A collection of stories and poems about Hawai‘i’s environment written by middle school students in Hawai‘i
PROJECT PARTNERS

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Aloha, we are pleased to present the 2019 My Hawai‘i Story Anthology. Now in its thirteenth year, the My Hawai‘i Story project is an environmental writing contest for middle school students in the state of Hawai‘i. Our goal is to foster and encourage stewardship of the environment and build a literary culture of conservation among Hawaii’s youth through creative writing.

We invited 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students from schools across the state to address the theme, “He ‘a‘ali‘i kū makani au: Resilience in the Face of Change,” to align with the 2019 Hawai‘i Conservation Conference theme. “He ‘a‘ali‘i kū makani mai au; ‘a‘ohe makani nana e kula‘i” is a Hawaiian ‘ōlelo no‘eau (wise saying) that translates to “I am a wind-resisting ‘a‘ali‘i; no gale can push me over.” Like the ‘a‘ali‘i tree, our roots must be firmly grounded to support resilience and growth in a changing climate.

Mahalo to all participating students and teachers! We continue to be inspired by these talented students and give a special thanks to the teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their classwork. More than 280 students submitted a poem or story that represents their personal reflections on the environment, cultural values, kuleana, and stewardship. A panel of reviewers evaluated each anonymous entry according to the use of language, content, and creativity. The winning entries will be celebrated at the Hawai‘i Conservation Conference in Honolulu, Hawai‘i.

We are very grateful for the dedicated reviewers, partners, and sponsors that contribute their valuable time and ongoing support to make the annual contest a success and publication of the Anthology possible. With this Anthology, we have published the stories and poems of 325 middle school students. The My Hawai‘i Anthology contributes to a collection of youth-authored literature that is unique to Hawai‘i.

We hope that students will continue to express concern for our island environment, not only through their writing, but also by encouraging their families and friends to care for and protect the land, sea, and sacred places for future generations. We look forward to the contest next year and encourage students and schools from across the state to participate.

June 2019
MAHALO NUI LOA

~ to our superstar reviewers: William (B.J.) Awa, Lexie Bennicas, Sheila Bernardo, Stella Bernardo, Maria Carnevale, Lillian Coltin, Amanda Dillon, Gina Farley, William Folk, Jason Ford, Patricia Godfrey, Rachel Heller, Takiora Ingram, Emily Ishikawa, Carol Janezic, Mahealani Kauahi, Kristen Kelly, Melia Lane-Kamahele, John Mazur, Tara Meggett, Malia Megorden, Aulii Mitchell, Tamara Moan, Barb Morgan, Wendy Pollitt, Cassy Rooney-Monger, Jodie Rosam, Craig Santos-Perez, Meredith Speicher, Alex Tan, Darla White, Kim Wilson, and Lynn Young.

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MY HAWAI‘I STORY

by Ciana Cooper

Lokelani Intermediate School

The waves beat against the shore,

We stand strong.

Fires scorch across the land,

We stand strong.

Snow covers our mountains,

We stand strong.

Frigid winds sweep across the island,

We stand strong.

Lava blazes across thousands of homes,

We stand strong.
Floods fill up hundreds of homes,
We stand strong.

Earthquakes cause cracks in the land,
We stand strong.

Through all these disasters, we stand strong.

Our islands grow and shrink but we move on.

We help others heal through all this pain.

We come together and grow as a community.

Through all this pain, we evolve.

We heal our island and put smiles on each other’s faces.

Bad is good sometimes because it helps us heal.

Smiles show up on people’s faces.

