

BROADSIDE

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Kimo Armitage

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10 YEARS OLD in 1990

Yowa faddah is cool.

So think of your own transition(s)-your mission,

He play cops and robbas with you.

Pounding longneck beers
just like the movies.

like Tutu say and walk, think-not

of asphalt /ass/asphyxiation, but shoreline, small-kine

Das da first time I eva saw one gun, Run!

da way he make pretend,

Hold 'em to yowa head

< went click >.

Like Bank robba,

tell you get on da flowa,

calling you fat piggy boy, fat piggy boy, fat piggy boy

a true stitch, in you, you, you.

You was good too,

Acting like you really scared

Call me again when you guys going play – pray.

I wish my faddah had one gun.

I get.

12 YEARS OLD in 1992

Turn to page 14,

Fucka open da dow, pau play.

Check out her legs

Stop walking

Check out her lips

Stop talking, stop smoking that...

Brah, she can wrap 'em

around my dick

that scheming, and ohhh

Oh, I no like the pages sticking together

them demons and weep and know that

that shit is deep. Eat awholehole,

Don't make anykine,

you going rip the pages.

halalu, awa, Stay beach, sleep.

14 YEARS OLD in 1994

No uji dis ting.

This is form in chaos

Wipe yowa mouth first.

Just go like this:

deep

Den breathe in da smoke slow kine.

from the ocean floor

K, hold 'em.

Riddled in defeat. I know.

Hold 'em.

the way by blood, I know.

Hold 'em.

the way in sleep.

Hold 'em.

I weep (for you).

Hold 'em.

K, breathe. K, breathe.

16 YEARS OLD in 1996

Lavette is pretty.

don't drop your fate

Brah, dis yowa chance!

Bulla told me Lavette can

(Think of your own transition[s])

touch her ears with her ankles

I have seen you

No, fowa real.

strong enough to laugh

Brah, put dat shit down already.

so laugh. You have felt

Yu always stay buzzing

another fate.

What Lavette get between her legs,

guarantee

so sinful.

Stay moa sweet.

24 YEARS OLD in 2004

A toast to da ugly groom

No, no, no. This ain't the way

the story goes

and his beautiful wife, Lavette.

There ain't no rhyme

or reason. There

Shhhhhh, everybody!

ain't no rhyme or reason.

Brah, you and me, we bullz from small kid days,

I run with way too many

tru many stuffs together.

who can't read

This is for you and Lavette.

Find tru kind happiness.

who can't see

K.

who can't write

Before you go on your honeymoon,

I like take one pictcha.

and I run, too.

Brah, open yowa eyes

you look all stoned.

Laugh now, my brother, laugh,

K, smile you fucka!

back to life.

PARTING WORDS, NOW

Brah, we one tree branch

In this poem I have written

And rewritten and rewritten

Over a flooded river.

High or low

I hear music

She come.

I will slap you broad-

We hang.

side, brother, love you brother

Don't break our shit. Brother.

Cover your deceit

But think of your own transitions

Lie to my face. Brother.

Stab my heart

because you know the words,

Take care of you,

Take care of me, too.

because you know the names,

One choice, da last word:

Because you know the life.

Choose.