

Make a fist

Make a fist
hold it high

Hear the
pahu scream.

Make a fist
hold it high

Let our ancestor's
rage infest your
intentions.

Make a fist
hold it high.

Plant the resistance
deep.

Kanu! Kanu!
Kanu now.
Ho'oulu hou.
Ho'oulu hou.
Ho'oulu hou.

Huli.



Ē Laka Ē

Famous are you Laka.
Laka the Storyteller,
the Documentor,
the Historian.

Ē Laka Ē.
Laka of the Forest,
The Tree-Cutter,
The Chip-Maker.

Ē Laka Ē.
E Kū Mau Mau.
Laka our Sister.
Laka our Brother.
Laka Dancer-Through-Time

Ē Laka Ē.
Ē Laka Ē.
Ē Laka Ē.



Pā

I ka makahiki

LONO the man

LONO the chief

LONO the God

I ka makahiki

LONO of the dark clouds

of the rain

of the forest

I ka makahiki

LONO the jealous husband

LONO the murderer

LONO the madman

I ka makahiki

LONO of the harvest

of the warless months

of the games

I ka makahiki

The grounds are ready

Moana awaits

Ho'omakaukau

And LONO speaks

“PĀ”

I ka makahiki

I ka makahiki

I ka makahiki



O'ahu

into the valley
Lua's water falls
deep
feeding a young
island
born
was Ka'ala draped
in clouds
born
were the Ko'olau
long and majestic
hānau
O'ahu
child of Papa
and
Lua
Ē Papa ē
Ē Lua ē
Ē O'ahu
ē

Amidst the 'Ōhi'a Trees

last night we slept in the clouds
where the silence sang out loud
ka 'ohana and me amidst the 'ōhi'a trees

I kissed my family good-night
and while turning off the light
out the window I see the 'ōhi'a feeling for me
touched, then, my mind dances on

to a million ancient sounds
of how our lives should be
with peace and dignity

silently singing our song
ka 'ohana and me
amidst the 'ōhi'a trees

Ho'omākaukau

Ho'omākaukau...

the call begins
the grounds are ready
the ocean awaits

the anticipation builds
the moment nears

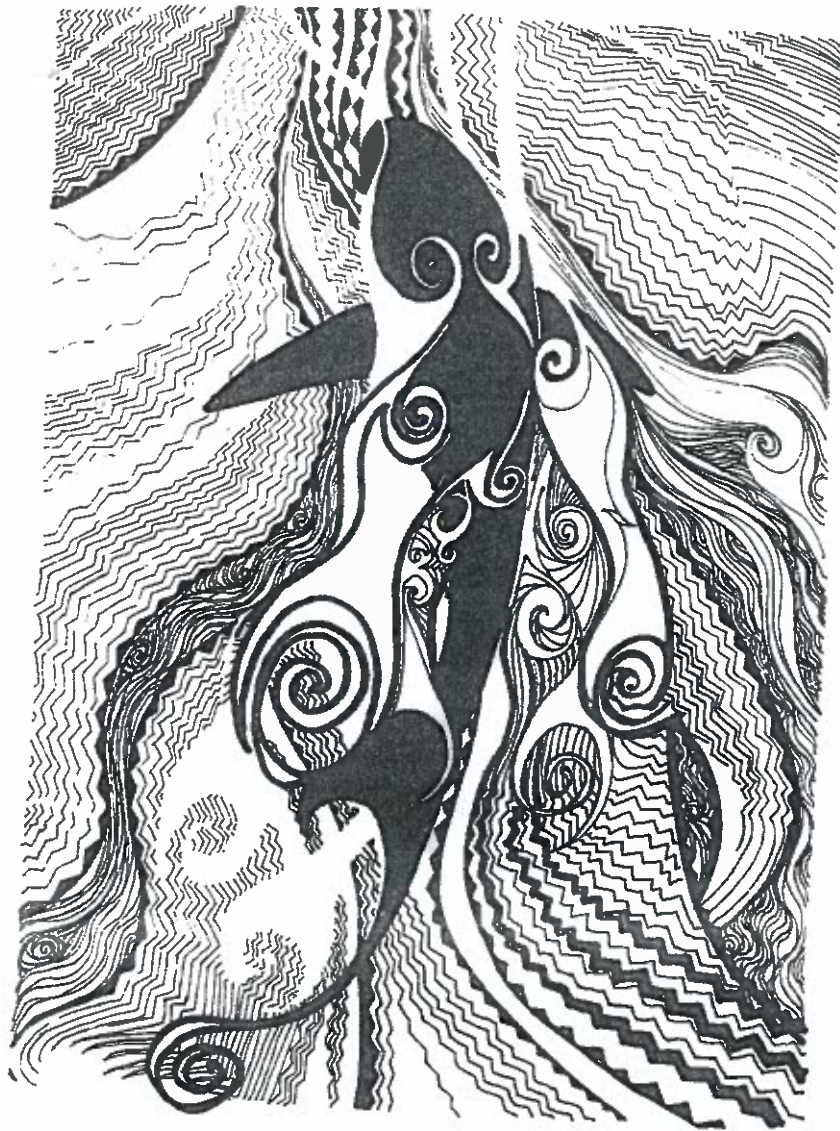
when we join forces and become one
human, nature and energy
become sport

Ho'omākaukau...

the call begins
the grounds are ready
the ocean awaits

and Lono speaks

Pa.



