

Ka Loea Kalaiaina

November 18, 1899

Na Wahi Pana o Ewa (Continued)

It was decided that Pili-aama should lead the way. As they were ready to depart, they bade their hosts good-bye and went after kissing them all. They left the house and ascended the hill to Ahu-o-Hapuu. There Waimea was lost from view. They continued to the plain of Kapaeloa and drank water at Punaluu. This is a spring in the sea and is very refreshing, "as cooling to the throat as the water from the rain clouds." On they went to the plain of Lauhulu and passing this wide plain, they set foot on the sands of Puaena; passing that they went to the sands of Maeaea. As they walked along the sand they were seen by some lizard (moo) women who lived in the pond of Ukoa. They noticed Awawalei walking on the sand and began to argue. One said to the other, "A lizard is accompanying one of those two women who are walking yonder on the sand." The other said, "That is a human being." When Awawalei looked upward she saw two women peering at them and she said, "There are two women peering at us." Her companion replied, "Those are not women but lizards, both are lizard women." Allow the writer to explain about the companion of Awawalei, the beauty of Ewa. She had two forms, that of a lizard and that of a woman and it was in her human form that she went with Ewa's beauty. This was why the two lizard's peered at them and argued with each other. One of them was right about Piliamoo.

They passed the sands of Maeaea and bathed in the water of Anahulu. After diving in the water of Anahulu, they felt cool until they passed the plain of Kepuwai. They walked hurriedly till they passed the plain of Kamooloa; passed Piikaluai; went up the plain of Kemoo to the top of Pohaku-hailiili-hanalepo; then they turned to

look at. Waialua and saw the quiet sea of Puaena and the point of. Ke-ahu-o-Hapuu jutting out. There affection welled up in Piliamoo for her birthplace, her parents and relatives and so she wept. Then Piliamoo chanted this chant of affection for her birthplace.

Beloved is my land before the rain clouds,

Out into the sea stretches the point, Ke-ahu-o-Mapuu,

The small point of Waimea, the great point of Waimea,

The point lies out there close to Piliaama,

The sprays of the sea hides my lehua blossoms from view,

My various colored lehuas.

Beloved is the land sheltered by the clouds,

Beloved indeed.

At the end of the chant, they turned to go, going on and pass the plain of Halahape; they crossed and passed the water of Kaukonahua and on the plain of Mahu, they looked out at the sea of Ewa. They turned away from Waialua, for Ewa was their goal. They passed the water of Waikakalaua, the plain of Punaluu; down toward Kipapa stream and up again; turned toward Waipio and cooled themselves with a drink of water at Kahuaiki They went on toward Honouliuli not on the upland trail but down, through Waikele to their home. The parents and relatives were at home when they arrived. They wept over each other and then Awawalei looked around for her loved one but did not see him. Ho had gone to Hemokaumoki, down

at Puuloa, and was with Keahi the charming beauty of Puuloa, the girl that was an expert in extracting the meat of the wana sea egg. Awawalei looked at their sleeping place and there were the pile of mats and the pillows, hut the man was away at Hana. She wept aloud, without worrying about the presence of. her fellow-traveller. She wept and lamented until all in the house wept with her. Because of this great lamenting, the writer is reminded of an old poem for the chiefs that went like this.

The puffs of smoke, smoke for the birds,

The smoke that made the birds of Kaukini reel,

Multitude are the bird fishers of Pokahi,

With the nets of Puawalii that are without sticks,

The fire lighted for the birds is a chief for Kaauwana.

Alas - I wept till my breath was spent,

When I heard that my lover has a companion,

Yes - indeed.

I will admit that my companion is gone,

My dream | has been told, hence my loss,

So remain I with my grief - yes indeed.

There in Apua is the leaf bud of the lama,

Worn as an adornment by the heartless one,

By the mist of the mountains who has left me bruised,

Yes - indeed.

I grieve and lament to myself,

I have paid dearly for my dreams,

My dreams - -.