

HOME

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chorused cries grieving what is gone,
ashes covering what once was love.
my soul is set ablaze,
death by flame
nothing is ever the same.
still stuck inside four walls,
laughter fresh from the day before,
where the young came to grow.
the sky has darkened,
suffocated by shadow.
six hundred degrees,
have turned my heart into rubble.
a rouge-stained sun bleeds into your valleys,
the smoke has set,
your beauty now charred with agony.
weeping,
your burning open arms,
now i'm fleeing.
five years old,
leaving home for the first time,
here goes the second try.
what do i gain from my cries?
the world is up for grabs,
but i can't erase from my mind,
the home i no longer can have.

lullabies of waves crashing,
ashore, the arc of colors splashing.
heavenly orange hues of the setting sun,
all your splendor is now gone.
i've re-lived this nightmare a thousand times,
now i think of you when i weep at night.

a *hui hou*, until we meet again

my home, my love,
for now i will live with the pain.

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and if i was stranded amidst the orange tide
would it matter?

to feel warmth for once in my life,
from the spark in my heart, long expired.
turns out the light at the end of the tunnel
was simply fire.

so come and dance around my funeral pyre
if it really, really matters.

but it doesn't, really,
when the slightest breeze
feels like a storm.
suffocate me with air, can't breathe

i'm carrying the child in my arms
"we're safe from harm,"
but i see in her eyes
agonizing thoughts
as the embers rain on either side

"i wonder how it will feel to die."

and i cry for her
never had a chance to say goodbye
to all her childless lullabies

"we might yet survive,"

"but will we feel alive?"

and i've spent a lifetime
convincing her not to cry



when love was worth a nickel-and-a-dime
and here we are, nearing our time

“i’m not scared,”
as i watch hell rise in her stare

“i’ve felt father’s anger burn more,
more than this orange storm.
that was the first time i lost my home.”
and now, she easily lets go
of every physical thing she owns.
we both watch the walls crumble down
of the second home
where we came to grow

and i hold the hand of my wounded child
knowing the ashes had piled
and maybe we won’t rise from the fire.

but maybe it doesn’t really matter.

LAHAINA, 96761

and the room reeks of smoke
as i sit
unwavering, ever still
to burn with your memory
in peace.
perhaps the flames provided warmth
to the cold sting of our goodbye
and my unwillingness to let go.
then i hear the echoes grow
from the screams desperate to run
as the wind carries me far.
tripping down the steps
with nothing but the clothes on my back.
the air was lead to my lungs
and the heavens weep tears of fire.

deep down
i was ready to die,

if i wasn't so used to being alive.
i watch the embers swallow you whole
against the glass, opaque from smoke
covering the streets i used to know.
only shadows now.
far away, the sun suffocates from ash,
glowing red from anger.
hands tied behind his back
as the bad cleanse their sins
against the orange tide.
hell in paradise.
repentance, please keep me alive.
i've never seen God cry
until day became a moonless, starless night.
so we scream prayers in the car,
begging, God, i want to be alive.
atrophied heart in my hands.
tempting, death was offering me a dance.
as the world collapsed in a heap of orange
and the sky regained its blue tinge,
fighting against the shadows that reigned.
sighing, we escaped with our lives,
and throughout the night
i wondered if you were still alive.
despite the orange glow i watched
under a roof that wasn't mine.
i didn't know you scorched
under clouds of smoke
until the morning i awoke.

and i wondered,
why was i kept alive?
my heart burned with you as you died.
and here i am
shallow with life.

