

MAKANI HO'OKELE

We return to where the land greets the sky,
on these gentle slopes where the ohī'a blossoms weep,
and the winds carry whispered chants of old,
singing our ancestors' home.

We come together, hands like kalo roots,
firm in the soil of this sacred place —
this 'āina remembers him still.
in its breath, in its waves, in its pule.

Ku'u kupuna, you sail now,
like a wa'a on the ocean's embrace
the moon lighting your path beyond
as we stand, feet in the sand,
offering our tears to the sea.

Pohaku hold the stories we tell,
of you, of us, of days yet to come —
and here, where Pele's fire once rose,
we lay to rest all that you were,
all that you gave,
trusting the winds to carry you home.

We chant your name in the leaping light,
in the sway of coconut palms,
and somewhere, beyond the mountains,
the ancestors gather to greet you,
with love that will never leave us.

Together we say goodbye,
but you remain in the breath of these islands,
and in the stars that watch us tonight.