

Discover Hawai'i

I'm having a mai tai in a hurricane shaped glass
the dark myers ambers its way into the pineapple yellow that sets
into an explosion of reds.

The Tiki God builds condensation amongst the etched ergonomic curves.
Artwork. My third drink, three different Gods.
such a lovely day, the warm beach outstretched before me
the waiter walks over the poke bowl that took a
two drink minimum decision to order
bumps the table as he places it
the orange and white of the Salmon begin to glisten,
it's a marbled melding of togetherness
the same togetherness I had in town standing and staring
through the window of the candy store,
watching mechanical arms of a machine sway back and forth
to perfectly knead peach flavored salt water taffy.
The entire day so far,
this island has me mesmerized by the sights of colors coming together.

And I meet Mia.
She's a dog handler,
a dark brown labradoodle
named Sunken; loves hugs,
fallen edamame, very wet kisses,
be ready for the jumps, spikes on the collar

'I'm just the trainer' she says.

Which is nice to know because these dogs aren't cheap
I really don't want to get into the sand with someone three
or four tax brackets above me. Well, at least not this time.

A high tide elevator ride rips us out and down an inebriated hall as we sway from wall to wall, walking the plank into my hotel room. We are raving over the ridiculous over-the-top glassware this bar serves their drinks in. This giant blue and yellow bowl shaped like a fish. Two purple swirly straws extend and have the fish looking like it took too many molly and shrooms at Coachella in 2018. She is stumbling out of her shorts, sliding her hands under bright reef orange panties and she says it again

'Humuhumunukunukuāpua'a'

Humuwhohahahahaha... I'm laughing so hard and so is she, she lowers down with a one leg squat, trusting that toned tanned leg and her beautiful ass rolls backward and up, (she still plays beach volleyball, twice a week, a former four time beach classic champion at Queen's), she laughs knowing the upcoming fling of her underwear, off her foot, over her head, back across the room, into a corner, is a perfectly executed fluke. I rip off my shirt, clown fish design, I shoot it into the same corner. "Kobe," I yell. She laughs more and jumps on me. Together we roll back onto the bed, I spin off her and leap onto a bucket chair near the window.

“Me Tarzan, You Jane.”

The second I say it, I think I’m an insensitive asshole. Like, I have no clue if she’s Japanese or Philippine, Korean or Thai, Hawaiian or Polynesian, and I don’t even fucking know what Polynesian is, and -OMG- did I just do some racist ass appropriating shit or what. There is a driftwood delay in her response before I finish the last barrage of my fists to my chest... She just starts laughing, laughing so much. ‘I’ll be your Jane,’ she says, ‘swing to me!’

I grab those curtains, let out a wail, and swing without a frontal lobe of resistant thought. Frush, creēk, sha-boom, thu’d. I pull the entire rod down on top of the table and chair that are both turned over on top of me with a curtain canopy. She is really laughing her ass off now, I’m laughing too as I fling furniture away and stand more like Kong now. I beat my chest once more.

‘Oh Kong, are you in love with an Island girl’ she laughs.

Before my next drunken performance I phone the front desk. A reservation for two at the luau please. Mia half nods, as I point to the corner by the hotel room door, pointing as if seeing land aboard a ship. “Sunken is eating your thong undies.”

‘Sunken!’ She yells perched from the corner of the bed.

“Sunken went digging for buried treasure.”

I laugh.

She curves back over her shoulder, seductively looks at me with animated princess eyes. She makes a slow quarter clockwise turn. Looking over her other shoulder now, she moves her hips back and forth from all fours. A white ribbon melding tan line curves along the underneath fold of her smooth round, jump serve glutes.

‘I wonder who else is going to discover some buried treasure today?’
Her pose. The mood changes.

The Oahu sun glows through, turns her mocha tan a glistening reddish hue the scenic view of the ocean blues out the window. These islands are so every beautiful there is a gentle breeze over the calm tide that fills the room with a stillness

Creation still creating sonnets of amazing poetry, of every street corner, mountain view and shoreline curve, everyone should experience this place at least once in their lives.

I hope you see it. I Challenge you to see it.

I challenge you at the net to see more colors, find more jaw dropping scenery than I did. Laugh more. The only place on the planet with flavored salt water taffy from Lanai.

I’ll always be in love with Hawaii.

when you go, take me

Jumping into a Lyft or an Uber
"My man, Don't slam the door"
the dome light illuminates him
on the road ahead, it's a pin on the map

I kiss my date, whom I am in love with
I'm not sure if she knew how incredibly
crazy in love I was with her.
And I would be in love with her for a very long time.
this night she can't stop kissing me back
she is intoxicating and perfect to touch
and perfect with the touch she gives.

"This is Fish Story: A Taco Stand by the Sea, we are going to, correct"

My mans interrupts the moment.
It is. we ask for him to turn off the light
"Late night snacks,"

"After a fun night," as he makes a left turn

"Two Beautiful people,"

"I don't see anything you are doing wrong."

we stare at each other a lot, Her and I.
and I always want to see her blues or are they green.
get close enough to them so see them in that way forever.
It's the way I felt every time with her
her intense stare into mine just so she could
capture that moment before I looked away
to escape the flush of red of that soul something
growing remarkable, a stamp sealed secured
memory of a sentiment of hesitation and anticipations
an endearing panic of wondering if my heart
will beat once more. Frozen between rhythm.

"Here we are my man"

the dome light comes on, blues turn to gray
and she mysteriously
exits out, I follow her and try to
hold on. an attempt for that moment, she, us.

“Don’t slam the...”

I shut the door the only way I know how and I wish there was an open door to her. She is a memory of cardiological magic. And i’m not sure if she really ever slammed the door.

Plans for the Holidays

Want to have kids with me one day? I ask, as she pulls a parking ticket off her windshield.

“No, I don’t want kids.” She stares at the car behind her and then at the sign on the street, that is just on this one spot. “They are life suckers, they just kill all the fun.”

I had a bunch of cash on me, I don’t know why I didn’t just hand her some money and say ‘*don’t worry about that ticket, take my spawn and brood instead.*’ We were headed to the game store to buy some tabletops for the holidays.

“I want to just live by a river and fish all day, just fly fish all day.” She stares at the sign once more and shrugs in confusion.

I tell her that there is just way too many mosquitos out there, ‘remember that time we pulled over by the back bay, in the middle of the night and tried to have sex but we were interrupted by some drunk highschoolers stumbling off trail. I had that bite on my right ass cheek for two weeks, more like a welt.’

“I’m moving up there, to the mountain, I’m gonna walk through the water, and so I guess I’ll send you a signal every now and then. When you are done with confusing games maybe you can find me.”

She didn’t really say that
but might as well should have
she may be the one that you know
don’t say got away, that is so stupid and silly
she
moved to a mountain to fly fish, and get bit on the ass

I still have those games though, they are fun as all hell
I like the people I play them with too.
None of them fly fish, I don’t think
would not bother me if they did
I still think about her up there
even with someone new
what if the mosquitos
weren’t so bad

“Babe, it’s your turn she says, you look all confused.” She’s about to win. I won’t figure it out for a while.

DWATER

walk as if you push
away the earth
with your feet

stand superior
to your
mightiest self

sit
with intensity
relax with gravity

breathe fire and
ice because your
veins do the same

sharpen your vision
the edges
of your being

carve
your presence
through the universe

let your spirit
ripple through
time

sleep as if
you are floating
in a pool of harmony

you will never have to
give to anyone or anything
for you give it all

you were created different