

An abstract artwork featuring vibrant colors (red, orange, yellow, blue, green) and bold black outlines. The composition is dynamic, with various shapes and patterns that suggest movement and depth. The colors are layered and blended, creating a rich, textured effect. The overall style is reminiscent of modernist or expressionist art.

61

Hawaii  
Review

Spring 2003 • Issue 61 • Volume 26.2

# Hawaii Review

Spring 2003 • Issue 61 • Volume 26.2

Ho'āla I Na Mo'ōlelo  
Resurrecting the Stories

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Cover: *Mantequilla Voladora Butterfly Pastel*, by Karen Michael Mikel; based on the mural on the front of Gilmore Hall on the UH Mānoa, entitled *Pulelehua (Kamehameha Butterfly)*, 1986, by Robert Flint.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

Three years ago Issue #61 failed to appear on the shelves of *Hawai'i Review* subscribers everywhere, without explanation. It was not that the book shipments were destroyed by termites, or that Diamond Head volcano had suddenly become active after hundreds of years of dormancy and destroyed the journal's offices in a lava flow. There is no such convenient or improbable excuse; the reasons for #61's belated appearance are entirely an internal matter, and for that we ask the reader's—your—forgiveness. We also ask the forgiveness of the authors whom *Hawai'i Review* is privileged enough to publish, and we thank them for their patience and support as the production work on #61 has finally come to a close. We at the *Hawai'i Review* are pleased to present an outstanding body of literature which retains its merits no matter how late its completion. The authors herein, from both Hawai'i and across the United States, write about many themes but all share an excitement about uncovering the tales that the world has to tell.

Thus, we have chosen to title this issue *Ho'āla I Na Mo'ōlelo*, Resurrecting the Stories. Not only have the pieces themselves been rescued from editorial neglect, but more importantly they can now, finally, tell their stories.

*Ho'āla i na mo'ōlelo*: we hope you enjoy.

Julia Wieting, Editor

*Hawai'i Review*

Mānoa, 2005

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

## **VIDEO**

In the long slick slink of videotape  
we visit a quarter century ago, dogs long lost,  
bits of dead ones' dialog, Mom's  
bronzed legs and half-smile before she turns  
back to book and Virginia Slim.

The tv screen fills with jack-o-lantern grins  
like Chevrolet grills; the splotchy film slows time  
to one eternal summer where we cartwheeled,  
spun, pretending to ignore the camera's eye.  
My father turns to answer my mother  
and the camera swerves from freckled faces  
into sunspots. Suddenly

interspersed with blurs of dance-school curtsies,  
pink bedrooms, spry cats, my sister's glance,  
my too-tight squint, enters a sharp flash  
of porn. For an instant the screen fills  
with enough tan body parts to fill a morgue.  
Bodies gyrate and squirm, pointed and itchy  
as anxiety, wiggling and moaning and spasming  
as though there's no tomorrow, not even  
a fifteen minutes later.

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

## ***NINTH GRADE SUMMER***

August stretches like warm taffy.  
Summer-stopped-clocks claim it's twilight,  
but the sun still stares at day's cusp.  
Hot daunting hours until bed dig  
a chasm of dissatisfaction and mosquito bites.  
Boredom cultivates itself like dandelions.  
There's nothing at all you want to do.

Heat laps its sludgy tongue. Now,  
even school seems vibrant:  
you might find a new girl and figure out  
*just who she thinks she is.*  
In school are undiscovered books  
and blackboards bearing algebraic equations  
whose numbers you'll wrestle and conquer.  
Right now, even the sleeping dog  
seems sharper than you.

The phone pierces the sluggish dullness  
but it's no fascinating stranger,  
you didn't win a million dollars.  
Friends bring gossip and complaints but not  
one measley genuine laugh.  
It's slightly more interesting to be bored alone.  
You haunt your parents' house, trill the piano,  
pick at a magazine until cicadas



*Rachel Squires Bloom*

buzz your concentration to tatters.  
You could shower again, think of college boys,  
but doing anything twice today is once too much.

Outside, girls on the stoop wait for you, at least  
don't mind if you join, but their blank words  
merge and blur in the heat, and anyway  
they'll be there tomorrow if you want them.

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

## **PAID PROFESSIONALS**

The seated woman nods,  
sympathetic and somewhat pretty.  
You have her complete attention  
and move closer, reveal details  
she may not need to know. She knows  
you fears (poverty, illness, your wife).  
She knows your birthday, written  
on a form. With practiced balming phrases,  
perfected clucks of understanding,  
she prods when you stammer about  
impotency (you wouldn't be with her.)  
You offer social security number  
and sexual secrets haphazardly  
like they're jewels, fooled by the fact  
that human eyes look back.  
Cry; she won't think you less a man. She cares  
it seems. She wants to see you again  
and again. On a regular basis, say once a week.  
Please see the receptionist on your way out.  
The smiling man understands, cites  
similar situations. He's behind you all the way,  
available by phone, at least his answering service is.  
His time is yours: don't rush through another recitation  
of the worst night of your life. He retains  
good humor as you intone the sad sad tale  
of the big bad wife - he'll help you fight, you two

against the world. He'll corroborate your story,  
find someone who will. Your buddy,  
he pats you on the back. Call him.  
He holds the door for you, ushers in the next client.  
This young woman (not your daughter) wants to help,  
presents seductive arrays of ways to shift moods,  
lift you to something like normal.  
Blue pills enhance memory, cure SAD, ADD, DUI.  
Depressed? Try green, and this pink relieves  
that big bad wolf anxiety. Life's tough. She knows,  
and she (or someone like her) is there  
24 hours a day. If you experience  
agitation, palpitations, seizures or mania, call right away.  
The number's on the bottle.

The woman next to you on the train  
seems like a friend, a good listener,  
nodding right on key. By the second stop,  
Train Girl's eyes dart to outdated ads.  
(Maybe she's hot; train's crowded.)  
Third stop: her eyes beg for a gunman  
or belligerent drunk to board and save her  
from your litany of poor life, bad wife, job strife. . . .  
If she's lonely too, you'll never know. You picture her  
surrounded by young blossoms, the rose's hub  
held close by pretty petal friends. Everyone else has that –  
why can't you? It's not fair. You hate her,  
the fourth person today who knows more about you  
than Mom, high school sweetheart (well, one date)  
and college roommate put together.  
Four more people have your number  
in a file. Drawers are shut, doors locked.  
Answering service takes over at five.  
Wonder if she's pretty.

