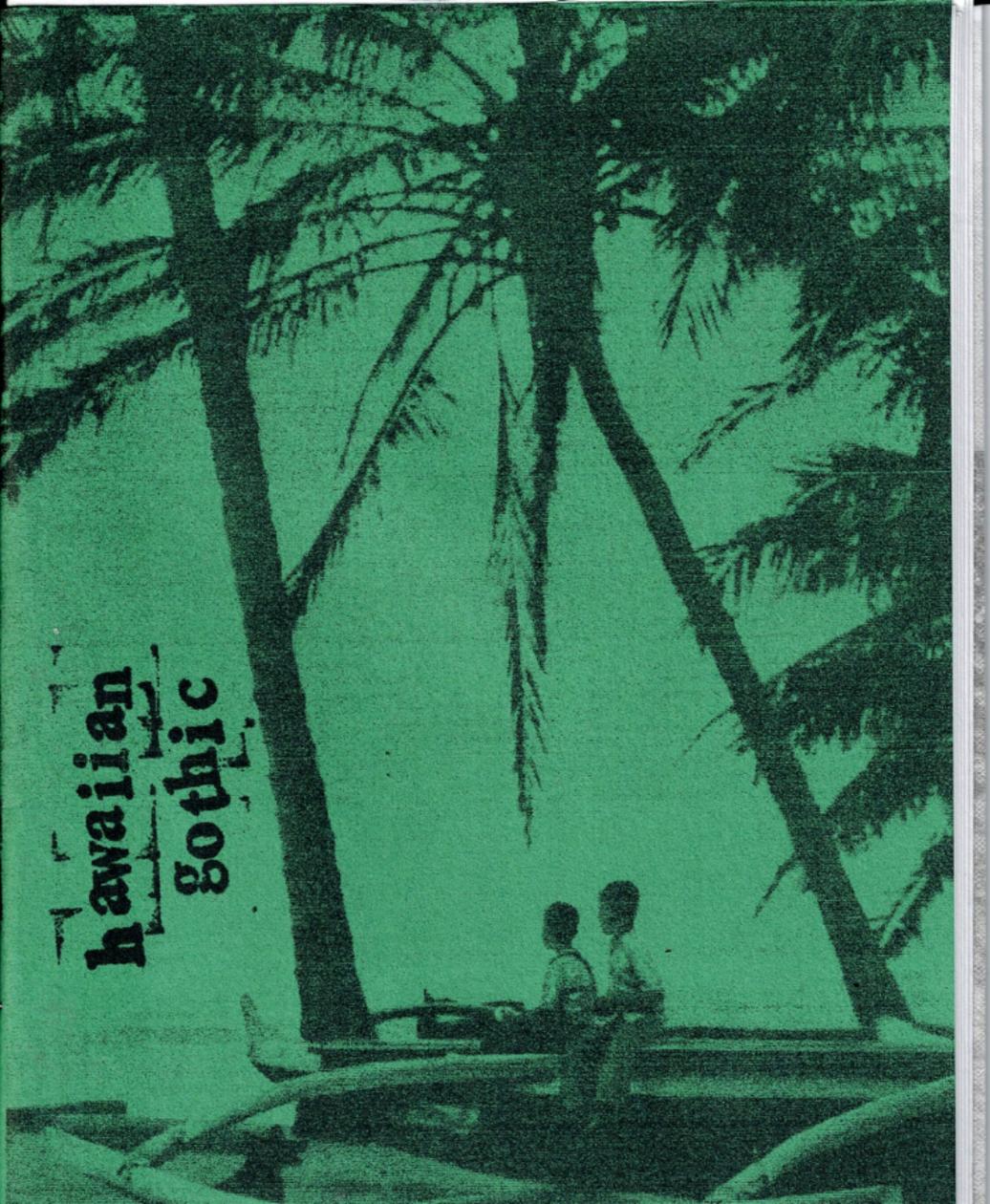


**hawaiian
gothic**



send my love
an ocean's away

many such cases



uncle takes one look at me:
"you are very pacific northwest."

how can this be
when i still walk to da 7/11 stoa
in slippahz
for one pack of cigarettes?

what'sa matta' witchu?