When Men Fought

For Nel

When men
fought
they stood
toe to toe
and
made the mountains
shake.

When men
fought
legendary blows
echoed
from Kaua'i to
Kona.

When men
fought
Nelson ran
the ridges
and
swam the
depths.

When men
fought men ...
when men
fought men ...
when men
fought men ...

The Source

For Sam

from the source

revolve

to the source

the secret must

for the source

for capable hands

the secret revolves

from capable hands

to capable hands

revolve

revolve

revolve

Mo'os for Diane

tec - tec - tec

night time is

where

I meet my

friends

up on the

tec - tec - tec

windows

eggs inside

walls

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec

we crossed over their

backs

up from the

beginning

moving with

us

in our journey

here

mo'os in the

pools

loving under the

moon

destroying armies with

their tails

shaking the ground when

they walked

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec

some are small

short and shy

others are long

and slim

they are grey

and brown

pink and

green

mo'os over here

mo'os over there

mo'os are everywhere

but tonight

we have all come

to visit Diane

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec

tec - tec - tec



Ho'o ola

Ho'o ola
make life
Ho'o ulu
create tomorrow
Ho'oulu hou
make more Kanaks

Ho'oulu hou
Ho'oulu hou
Ho'oulu hou

E mau ka Maui Ola
Ho'oulu
Hou
Ho'oulu
Hou
Ho'oulu
Hou
Kihe Maui Ola.



Somewhere in the Swirl of History...

Somewhere in the swirl of
history we have forgotten
your existence.

Good thing our siblings
remembered.

Lest we be lost
in someone else's story.

Good thing our siblings
remember.

Mahina's Dance

Dark. Musky. Cold.
Midnight in a hala grove
where pueo and mo'o live.
Leaves rustle. Branches groan.
I see shadows of imaginary sounds.
Cold. Dark. Alone.
I watch Mahina dance
through lace of leaves and roots.
Mahina, my grandmother, my mother, my wife,
my daughters, my friends.
Alone. Cold. Dark.
I watch Mahina
and she danced for me.

Tūtū

Moaning a sad song
a Tūtū
lamenting on a
darkened porch

gently rocking

knowing she's
seeing the end

the only child
of an only child

now sits in
a dark room

dying

Ma'i Haole
sings again.

Auwee

Kimo! Long time, bra. Fo years. How you?

Ē! I don't know.

Wat's up, bra?

My boy.

Not, you get one boy!

Yeh, long time now.

So wat's up?

He got AIDS.

Not! How old him.

Only 19 and his wahine hāpai.

Auwe! Bra, wat's boy's name?

You know, Kimo Boy.

Kimo Boy? Wat's the girl's name.

They call her K-lani.

Her name is Kawaimakaokalani.

Fucking Kimo! That's my daughter.

Bradas

Popin.

Ē, bra. Get.

Shoots, we go.

Two bradas
in the back seat of a car.

Popin.

Same spike. Same time.

Rememba, bradas.

If brada get hep - you get hep.

If brada get jaundice - you get jaundice.

If brada get aids - you know, bra.



Wach Out

“weli n a”

a voice beckons

“weli n a”

suddenly the mo’o sings

“weli n a”

“hū i”

“weli n a”

you beda wach out

you beda not pout

you beda ak rite

or you going get bite

“weli n a”

“weli n a”

tec tec tec

“weli n a”

Hui 'Imi Pākīpika

tec - tec - tec
deep in the 'awa
we heard a call

tec - tec - tec
asking to come
and share

tec - tec - tec
from Waikiki, Makiki
and Kapālama

we come to prepare
our journey
to go

At the shore we gathered
resting in the shade
of a hau tree.

Then,

shedding our skins
for fins
we slide into the water
to begin our journey
Hui 'Imi Pākīpika.

Ipu Heke

Famous are you
Ipu Heke.

Tall and majestic
like the Ko'olau.

Unfurl your voice
that sets my soul
to dance.

'u kē
u ke ke

'u kē
u ke ke
'u kē
u ke ke



It's been a long time...

It's been a long time
so long we don't remember
your name.

Hell, we barely
remember your story.

Was it the change that
made us forget.

Was it time that
changed our memory.
Never mind we remember
now.