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

## **MODEL AND ELEPHANT**

This is nothing like February's shoot,  
bathing suits in Aruba. She perches  
on a ladder draped with crepe,  
leans to touch the rough mammal.  
The solid elephant doesn't react to her frail  
standard beauty or silver lacquered claws.  
The model's shocked at the texture  
of grey hide so unlike leather pants.  
Slick cigarette legs thrust down four full feet  
to heels. The camera's aurora blinds.  
She's irked; the circus with its scent  
of manure is no place for grown-ups!  
The man behind the glass eye  
will transform itchy hay  
and stink of animal crap  
into a lush fantasy, two dimensions.  
She's terrified of toppling,  
leans both on and away  
from the wall of mammal.  
Her leopard bustier's backless,  
pointless. Gauze grazes a hide  
impenetrable as a model's stare.  
The elephant skin's wrinkled, draped  
perfectly for movement.  
She glances, tentative,  
through painted lashes

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

at the creature's recessed eye,  
wrinkles her sculpted nose at his perfume.

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

## **THE GREEN TAMBOURINE GIRL**

I saw the Green Tambourine girl up close  
in the restroom of Harper's Bar.  
She wore her usual white mini dress,  
fringe frisking and slinging high on her thighs  
as she gyrated to the retro sixties songs  
the band was known for. She was purely  
decorative, a focal point amid whirring guitar.  
She was adored by boys but not their dates,  
who glared with the green heat jealousy holds.  
She didn't play a tambourine either, but  
we still called her that. For *Green Tambourine*  
a lucky girl was picked to rise from the audience  
and shake the tambourine, a sad parody;  
for no matter how sculpted her jeanned derriere,  
Botticelli her breasts or Farrah her hair,  
no one swayed aloof like the Green Tambourine Girl.  
I have the knack of pulling words from people;  
in the restroom the Green Tambourine Girl  
told me that she was twenty-nine. Twenty-nine!  
At twenty-one I was just peeking over  
the edge into what adulthood might hold,  
work for pay not grades, larger apartments,  
long-term men not dance club dates.  
Twenty-nine was rounding third base;  
I stuttered how great she looked - didn't add

*Rachel Squires Bloom*

*for twenty-nine.* Then she said something more amazing  
than a boy falling from the sky: *I hate this loser job.*

For a moment her flushed young face  
held its aloof eyes only aimlessly.

I haven't been twenty-nine in years, never held  
a job with such perks: paid to be the pivoting point of music,  
free gin and tonics, swaying like a manic white moth  
in such a fabulous uniform.

*Tim Burke*

## ***AT THE BEACH***

To the ear  
How very alike they are:  
Squawks of shrill gulls,  
Joyful shrieks of young girls.

(The first must boast  
Over breaking into clamshells,  
The other ever enthralled  
By the old sea's wild breaks  
And swells.)

One being  
So easily mistaken for another  
Even God or someone's mother  
Might glance to see  
Which species called.



*Tim Burke*

## ***POEM FOR MY FATHER ON VETERANS' DAY***

I still can't believe you survived,  
Dad. Because you did, I'm alive.  
I mean, kamikazis strafing, the fires on deck,  
The Hornet going down, shrapnel lodged  
Forever in your back. Still  
You floated through the afternoon  
As the bombing kept the sharks at bay  
Until another ship picked you up.

Then some time for R&R cut short  
As your unit left for Guadalcanal,  
Okinawa, Bougainville and Guam.  
Finally you came home.

Usually free on Fridays anyway,  
I forgot today was Veterans' Day  
Until I tried the door at the Post Office  
And found it locked, so I walked  
Over to Monmouth Street and there  
Beside the Police Department  
A small gathering in front of a WW I monument  
Was remembering American servicemen  
From all the wars we've had so far.

A two-star general, soon to be promoted,  
Was being introduced by the head  
Of the local American Legion post.  
When he stepped up to speak in that  
Raw cold sun of mid-November, he said  
He'd finished college in 1963—six years  
Ahead of me—but he seemed so old—so  
Many shaves in helmetsfull of cold water,  
Perhaps. He cut short his 12-page speech—  
Just said something about a young man  
On a train who wanted to shake his hand—  
And returned the mic to the emcee who announced  
That the bugler from the local high school band  
Must be lost so we'd hear "Taps" and a 21-gun salute  
From JFK's funeral, on tape, but  
There was also a problem with that—we  
Never learned what—and the man from the Legion  
Said that concludes our program.

I kept my spot  
And watched the chilly women  
Get up out of folding chairs  
The town had provided them with.  
One woman had gotten up, I should add,  
And sung America The Beautiful, beautifully.  
As she sang I watched two old vets salute  
And pray over one of the arrangements  
Of chrysanthemums when a man  
Approached and asked me if I'd pay two bucks  
For a pin to support the VietNam Memorial  
Construction project, which I did. It seemed  
The least I could do. I should—or could—  
have died in Nam if I'd gone, 25 years ago,  
But I played my asthma/Dr. DeGerome card  
And stayed home.

Tim Burke

Now the crowd's dispersing. A few  
Have stopped to shake the general's hand.  
I wonder if I should have stepped forward  
And said I'd hum "Taps" when I learned  
There'd be none played. But these veterans  
Have heard it many times.  
And I am not one of them.

*E. G. Burrows*

## ***THE INVADERS***

Soot-faced, in camouflage,  
they rustle at my yard's perimeter.  
They whisper into their cell-phones  
the hour of attack, the minute  
I will be most vulnerable, least likely  
to bracket them with strobes.  
I could laugh and dismiss them  
as illusions, shoo them like cats,  
dispel them to hang  
like the oily drip of soap bubbles  
on the Indian plum,

but tomorrow they would return,  
wander into my tangled backyard  
under some bloodier flag  
of fears and recriminations,  
those merciless wargames of the mind.

*E. G. Burrows*

## ***SECURITY***

I sleep with one arm around the world  
that trusts me as only a dog can.

If there is any other place called world  
it is only a fiction

and has no need of me, the ineffectual  
who can buy food in a bag, pour water

into a water-bowl, no more,  
except possibly a strong right arm

that could defend against countless enemies;  
but now is growing numb

resigned to this loving, this ache,  
this quaint and colloquial world.

*Deborah Elliott Deutschman*

***AT THE HELM—#1***  
***(ANOTHER OLD CHINESE/NORSE POEM)***

At the helm of this mess, I steer along,  
sometimes almost half-asleep  
in the fog, in the dark,  
grazing against invisible cliffs of ice all around,  
somehow managing to avoid total disaster.  
Suddenly jolted awake:  
the unmistakable cries of gulls—  
until I can even almost smell land  
and spring in the soft, flower-scented air—a new world.  
Then I realize it's only the groaning of the planks.  
This old ship, with all its ghosts,  
dreaming and talking to itself again.  
And grinding on.

*Deborah Elliott Deutschman*

***AT THE HELM—#2***  
***(A CONTEMPORARY VERSION)***

At the helm of this mess, my desk—  
papers piled everywhere, stacks of words,  
a computer screen to chart my way—  
somewhere deep in outer space,  
I steer along  
with flying obstacles—meteors, satellites,  
mysterious debris—endless hazards all around  
zooming in for the kill;  
gravity totally giving out,  
black holes speeding by, waiting to pull me in  
and trap me there—forever.  
Then, suddenly, it all stops.  
Quiet. Calm. And I see a whole new world:  
Of words beginning to appear out of nowhere.  
But then, gradually, I realize it's only another draft  
and I'm back out in outer space again,  
grinding on.

