

**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  
caught 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.