Kūkaniloko by Karlo Mila

Here where
a wa‘a of stones
sail the blood red soil
north-west
toward the
setting sun.
Here where
a compass rock
is used to
navigate the night,
sail the black
shining road of Kane.
These stepping stones
into the dark waves
of pō.
Anchored
by eight
sun stations.
Here, where the sky
spills its starry secrets
captured and clenched
in the bouldered hands
of knuckled rock.
Here, where
the dagger
shadows fall
on reckoning stones
and hot blazes of fire,
are born to rule
with their
burning backs
of kapu
ablaze and
anticipated,
celestially selected
comets of flesh,
the big drums are beaten
when the glowing ones
return.
Here, where Maui
could have snared the sun
umbilical cords stretching
skylines connected
to calendar stars
harnessing time and space
to interpret the
future of a
generation.
Here where
the softly spoken
secrets of the
multiverse
are hushed
and held
in a quiet
assembly
of stones.
Here, where
an earth compass
centers the galaxy
in the red navel
of Oahu.
Here, where
the fire ring of ali‘i
still burns upright
a circle silent as stones
we cannot see,
waiting for the
shining ones
to reappear.
Here, the
sacred space
of sparks,
of even before,
the navel cords
of destiny
are cut.