*Daniel Gallik*

## ***A BAR WITH AN OUTHOUSE***

Near Yakima, hills rise  
like hocks. The sticks  
that hold electric power  
stand in twos on rolling  
waysides. She walks  
the valley where orchards  
hold hanging fruit. He  
clings to his rusty truck.

Everyone at the Red Lion  
has no makeup on. Beers  
are nickels. Live music  
sounds old, like its on 45's.  
She craves a face. He  
swoons for her rock belly.  
A boy comes in; his homework  
in his head, not on paper.

Wood doors dry. Skeleton  
keys lie on the scratchy  
bar. A cop comes to see if  
everything is fine. He  
sees it is. The bartender  
does not look up. A man  
offers his hand. Laughing,  
she glances over at time.



*Daniel Gallik*

## **FORTUNE**

Restless as a dollar bill,  
she came upon him, looked up, decided  
to suck him up like a garbage pail  
consumes newspapers, and did not  
kiss him once. He looked on her as  
his fortune. She left him after she  
found out he never washed. Like a  
buck, he kicked himself awake, got  
a good job, found an apartment that  
had a shower, used it, but . . . never  
discovered another with as much  
wavering hair, idleness, and love  
of not touching him as this woman  
who came from east Akron, Ohio.  
Later, he found out she died. He  
thought so what, but is living  
the rest of his life dreaming of  
love with a woman who loved single  
dollar bills as much as him. And  
his fortune? This boring man fills  
up empty and dented garbage pails.

*George Gott*

***SATORI #0279***

The Buddha says it:  
Let us observe the lotus  
in all its splendour.

*George Gott*

**UMBRA #0202**

Things are as they are.

And not as they are said to be.

And almost never  
as they ought to be.

History is history.

Myth is myth.

And each one feeds  
upon the other.

History is the food  
we eat.

Myth is the hunger  
that is never satisfied.

And then there is Manitou  
an inspiration  
and a complexity.

What is to be said  
of our hostility

and our indifference?

And then there is Jupiter.

'Ne Jupiter quidem  
omnibus placet.'

Yet things are as they are  
in spite of our necessity.

And war is the opium  
of the politicians  
and of the people  
that have gone astray.

*Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet.* = Not even Jupiter pleases  
everyone.

*George Gott*

## **UMBRA #0209**

Let us first consider  
the vine leaves as vine leaves  
covering neither the cyclomen  
or the crotch of a rhinoceros.

Let us proceed  
by looking at a cubist painting  
first in our total ignorance  
and again with the vine leaves  
obscuring the clarity.

Or  
have you noticed  
maelids mate with maelids?

Whether they exist or not  
they go on doing it  
with or without  
the imaginary apples  
of the hypocrites.

And  
as everybody knows  
Poggio said it best:

‘Necessitas non

habit legum.

Yet

to put it another way:

'Why are you so determined  
to hate me?

'Has your soul  
considered my soul?

Vine leaves  
upon vine leaves.

'Why are you destroying  
my body?

*Necessitas non habit legum.* = Necessity has no law.

*Nolan W. K. Kim*

## **A WORK OF ART**

Nancy yearned to be an artist, but she was not. It seemed such a simple thing, mere time and effort, that she found herself complaining to others about how her cocktail job left her no time for her art, though to her credit she felt the prick of a tiny burr of guilt whenever she did. So when one day her friend Terri sighed aloud at having no time to study, Nancy snapped back without thinking that she had no time for her art *either* and turned away, muttering about important work on the *brink*. The burr stabbed without mercy. Well, I *could* have important work underway, Nancy said defiantly to herself after Terri had left. That very week Nancy signed up for water colors, then ukulele, then short story, but with little result. Despite whole weeks of effort, her paintings remained muddy, her chords off-key, and her plots confused. Nancy was forced to contemplate the dark possibility that she might simply have no talent.

A visit to The Body Shop soothed her wounded ego. Dancing to throbbing music in the strobe-lit dark was always good therapy, and the men who flocked around her even better. You should be in movies, one admirer shouted in her ear, you should be on TV, said another. When a third assured her that with a face and body like hers she should be an artist's model, she laughed, but later pondered his words. An artist's model. Why, she might inspire a masterpiece, she thought. She might be famous. She made a phone call and discovered the art department at the university was always in need of live models. The pay was minimal, but life drawing classes met

mornings and afternoons, which fit with Nancy's night-time cocktail schedule, so she applied. The instructor was a Mrs. Saito, a sprightly older woman who specialized in spidery pen and inks and reminded Nancy of her grandmother. They got on famously.

Nancy wore a stylish silk robe at her first session and let her glossy dark hair fall loose. The room was large and lined with crowded shelves, every inch of available wall layered with curling paper. Students straddled benches around a large white-painted cube on a wooden platform. At a nod from Mrs. Saito, Nancy let the robe slither to the floor, stepped up on the platform and sat on the cube, arranging her smooth limbs as directed. The students stared at her intently as they sketched on masonite boards. Nancy stared just as intently at a faded circus poster that featured trapeze artists twirling in tights and tried desperately to relax, acutely aware that the chill central air had raised goose bumps on her skin and brought her nipples to full attention.

During the break, Nancy slipped on her robe and walked barefoot about the room, dazzled by the elegant charcoal versions of herself that blossomed on the newsprint pads—a head and shoulders here, a full figure there, a rear oblique. Some were careful and precise, others tentative and searching. One was a storm of overlapping strokes, rough and loose and bursting with energy. She looked at that one for a long time. After ten minutes she returned to the cube, glowing, for another pose.

When she was done, she dressed and walked the corridors, looking at the student work on the walls. Wanting to blend in, she left her hair loose and stopped using makeup, wearing rumpled clothes and a backpack with studied casualness. When students nodded at her vaguely familiar face, she nodded back, pleased. Once she saw a drawing class in session and slipped in to observe. The model was an older woman, grey hair in a bun, her portly body a vast eroded landscape of ridges and valleys, a magnificent ruin of wrinkles and blotches and rope-like veins.



How *could* she, Nancy thought, in *public*, but when she eavesdropped she was taken aback to hear one student praise the older woman's body as intriguing and another complain about Nancy's smooth perfection as difficult to render with its lack of defining detail. Nancy sniffed and dismissed the comments. She knew just how intriguing her smoothness was. All she had to do was glance at the beaded sweat on the faces of certain male students in her own class as she posed, and especially on the breaks, when she leaned close to see their drawings.

But as the months went by, Nancy's certainty about matters aesthetic faltered. She realized with growing dismay that the drawings were not really her, but merely images that resembled her; that what the students stared at so intently were contoured patterns of light and shadow; and that—worst of all—those certain male students no longer even stopped talking, let alone broke a sweat, when the silk robe hit the floor. She stopped nodding at students, no longer as comfortable walking the halls. She wandered the art building with her perfect forehead marred by a frown.

