

Donovan Kūhiō Colleps poems for *Capitalism Nature Socialism*

from Kalapu (A Walking Poem For 'Ewa)

Under 'Ewa summer noon
I strap his file cabinet to my back.

Careful through the front door.
Nana offers a glass of ice water.
"Fo' da road."

We start walking.

Wave pavements heat, tides flaked crusts.

Soles of 'Ewa
suns and the weight
of tilting metal.

Kalapu Street:

Your bottom drawer jiggles as we step left, right,
left past the Dela Santos'.

"Yes. They're still here," I answer. "Multiplying faster
than old Harry Dela Santos can build extensions to his home."

He nods as we walk by,
but he doesn't recognize you.

Past the manicured lawn with the figurines
mummified in bird shit layers of 'ilima yellows,
whites, and dark greens. "That house got broken into, recently."

Past the haole husband and Pakistani wife complaining to their neighbor
about parking his car in front of their house.

Past two children from next door that stare at me,
Then at your rusted corners swaying high above my head.

“**kalapu**: *nvf.* To strap,
tie; a strap.”

Square shadows on pāhoehoe pavement.

Past the neon green house.
“It used to be neon orange. Remember?”

We hang a left at the stop sign where I had broken my leg,
and you cursed-out Brenda-Lynn that night
when you came home and found
me, crawling to the dinner table.

We leave Kalapu Street and the sun cracks its back.

times
a place
bloods and waters
a churning