Positivity and happiness radiates from this island, through the good and the bad, and we stand strong through all of it.
RESILIENCE IS HAWAIʻI

by Mia Estrada

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Hawaiʻi is
shelter
surrounding me
a blanket
wrapped around me
filling me with warmth
gates securing me
from harm
a roof hovering
over my head
volcano erupting
and scaring all the bad spirits away
bowl of poi
comforting me when
my stomach is empty and craving
the garden
satisfying me with the gorgeous scent
of the most beautiful flowers
the loi
filled with flourishing kalo
and pulling my feet toward my roots
the ocean
letting the currents peacefully move me
without rough waves
the coconut tree
flowing calmly with the soft winds
the sun
hot and fiery
yet warming me
with its hot rays
the soaring flock of birds
sticking together
like an ‘ohana, the tūtū
that gives me and my cousins money
for every holiday even if we misbehave
the green mountains towering over everyone
massive and mighty
the ipu lightly pounding on the floor
producing a lovely beat that makes you dance
the sand that doesn’t want to come off your feet after a long day at the beach
the clouds filling the air with moisture
making sure our climate is just the right temperature
the canoe with paddlers pushing through rough water conditions
the neighborhoods filled with loud shouting
during the last few points of a football game
the kitchen smelling like my mom’s famous Portuguese bean soup
after a long and tiring day

Resilience can be hidden in all of the little things that make Hawai‘i
our Hawai‘i
to be able to recognize precious attributes like these
will change the way we view the world around us for the better
as we realize that resilience is everywhere
in every size, shape or form

Resilience is Hawai‘i
Hawai‘i is the sanctuary
the safe zone
the base
the foundation
the happy place
but most importantly
The home.
MELANCHOLY CHANGE

by Ka‘ililani Fallau

Myron B. Thompson Academy

As I, the ‘a‘ali‘i tree, bend and sway in the wind,
   I remember the people rushing about on my beautiful island,
   They run, they work, they laugh, they live.
   Now I see a wasteland.
   I see rubbish flying by.
I see the decaying carcasses of animals, poisoned by the tainted environment.
   I no longer see the joyful grace of men.
   I see the greed, the anger, the pain, and the dissipation of memory.
   They forget the once delighted beings they were.
   They now see only work,
      They see less freedom,
         Less nature.
I see the now terrifying men cut my family down.
   I see the smoke on the horizon.
   I want to go back to my home.
   I want to go back to Hawai‘i
      Where I lived and flourished,
         Where every second was cherished,
   Where my family laughed as we played with the fresh, cool breeze.
   I see this no longer, I see this no longer.
HE HAWAI‘I AU

by Aya Fo

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

I used to be green with trees covering my surface,
loved by the Hawaiians who lived upon my lands,
handled gently by the hands of others,
they give back in return for what they take.
I am proud of the culture they have created,
that they are proud to build around me.
I am now trampled upon endlessly,
in every nook and cranny they can find.
Mongoose prey on the graceful nēnē birds,
diseases raging throughout the land.
The tall and beautiful koa trees,
replaced with structures piercing the sky.
The plastic surrounds me in great amounts.

As I struggle to survive in the growing heat,
they take and take, with no restraint.

When shall I ever find salvation?
When will I ever be truly free?

Where are the kānaka who had really loved me?
Where have the people with their culture gone?

But in spite of this terrible environment,
these horrible diseases,
the forever growing trash mounds,
the global warming,
the selfishness of the people,

I live on for the people.

No matter what they do to me,
I will love them forever.
BUT THEN IT SHIFTS

by Selah Fronda
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Gently blown in the breeze
Lightly sprinkled by the rain
Abundant ʻāina flourishing
Blooming
Greenery overflowing
But then it shifts
At any moment
At any given time
Gentle breeze turns to howling winds
Light sprinkles of rain become heavy pelts of ice
Our abundant ʻāina becomes torn
Shattered
Red, white, and blue
Blood, sweat, and tears
Our kūpuna continue to fight
But they can’t help the fear
The fear of their children’s future
Fear of the loss of their ‘āina
Fear that overcomes their hope
But then it shifts...
We rise
We fall
But we learn through it all
We teach
We learn
The end product is well-earned
To see our children in the light
Winning the fight
But then it shifts...
TRASH OF THE HUMAN MIND

by Kapena Gormley

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

On the windy, cold day of February 2nd, we prepared ourselves for the work we were about to do. We brought our bags into the car and packed the truck for the day. We ate breakfast then got on our way. The sun was just rising as we made our way past Sunset Beach. The vivid, warm colors of the sunrise brought light to the dark that enveloped the island. When we made it to Kahuku, we excitedly unpacked with the wind and rain battering us as we set up the tent for the day.