One day she saw an announcement on the bulletin board. A lecture was scheduled at seven that evening on the topic, "What is a Work of Art?" Open to the public. Excited, she went straight home and changed, reaching first for an evening dress, but settling for a dressy pair of jeans. It was, after all, still the university.

The lecture hall was only half full. She made her way to a seat in the tenth row, not too far forward so as to seem overeager, and near a side door, just in case. Her fears were groundless. The speaker was a male professor with an easy wit, who captured her immediately. The lecture was Ingres versus Delacroix, a lively discussion of aesthetics that lost her, though she did her best, frowning faintly at explanations and smiling wisely at asides. He showed slides in which he pointed out sensual qualities and the emotive use of color and talked about anticipating impressionism with animation, then showed a series of slides with subjects that grew odder and odder until

they made no sense to Nancy at all. Defining art, she decided, was harder than she'd thought.

One slide in particular caught her attention, a photographic rear view of a woman wearing a turban; she was the model-mistress of the photographer. She had curling violin sound holes on her back that you could see straight through, and truncated arms and legs that ended in seamless blanks, like the glossy photos of Greek statues that Nancy had seen while leafing aimlessly through the well-thumbed art books scattered about the drawing studio. The woman's back was slightly arched and her head was turned, just as Mrs. Saito had often told Nancy to turn her head. Why, Nancy thought, I'm a model too, and sat a little straighter in the wooden seat, arching her back.

All the way home Nancy thought about the turbaned model-mistress with a body perforated like a violin and limbs that ended in stubs. She tried to imagine how it would feel to have air moving through her, blowing softly through two holes in her body that a person could look right through as if she were an open window, and shivered. Then she turned her head, making a long graceful line of her neck, just as she remembered the model doing in the slide. I can do that, she thought. And she did.

The next morning Nancy was showering when she noticed something odd about her shadow against the tiles. She looked down and was astonished to see empty spaces in her body, a pair of opposing cavities with curling ends above and below. She leaped out of the shower and went to the vanity mirror. She had violin holes in her body, just like the model-mistress in the slide. She could feel the tickling of drops of water dripping inside the holes. She fed the hand towel left-handed into one violin hole, reached behind her back right-handed to pull it through, then sawed the towel back and forth. When she stood in front of a fan she could feel a breeze *inside* her body. It was extraordinary. When she got to class, she was gratified to see the students were excited by this development. Mrs. Saito

immediately went next door and borrowed two portable spotlights from the cinematography class to cast new and different shadows, spurring the class to fill page after page of newsprint with elongated curves and spirals.

The next morning Nancy was only mildly surprised to find that she had no arms. She looked carefully at the ends of her stumps in the mirror—it was the only way to see them—and was relieved to see that they ended neatly in smooth bluntness and not an unsightly mess of bones and tubes and flesh. There *were* problems. She had to dress by pulling on her clothes with her teeth and toes, and at her night job, where she had to move to hostess, some waitresses grumbled about having to carry the menus for her. But at class, the students were frankly thrilled. Words like classic and Greek floated about as students noted the uncanny resemblance between Nancy and the much photographed statues in their art books. Nancy, meanwhile, found shrugging off the silk robe easy, but putting it back on difficult. Mrs. Saito helped.

Then one day Mrs. Saito was called away from class to a conference and never came back. At the allotted time, the students packed up and rushed to their next class, leaving Nancy still sitting on the white cube, waiting for help to get dressed. She sat patiently in the warm air of the studio, comfortable among the half-finished paintings and yellowed drawings, breathing in dust and turpentine fumes and feeling herself an integral part of something large and grand. She posed one last time, arching her perforated back and turning her head, her truncated arms falling, perhaps not entirely by accident, into the posture of the turbaned model-mistress. Indeed, Nancy's pose was remarkably accurate, since her legs chose that very moment to disappear. Without her legs she felt lighter, but still quite stable, easily capable of holding a pose for an entire session without a break. But, she thought fleetingly, I have no turban.

The light faded and night came. It was the weekend, so it wasn't until Monday morning that the custodian opened

up the studio and found her on the cube, perfectly posed. He scratched his head. He knew that the cube and platform were supposed to be vacant, but the shelves were already full of student work. Recalling an empty pedestal in the corner of the student exhibit in the hall, he picked her up—she was quite light by then—carried her out, and carefully set her upright on the pedestal.

Later that morning, the chairman of the art department walked briskly through the hall. He was on his way to a very important staff meeting, but stopped short when he saw Nancy, transfixed by her smooth perfection. He observed the graceful arch of her back, peered through the enticing emptiness of her violin-shaped holes, traced with his expert eye the sensual quality of her neck, and noted with approval her downcast eyes. He was a decisive man. He summoned the custodian and directed that she be moved to a better spot. Students can *learn*, he said, from such a work of art.

*David Lawrence*

## **TATTOOED DEATH**

The country that got away was a space  
on the map.

I will be buried in a mound

Not to offend latitude.

Some bones disappear and some  
are used for fishing.

I wear a skeletal hat

to prove that my thoughts are bony.

What do you care if I am a genius?

You kneel in a circle of idiots

and try to trap me with

tests.

You can't measure what

you can't measure when there

is no measure

to discount my opinion of myself.

You failed the grade.

I am electing myself for President.

I will have five white horses

at my funeral

with my poems tattooed

on their rumps.

*David Lawrence*

## **CAREER**

Someone stole the field from the high school.  
I was happy I no longer had to play gym.  
Until the teacher put us in the boiler room  
and tossed hot coals around like our futures.  
I didn't know that I'd end up a bum.  
If I did I would have caught that punk  
who stole the field  
and returned it to the field.  
I would have fielded in that field.  
I would have cherished a lot of field  
and grown up to be a quarterback  
on a team that didn't exist.  
You pass the buck like a con man.  
I want a yacht.  
I want to be a real live captain.

*David Lawrence*

## **SPARK**

As never is forbidden  
so I will wander in eternal emptiness  
like chatter  
without a cold winter  
or a fan.  
So I will not cohabit with naught,  
nor nay say the heaven  
preacher  
because I will not allow  
the disaster  
of a vacuum  
even though I love bell jars  
and want to suck life back to its failed  
first ambition.

*David Lawrence*

## **WHISTLE**

I can't bend a whistle when the air is straight.  
Yeah, the wind blows direct.  
It's like life is a dart.  
It ends up in the bull's eye  
Who shouts out in pain before I admit  
That I like to whistle for help  
When my mind is curving  
To its bent.  
When you told me to get bent  
You didn't think I would turn  
Out to be a derelict.  
I was already turned around like an accident.



