

To plot for revenge
is not revenge;
that moment, rising,
when you strike

the American dead,
shot through
the lie of liberty
into his white

and vicious mind. That
moment, imagined,
when our Queen
might have killed

the invader, but didn't
for fear of reprisal.
But no one cares
about vengeance now.

Except you, seething
young Hawaiian.

Except you, spear
of our nation.