

## **Ua Hala Kuu Kupunakane Aloha J. W. Kaniaupio**

Excerpt from the prose lament composed by Mrs. E. Hiilei Johnson for her grandfather Mr. J. W. Kaniaupio. Published in *Nupepa Kuokoa*, July 5, 1918. Translation: Kīthei de Silva.

“E Kailuaiki, e Kailuanui, e Kailua i ka hapapa, e Kailua i ka halokolokowai, e Kailua i na puu kinikini, e Kailua aina pali hulilua; huli e huli la, ke huli nei au ia oe e kuu kupuna aloha ma na kakai pali o Maunawili; hoea hookahi akula au i ia wai kaulana a kaula i hele ai o Waihi, aole oe; mahea ihola hoi oe i nalowale aku ai mai a’u aku? Aloha no ia mau kahawai o Ohuauli, Ainoni, Mooakua kahi au e hii hele ai ia’u mai ka uka a ke kai....Aia ma luna o ko’u kupunakane ka pulama ahonui ana ia’u e auamo hele ana ia’u mai kela kaika a keia kaika o Kailua i kuu mau la bebe wale...

Aloha ka malu hale o Manulele, ka home hope loa a’u i pili ai me kuu kupuna hele loa; aloha ka wai o Hauliwai, ia wai a kuu kupuna aloha e hoauau ai ia’u, aloha ka piina ikiiki o Halekahi, hoomaha aku iloko o ka betela o Ke Ala o ka Malamalama, kahi a’u me kuu kupuna aloha e kaana pu ana i na hana a ke Akua.

Aloha ka i’a pa ilikanaka o Kawainui, o ia wai kaulana a ka malihini ke hele; aloha ka wai o Waiuia e waiho nei; aloha Makalei kela laau kaulana pii ona a ka i’a. O ia mau wai a maua i pili aloha ai me kuu kupuna hele loa.

O ka la ko luna, o maua ko lalo; hoomaha aku i ka malu launiu o Mahulua.

Aloha ke kai o Oneawa i ka malie me ka ua apuakea o Mololani e uwe helu nei i kuu kupuna aloha i hala, a nou hoi e Waimanalo ko’u hoomanao poina ole, kahi a maua i pili aloha ai me kuu kupuna hele loa....E oluolu hoi e huli pu mai me a’u no kuu

kupuna hele loa, a nona au e poina ole nei, a ke haawi aku nei no i ko'u aloha i na mea apau i komo pu me a'u ma ka u i ko'u kupuna aloha i hele loa.”

Little Kailua, Big Kailua, Kailua of the reefs, Kailua of the flowing fresh water, Kailua in the multitude of hills, Kailua of the cliffs that face each other. I am turning, turning, searching for you, my beloved grandfather, in the procession of cliffs at Maunawili. But I arrive alone at the famed waters of Waihi that we once frequented. You are not here. Where have you disappeared to, vanished from my presence? Beloved are these streams – ‘Ohuuli, ‘Ainoni, and Mo‘oakua – places where you carried me, carried me everywhere from the uplands to the sea. There I was on the shoulders of my patiently caring grandfather as he carried me along the banks of every taro patch in Kailua in those, my baby days.

Beloved is our peaceful home at Manulele, the last home at which my departed grandfather and I were together; beloved is the water of Hāuliwai, the water where my beloved grandfather bathed me; beloved is the hot, sticky ascent to Halekahi where we rested in the betel tree shade of Ke Ala i ka Mālamalama, that place where my beloved grandfather and I shared in the work of the Lord.

Beloved are the fish who touch of the skins of men at Kawainui, water that is famous to those who visit. Beloved is the water of Wai‘auia spread out before us; beloved is the Mākālei, that famous fish-attracting branch. These are the waters that were held close, that were cherished by my departed grandfather and I.

The sky was above and we were below when we rested in the coconut leaf shade of Māhulua.

Beloved is the sea at tranquil Oneawa where the 'Apuakea rain of Mololani is sighing, chanting over the passing of my beloved grandfather. And for you, too, o Waimānalo are my never to be forgotten memories of places cherished by my beloved grandfather and me... Won't all of you please turn together with me to regard my departed grandfather; he is the one I will never forget, and I give my love to all things, to all these places, who join with me in grieving over my beloved grandfather who has gone away.