald called up

last night from San Jose."

"Dad, James is like that," I assured him, "he'll surprise us when we least expect him. He likes to make us worry. He's lazy, too. He probably keeps forgetting to write."

My father shook his head and grumbled. "I don't know. If it's almost Christmas, he should've written or at least called us by now. Maybe he's in trouble or something. Maybe something happened to him."

I looked at my father. I was surprised that he was concerned about my brother. He never showed his feelings, and he never opened up to anyone before.

I assured him once more, "He's okay, Dad. Besides, if something went wrong, the Air Force would've contacted us." It didn't seem to hit my dad because he kept his eyes closed. A large roar of laughter from the apartment above echoed in our little apartment.

I finished my dinner and walked into the kitchen. The bare tile floor was icy cold. I plugged the sink with the stopper and turned on the hot water. I poured dish detergent in the sink. My father entered the kitchen with his plate. The worried look was still on his face.

"Maybe he got caught with the wrong crowd and lost," my father said as he placed his dish in the sudsy hot water.

What could I say? My father believed James was a good student in high school because he always had good grades. But I knew that James took easy courses in school. My brother had been hanging around with the wrong crowd since the seventh grade. How could I tell my father that James was never the son he dreamed up. It would hurt him. It would hurt me just to see his expression if he ever learned the truth.

I smiled and said, "Dad, James is smart enough to know who he should hang around with."

I was pleased when he smiled. I turned my attention to the dishes and continued to wash.

"I thought I raised all of you up good," my

father mumbled. "He should at least call!" he shouted.

I was stunned. He saw the alarmed expression on my face and sat down on a stool. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said.

I felt my chest grow heavy as I watched him. I felt pity for him. For seventeen years he had raised my three brothers and me but he never knew us. When he was home, he locked himself in his room to do his work.

"Dad," I said, my mouth opened, but nothing came out.

My father interrupted the brief silence saying,"I put a roof over their heads, put clothes on their bodies. I gave them everything they wanted. And what do I get? A son who skipped college to get married, a son who is running wild in California, and a son who hasn't contacted us. Where did I go wrong?"

"You never gave us your time," I sputtered out.

My father looked up at me, confused.

I continued, "You didn't give us your love, or at least show us your love. Your job always took your time from us. You didn't give enough of your time to know your sons. You don't even know them. You don't know me."

My father slowly lowered his head. He sighed heavily.

I looked in the sink and sighed also. I was ashamed of myself. Silence crept between us. "I'm sorry, Dad," I apologized.

"No, no," my father replied, "You're right." He paused and then continued, "You know, I don't remember spending any time with any of you? I guess I thought all of you were just fine. It's hard being a single parent for such a long time." He looked up and stared deep into my eyes. He was searching for something, and I didn't know what.

The Japanese music ceased and the party

upstairs ended. I could hear the neighbors thank their guests for coming. Short party.

Tears formed in my father's eyes.

I felt like crying. I wished everything were reversed and we could have just another normal quiet night at home. The television echoed in our still living room.

I wiped my hands on a towel and went to my father like a child. I hugged him and said, "You can get to know me, Dad."

He nodded silently.

I sniffed and didn't realize that I was crying. My father held onto me like a fragile crystal figurine.

"We've got a lot to catch up with," he replied.

I nodded and looked into my his face. I saw him for the first time, and he saw me for the time time. Since that night, there was never a silent night.

--Catherine Cua

One day I did ask a man,
did he have the time,
he said yes and left,
but before he left I asked him
if I could have the time,
he said no it was his,
so then I walked away,
but soon happy to see a clock on a wall that said five minutes to four
and another clock I did see,
it said ten minutes to four
oh what joy I had five minutes more.

--Michael Prosser

Darkness surrounds us,
Thousands of candles flicker,
Ahh, the city lights.

--Margaret Akamine

On a lonely road
The Night Blooming cereus
By headlights is bared

--Roberta Friel

Below in the depths,
Looking through the eyes of fish
It must be a dream.

--Chris Cain

Midnight and darkness
Screeching mating cries echo,
Geckos everywhere

--T.M. Kondo

Step light on the stairs
Warily tread up or down.
Termites have feasted.

--Leona N. Yamada

AN AFTERNOON WITH A DOG
(a tired dog)

After a hard day of swimming in rough waters, running, and digging in the sand, and chasing after mongoose-scented trails, and perhaps, even a mongoose or two, on a hot Sunday afternoon at Kaena Beach, a dog can sure get tired. You would think a strong, healthy two-year-old dog would be able to run all day and not get tired--like Rin-Tin-Tin. Remember Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog movie star? He could run across the open countryside for miles, and at the end of the trail, he looked fresh and ready for another long run--or was it the next day? Perhaps it was that hot slow drive back to town on that mid-afternoon that did Taffy in--he was dog-tired.