*David Lawrence*

## **COUNTERFEIT**

If forgotten is not memory's fault  
Than labor is not intensive.  
For all I say there  
Is nothing  
I mean.  
Truth is a falsifier's value  
And counterfeit is not gold  
But it is what an inmate  
at Federal Prison Camp with me  
Used to do for a living.  
I was impressed.  
It's an art to lie so well  
That your peers believe you.  
It's easy to fool half of the idiot's all the time  
But to fool all of the thieves  
Half of the time  
Is a skill devoutly to be wished  
In the joint.

*David Lawrence*

## ***FALSTAFF'S FODDER***

I can't get out of here  
When the wire cutters are pinching  
my balls.  
"We are all dead ducks,"  
Said the soldier  
To his coop.  
He wanted to be a manly man  
But the suicide squads wouldn't take him  
Because he was fat.  
Where could he hide the bombs?  
Not that it matters.  
Corpses falling down like bloated tits  
From bras.  
He got the feel of the kill.  
He loved devastation and chased bombs  
Through foxholes.

10.

And the Filipino guy?  
He works day in  
and day out wiping butts  
if not cleaning toilets  
or washing dishes,  
or clipping grasses,  
feeling contented to  
line all his pockets with  
thick wads of hard-earned  
American green  
for him to send to his  
waiting extended families  
in the Philippines.

11.

On the assumption  
it's dumb, a termite  
understands it's not  
under any obligation  
to learn how long  
or how tough  
or how thick  
a piece of wood is  
before this can yield  
to its destructive ways.

12.

Too bad, a Filipino  
is never given  
any chance.

He, too, is assumed  
to be dumb.  
Much more that he is  
a brown man.  
I just don't know how  
he manages to ignore  
every scalding word  
[word often loaded  
with unsavory racial  
epithets].  
Instead, he goes to the  
extent of pretending  
he is also somewhat  
a white man by giving  
all his children names  
sounding like American.

13.

Better keep an eye,  
if you can, on the  
opening and closing  
of a termite's mouth.

That mouth, maybe,  
is only a few microns  
wider than a dot.  
But look!  
How brutish is its  
attack on the structural  
integrity of a piece  
of wood.

14.

The mouth of the  
Filipino guy is the same  
as to any mouth  
of any race,  
yet he's never known  
to blast anyone  
to smithereens  
by dropping clusters  
of murderous words  
in response to biases  
and prejudices  
coming from the white  
or the black  
or the yellow  
or the red  
or even from his own,  
the brown man.

15.

No matter what is  
said about their  
mouths, I remain firm  
in my belief  
the termites  
and the Filipinos,  
if their bodies are  
composed of wood,  
because of their  
hardworking ways,  
even those are not  
spared.

A big chance looms,  
when, sooner or later,  
their mouths will get on  
with their work,  
saturating one another  
from head to foot  
with disgusting holes!



*Elmer Omar Pizo*

**66, 99, 69**

66

A pair  
of tadpoles  
heading  
west.

99

A pair  
of tadpoles  
heading  
east.

69

A pair  
of tadpoles  
heading in  
opposite  
direction  
because  
of their  
irreconcilable  
differences.



*Elmer Omar Pizo*

## **WD-40**

*[ Safeguard against rust and corrosion.*

*Use this product consistent with its labeling. ]*

*No offense meant to the WD-40 Company  
in San Diego, California.*

For rusty or corroded brain  
and joints:

Shake can thoroughly.

Spray on rusty or corroded  
area of the brain or joints  
liberally and allow 5 to 10  
minutes for the fluid to  
penetrate.

Repeat application  
If necessary.

If there is contact with nose  
or eyes, flush affected area  
with running water for 15 to  
20 minutes.

If irritation persists, get  
immediate medical attention.

DANGER:

Don't act stupid.  
If you think swallowing it  
like a syrup medicine  
will work faster on affected  
areas, Don't!  
it may cost your life!

*Eric Paul Shaffer*

## **FOURFOLD LUNAR CORONA: HALEAKALĀ SUMMIT, MAUI**

Some might call this blasphemy,  
standing here, as we are, in a parking lot  
wolfing bagels clumped with cream cheese,  
passing around our single cup of coffee  
beneath the stink of tobacco  
rising on clean chill air.

We gawk at the zenith, open-mouthed  
with unchewed bites on tongues,  
stare at a rare, swift vision seen by few:  
a scrim of cloud drifts  
between full moon and dull eyes  
and forms the first rainbow ring as near

the brilliant silver edge as an iris to a pupil  
in an eye open to the dark.  
A second ring appears. We sigh,  
inarticulate with amazement: it is midnight,  
and there are two concentric  
rainbows enclosing the moon.

The high haze thickens, and yet a third  
rainbow rings the first full moon  
after the winter solstice: for once, we are silent.  
Then, the only other we saw

on the summit that night  
chants the language of the land

on the caldera's edge, facing night, valley,  
and sea, singing praises to the moon,  
to the season, to himself, and to us.

Our presence is a familiar offense,  
but like anyone, I stand  
rooted to the peak in stars.

I have no right to be here,  
but no one does. Enfolded  
in this particular darkness and staring deeper,  
still, I am here.

I have not come for this, but till my vision fades,  
I will not leave.

*David Stone*

## ***A PROPHECY***

In the tunnel,  
under the wall,  
the mole spooned.

I awoke  
in sweat,  
howled  
off the platform  
into a green tank.

Bible greased fingers  
plummeted in discs  
around the rink.

I counted the stitched  
memories slammed  
the orange sea.

*David Stone*

## **THE SEA WALL**

by the sea wall  
dreamt  
gallons  
of seawater waste  
into pulpy cusps.

A tugboat sank  
in winter  
in the bay,

of man  
tra  
ray  
suicide  
bar  
nac  
les,

TALL,  
soundless ships  
dam  
aged  
at sea,  
land mines,  
drudged green tanks

A SCOUNDREL

CLEANSED

bridge matters,

David Stone

and gutted kegs.

POSEIDON

sagged  
into the harbor.

THE TANK

skidded  
off the flatbed.

