

What Price, Civilization?

The warm tradewinds rustled her hair
Hawaiian music, retaining their culture
Amidst the modern high rises filtered upward
With miniature golf courses and tiki torches sixteen floors below.

A green lagoon framed by a circle of sand
And boats bedded down for the night beneath colorful Hawaiian blankets.
Here and there a palm tree spared to remind you of where you are
And surfers, like seals, crouch miles away awaiting the perfect wave.

The elliptical moon, peeking periodically between speeding clouds,
Listens to the constant battle of supremacy
Between traffic and the crashing of waves.
As I look to the right, a sailboat ambles home

Into his personal harbor and I sense the majesty of his island.
But to the left where the green has been erased
A jungle of monstrous gray scrapers obliterate the horizon...
The king rolls in his grave as his tropical island flourishes?

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