at 4 a.m. he walks me out
kiss on the forehead
please, he says, no more
poems

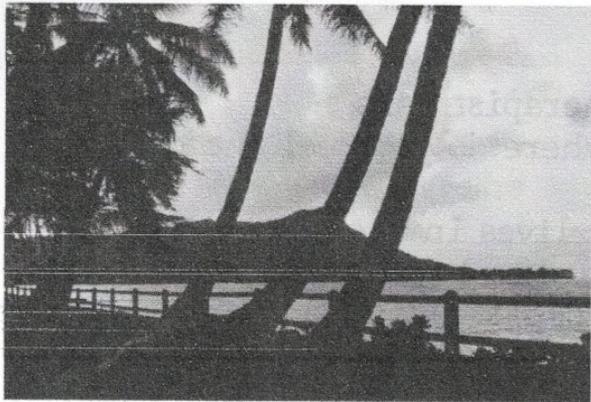
on the way home
i am blessed to find the sky
is full with stars

tears won't stop falling
on cheeks
on lips
on chin
or maybe its the saltwater

Honolulu
with all these people
is still

A lonely place

how to stay tender here



therapist asks:
"where do you feel the pain"

it lives in the chest—
hard to breathe like
humid hawai'i air

kam hwy.

with the windows down
coffee farm smell in the
mauka
right hand with cigarette
sticking out the sunroof;

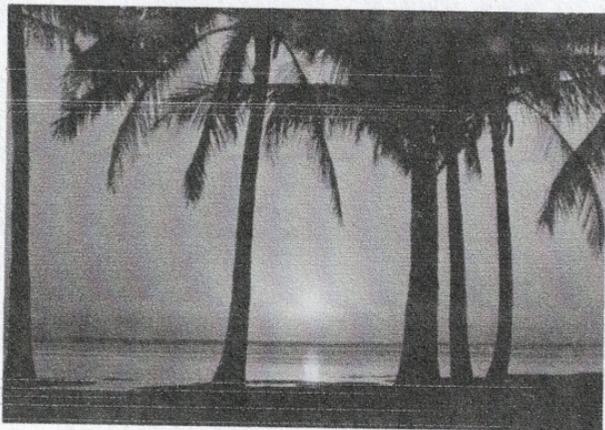
i think of you

your sandy slippers next to mine:
hunneh girl,
stay on my mind



"Strange as angels
Dancing in the deepest oceans
Twisting in the water
You're just like a dream"





while the tourists drown
in their sleep
the tides tell me you are mine
for a moment!

on wet sand
i'm on you

and willows sigh around
our goosebumped skins

when you strip,
you're wearing a fleshtoned bikini

air is salty
like tongues

dunes mimic the
bodies among

the bodies move
with the tides

b a c k
f o r t h

on earth, everything is
whorishly holy



how soft
how fonsome
how ever-changing
like the tides
mirror the seasons
how warm
how thunderous
how waning
how fleeting
like migratory birds
naupaka
it touches

half a person

lyams well
alight with
kakip edid
between your fingers
how small
an skill
teip was
gnilab yo

how soft
how lonesome
how ever-changing
like the tides
mirror the seasons
how warm
how thunderous
how waning
how fleeting
like migratory birds
how gently
it touches

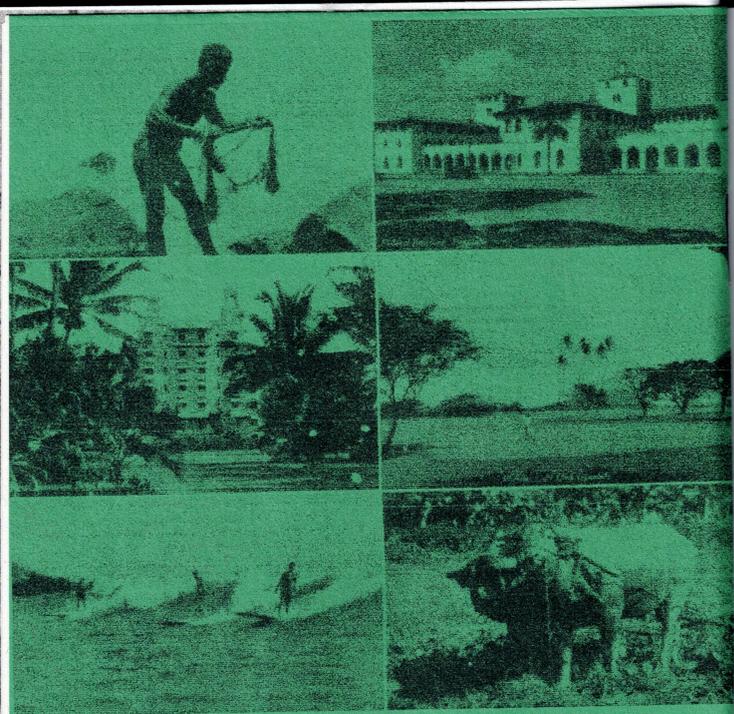
my lifted truck still hits
the same potholes
that have been here since
childhood

how empty
how fragile
like pikake
between your fingers
how small
it is
like us--
how quiet
my darling

my lifted truck still hits
the same potholes
that have been here since
childhood

i can't help but cry





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