Today, we would be doing a beach cleanup on one of the most polluted stretches of beach on the island, Marconi Beach. We all gathered together to pray and focus ourselves for the cleanup. We began to clean up the trash on the beach. It seemed like an endless sea of plastic haunting the beauty of the beach. The farther down the beach we went, the more trash we accumulated. Over time, we filled up multiple wheelbarrow loads of trash and had to bring down the truck to put it in. As we made our way down to a rocky outcrop I saw an oasis in a sea of plastic. Beautiful, crystal clear waters and the bright white sand of the beach protected by a wall of rock. As I saw this, I wished that the whole beach could look as perfect as that little haven.
Making our way to the end of the beach, we amassed two whole truckloads of trash. On the way back I reminisced about the idea of how much plastic and waste was on that beach. I had seen a section of the beach where a large portion of it was just microplastics. Imagine a beach where instead of shells it was just little pieces of plastic. Now imagine your kids playing in that. After the cleanup, we relaxed in the serenity of the beach, just enjoying life. Don’t you want your children to be able to do that too? The idea that humanity can just live with the world being polluted and slowly dying is disgusting. However, it’s not too late, your children can still see the warm sunrise or vivid blue skies if we can stop engaging in this self-destructive behavior and letting ourselves ruin the planet. The beach is a metaphor for the human mindset and how we let the “trash” of apathy and poor mindset convince you that you can’t make a difference. It is most critical to first clean up the trash of the human mind.
Crashing waves at Kāwā

‘A‘ali‘i plants maintaining their ground in the Kuehu Lepo wind

Rustling pebbles as the water washes ashore at Kōloa

Tour buses arriving at the Punalu‘u Bakery

As tourists’ mouths water at the smell of the fresh bread baking

I smell that rain is anticipated

and glance to the heavens to confirm my suspicions

What will become of Ka‘ū in the years to come?

Of Waikapuna where the rock formations stand firm like my kūpuna

Enduring the howl of the wind-swept shores and Pele’s fiery temper

I feel pride swell up in me and aloha for those who have come before me.
The middle of the ocean, some people say,
Is mysterious, wondrous
But little do they know
Long, long ago
There were many islands that loved to play

Amongst them was their ruler
A big beautiful island who loved everyone
The humble people on the island
And the islands themselves
Yes, her love couldn’t be truer

Then one day, looking out on the bay
They saw ships and boats
With dressed up people onboard
Their boats reached the mother island
The people got off, and from that moment on, they were here to stay
It started out small
They built houses and roads
They built stores
Stayed within a small space
And didn’t go beyond their limits

Then it happened
More people came to the islands
Soon everyone started hurting the island
Some people went to others
And hurt them too

The mother island, late one night
Told the other islands without anyone on them to run
So they did
They went far away, across the ocean
And the mother island never saw them again

Eight islands stayed
More people came as time went by
People grew dependent on things brought from other places
The mother island was confused
"Why?" she said, "We have things here they could use"

The mother island watched as the people harmed the land
Trash blew towards the ocean,
Poisoning the water and harming the creatures in it
The mother island cried
Watching as her home turned into a landfill

However, some people were kind and caring
They picked up the trash and cleaned up the ocean
They raised awareness about protecting the land around them
They cared for the creatures on land and sea
They tried to make a change

This made the mother island smile
This made the other islands smile too
These people kept them going
“Soon,” thought the mother island
“Soon I might see everyone again”
“And we’ll laugh and play just like the old days.”
KA WAI IKAIKA O HAWAIʻI

by Luke Kahuhu
Kamehameha Schools Maui, Kula Waena Middle School

The strong waters of Hawaiʻi
Can heal your maʻi
From mauka to makai
The stream life flowing through the wai.
All of our water being taken away
While people are sitting by the bay
It’s just very hard to say
The future is gonna have to pay.
The bays of Hawai‘i
So dirty and unclean
Seeing it every day
Makes my heart tear away
Hawai‘i is drowning in mass pollution
Is it too late to find a solution?