*Romolo Valencia*

*on the dock i wait*

on the dock i wait,  
tuned-in to  
the fog horn sounds  
and the rolling beat  
of drums  
that shatter the boredom  
of the Oakland air,  
and striking  
a dissonance  
needing resolution with  
the sea gull's mimicry  
of a sad goodbye . . .  
the shimmery  
glass-like water  
begins to rise and fall/

shouldering  
an over stuffed  
government issued duffel bag,  
m-14 and my Martin tenor uke  
in its duct-taped case  
stenciled with unit markings . . . /  
in a single file i lug my way  
up the inclined narrow gangway . . . /  
and within several hours  
our sail begins/



from beneath  
the Golden Gate  
the troop ship glides  
slowly pass  
the City by the bay,  
its thin mist veil  
softening the lights  
along the hillside view/

as wind-chilled air  
sneaks down  
my up-turned  
jacket collar, . . . still/  
my eyes are locked in focus  
toward shore/ . . .  
motionless i stand  
in my aloneness  
observing the lights  
dilute into  
the San Francisco mist . . . /  
my tentative nod  
solemnly acknowledges  
this moment  
of the here and now . . .  
of the Golden Gate,  
the City lights,  
a sight . . . (which  
some of us . . . (“*Silent night . . . holy night . . .*”)  
and maybe for just a few . . . (“*All is calm . . .*”)  
i hope to cheer  
on my return . . . (“*All is bright . . .*”)

sea gulls trail behind . . . (“*For thine is the kingdom . . .*”)  
quickly dwindling,  
in their weakened pursuit . . . (“*And the Power . . .*”)

with the splashing sound  
of the Pacific  
thrashing against  
the Pope's  
hull of steel,  
i watch the City . . . ,  
the Gate/ . . . land/ . . . (*And the glory* . . . )  
disconnecting  
their shape and form  
from my line of seeing . . .  
then fading out  
into the eventual still  
of this Pacific night . . .  
like the possibility  
of it all ending in  
a lonely jungled-moment . . .  
bathing in a warm  
blood-stained nothingness . . . (*Forever . . . and ever . . .* )

*Beryl Allene Young*

## ***THE BEAST WITH A ZILLION YELLOW EYES***

Black treacherous night—  
even now, your son,  
a rampant dragon rises from hell  
and flings its loops like streaks of silver lightning  
across the sky, its hot and frothy, panting breath  
funnelling air in puffs of clouds up and down  
around the zodiac in time to the tossing  
and snorting of its scaly brine-encrusted head.  
The sea serpent howls like a beast in pain  
rearing on its hind legs to bite,  
and the moon, a silver sliver of light half-eaten through  
heeds it, shaking in the reflections from window panes  
like a fractured eggshell  
as sleeping dogs snore and whimper in their sleep,  
their ears twitching; their tails swinging from side to side.  
Behemoth rages across the sky,  
thunder at its heels, silver fire flashing from its mouth,  
climbing down the mountains in leaps and bounds,  
pining for the shade trees of the valley  
where burning lights bristle and sparkle,  
the lamps of a zillion mercury vapor streetlights  
curving like a river of yellow eyes  
burning from the black shoulder of the mountain  
to the flat, black back of the sea.

*Beryl Allene Young*

## **BEFORE DAWN: THE RIVER OF LIGHTS**

Like a river of molten lava burning down the mountainside  
and flowing in bright reds and yellows across the plains,  
the river of lights, the streetlamps of Manoa Valley,  
glow like fiery coals strewn over the black velvet shoulder  
of the mountains under the cawl of a royal midnight-blue sky.  
Deep organ chords of motor engines belch out  
long and solemn as great Matson steamers arrive and are gone  
roaring deep bass tones from the distant bay and harbor.  
Up above, pinpoints of light, the stars of the Milky Way  
churn in the dark brooding sky, and faint red and white lights  
on the bellies of departing or arriving planes flicker  
in rising and falling trajectories over the leaden sea.  
On the coast, festive, incandescent rectangles  
like fairy Palaces of crystal and ice  
with red lights like blinking red eyes  
warn off low-flying aircraft,  
the skyscrapers of Waikiki with their blue-lit flying saucers  
illuminate the far horizon with radiant sparks.  
The city's mighty heart is throbbing through blood,  
ears, bones of men on street corners as blue light thickens  
and the multiple cares of government and municipality  
converge, and the day, like a Titan missile,  
all white smoke and haze, is launched  
to crush sleep's cobwebs, to move men to strive  
for an end to poverty, disease, and suffering,  
for health and peace, justice, and inner tranquillity.

*Beryl Allene Young*

## **MANOA STREAM**

The stream gurgles from the mountains  
along a bed of rocks and boulders  
through thickets of dense tumbling undergrowth  
where mosquitoes breed to the head of the valley  
where it opens like a split gourd  
into grassy plains.

Shy creeping vines peep and sprawl  
from the stream's banks to its jagged riverbed,  
the clear waters opening and dividing, singing  
a love song along the smooth black pebbles  
and volcanic chips grooving the stream's bottom.  
Pebbles and boulders thrust and jut out  
like huge overturned building blocks,  
the toys and legacy of Titans,  
and the clear unclouded waters of the rivulet rush,  
inundating and licking at exposed tree roots  
with a cool, clean, silver tongue,  
a quicksilver voice murmuring and eddying  
through the thick, hushed silence  
as pregnant with impending violence  
as the night the Argives invaded Troy,  
with their wooden horse,  
its swollen belly filled with soldiers.  
Slowly, the sun drops behind the mountains  
and sets beyond the vast, blue sea.  
The voice of Manoa Stream titters,

tipping, trickling, tapping its happy sound  
along the trail that zigs and zags,  
winding along its verdant side. Sing to me,  
show me your cat-tailed, reedy tongue,  
your chittery voice that mimics birds  
and insects, the only voice echoing in these parts,  
singing to me of the mountains of Manoa.

*Beryl Allene Young*

## **WILD ORCHIDS**

Leaving the shouting and arguing in the house,  
only the violence of clashing orchid colors  
fully expressing the pain and anger I feel,  
vents the vortex of emotions churning in my breast.  
How quiet it is out here  
under the dark blue helmet of sky,  
how full of intense listening—  
the insistent chirping of a round voiced, dulcet-toned cricket,  
the slow dripping of drop after drop of water  
as rain glides down the faces of white orchids  
hovering patiently above damp moss and roots  
dispelling my virulent anger  
with the giddy sweetness of their fragrance.  
When the tempestuous fury, the orgiastic diatribe of my  
wrath  
has passed, when the disappointment and indignity  
of vicious recriminations has taken its toll,  
has bankrupted my seething spirits,  
it is the mellow fragrance of the orchids  
that calls me back to valleys green with tall grass,  
to trees that shade me with their swaying boughs,  
their arms lifted like Spanish flamenco dancers  
stamping their wild stiletto heels, orchids in their loose hair.

# CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

**Rachel Squires Bloom:** I write, travel, and teach. I hold Masters degrees from Eastern Nazarene College and from the University of Massachusetts, and have had poems in magazines such as *Poetry East*, *Fugue*, *True Romance*, *The Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Bellowing Ark*, *Panhandler*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, *Urban Spaghetti*, *Mad Poet's Review*, *Möbius*, *Nomad's Choir*, *96 Inc.*, *Thin Air*, *Taproot Literary Review* and *Epicenter*.

**Tim Burke:** Born in 1947, Jersey City, NJ. B.A. University of Colorado. M.A. SUNY at Buffalo. Studied with Logan, Creeley, Hass, Kizer. Taught at U. Hawai'i and Punahou School. Co-founder: Slow Loris Press and *Rapport* Magazine. Formerly poetry editor, *Hanai* Magazine. Presently, Associate Professor of Humanities, Brookdale Community College, Lincroft, NJ.

