

Steve Winduo

Gardens of 'Imoloa

For Kali Fernandez

At 'Imoloa on Hilo sat a garden
Made for men so that we
Know the gods are not too far
Watching from their own garden
Making sure we are fed with
'ulu, kukui, kalo, and if we desire
The caress of the gods, we feel
The gentle wind blowing, we hear
The calming voice of Poli'ahu
In the *naupaka kahakai, milo* and *kou*
Kilohoku is a garden to watch
The skies and the heavens
Filled with millions of stars
To lighten the burdens
We face everyday in our lives
Our ancestors talked to the gods
Everyday of their lives, but
We, the new blood are no longer
Finding our paths to the gods
Because we don't spend time
In the gardens of our *kupuna*
To learn the secrets of the land

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