'Ohe

'ohe
'ohe

conjurors

of

the forest

'ohe
'ohe

shake the ground

and

make it tremble

'ohe
'ohe

send your

voice

on the winds

'ohe
'ohe

so that

I may

feel your song

'ohe
'ohe

Make Rope

get this old man
he live by my house
he just make rope
every day
you see him making rope
if
he not playing his ukulele
or
picking up his mo'opuna
he making
rope

and nobody wen ask him
why?
how come?
he always making
rope

morning time...making rope
day time...making rope
night time...making rope
all the time...making rope

must get enuf rope
for make Hōkūle'a already

most time
he no talk
too much
to nobody

he just sit there
making rope

one day
we was partying by
his house
you know
playing music
talking stink
about the other
guys them

I was just
coming out of the bushes
in back the house
and
there he was
under the mango tree
making rope
and he saw me

all shame
I look at him and said
"Aloha Papa"
he just look up
one eye
and said
"Howzit! What? Party?
Alright!"

I had to ask
"E kala mai, Papa
I can ask you one question?"

"How come
everyday you make rope
at the bus stop
you making rope
outside McDonald's drinking coffee
you making rope.
How come?"

he wen
look up again
you know
only the eyes move kine
putting one more
strand of coconut fiber
on to the kaula
he make one
fast twist
and said
"The Kaula of our people
is 2,000 years old
boy
some time...good
some time...bad
some time...strong
some time...sad
but most time
us guys
just like this rope

one by one
strand by strand
we become
the memory of our people
and
we still growing
so
be proud
do good
and
make rope
boy
make rope."



Kau Hua

Papahonua.
Papa makuahine.
Still forming
hot and liquid.
I watch the 6 o'clock news
and see an embryo forming
in the womb
of Papa.
Papahonua.
Papa makuahine.
I offer you
kalo, lau 'uala, chicken feet and congratulations.
Papahonua.
Papa makuahine.
Kau hua no ho'i!
Maika'i kēlā.
Kihe Maui Ola.

Paradise

Some come and
see
the Ko'olau
gasp,
"PARADISE!"
so they cut down
da trees
to build their
home in
PARADISE.

Some come
to see
da
beaches and
are awed,
"AH, PARADISE"
so
they come and
fence off
the beaches
to
build their homes
so
they can have
their little
piece of
PARADISE
pristine.

And then there
are those that come
and meet the
people
and
feel blessed
for it,
"PARADISE,"
they praise,
so
they
decide
we are
to be
saved
for PARADISE.

There's always
two sides
to everything
up
down
hard
soft
light
dark
same thing
PARADISE
bra,
the pimps
would like you
to think
that all is well
in PARADISE,
all Hawaiians.
love and aloha.

Everybody
get something
and
you know what,
bra, we
get something, too,
we get the ADA SIDE
OF PARADISE.

'Ōpala Uka

Tall
in
the twilight
of dawn
hundreds
of
feet
high
stand
mountains
of
poured
rubble.

Work in Progress

it is time
for the old Gods
to again
swim walk

love work

to be among men

to sleep with
women

to seed
Moananui again

and to repair
the damage

of
Socrates

Plato

Moses

Jesus

Mohammed

Buddha

Columbus

Cook

McKinley

Dole

Eisenhower

Burns

Ariyoshi

Cayetano

Rice

Conklin

Carroll

Barratt

ka mea, ka mea, ka mea...

PAK

PAK
the sound
an adze
makes when it
cracks

PAK
the sound
has made
grown men
cry

PAK
we all
know that
sound

PAK
a favorite
dish

PAK
a window pane
cleaned
too hard

PAK
an unattended
ipu...fallen
PAK

you know, I heard
that sound
PAK
January 16, 1993
at Bishop Museum
PAK

held in a circle
of our Gods
face to face
with Kū
when we Hawaiians
read of our pain
PAK

I heard it
PAK

I heard it
PAK

I heard it
PAK

then in the morning
as thousands of us
came to 'Iolani Palace
I heard it louder

PAK
the sounds of a people
rising in revolution
as chants from
all the islands
were sung

I heard it again
PAK

Embraced by the sounds of
Hawaiians
defending
their points of view

I heard it
even louder
PAK

I heard it, brada
PAK
I heard it, tita
PAK
the spine of
the beast
crack
I heard it
PAK

Where Is It Man!?

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've found?

When last you flew
your dark kite
over the emerald jungles.

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've found?

When the winter snows
of the morning calm
ran red with the young.

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've found?

When like a bully brother
you disciplined
your sibling
with terror and neglect.

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've found?

When your plough blades
of "freedom" was forged
from the sweat of slaves.

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've found?

Where is it, man,
this "freedom"
you've earned.

Where is it, man,
that you must
constantly search for it.