When the water was restored
And the stream life came back from the drought
All the islands can be resilient
We can mālama without a doubt.

We the people make Hawaii’s future
Let the next generations feel the goodness of Hawai‘i.
If we do less wrong and more right
Then the future of Hawai‘i will be alright.
LEIAULI‘ILANI

by Gavin Kau‘ina

Kamehameha Schools Kapalama Middle School

Leiauli‘ilani, wandering in the wondrous woods, among the ornate ʻōhiʻa, the awe-inducing ʻapapane, the persistent palapalai. The Lepidoptera of the monarchs, streaking through the sky in blazing brilliance, flutters freely beyond the youthful yonder. The blissful memories of Blue Morpho, calmly calling the limitless love and cultural clarity of Leiauli‘ilani. Her sheer charm enough to make the sunset falter from fleeing the day before day bleeds into the night. And dawn knows no newly nameless margins, rising radiantly, serendipitously shining across the land and the people who have given it a voice. Nature needingly notes the voice it lacks, and the mute measures of music amidst men. Leiauli‘ilani, the dawn implores you to lead life and love as the evening knows they should be.
WAIOLANI

by Paris Kekua
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The moss-covered rocks and trees
The sound of the fresh, sweet breeze
The taste of the morning sun shining down on Waiolani
While making the trees majestic and ancient-looking

The velvet touch of the moss-infested bark
And the prickly touch of the hair-like ferns
Dangle and bristle across the vast wide mountainside of Waiolani

The sight of the native plants, strawberry guava falling from the trees
The tops of the mountainside leading to where Kamehameha once had victory
Beautiful doesnʻt it seem
Soon it will be gone you see

One trip
One fall
One death, will bring darkness and fog to this wonderful place
Why?
Why do this why do that
Don’t you see?
People are mean and that’s saying something

People, rise up
Children sing loud
Teachers preach the word
“Waiolani is an amazing place
And no one will take it away from us”

Kapu, is it not
Crossed off, can’t you read
Gates are closed
Come back later
Finally, can’t you see

Change is amidst
What’s mine is yours
Repeating can’t be done,
So leave it be
LIFE
by Kelani Kephart
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

In the beginning, there was nothing but volcanoes
Spewing and spewing the lava of life
As the hot spot moved, islands formed
Destined to be homes for many things
Homes of islanders, an entire culture,
Homes of indigenous species,
So beautiful and unique
Full of life and death, despair and hope
Endings and beginnings, love and loss
On and on it will continue
Ever-changing and adapting
Species are lost,
People die,
Anyone can help,
And it starts with you and I.
OVERCOME

by Alyssa Magaliènes
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The koa tree
grows and thrives
until the strawberry guava
sneaks in like a pest
and chokes it out
leaving it very hard to live

But the koa can overcome the obstacles it faces
and fight against the invasive species
because that shows true RESILIENCE
Resilience is the constant fight between

native and non-native species

it’s when you constantly get up after being knocked down

when you grow and feel like nothing’s stopping you

but all of the sudden something hits

the challenges, the obstacles, the path you didn’t imagine

but you continue to go along and face what’s ahead

knowing you may fall, fail, and even feel broken
They came from overseas, before our eyes, changes were made
Banished our ‘ōlelo, our cultural practices
The dramatic and sudden change hit us unexpectedly,
We became prisoners of mind
Land and sea wait for our return
Resilience