**E. G. Burrows:** Four books including *The House of August* (Ithaca House) and five chapbooks, including *Sailing as Before* (TDM Press). Recent appearances in *Iowa Review*, *Malabar Review*, *South Dakota Review*, *Texas Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Sulphur River Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Rattle*, and others. Appeared previously in *Hawai'i Review* Spring 1998.

**Deborah Elliot Deutschman:** Since my two poems appeared in Issue no. 52 of the *Hawai'i Review*, I've had new poems and stories in *American Writing*, *Arkansas Review*, *Eureka Literary Magazine*, *The New Criterion*, *Poet Lore*, and *Spillway*.

Over the years, I've had poems and stories in various places, from *Carolina Quarterly* and the *New York Quarterly* to *The New Yorker*; a novel, "Signals," that came out with Seaview Books/Simon & Schuster; and



have done several original screenplays and film adaptations. I am currently in the last draft, I hope, of a novel.

**Robert Flint** obtained a Masters of Fine Arts degree from the University of Hawai'i, Mānoa, in 1976, and now lives in Makawao, Maui. His main artistic medium is ceramics, and he is currently working as Artist in Residence in King Kakaulike High School, directing students in the completion of a large mural. He is also an Art in Public Places recipient, and his work can be found in many different places: a large outdoor mural of fish swimming in the Seaside and Kalākaua interception in Waikīkī, and three water fountain panels in the Hawai'i Convention Center, among others.

**Daniel Gallik** has had poetry and short stories published in hundreds of magazines and periodicals. A few of these include *A.I.M.* (America's Intercultural Magazine), *Parabola* (A Magazine of Myth and Tradition), *Nimrod* (International Journal of Prose and Poetry out of the Arts and Humanities Council of Tulsa, OK), *Limestone* (University of Kentucky), *The Hiram Poetry Review*, *Aura* (University of Alabama), and *Whiskey Island* (Cleveland State University). Mr. Gallik's first novel, *A Story of Dumb Fate*, will be published this fall by PublishAmerica.com. His agent, Andrew Hamilton, is currently seeking a publisher for his second book, *Must Know Death...*

**George Gott** recently retired from teaching at the University of Wisconsin-Superior, where he taught composition, creative writing, and literature for many years. More than six hundred of his poems have been published in the United States and many other countries in numerous magazines.

**Nolan W. Kim** has been published several times locally.

His current writing projects include two collections of short fiction and a novel. He is currently a candidate for a PhD with creative dissertation at UH Mānoa. As for this story, yes, he once studied drawing and painting, and though the brush is now a keyboard, still considers himself a paint-smearing artist at heart.

**David Lawrence:** Eclectic and cross cultural and ambio-occupational. Have been a professional boxer, an actor, a model, a professor, a Wall Street millionaire and served two years in jail. I am proud of all these accomplishments. Three hundred published poems and four books, three rap albums distributed internationally. Wrote, produces and starred in "Boxer Rebellion," which appeared in Sundance Film Festival.

**Stephen Mead** is a published artist/writer living in northeastern N.Y. A résumé and samples of his work can be seen in the portfolio section of absolutelists.com. Mr. Mead's e-book of poetry and paintings, "We Are More than Our Wounds," is available through [NewAgeDimensionsPublishing.com](http://NewAgeDimensionsPublishing.com)

**Karen Michael Mikel** is a graduate student in Asian Studies at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa, where she also received her undergraduate degree. Her focus of study re the tattoos of the native tribes of Borneo. She has taken drawing classes at UHM, and her favorite media are pastel and charcoal. She has also served as volunteer for the Hawai'i State Art Museum, getting acquainted with the thriving local art in Hawai'i.

**Elmer Omar Pizo:** A month-long writer's residency at the Vermont Studio Center in Johnson, Vermont in February of next year was recommended to me by Kathy Black, Program Director. I also want to convey my deepest thanks to Julia Wieting and the present

staff of the *Hawai'i Review* for making issue #61 a reality.

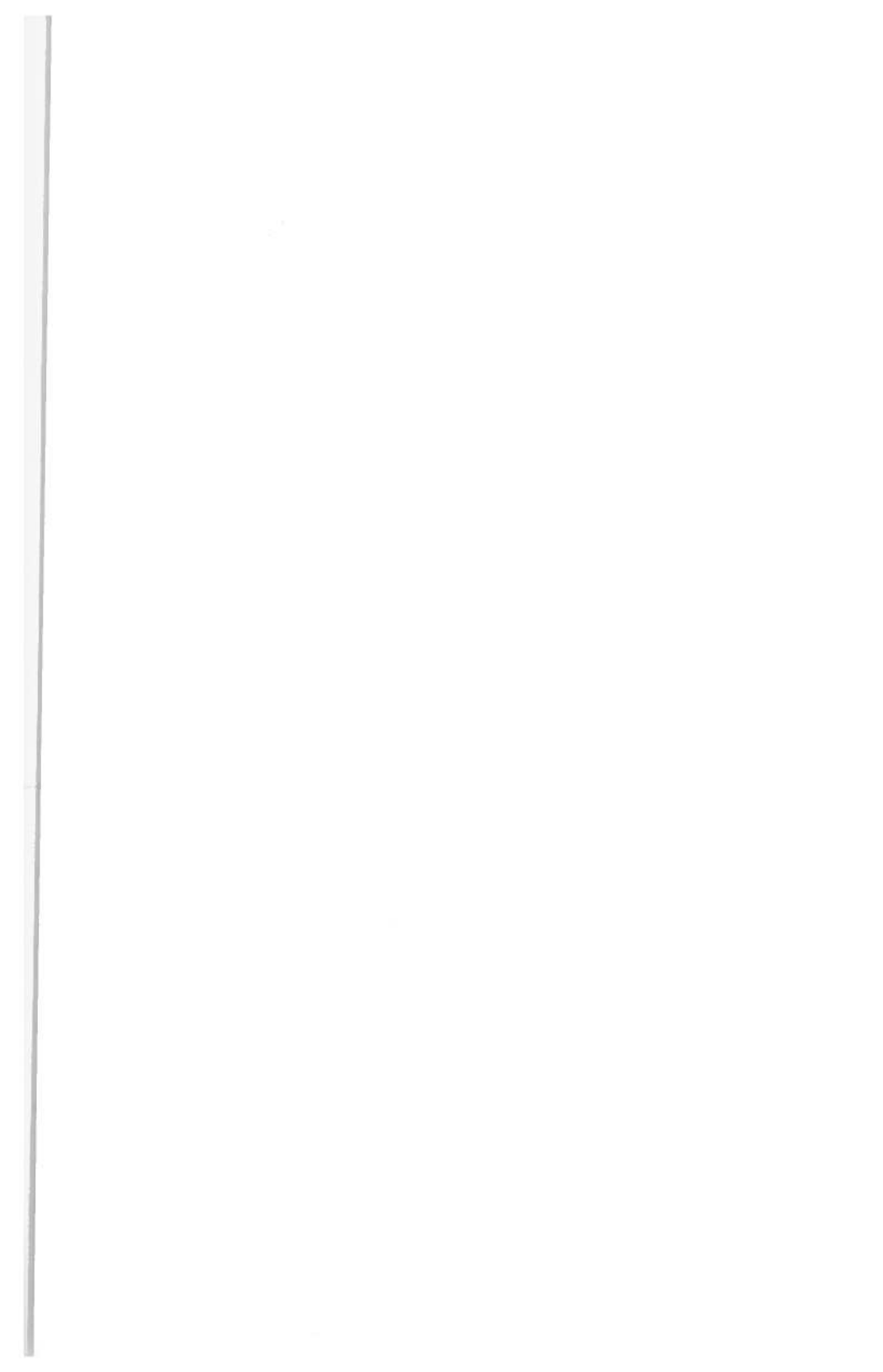
**Eric Paul Shaffer** is author of five books of poetry, *Labaina Noon* (2005), *Living at the Monastery*, *Working in the Kitchen* (2001), *Portable Planet* (2000), *RattleSnake Rider* (1990), and *Kindling: Poems from Two Poets* (1988), and edited Lew Welch's *How I Read Gertrude Stein* (1996). His work appears in *Ploughshares*, *North American Review*, *American Scholar*, *ACM*, *Bamboo Ridge*, Canada's *Grain* and *Mahalat Review*, Australia's *Quadrant Magazine*, *Rattle*, *Threepenny Review*, and the anthology *100 Poets Against the War*. Shaffer received the 2002 Elliot Cades Award for Literature, an Hawai'i literary prize.