Oh say can you see
by the dawn's early light...

The mighty American foundation
poured over the backs
of their host.

Hewahewa

mother
oh
mother

what have
you done?

brother
brother
brother

you didn't
know?

the 3 of you
lying there

speaking low
you didn't know?

**HEWAHEWA
YOU KNEW!**

you knew
how fragile
the net

how delicate
the cord

when the hala
fell to the ground

it was you that
shook the tree.

No Was Us

Me an my fren,
dis haole guy.
was talking yestaday.
He was wit hes
cuzin from California.

All the time the cuzin
was looking nervous.
He no lik look
at me.

He no lik talk.

I no kea.

But

wen my fren ask,
What about
this sovereignty stuff?

Hes cuzin said
something!
He said,
What is it that you
Hawaiians want?
Well, I don't understand.
We are all Americans
and as Americans
we need to live in peace
and you need to
understand that.

Ho, bra!
I neva say nothing about fighting.
You talk about living in peace.
Bra, no was us.
Us Hawaiians was neva
violent to Americans.
No was us, bra.
We were neva
violent to Haole.

No was us, bra.
We neva go to the haole
and change their language.
No was us, bra.
We neva try change their gods.
No was us, bra.
We neva give them
disease that killed
thousands of friendly people.
No us, bra.

And

as for being American.

No was us, bra.

I neva sign no pepa
and nobody
wen ask my Mada nothing.

No was us, bra.

We neva go Europe
and polut the wada.

No was us, bra.

Something you
got to understand
all the trips
that wen happen
to us Hawaiians,
no was us, bra.
Was you guys.

So you know what,
my Brada said,
No fight Hawaiians!
Because,
you know why.
No was us, bra.

No Fight Hawaiians

Eh, Bra,
check it out.

I met
this Brada
the ada day,
suckin Brada
blow my mind!

Everything he
said was
"No fight Hawaiians."

I ask him
What his name?
He said,
"No fight Hawaiians."

I said wea you
from?
He said,
"No fight Hawaiians,
Bra."

Everything I said,
he said,
"No fight Hawaiians."

I asked him
where he work?
He said,
"No fight Hawaiians."

"No fight Hawaiians."
"No fight Hawaiians."

Afta half hour,
Bra,
I start going
nuts!
"No fight Hawaiians."

Man!
I tired hear that
already!

"What?
Wow, Bra, what
talking?
What's the trip?"

"No fight Hawaiians.
wat sa mada wit that?"

Brada wen
look at me and said:
"Too many things to
change,
too many people to
teach,
and too much to
do."

"Poverty fights Hawaiians:
the baiting of us out of
the lo'i
into the Big
City,

Dozens of families
raised in rooming houses
above bars, stores
and more bars.

A generation of gardeners
starving in
the Big City.
So, Bra,
No fight Hawaiians.

Homelessness.
Homelessness fight
Hawaiians.

A people that
went back in
the same place
hundreds of years
now
find themselves
three generations
of displaced
nomads.
Caught in a web
of evictions
and homelessness.
No fight Hawaiians.

Having a
confused identity
fights Hawaiians.
Families after families
being raised
to believe
Hawaiians no good.
Hawaiians in the joint.
Hawaiians stupid.
No fight Hawaiians.
Too many things
to fight, Bra.
No fight Hawaiians."

The more I thought
the more it made
sense.

No fight Hawaiians.
The more I thought
the more important
it became.
No fight Hawaiians.

No
fight
Hawaiians!

Heavy.

No fight Hawaiians.
"Eh, Bra,
Howzit.
No fight Hawaiians.

Yeah, Bra,
No fight Hawaiians.
Ah,

So, Bra,
Check it out:
I met this Brada
the ada day,
Suckin Brada,
blow my mind.
"No fight Hawaiians."

Everything he
said was
"No fight Hawaiians."

Huli

Can you hear it?
History singing its sad
song.
The cannons at the
harbor.
Marines coming over the
wall.

Can you hear it?
The Committee of Safety
plotting.
Armed hooligans threatening our
garden.
Imperialism practicing its
economics.

Can you hear it?
The cries of a
people
left to fend in a sea of
genocide
lost in their own lands and
betrayed.

Can you hear it?
The howl of the Imperialist
beast,
hungry, again and again
more,
more and more and again
more.

Can you hear it?
The lies of justice, morality and
ethics.

Can you hear it?
Amazing grace leading the flock
astray.

Can you hear it?
What was then is no more. Democracy
scores.
Indigenous peoples
lose.

Can you hear it?
The fibs of history
the dismemberment of fact
and
the creation of
truth.

Can you hear it!
Can you hear it?
Then hear this!

Hear the SONG OF SOVEREIGNTY
for

INDEPENDENCE AND SOVEREIGNTY
is the song of our
GREAT HAWAIIAN NATION.

