

**a more perfect union (misplaced accent)**

wē he *people* o hē un i e a  
ī o e ō o m a m o e p e e *union*  
e a l i h u i e i n u e o m e i a n u i l i  
p o i e o h e o m m o n e e n e p o m o e  
h e e n e a l w e l a e a n e u e h e l e i n  
o **lie** o o u e l e a n o u p o e i o  
o a i n a n e a l i h i o n i u i o n o h e  
u n i e a e o a m e i a

to sift grave scrape  
divide the line between  
lands say supreme  
stingy prolonged sound  
or thing chanting drawn  
out wail of superior air  
answer: resonance  
remain endure survive  
exist journey  
native trees northeast wind  
contiguous adjoining  
next approaching

**act of math**

*for haunani-kay trask*

you learn *discovery*  
and *resolution*  
before you learn  
*venereal* safe sex  
is not a footnote  
in the scripture

& the delineations of ~~mainland~~ states

& to sing his praises, most high:

god is good  
god is bountiful  
god is not earth(ly possessions)  
god is not water — loose, like your women

find ola hou in JESUS

here is your free condom (1)  
pocket KJV bible (1)

and your acres (3) for 10% of you of the one-third saved  
from sailor's gifts the everlasting gift saved by the precious  
blood  
of JESUS, amene!

may *the lord's will* be done  
in the islands as it is  
on the continent

you learn percentages: *blood quantum*,  
the privatization of rain, how to parcel  
ahupua'a like gutting a fish:

suck your lipskin raw  
on the sweet green stalk harvested by settlers  
on the iwi  
of your ancestors

the great māhele divides more than the land

today, god is an algorithm  
you know your arithmetic

**très passing**

\*

he asks you what you're looking for  
as you squint, pretend intent, searching  
for something that doesn't exist  
between the jersey sheets still sticky  
from the excessive plastic packaging  
and him, your honeyed spoon

you tell him without pause, and you swear  
without wanting to go deep or at least  
philosophical at 4 in the morning:

*i'm looking for a reason*

you laugh together. he calls you  
his poet

pulls you  
back  
into the  
folds of  
he — you  
want  
to, you  
want  
him, but  
his ring  
stings your  
cheek

& you can't  
fall back  
asleep, not for  
just  
five  
minutes  
more

\*

\*

a heavy bass line. predictable, strong. the heart beat. a softness, surprising, mounts: mournful strings. violin or slow plucking of harp.

the notes, a series  
of snapshots, sweet  
repetitive goodbyes

song ends

on the color *blush*

sounds

the current parting

the gauzy rose curtains where

your other self floats before  
tiptoeing back upstairs

your flushed, freshly

fucked cheeks, a color that rings in your ears for days on

end

the rare dusk that opens

to you from a shared backyard, the spectrum of sense

available, waiting

or a more accurate refrain,

the chilled wine you have yet

to permit yourselves to sip

\* *in the southern hemisphere, constellations are reversed*

\*

\*

aloha  
or how  
many ways  
you have learned  
to say goodbye: you knew  
you would leave the continent  
no one could find on a map  
without a note because you could not  
face why you were no better than  
the french miners raping  
the highlands with their hungry  
machines scarring sacred stone  
you too dishonored the body  
rubbing leaves violently between  
forefinger & thumb to capture  
the fragrance of eucalyptus  
using *veloma & salamo*  
& bags of undocumented cloves  
as cheap party tricks even now  
crossing austra-indo-pacific seas  
in dreams returning to find  
fluency without consent

.....

\*\_\*\_\*\_\*

om shala mala beads  
seven white women  
three rows of seats &  
one precarious parallel  
parking spot [cue clapping]

zen den goddess lair but  
not a harem *how offensive*  
cumin ghee chia seeds  
gut health nepalese  
prayer flag flapping anti-

inflammatory remedy  
recipe exchange man-  
dala womb crystalline  
sound bath meditating  
singing bowls burning

greenhouse gases *oh GOD-*  
*DESS* the gardener using  
roundup on the dairy  
gluten substance free  
range certified organic

divine! abundance!  
blessings! sing lawyer  
doctor breadwinner real  
estate agent analyst  
activist vice president

have you heard of  
resistant starch, not  
a diet, a *lifestyle change*  
but i'm so full i can't  
eat another bite

i'm trying to gain  
weight actually, you  
first, i insist, i don't  
eat in the morning  
i don't eat

at night, let's go on

a hike, do yoga to  
deserve our meals  
doesn't that feel  
great? eat MORE

your ethnic-chic accent  
pillows from New Renaissance  
your hired acupuncturist slash  
astrologist your fucking winter  
beach house in hawai'i

more please & blessings

## ten-cent flower

in bangkok, i use the back of my hand  
to extract a sooty, sticky drip from my nose

— the smell of home: *puakenikeni*.  
here, the fragile white flowers grace

shrines the size of birdhouses, next to  
bowls of rice & deferential fruit flies &

icy rust-stained bottles of orange fanta.  
at home, the sap sticks to children's fingers,

fruit plucked too young from low-hanging  
branches, gathered in plastic foodland bags

& strung into congratulatory strands: birthdays,  
graduations, just-cuz-aloha-fridays... sweet

stems assaulting with their smell lingering long  
after the life of the party. i've sung my lineage

for those confused about my *exact* origins  
needing to *place* and *order* and *root* me

before *enjoying* me, carefully curated cut of  
artisanal meat, while our families make house

on the ninth island, at the edges of deserts,  
flashing neon & slot machines: the only place

we can live like the kings and queens  
of a monarchy that was never ours.

my house is a museum of pretty  
exotic things, lei placed delicately

on bare burnt shoulders, obligatory  
kiss on cheek, a taste of paradise

that has never belonged to me, either.

## her inheritance

*I wish my poems could save us from  
our parents' childhoods*  
— Sara Borjas

*Sooner or later history catches up.*  
— Erica Hunt

one-half of one-third of the axis of evil  
a carcinogenic preference, acquired taste  
for plastic, screaming a way thru  
— the color blue, broken coral, a  
collection of smooth rocks to lay  
on an unmarked grave.

soft nails that tear at the quick,  
hurried step across busy streets  
to an indifferent greeting: no one  
knows how to pronounce your  
name

fascination with flame  
& glass & sand & tail &  
chasing flight, pointer  
finger fixed toward the sky  
— a thrice-history of fleeing  
one-fourth refinanced  
one-fourth reverse mortgaged  
one-fourth rented w/ roommate  
three-fourths on the spectrum of unemployed  
— bill unpaid  
under sheafs of red-marked paper, birthed  
unto balance owed, decrepit credit score  
before even learning to count: ichi, ekahi, ...

what to say when a stranger offers candy?  
*i say salamat po, mama*