

Ka Huaka`i

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`ekahi

A greenish squall fell against
a sharp shard of the night sky.
Who knew which way was down?
No whispers could be heard
when it all turned black—
no one was there but the sea,
Kanaloa turning in his sleep,
wrapped in a turbulent dream:

Kahiki Nui was behind them.
The great wa`a rose and sank
with every turn of the ocean,
but the stars remained, guiding
the way to the new islands
Kāne spoke of, his voice, the motion
of several consumed moons hung
on the impending horizon.

`ehua

In the beginning was the Word,
and the Word was born
to Papa and Wākea in the dark
before the light. Hawai`i, it called,
Maui, then Kāne, Lono, Kanaloa, Kū, Hina, Pele:
Bring forth your fire in dance,
your water springs and salt-swept
waves, your huli kalo for planting,
your sturdy, ringed trunks of niu.

Stir the darkness around you;
and bring forth the light— E ala ē!