People chanting
NEVER GONNA BE NO SIDESHOW ATTRACTION
for no
AMERICA BASTARD.

Hear this!

THE KINGS,

THE QUEENS

AND THE STANDING ARMY

Are starting again to feel the pain and weep
because of the DISCOVERY,

PLUNDER

AND DESTRUCTION

of our race.

Hear this!

WE ARE THE CHILDREN.

The ones WHO CAME FIRST TO HAWAI'I.

the 'ĀINA MAN who sang MELE O

KAHO'OLawe

and lost his

sons.

Evicted kamali'i and vets screaming NO TELL ME
GO.

Hear this!

I AM A NATIVE, the MANUELA
BOY
singing the JOB HUNTING
BLUES,
not accepting the
scam.

Hear this!

We learned a lesson from
KAULANA NĀ PUA.
E MAU KŌ KĀKOU LĀHUI growing every
day.

Hear this!

Wisdom coming from KŪKA'ILIMOKU VILLAGE
tells us to TAKE THE CHAINS FROM YOUR BRAIN
AND YOUR ASS WILL FOLLOW.

Decolonize, Maoli,
and LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE
turn paradise into a place WHERE BIRDS NEVER
FLY.

Hear this!

Can you hear this?
No matter how we get there walk, run, bus, car, crawl,
fly or by boat, we are all going to the same place!
The home of our race.

So, haole
hear this!

Hear as we sing HAWAI'I LOA KŪ LIKE KĀKOU.
If to help us is your wish then stand behind us.

Not to the side
and not in front.

If you wish to save the forest, birds, reef, fish,
sky and land,
we will.
If justice is what you want then you must be just,
we will.

So, my brothers and sisters, friend or foe,
ally or enemy,

Hear this!

We were here before there was an england,
We will be here for the next 2,000 years.

Can you hear it?
We are maoli to this land,
all of this land.

E MAU!
E MAU KA MAOLI!
E MAU LOA KA MAOLI!

HULI.



dive into the source

dive into
the source
and rise like the steam
at Halema'uma'u

cleanse
dive into
the source
and raise the next
generation
at Halema'uma'u

A Letter to My Brother

Where does the sun set
Is it here? Is it there?
I know it was somewhere

Perhaps a storm came
and the stream
washed it away?

Perhaps the mountains
came down on us
and covered it all up?

Maybe it was the kai.
Maybe the kai came up
and flooded the valleys
and on its way back
when hāpai everything
and take it all out to sea.

Nah, brah,
it wasn't any of these things.
The storm was greed,
swelling like a dammed up stream
making ready to over run
and wash away.

And the mountains that crumbled
did so because of absence.
Absence from the land.
Absence from the kai.
Absence from the people.
Absence from the mana.

And we know what the wave was!
Genocide.

Flooding the valleys
and stripping the limu clean
from the rocks.
Sweeping away the 'opae
from the streams,
the ulu from the land
and the maoli from the earth.

So... ah... tell me, brah,
where does the sun set?
Is it here?
Is it there?
Oh... ah... tell me
where do I take Granpa's bones?

Ode to Fort Street

when pigs walked
from the harbor
to the ice house

Kalākaua played
at 'Alekoki
and Hawaiians
ruled their
homelands

now

where pigs walk
marble and MacDonald's
obscure the harbor

Kalākaua stands
frozen in bronze
and the missionary
sons are still
inventing history