We were well on our way home, when I noticed Taffy's first sign of weariness. He was trying to find a cool, comfortable spot to rest his tired body, and he couldn't find that spot. Immediately, I noticed the sun: it was riding home with him in the back seat of the car. As I observed Taffy, I saw he was at one end of his domain; then he walked over to the other end, circled, looked it over, walked back to the other end again, circled, then dropped himself in the middle of his back seat. Lying on his side, he stretched himself out and, with an exhausted sigh, fell asleep. This dog circled his back seat like those Frigate birds making slow circles in the sky. After a while, he was up again because the sun was shining in his eyes, and it was too hot for him.

Tired Taffy was unable to find a comfortable, sunless napping spot and found himself standing halfway on the back seat (tail end) and on the middle arm rest of the front seat. He liked to stand this way because the cool air from the air conditioner was flowing in that direction for him. I was sharing the middle arm rest with Taffy; and shortly, I was aware of this dog leaning against me. I glanced at Taffy, and I saw that he was sleeping. He was sleeping on his feet. Taffy was

sleeping like a horse! He was leaning against the side of the front seat, and looking like Don Quixote's horse with Don himself on his back. Now, he was looking at me with eyes saying--please help me find a cool, comfortable place to rest my tired body.

By now, Taffy was totally exhausted, unable to find a comfortable, sunless place to nap in, on his back seat. Taffy was discovered he couldn't sleep like a horse. Poor dog, so tired and uncomplaining, and I thought to myself--what can I do for him? So I invited him to come sit on the front seat with us, to enjoy the full comforts of the air conditioning and perhaps, be able to nap a bit. He accepted, took one and a half steps onto the front seat and promptly dropped his body, falling asleep instantly. Remember how you tossed your shirt onto the chair, and how it took its shape? Looking at Taffy, you'd think someone had tossed him onto the front seat. His tail end was resting high on the middle arm rest and his head resting on my lap. What a sight! I wondered how he could sleep in that position, and I was soon answered because he was up again and back on his seat.

We finally returned to town, and the late afternoon sun had lowered a bit, relieving this weary dog. And now, it was time for me to say good-bye to tired Taffy. I found him sitting at the driver's end of his back seat with an unconscious look on his face, looking very tired and unable to move a single muscle in his weary body. He looked like Snow White's Sleepy--looking sleepier than Sleepy--and Snow White's Dopey, sitting there, unable to move even an eyelid. A dog-tired dog will sleep well and that he did at last.

--Aimee Watanabe

Gentle and friendly
Companion and good friend,
My canine pal, Sam

--Don Fujimoto

Trapped in a tidepool,
An anxious silver-scaled fish
Awaits the rising tide.

--Lenore Nakama

In the air so strong,
Fragrance of fruit passes through,
Mango season's here.

--Nani Johnston

Softly, oh, softly,
You flutter, white butterfly,
Against deep blue skies.

--Ann Lasorba

Beautiful girl,
Without trying you have grace,
Tease and tempt me so.

--Joshua Mayfield

Winds rise, and leaves fall,
Ants storing their tidbits,
Prelude to Autumn

--Lisa Takeuchi

Mountain mist settles
To moisten the ground with tears,
A cold Autumn morn

--Garret Watanabe

Ducks flying south
Migrating in a V-shape
Bullet in the chest

--Brenda Au

An icicle drips
With water rushing to stream.
A giant bear yawns.

--Shannon Oyamot and
Alan M. Tom

Dainty drops of dew
glisten the caterpillar
moistens his cocoon

--Sherri Kahanu

PA

We knew it was going to happen. We just never knew when. Me and Ma warned him, but he just wouldn't listen. The doctors even warned him and still he never listened. Well, with all kinds of tubes running in and out of him, I wonder if he'll listen now, only now may be too late. You see, Pa's in intensive care being kept alive by tubes that feed food and oxygen to him. He has but a portion of a lung left. The rest of that lung and the other one were removed when doctors diagnosed his constant wheezing and coughing as lung cancer.

They said that the growth was too far gone to save his lung and that they'd be damned lucky to even save his other. Thank God they were lucky, but now, for the rest of his life, Pa will have to be hooked up to a respirator, his only lung being too weak to circulate the necessary blood and oxygen throughout his body. Every agonizing second of his life is to be spent hooked up to that respirator. Yes, the doctors were lucky all right, but can the same be said for Pa?

Me and Ma were ready for that day or at least I thought I was. I never dreamed or imagined the real-life, devastating effect it would have on our lives. For the first time in his life, Pa could no longer do the things he wanted. No longer could we throw ball in the park, go camping, hiking, or even dine out. Those things just weren't possible anymore. The times we shared, the things we did, were all just visions of the past, nothing but memories.

Oh but what memories, me and Pa, we had a lot of 'um. I remember way back when I was just a baby. I would make like I was asleep on the sofa just so Pa would carry me to bed. I used to sleep between him and Ma. He would lift me up and sling me over his shoulder like an old bag of rice or something. I'd begin to giggle because I just loved it when he carried me that way. Seeing that I was awake, he'd spin and spin around making me dizzy,then with a big

heave he'd throw me onto the bed, pinning both my arms with his hands. I'd just lie there laughing then struggling, trying to get away, but no way could I break his grip. My Pa, he's the best.

