

THE PELE CYCLE - A COFFEE TABLE BOOK-TO-BE...POETRY FLOWING ACROSS  
VOLCANO PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. BRAD LEWIS

The following audio CD tracks will be featured on the website.

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Track 3: Afterward (a conversation with Brad Lewis), 1:00
Track 4: Author's Introduction to <i>Taboos</i> , 1:28
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Track 1 Author's Introduction to the CD
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The poems you are about to hear are from a volume I would like you to see, dear listener. I would like you to **SEE** because the words you are about to hear want to flow, quite literally, over some very beautiful photographs. Photographs of flowing lava, of Pele, molten heart of mother earth, taken in Hawaii over a series of years by volcano photographer extraordinaire G. Brad Lewis...a small but tantalizing number of which are available for your inspection at [www.volcanoman.com](http://www.volcanoman.com). Now, why would I taunt you--an auditory audience for whom I am grateful--with visual splendor denied you in this recording of mere words? Because what you are about to hear, a series of thirteen poems, derives from a collaboration between a poet and a photographer. I refer to The Pele Cycle, a book that will exist some day, I am sure, but which is, just

now, a protean product in search of the proper publisher.

If you could but see it, what you are about to hear would flow—graceful, gracious, giddy...but very sparely—over Brad’s astounding tributes to mother earth in her Hawaiian manifestation Pele, creating the planet as I speak.

Let us begin with the title poem...

**THE PELE  
CYCLE.**

Track 2 Title Poem: **THE PELE CYCLE**

*THE PELE CYCLE*

*Every twenty-eight days  
she blows.*

*Still, they say,  
she’s unpredictable.*

*You never know when she’ll get all emotional  
leaky  
unsolid.*

*Every twenty-eight days  
she overflows  
inner exuberance  
reproductive abundance  
from hallowed hollows.*

Still, they say,  
we never expected it;  
we can't allow it  
She must contain herself  
dam that messy molten love  
and fresh begetting.

Every twenty-eight days  
she blows  
overflows  
leaks her depths  
tremoring new creation  
through cracks we fear and worship.  
This is Pele

Fire birthing earth  
fertile ooze, vibrant stain,  
airborne incendiary creator force  
sooty sizzling sea  
writhing  
mist  
enflamed.

This is Pele.

No lady  
we can count on  
to keep it all inside.

Pele,

whom we love, need, fear  
and fail to manage.

Every twenty-eight days  
she races skyward  
shakes her innards  
rattles her boudoir  
splashing new topography.  
Outing inner,  
the depth and force of real revealing,  
Pele leaks a planet.  
It's a cycle we could get used to  
born to it as we are  
deep as we are  
expressive as we yearn to  
be.

It should be old: this new-making.  
It should be yes: this shuddering  
emancipation.  
It should be wise: this cyclic conflagration.  
It should be well: this sacred circle: being's  
self  
renewing.

It's a cycle we could go with.  
Downright transporting!  
Take heart, oh human kind,  
gifted with fire  
and surging with new selves, undam!  
Unknow! Unhinge!

*Run those juices!*

*Every twenty-eight days, or so,  
(who knows? who counts when living true?)  
we can see what we're made of;  
give vent to life alight  
and all-that-must-burst-now;  
capriciously fling  
random swirls of incandescence  
every spark perfection,  
as it happens.*

*WHY NOT?*

*Why not flow with Pele?*

*Oh why not  
beribbon the night with tongues of fire  
lush fest unrepentant  
as a thousand comets roust deeply natural  
secretions:  
self-becoming  
holy ground  
sacred tale?*

*For we, too, are holy ground.*

*We, too, are sacred tales.*

*And Pele is  
above all  
inner.*

*She does not dance alone.*

*Within us, too, brew  
all the makings  
of epic splendor:*

*cycles to flow with,  
beauty to loose  
and passion juices to go*

*on and on...*

*There's no telling  
what  
we might come up with  
every twenty-eight days  
or more  
or less  
as  
in-us  
prompts*

