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Pele'aihonua

Mahina Kaomea

The sharpness of her tongue devours land, sends foreigners away screaming.

They say she's a crazy, racist, good-for-nothing Hawaiian.

Don't get too close—
her fire might burn you alive.

'Ae, lava destroys. And maybe we need a little destruction right now.

But this lava also births islands, feeds seeds and dreams that will grow into the night.

'Ae, this lava will birth the ea of a nation.

He mele no Kumu Haunani

MAHINA KAOMEA was raised by an abundance of āina and ohana in He'eia, O'ahu. Community organizations Kauluakalana and Lā Ho'iho'i Ea - Honolulu were also formative teachers of aloha āina. Mahina graduated from Kamehameha Schools, Kapālama, and is now building pilina with occupied Muwekma Ohlone lands as an undergraduate student at Stanford University.

pele'aihonua, ka lua

for kumu haunani

lava births heavy in its silence a night with red-orange magma rising and you, making it possible for this lāhui to grow anew

your slyly reproductive words birthing on each of our tongues a mo'o mo'olelo that we hāpai like keiki hāpai like leo floating across the kai salt water healing our wounds

as pele flows to the ocean I watch as the systems that settlers constructed colonially on papa's skin go up in flames

they are burning and I am dreaming because your fire has helped us to see what we don't need

we are not american the military is not public safety but the threat of toxicity

we are not american our lovely hula hands and sacred lands are not tourists' to prostitute anymore

we are not american comprehensive management plans have never protected our 'āina or wai

you refuse this occupying nation and the scorched soil your lava leaves behind is rich like pō a night deep and beautiful for birthing we are born kiaʻi, water protectors, aloha ʻāina

and we will die as Hawaiians we will never be americans

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