Today has changed again, our language endures
Life springs back like new seedlings grow
Messages of warning, care and love are born
Hōkūle‘a sails, calling out and calling back all who can bear the load
You feel the power of numbers growing in strength and pride
Resilience
Lifting, turning over, piece by piece the hidden answers of the past
Restoring our land and sea not for now but for so many futures to come

Gather and restore the native species

Resilience

Our future holds many obstacles
The tides of pollution and people without care or reason are relentless
Going through the motions of modern life, only living for the moment

Resilience

We must plan, chart a course of change and lead without fear or doubt

Until the stars reflect the glowing health of our island nation

Cast out the message again like a net,
Many i‘a are caught and will feel their strength in numbers

Resilience

We must continue to learn, to care, to grow
There is much work to be done and many hands to help

Resilience
WITH MY EYES CLOSED

by Natalie Maunakea

Hongwanji Mission School

With my eyes closed, I see the land, beautiful as can be,
The ocean spraying its salty, cold water around me.
Birds in the distance sing with rhythm,
As the flowers on the trees blossom.

Then I opened my eyes and saw a tainted land,
Filled with water, dirty and bland.
No birds sang,
Only boats rang.
Flowers didn’t bloom,
Because there was no room.

Everywhere I looked was as gray as the sky,
Nothing colorful or filled with beauty would pass on by.
I looked at my village and instead saw a city,
Cars and buses drove in full velocity.

I turned away in tears and thought all was lost,
I wiped away my tears in exhaust.
But as I did, I looked at my hand,
It was a reflection of the land.

My hands, heart, mind, body, and spirit were filled with color,
I touched the ground with wonder.
Soon, it filled with beauty and fulfillment,
Green I thought, it pounded my heart with excitement.

I ran through the fields, where the flowers were,
I felt their petals and soft texture.
Then I touched the bleak, dirty water,
And I was overjoyed to see it alter.

From black and white,
To a beautiful sight.
I touched the city and saw it grow,
It was still a city but with a luscious green meadow.
With more greens and blue skies,
That covered up my eyes.

The cars, buses, and boats made no more sound,
Even though they were still around.
They were covered by the birds that started singing their melody,
Then I closed my eyes once again to see,
The beauty that was around me.

Finally, I’ve seen all that needed to be done,
Now it’s your turn little one.
PELE’S WRATH

by Alena Kealaula‘anu McMillan

Highlands Intermediate School

Pele was angered
And exploded in frustration
Leaving families in a bad situation
Homes burning down
Babies are crying
Everyone is trying
To stay calm in the explosion

It’s all over now
Homes burnt to ashes
It all happened in a flash
Now what do we do?
Misery surrounds us
It seems all hope is lost
But wait, Makana spoke

My Hawai‘i story will not end like this

We can fix this, it isn’t over yet

Let’s rebuild our homes

The Island of Hawai‘i we roam

We can work together

And combine our aloha

This simple change won’t stop us

We are resilient, and cannot be stopped

They were enriched with pride

And worked with all their might

They all knew, it was going to be alright
I watch the waves The current
The tide
The creamy sand sinking into my feet
Richness of the sweet wind
Fresh sea salt blowing across my face
The Sun shines as I walk away Years pass
I finally come back Darkness
The waves
The current
The tide
Eaten up
The soft creamy sand now hard and black
The love and sweetness of the fresh wind
Gone The sun dark

Where has it gone? My love

My life
    I feel trapped

As a lion in a circus
    The darkness gulped me up

Sadness surrounds me

Go keep going

Find the beauty
    Says my mind

Strive It feels as my heart was ripped out and never put back

Where has my love gone But I keep going

Walking one step after another And finally

    A beam of light shined through
        My heart beat slowly coming back

The waves slowly coming back
    The black sand cracked into a thousand golden specks

The love replenished
    Keep going says my mind until you find all the beauty in the world