*and once we've stopped counting.*

*Track 3 Afterward: A Conversation with Brad Lewis*

In 1996, having returned to the arid American Southwest after an Hawaiian sojourn, the title poem gushed from me. Nearly four years later, Brad Lewis sat on the floor in my small living room in Tucson, Arizona where we mocked up a few pages of The Pele Cycle, commencing with the title poem. Brad said: “She’s stopped now.” I asked: “Stopped what”? “Flowing every twenty-eight days,” he replied. Incredulous, I blurted out: “Did she EVER flow every twenty-eight days?” “Oh yes.” Brad affirmed. “For years she flowed every full moon. That made it easy for us to show up, prepared, at just the right time to catch a flow. But of late, she varies. So we’ve had to become more intuitive.” Which affirms that even the ignorant may stumble over truth, if inspired...

\* \* \*

**Track 4: Author’s Introduction to “Taboos”**

The next poem is entitled TABOOS. Although I use the Hawaiian proper name Pele to honor the fecund outbreak which Brad records, the Pele of whom I sing is not a minor deity gleefully terrorizing islanders in the enchanted South Pacific. She’s global, interior, a major force fashioning this our planet, from its center. She is creation continual. Her eruptions, which emerge via “hot spots” in our planet’s crust, have over the last seventy million

years (but who's counting?) channeled magma from far beneath the vasty deep. Pele is nature purposive and unstoppable. Biologically, a cycle is a "course or series of events which recur regularly and usually lead back to the starting point." From apparent destruction spring fertile soil and young islands. I'll speak for myself: there are phases in my cyclic self-creation when conflagration seems most evident and fertile soil but a distant concept. To these very human moments and to the Larger Picture, I dedicate TABOOS.

\* \* \*

Track 5: "Taboos"
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## TABOOS

*Break the taboos*

*PELE SAYS.*

*Like me.*

*Watch me.*

*Kapu*

*Kapu*

*Blow past illusion*

*Blow past the solid crust  
of all-containing earth*

*Like me.*

*Feel me*



From the core  
I ooze  
and boundaries efface themselves. That  
shopping center, that long-tread path,  
no more! no more!

Find a new way! I SAY  
Re-map!  
Re-contour!

I spurt out truth constrained:  
inner fire and earth to be.  
Learn from me PELE ROARS  
As I flow,  
I flare,  
I rage,  
I renew:  
deep I am  
Bona Dea.  
Feel me in your burning depths  
and fear me not.  
Seeping self from within,  
I birth fresh earth.

Oh Pele spare me they say.  
Move! I ANSWER

Oh Pele, why do you sear our settled haunts?  
they ember to my loving heart.  
Fortunate ones, I REPLY:  
I cremate what was cusp

*all now becomes once  
to now reveal.  
Mourn it not!*

*Be like me,  
oh sweetly human faint of heart,  
exalt the inner  
break those kapu*

## *Erupt!*

Volcanoman's photos capture the fantastic interplay of earth, air, fire and water Pele produces on the Puna coast. Humans, it seems, are almost instinctively fascinated by the spectacle of an active volcano...I am. What I, and many others, experience, however, is more than spectacle...there is amid the magnificent display a strangely alchemical reminder of our comet origins, buried deep within and coursing to the surface, as life flows.

*AND WHEN SHE COMES*

*AND UNDERNEATH IT ALL*

*ELEMENTALS, MY DEARS*

\* \* \*

## AND WHEN SHE COMES

*And when she comes  
spasms wrack the land  
all tremble*

*from below  
searing fluid  
spews,  
recesses flame  
hollows dance  
mountains release  
explosion  
expression  
new life*

*calmed,  
she waits*

## AND UNDERNEATH IT ALL

*Subterranean desires  
play  
with molten  
former-rock  
sessile no more  
it flows  
down under  
juicy  
it smolders  
while the surface  
rests  
placid  
insouciant  
unrevealing.*

*Underneath it all  
Pele powers up.*

## **ELEMENTAL, MY DEARS**

*earth  
air  
fire  
and water.*

elementals, my dears,  
pure  
potent  
permeable.

is life a beach?  
do you need  
to get away  
to get a way  
to get  
in touch?  
what touches you  
deeply  
any more?