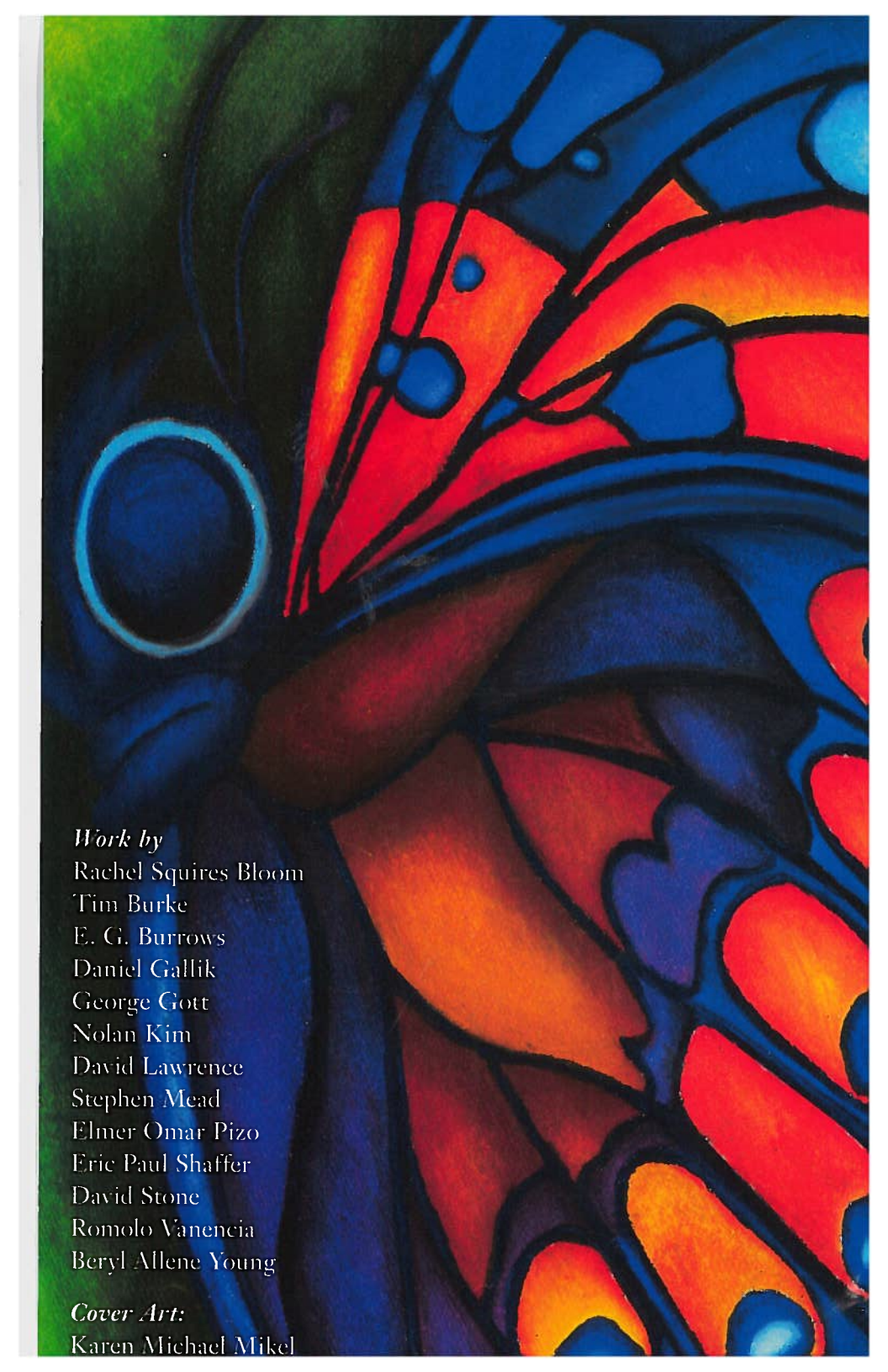
**David Stone**, editor of the *Blackbird Anthology* and resident of Baltimore, MD, is the author of nine volumes of poetry, three novels and one play.

**Romolo Valencia:** Born on the Kilauea Sugar Plantation on Kaua'i to immigrant sugar laborers. B.A. in Art from the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. Spent military tours of duty in West Germany, California, and South Vietnam...a period that stimulated his creative writing activity. Currently works as a media specialist at Honolulu Community College. As an active exhibiting visual artist, his work is represented in the collections of the Honolulu Academy of Arts, The Contemporary Museum, the Hawai'i State Art Museum (Hawai'i State Foundation on Culture and the Arts), and the City and County of Honolulu. Is very excited about being published for the first time in the *Hawai'i Review*.

**Beryl Allene Young** was born and raised in Honolulu, Hawai'i and graduated from St. Andrew's Priory, later attending the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa where she received her B.A. and M.A. in English. She worked as a lecturer teaching in English composition

at Kapi'olani Community College in 1991-1992 and  
writes poems as an unclassified graduate student.





*Work by*

Rachel Squires Bloom

Tim Burke

E. G. Burrows

Daniel Gallik

George Gott

Nolan Kim

David Lawrence

Stephen Mead

Elmer Omar Pizo

Eric Paul Shaffer

David Stone

Romolo Vanencia

Beryl Allene Young

*Cover Art:*

Karen Michael Mikel