pigs, pigs, pigs

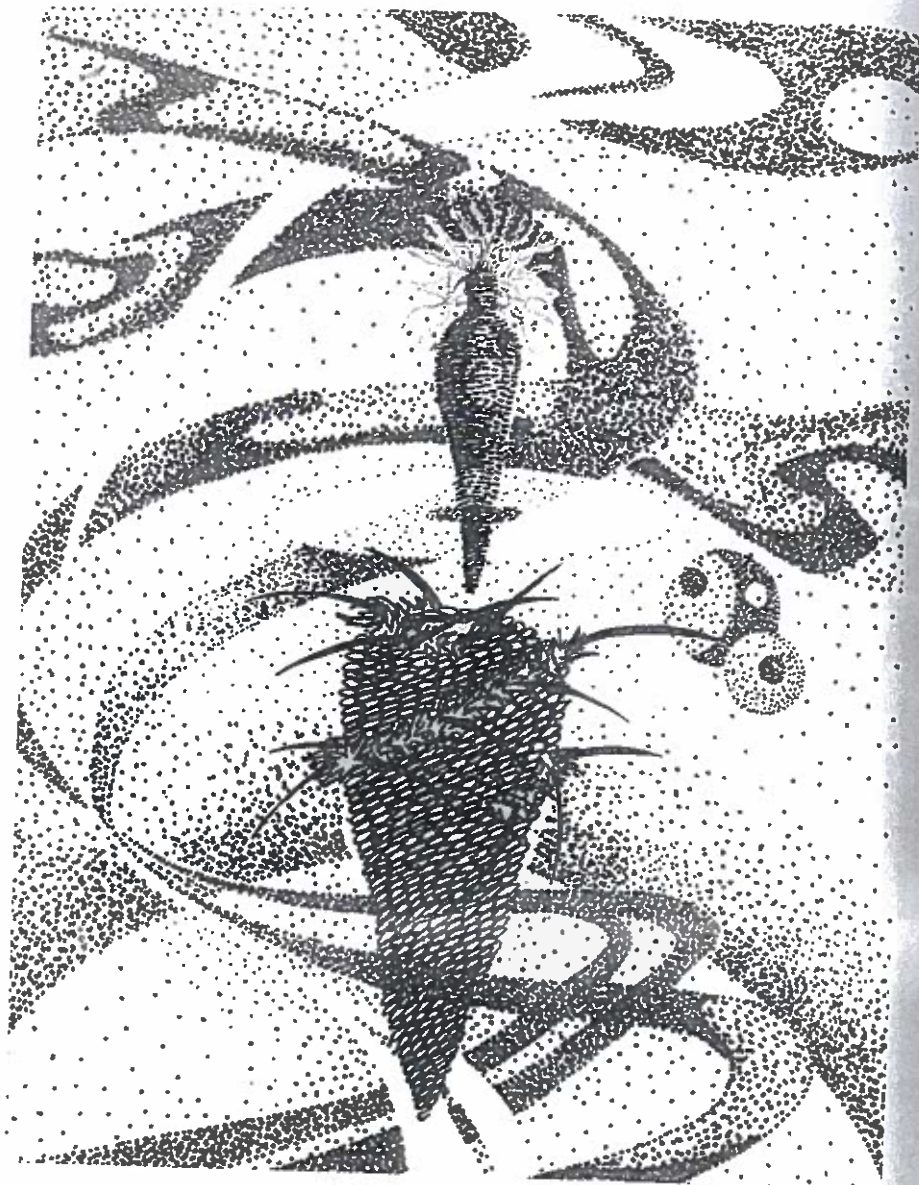
once they walked
on cloven hooves
up dirt paths

now

they walk
on sidewalks and
wear Italian shoes

time
has
come

time
has
come
to
sharpen
our
spears
for
in
the
sharpening
of
our
spears
the
tongue
will
sharpen
it
s
e
l
f



Spawning Pool

the union of our bodies
the fusion of our souls
has taught me that we are whole

we are one
I am in you
as you are within me

we are whole
in the spawning pool

man
woman
'āina
and my art

Ho'okupu

what for
the
Ho'okupu

because
we have a History

what for
the
Ho'okupu

because
our culture demands

what for
the
Ho'okupu
because
WE ARE NOT BARBARIANS

This Dark Hole

This dark hole!
My dark hole!

A place
where all others
are guests

I share my land
with the
haole

I share my
nation with the
beast

My ahupua'a
I share with
my community

The block
I live on with
my neighbors

I share my house
with
my children

My love
with
my wife

and because I am
an artist
I share my soul
with the
world!

But here in
this dark hole

Here in my
Pō

I am the host

E Komo Mai.

Blue Coats and Malos

Hearing the pounding
of a people's
heart
and the song of their
eagles
I have to ask, Brother
Warrior
For who are your
warclubs?
The Vietnamese
in the 60s,
the Koreans
in the 50s,
the Germans
in the 40s,
the Feds at
Wounded Knee,
Custer at
Little Big Horn.

Blue coats and malos,
Brother Warriors,
for who are your
warclubs.

Manifesto

The source
of
my origins
lie
beneath my feet,

the breath
in my chest
originated
in Pō
the destiny
of my race
is
plunged into
my gut
and
infesting
my veins

with a new
nationalism,
old spiritualism,
and a need
to make wrong
right
now.

Embers to Ashes

from the embers
of
the past
we ignite
the
fires
for tomorrow
by burning
the fears
of
today
and
turning it
into ashes
of
a bad memory

Waikīkī Samatime

Good ting surf up
in Waikiki
Samatime

Bamby
da wada
com yello!

Loea Kālai'āina

Come! Heed the call,
You that must lead.

Come! Serve the needs
of your people.

For we no longer
can serve you!

We no longer have
the means.

The lands
are all gone.

The waters
have all been spent.

All that we have
are needs,
burdens,
and
you!

Nā Ali'i - Now Kine

Over the backs
of Men
they launched
their canoes.

Over the will
of the People
they pass
their laws.

Once you walked
proud in your malo
now Reyn's shirts
cover your shoulders
Liberty House Dockers
cover your legs
and Gucci shoes
separate you from
your source.