oh my dear ones,  
graced with all elements  
at home with all,  
at odds with none,  
sweetly simmering  
potent  
porous  
where can you go  
where  
core-deep  
earth  
air  
fire  
and water  
are not

*your stuff?*

*Mix it up!*

*Release those ancient rhythms,  
I'll show you how. I'll lead the way.  
If you love my beauty,  
it is yours I say;*

*feel it.*

*If you sense my power,  
it is yours, I say;*

*be it.*

*If the song of every blessed thing  
swells in you beyond all reason's damming,  
then hum with me,  
then roar with me  
and glow our elemental chorus:*

*Potentiate me,  
my earth*

*air*

*fire*

*and water.*

*Call me forth.*

*Rise up in me,  
all terror and all beauty.*

*Try it on!*

*Spit it out!*

*Shake it out!*

*with me,  
with Pele*

as earth  
air  
fire  
and water  
within you  
alchemize  
and  
within you  
dispatch  
calcified  
reproof

*Unchant your cannot-a cantata!*

*Try this on, instead; boogie to this:*

*Rise up you inner strength...  
Emerge you inner self  
Surge, you splendid creature  
Splurge, you wisdom of creation*

*Then, whiss it!*

*Quake the settled!  
Part your lips  
melt your hardness  
expel your long-pent origination.*

*Ignite that subdued self!*

*Oh I say,  
don't be shy...*

*Let's make a new  
planet.*

With apologies to an international audience, the poem which follows, **SET IN OUR WAYS**, addresses a persistent American penchant: first, we bludgeon, then manicure nature in images we fancy; next, we settle; at which point, to our surprise, we pine for more that is not yet ours. Ever voracious, ever unsatisfied, we repeat the all-consuming pattern. I, too, scurry to control my life, suppressing self and other novel creations, whereupon I lament my stale state, and seek new terrain to constrain. A cycle is a circular or spiral arrangement. And a literary form. “Originally meaning ‘circle,’ cycle is applied to a collection of poems or romances centered on some outstanding event or character [recall the Beowulf Cycle]...Cyclic narratives are



commonly accumulations of traditions given  
narrative form.”

\* \* \*

## SET IN OUR WAYS

*Yes, it's ours,  
this tamed,  
familiar,  
cultivated and yielding surface.  
It's comfortable;  
we're comfortable;  
we're bored;  
give us more!*

*we chant to  
earth, air, fire, and water:*

*give us more  
raw  
fresh  
pliant  
we are pioneers  
we settle  
give us more,  
more of the same*

to become  
set in our ways,  
to become more of the same

we are movers and shakers  
crushers and containers  
set in our ways  
cozy, cozened controllers  
frenzied  
fit  
wanting more than  
manicured monotony monopoly  
and finding no purchase  
on  
rumbling  
hunger  
for  
purpose  
for  
truth  
and  
release  
of deep good  
attachments  
lasting  
high

ease  
no catalog  
can  
picture  
no  
package  
contain

what is that *rumble*?

not on our schedules  
not in our work orders  
right in our backyards

news bulletin:  
tourist-luring lava  
expresses  
unsettling novelty  
live action at noon...

whoosh

sizzle

slice

keeeerrrrr

pliiisssshhhh

clk

clk

life flames

life flows and fluxes

right here

Can't imagine it?

It's on every station.  
Tom Brokaw's flying in.  
Tape it and send it to the relatives...

We're a fire!

We're real!

We're divine...

snap

swish

soar

we are stable  
pillars of society  
towers of strength  
settled  
rocks of fortitude  
arsenals of hunger  
and thirst for  
life  
that intensely  
undeniable  
pulse  
beyond which  
we are not

on the surface  
we are  
we admit  
dense  
unmoving  
dug in  
ferociously unaware  
of the power  
within  
beneath  
central  
all-bestowing  
now,  
just as it happens  
lava flows

fire rages  
mountains explode  
forests ignite  
and every stuck thing  
vaporizes  
we quake  
we quail  
we decamp

we are  
deeply  
moved

the unthinkable  
seems strangely familiar  
an awesome benediction

we must be sacred  
to be so  
wrent  
to yield to intensity  
our minor plots

and flimsy fences  
our backyard pits  
and thirty year shackles.