We did so many things together; maybe that's why I feel this way. I feel like I owe him something. He gave me so much in my life; he was my life. I was brought up to respect him and Ma and that's what I did. When some of my friends would talk stink about their parents, I was totally shocked. How could they talk that way of the people that gave them love, life--the ones who fed and clothed them. Pa always said that he was proud of me for the way I was, and I always replied saying that I was just a product of his work.

I was fortunate to have a dad like Pa. He never used to beat me like some dads. He always lectured me, trying to set me straight more by reasoning and by using psychology. I hated it when he used psychology on me. It was as if he were a mind reader, always knowing what I was thinking. That's another thing about Pa: at times I used to think of him more like a best friend. We were so close, I could tell him anything. I could tell him lots of things, feeling confident that it would only be between the two of us. I remember I used to tell him that I'd make him a proud Grandpa some day and that he and Ma would be living under my roof in their senior years. Now look at him, not even in retirement and yet he's as helpless as a newborn infant, too weak to even pump his own blood throughout his body. God, what did he do to deserve this. Damn cigarettes, Ma told him to give them up, but no, he wouldn't listen.

The silence was broken by Ma entering my room. Seeing me stretched out on the bed, she began to weep uncontrollably.

"Miles," she said, her whisper searching for the words, "The hospital...they...they..."

Standing up, I grabbed Ma firmly by the shoulders, trying to console her, trying to comfort her, for I knew what she was trying to say. Somehow

at that moment, though, I found it deep within myself the words to reply, "I know, Ma, I know."

With those words I pulled Ma towards me hugging her hard. Embraced in each other's arms, it was as if we were one. In a way we were for at that moment, each of us felt as if a huge chunk of our lives were taken away, erased forever. It was a sad day that day, each of us had lost a dearly loved one, Ma a loving husband, me a loving Pa.

--Miles Takahashi

I wash my hands before I scratch my lips.
If I forget I wash my lips.

That's because I'm a germ freak.

I walk on air, avoiding the ground
Dressed in a plastic suit that's so comfortably round.

I'm a germ freak.

On sunny days I stick out my tongue
To hear the germs scream at the light.

But I don't always think about germs
Sometimes I think about other things.

Like how apple seeds
Can get stuck in my appendix.

--Craig Howard

ACID ROCK

The crowd is growing, on this eventful night,
To see the show of sound and light.
The band appears and begins to play
Sound so loud, enough to faze
Lasers burst through purple haze.
Leather fanatics bound by spike and chain
Whose attempts to look tough are sadly in vain,
Push closer to see their idol
In the flesh, using language unbridled.
The guitarist makes his instrument screech and squeal,
belting hot riffs on strings of steel.
The crowd is filled with insipid faces
waving their fists in mindless obeisance,
Listening as the singer advocates banging your head,
or doing something sacriligious involving the dead.
After the concert, it takes some persistence
to return to reality and its fragile existence.

--Selwyn Yee

Penguins, black and white,
Waddling across the artic,
To their destiny.

--Wendy Chung

Dry lands on the earth,
Tremendous heat of the sun,
Search for food is hard.

--Patrick Makekau

The waves, so luring,
Surfers answer her summons,
Ecstatic encounters

--William Whitt

While surfers await
Pounding waters meet the shore,
Boards soaring in air.

--Keith Kiyuna

Fishing at daybreak,
A boat circles a long log,
Big mahimahi

-- Scott Furushima

A BOY FROM RED CHINA

The first experience that made me feel at home was the time when I arrived in the Honolulu airport. The customs officer was a huge haole guy with a large mouth. He looked at my passport, smiled at me, and said, "What, a boy from Red China!" He asked me if I had anything to declare. When I said I had nothing to declare but some moon cakes, he did not check my two suitcases but turned his attention to my cake boxes. I told him it was Chinese mid-autumn festival and the cakes were for my relatives here. He tasted my cake and said," I like your cake, and hope you will like the U.S."

--Jin Zhang

EXULTATION

It starts with a distant awareness of beat.
It is liquid, like water, yet somewhat concrete.
As its wave washes over, you still remain hot,
And sensation you have,but control you have not.

You search for a meaning and then you are caught,
In the deepest expression of physical thought.
Whether moved then by whim, or by will, or by chance--
We are human, we feel, and that's why we dance!

--Coral Martins

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To all the students and faculty members who submitted work and encouraged others to also support Ka Nani, we express our sincere gratitude. We again received many more fine pieces than could be published in thirty-two pages. Thank you for your continued interest and support.

The following individuals deserve special recognition for their contributions:

Wini Au who again worked as one of Ka Nani's principal advisors;

Carol Freedman who again was our patient and hard-working typist;

Shel Hershinow who again shouldered many of the administrative responsibilities and also collected haiku from his students;

Tom Kondo who again collected haiku from his Japanese language classes and also submitted some of his work;

Ruth Trimble who again shared work from her ELI classes.

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

The KCC Board of Publications;

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

Leon Richards, Dean of Instruction, and his staff;

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

The editors and staff of Kapio;

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

The Business Office staff at Pensacola;

Bamboo Ridge Press.