

## GODDESS OF BEAUTY

*(For my Mother)*

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A woman with eternal beauty  
beams with an elegant light,  
she lay comfortably in a room  
with four walls of eggshell white.

Her hands are soft,  
like silk buds of a rose,  
this I know because of the gentle tap  
on the tip of my tiny baby nose.

Her motherly touch  
strokes my subtle forehead,  
with a soothing suckle,  
there on her breast I fed.

I can smell the sweetness of her perfumed hair,  
I know I'm not alone,  
she sings soft lullabies as she tickles my tiny toes,  
her voice has warmth with a generous tone.

Her smile sends kindness and playfulness,  
her laughter has tears of joy,  
the wisdom she offers flows through me,  
sending seeds of achievements to a glorious new boy.

## CHILDREN AND CRAYONS

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Grey clouds,  
colorful balloons,  
a tent full of painted little faces,  
every boy and girl looking like a silly cartoon.

Stickers, glue, and colored paper,  
here I am watching imaginations flow,  
boys and girls drawing pictures  
of bright colorful characters,  
each youthful artist has a smiling new glow.

## INTENSITY

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Body and mind rests in a state of divinity.

In the conscious state of awareness,  
the self has accomplished what is needed  
to transcend the mind into pure bliss.

Descend into darkness and relax.

I am I; my body has nothing but a soul to give.

warm me with your thoughts,  
caress me with your smile,  
stare into my soul with your gleeful eyes.

My Spirit is immortal.

## CRITICIZING MY DEMEANOUR

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Why am I so afraid to step out  
of this shell of insecurity and say,  
“Enough is enough.”

Bruises have shown me  
true significance of why I am still  
standing here.

I have felt the sharpness of the blade,  
tearing into the flesh  
of my exposed wound.

Silence, shhh; be quiet.

A vast world of wonders  
are channeling the fires within  
my living body.

This ground of vibrant beauty  
is shinning with celestial harmony,  
while the air remains pure,  
filling my lungs with boundless life.

Blue eyes with hairless skin;  
standing with perfection,  
looking for flaws in the garden of creation,  
body of vehemence stands wholehearted,  
for I am not enough yet.

## REBORN

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6 o'clock in the morning,  
the breath of the ocean is calm,  
rhythmic in motion.

Dampness of the air fills my lungs,  
silence as the sun rises  
beyond the north shore mountains.

My body wakes from solitude,  
chest expanding, like blossoms  
stretching their morning pedals,  
releasing their pheromones into the relished air.

Relaxed, calm, and pleasant,  
an enjoyable morning has begun  
feelings I've come to admire,  
no heavy garbage to weigh my soul down.

A delightful morning has come,  
waking my spirit, so it can dance  
with the rhythmic sounds of the ocean breeze.

## FEAR WITHIN THE SPIRIT

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If I said I was fearless, I would be lying.  
I fear many things.

I fear intelligence,  
I fear the thought of failure.

I fear poverty and riches,  
I fear my shadow; I fear the darkness.

What makes this fear come out?  
Causing my heart to beat expressively.

I keep my spirit with me, riding high  
on the coattails of integrity.

Nonsense in the mind  
makes me wobble at my knees.

I camouflage my fear with smiles and laughter,  
uncertainty hidden in my eyes of blue.

Within my soul, truth is written,  
on paper words are expressed.

I fear what I do not know,  
I fear the unknown,  
a bright reality among the horizon.

#### WHAT IS IT ABOUT ARTISTS?

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Spoken words to heal our wounds.  
Surrendering our soul to feel.

Expressing our vision of life  
through canvases of paint,  
challenging our eyes to see into our soul.

Sculptures made by the hands of artists,  
intriguing our minds beyond feelings.

Beauty is held in our hearts to enrich our lives,  
allowing us to breathe and sustain balance.

We are drawn into beauty by creative minds,  
we are inspired by words of poets and writers.

Art has no limitations to what or how we feel.

#### WATER

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I hold in my hands a cup of water,  
alone it is nothing,  
tap my finger on it,  
it's unresolved ripple,

fuses into something powerful.

## CIRCLE OF LIGHT

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The spirit is someone we can trust,  
a being that creates inner peace,  
every breath is listened to,  
ever moment is cherished.

The spirit within is a form of love,  
it paints a scene of beauty  
beyond our eyes,  
the mind listens to its calling.

The spirit takes form in all things,  
we recognize the spirit  
by its halo of colorful lights,  
within the spirit lay a masterpiece of art.

## HALEKULANI

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Snow  
feathered  
pigeon,

house  
befitting  
heaven,

Kanoe-the white ginger flower,  
dance with the velvet winds,  
and embrace the mystic moon.

For the moon is a mere statue of curiosity.

## IWA (Pronounced-Eva)

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Glide Iwa glide,  
circle over volcanic rocks,  
circle over oceans and islands.

Behind your delightful feathers  
lay a pink skylight of heaven.

Glide Iwa glide,  
glide on the waves of the tradewinds.

A POEM OF SOME SORTS

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The  
    End.

How beautiful  
    the  
        beginning  
            started.



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