STRIVE.
KĀNAKA HAWAIʻI

by Kaʻie Naboa-Cordy

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

They were people who took care of the land

Because it fed them

They followed their aliʻi

Because the aliʻi protected them

They worked hard

Because they were Kānaka Hawaiʻi

They faced Captain Cook

Who kidnapped their king

They fought

For their king

They persevered through the change

Because they were Kānaka Hawaiʻi

Slowly, things changed
The kapu was broken
And honoring the gods became honoring the God
They survived
Barely,
Because they were Kānaka Hawaiʻi

But now,
High-rises block the night sky
Rubbish litters the ground
And ends the life of so many plants
Chemicals in the air
Kill so many native birds

They did it
Why canʻt we?
They fought it
Why canʻt we?
Are we not...
Kānaka Hawaiʻi
He ʻaʻaliʻi kū makani au!
Show resilience in the face of change!
The immense power of a volcano
Explosive bursts or slow flows
Lava drips and flows down the sides
Causing fires and destruction in their path
The power of a volcano is indisputable

As the magma hardens
Something finds its way through the cracks
It emerges and prospers on the basalt rock
A vibrant, red plant blossoms
The ‘ōhi‘a lehua always returns
Found on the six largest islands of Hawaiʻi

The ʻōhiʻa lehua adapts to any environment

In rich soil

It can grow into a 100-foot tall tree

In a lava flow

It is a warped shrub erupting through the cracks

Although not as majestic

This resilient plant still knows how to survive

Prospering after destruction
Resilience is a protest like Mauna Kea.
Resilience is hope, it’s a choice.
It’s fighting for your culture, beliefs, and future.
It’s like the Hōkūle‘a voyaging past the islands.
The Koʻolaus standing strong in the view.
It’s sunshine yellow flowers swaying calmly in the soft makani.
How the vibrant hibiscus strive through the Hawaiian weather.
The dashing waves pushing through the reefs onto the shore.
The mystical koa, an act of hoʻomau.
The ua dropping through the rebellious coconut palms.
The ʻiʻiwi, the color of red, swift like the warrior Kamehameha.
A tiny shrimp fighting the tide.
Kalo forcing through the ground, bringing new life.
Peʻahi, thriving like our lāhui.
Resilience is our ʻāina, resilience is me.
I WILL BE STANDING

by Teia Di‘ana Perez
Kamehameha Schools Kapalama Middle School

Waves crash against each other,
Seeping into the millions of grains of sand,
The whip of cold air biting my fragile skin,
As I stand in the wind, I spin
Feeling the fresh breeze flowing through my long strands of hair,

The feeling of euphoria everywhere,

We, the Hawaiian people standing as one,
Where the day passes there will be another tomorrow,
Till the day passes the sun will rise above the Koʻolau,
And I will be standing in the wind when that day comes,

The lofty mountains behind me,

The native birds chirping freely,
Creating lyrics of harmony,

This is how it feels to be in Hawaiʻi.
FIGHT FOR WHAT’S RIGHT

by Rennen Santos-Adriàn
Kamehameha Schools Maui, Kula Waena Middle School

Pondering about the land
Dreaming about the sand
How much the islands have changed
Or how much the islands rearranged
For about 100 years now
All we do is ask how
They take over again and again
When will the chaos ever end
We need to stand strong
As we ride along
It fades to the night
As Hawaiians we must fight
We must conquer the fear
Or the end is near
HE ALIʻI

by Waikolu Stone-Sardinha

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

He aliʻi ka ʻāina
He kauwā ke kānaka
ʻIka make ka ʻāina
Ua pau nā kānaka
Kanu ka ulu
Kou manawa e hāpai ikou lāhui

The land is the chief
Man is its servants
When the land is dead
The people pass as well
A plant grows
It is your turn to raise your culture
WHERE IS OUR CULTURE NOW?

by Taitea Sunaoka
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

It started when the ships came to Hawai‘i
Big wooden islands moving on the sea
Carrying many problems and possibly disease

Our islands were in danger

But many didn’t know
That it was going to be the start of our Kingdom’s overthrow