Ua Hala

Ua hala nā ali'i.

Ua hala nā kahuna.

Ua hala nā mahi'ai.

Ua hala nā fishermen.

Ua hala the artist.

Fallen are the people.

Thank you Ka'ahumanu.

Thank you very much!

Nānā i ke Kumu

Look to the source.

The room appears
to be dark.

Somebody wen
pio the faia.

In a Dark Room

In a dark room
a light is starting
to shine
a light of imagery
a light of contact
and even more
important - another
anchor for my
soul.

A Vision

from the depths of
my na'au
an emotion
begins to give birth
to a vision
a vision,
i hope, of some need
to someone

I Have a Need

I have a need
it's in the mountains
in the trees and plants of the forests

I have a need
it's in the ocean
in the beasts and plants of the sea

I have a need
it's in the dark of a moonless night
and the quiet calm of a bird's song

I have a need
it is in the stars
and flows to the sea

I have a need and the need is
life and all that needs

E Hānai 'Awa a Ikaika ka Makani

Returning once more
over the mo'os back

Brothers of an
ancient family

gathered.

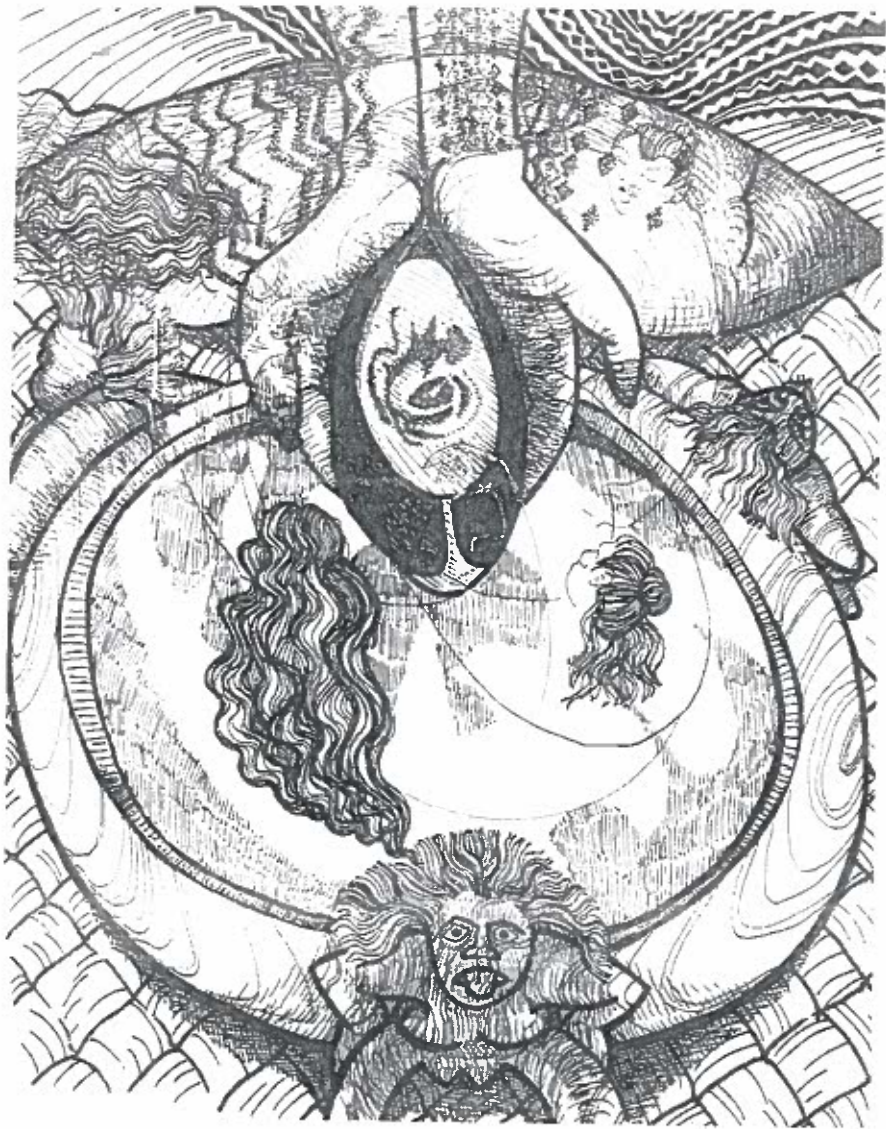
From the northeast
below Maui's hook

to the Southern Cross
and the lands below

a meeting of
mana was set.

We came with verse
in hand and found

the 'awa was
still there.



Pa'i Pa'i

Who these guys
swimming in mid air
air
above
the kânoa.

Pa'i! Pa'i! Pa'i!
May we pass
to
fill our
hapu.
Pa'i! Pa'i!

The honor is
filling the hapu
and
passing the history.

