

## Ka Lawai'a

ku'ualoha ho'omanawanui

Why do I always feel  
like

you are baiting me?

Waiting for me to bite

your carefully  
baited hook

and swallow

bitterness  
sharp and metallic

Like a fisherman

you troll familiar waters  
spitting kukui  
carefully chewed  
leaving a visible trail in the water  
a hunter's path  
of destruction

Lies disguised as promises

slipping so easily from your  
kukui-oiled tongue

Pressing into each newly revealed

fold of ke 'āpapa  
your long sharp spear  
pierces the soft  
and forgiving flesh  
Of gullible  
and suspecting  
he'e

Today some use a glass-bottomed box

modern conveniences  
You find too cumbersome

Sometimes

tradition  
is the better snare.