Pu‘uloa was taken to be a U.S. military base
Many kānaka couldn’t speak their native language
And many getting in trouble just because of their race
Our language could not be spoken
In a Hawaiian school
Our cultural practices were almost lost
I can’t imagine speaking your language was considered breaking a rule

We stood in a storm
With strong winds and rains
Through all of these times
We kept on staying strong
Like a koa tree in the wind
Which means that our culture will live very long

Because we have perpetuated through many changes

Some good and some bad
But our culture is still growing and thriving
I think that our kūpuna would be glad
KINDLING
by Mahìna Tahere
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

It’s the call that I hear, deep from within
And the voice that whispers in my ear
My willingness to fight
Opens the door
And can keep it from closing
It comes with a purpose
And it comes with courage
It comes on the wings of a bird that I chase and trail
And in a small boat sailing over towering waves
It is my candle in the dark forest of fear
It’s my sword I brandish in the raging war
It’s the drum beating the rhythm to which I march
And the thread of hope I hold onto when all seems lost
It knows my hopes
And my dreams and my goals
As it spreads its feathered wings and soars higher than I can see
It comes with a purpose, though I may not know what
Though just as easily as it came, it could leave
My little bird could fly away from me
And my boat could be sunken by the high waves
My sword could be thrust out of my hand
My drums could snap
And my thin string of hope could easily be cut by a delicate pair of scissors
But I know it won’t
Because I won’t give up
I will keep fighting for what I know is right
I will continue
As the world spins in circles
As everything I’ve ever known slips out of my clinging hands
And drifts just out of my reach
My flame will shine bright
And my branches will reach far
My roots will grow deep
And my determination will never waver
Besides, the fire doesn’t burn if there is no kindling.
GLOSSARY

‘a‘ali‘i — native Hawaiian hardwood shrub or tree with small, clustered flowers
‘āina — land, earth
ali‘i — chief, royalty
‘apapane — crimson Hawaiian honeycreeper bird with black wings
Hōkūle‘a — recreated, traditional Hawaiian double-hulled voyaging canoe
ho‘omau — to be constant, perpetuate, persevere, continue, persist
i‘a — fish or marine animal such as an eel, oyster, crab, whale
‘i‘iwi — scarlet Hawaiian honeycreeper bird with curved beak and black wings
ikaika — strong, powerful, sturdy; strength, force, energy
ipu — bottle gourd (larger ones used as containers or drums)
kalo — taro plant often cultivated for its corm (underground stem) and leaves
kanaka (kānaka plural) — person, individual, or population
kapu — taboo, prohibited, forbidden, no trespassing; sacred, consecrated
koa — largest native Hawaiian forest tree with curved leaves and white flowers
Ko‘olau — windward sides of the Hawaiian Islands, mountain range on O‘ahu
Kuehu Lepo — dust-scattering or dust-raising wind
kupuna (kūpuna plural) — elder, ancestor, grandparent, a term of endearment
lāhui — nation, race, tribe, people, nationality
loʻi — irrigated field or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation
maʻi — sickness, illness, disease; patient, sick person
mālama — to take care of, tend, attend, care for, preserve, protect
makai — ocean, near the ocean, seaward
makani — wind, breeze
mauka — mountains, inland toward the mountains
nēnē — native Hawaiian goose, official state bird
ʻohana — family, relatives
ʻōhiʻa lehua — endemic, flowering Hawaiian tree
ʻōlelo — Hawaiian language, speech, word
palapalai — deep green, native Hawaiian fern
peʻahi — native Hawaiian fern; to fan, wave, beckon
Pele — Hawaiian goddess of volcanoes and fire
poi — edible stem or corm of the taro plant, pounded and thinned
tūtū — grandmother or grandfather
ua — rain, to rain, rainy
wai — water, liquid; river, stream
HE ʻAʻALIʻI KŪ MAKANI AU

Resilience in the Face of Change