Pa'i! Pa'i!
May we pass
again.
Pa'i! Pa'i!



Rise up

Rise up.
From the roots
to the Gods.

Rise up
pass the history
and share the mana'o.

Rise up.

Rise up.

Out of the
ashes of colonial
thinking.

Rise up.

Rise up.

Rise up.

Pass the mana.

Drink the 'awa.

Pai! Pai!

Drink the 'awa.

Rise up
and hold high our
spears.

Rise up.

Rise up.

Rise up.

E ala! Kū'ē!



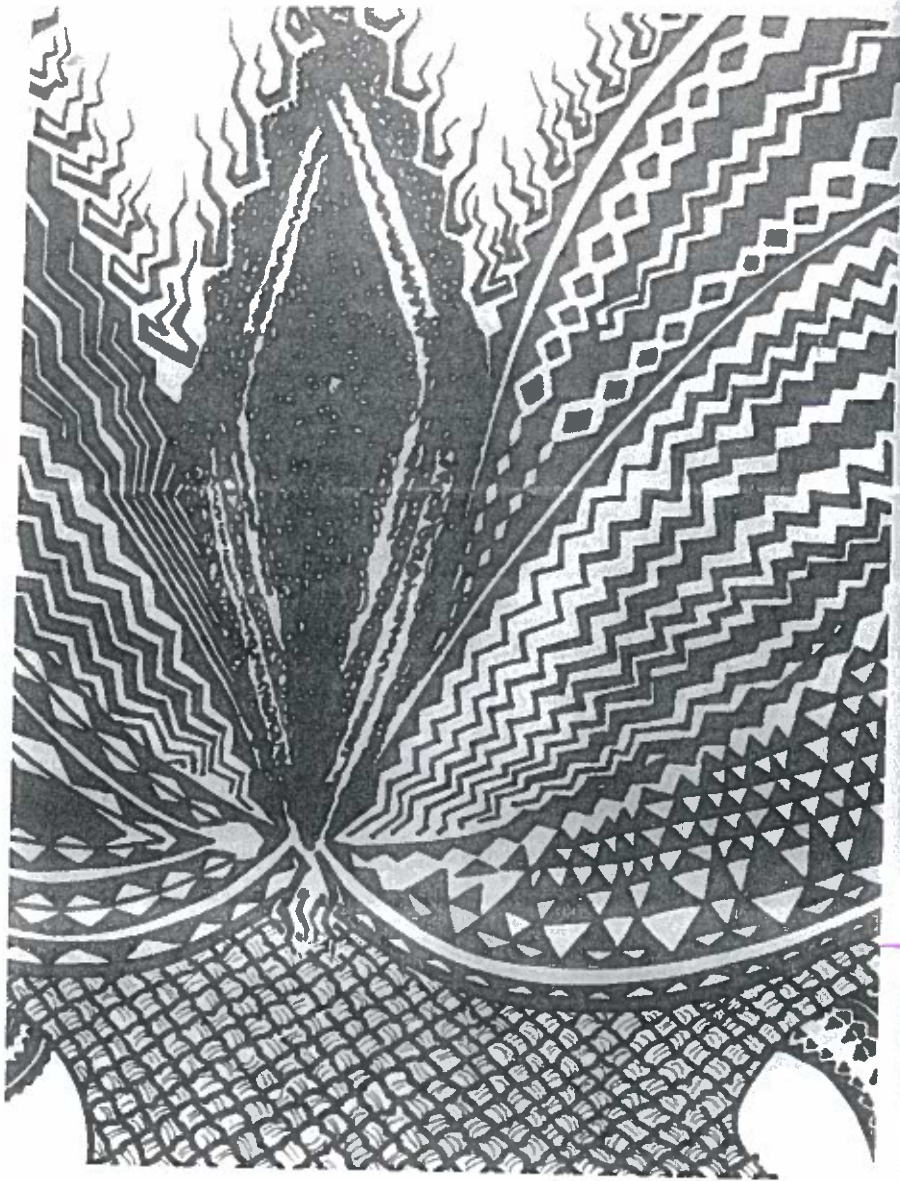
Aloha

Aloha!
The wind whispers.
You have come again
to the kānoa.

The hapu is ready
and the time is now.

Ho'omākaukau.
Take the hapu.
Filled for you
to empty.

Ho'omākaukau.
Pā.
Pa'i! Pa'i!



Ke Kumu

Ke Kumu
deep and full
the source is within
you.

Ke Kumu, e ke Kumu.
the wonders of
our world
can be found on a
lauhala mat.

Ke Kumu, e ke Kumu.

Twisted Tight

Twisted tight
the patterns of our ancestors
are revealed. Twisted tight the shape
will come. Twisted tight our
ancestry is revealed.

Twisted tight our
ancestors are
waiting

