

Poetry Series

kapua kaaiai
- poems -

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kapua kaaiai()

lovez to hang out with friends, going to the beach, and hanging out...
enjoys writing poems to vent or say what others are feeling but don't want to
say...

Can U C Me? ?

can u c me or am i invisable to u....

it's like im made out of sand and simply blow away in the wind...

i used to be made out of wood, i stood strong and proud now limp like a vine...

my heart is black and now made of coal...

i c u sometimes walking down the street,

can u c my icy stare? ? ?

its so cold that even the sky darkens a little, a cold gust of wind surrounds you
and makes you think of what you did 2 me? ?

can u c me now or do i need 2 do something more 2 get ur attention? ? ?

y cant u c me...

please, please, please see me...

kapua kaaiai

It's What You Say...

There a world out there where some cant rise above...
there a world out there where some when,
morning comes it'll be to late...

'It's what you say that matters'

those are the last kind words i heard from my mother, in my 10 years of age.
In time my mother became madder and madder all the time...
soft pats on the back became hard smacks and blows...
so fashioned a special tool for me that she called her best friend,
a long plank of wood with two nails at the end...
we got hit every day for no reason, and the scars still run deep...
at the age of 14 i finally tell,
'no lies now kid.' said the cop...
'it's what you say that matters'...

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