set in our ways  
no more,  
we dance to primal tunes  
as  
pele  
us peer  
within  
bids

*to  
teeming  
convulsive  
all-  
renewing  
inner  
truth.*

(INTRODUCTION)

I tend to think of Pele as Mother Earth, with fire. Not as malleable as our much-violated terra firma—Pele goes deep. Several years ago, recognizing that I was, and indeed still am, happily, an unknown, a kindly cognoscenti suggested that I find someone of note to pen an introduction to this volume-to-be, the better to lure readers into its obscure fiery depths. I thought immediately that Pele might want to be introduced as she is. Perhaps she needs to be seen, to be experienced, to communicate who she is. What might she say???



\* \* \*

*Of course,  
I need  
no  
introduction*

**You know me.**

**I am sacred.**

**Holy fire.**

**Earth heart essence.**

*Pele*

**Planet pourer.**

**Mother force untamed.**

**No local goddess, dear reader;  
no isolated phenomenon,  
I am no  
nature show  
tamely trapped on tape  
for a self-improving  
evening.**

*I am Pele*

Creation continual.

I am

Your glowing core

Your sacred flame.

*I am Pele,*

deepest essence,

a flowing intimate balance of  
earth, air, fire and water.

I dwell in each and everyone of you.

**Mother I am,  
neither male nor female.**

**I am your stuff  
as you are mine.**

**Inner radiance,  
embodied,  
emergent,**

***I am Pele,***

**the Great Balancer.**

**In these pages I bare visible proof of  
who YOU ARE, how life works and  
wherein lies power....**

**Such facts of life  
as mothers respire  
to babes-in-process:**

**Inner grounds.**

Heart renews.

Life cycles.

Colleagues,  
Drench ourselves in innocence before  
you turn another page.

Let them ash away:

The all-too-familiar,  
oh so patronizing  
portraits  
of the rageaholic goddess---  
a capricious  
self-absorbed  
local deity  
greeting the  
passage  
of her cultural pull date  
with peeving pique.

*I am not she,*  
my loved ones.

**Never was.**

**I require no attention for myself.  
Think on it,  
Fellow fonts of radiant life:**

**The whole earth is my center stage.**

**And  
rest assured,  
dispirited troupes of  
quivering propitiants  
serve  
no  
True  
Beauty.**

**It is you---**  
**Lightened sources  
Overflowing glow  
Whose inners access primal  
Whom  
I  
Invoke  
Within.**

*Oh humans,*

*see me*

*so that in and through me*

*you can see what you are made of*

*and power up*

*accordingly.*

As Lewis Carroll's unicorn  
proposed  
to a startled  
visitor:

*"Well, now that we  
have seen each other,*

*if you believe in me,  
I'll believe in you.*

*Is that a bargain? "*

As you visit me here,

oh reader,

*sell me.*

Really take me in.

For if you can see me,  
you can see yourself.

If you can believe in me,  
you can believe in yourself.

*Is that a bargain?*

Tune in,  
You splendor.  
Light up.  
Phone home.



Re-ignite.

Move through it.

We are,

most evidently,

magnificently *alive*.

*Can't you see?*

Warmly,

As ever,

*Pele*

THE NEXT POEM IS CNN TO GODDESS.

What humans divine as moods of the divine may be immanence, self peering out, swirling around and, sometimes, raging, self unfolding in staggering variety. The images on view at [Volcanoman.com](http://Volcanoman.com) comprise a small selection of Brad's (and Pele's) prodigious output, yet even these few convey a universe of nuance and sensibility. As do we.

Hindus call the circuit of chakras, when full, flowing,  
and, thus empowered, “the volcano.”

## CNN TO GODDESS...

*oh pele,  
do you marvel  
at the foreign  
thing  
we find you,  
we  
who have fire  
at our centers  
also?*

*do you wonder,  
goddess,  
why we roam the earth,  
ensatellite it,  
yet rarely look  
                within ourselves,  
                scarcely celebrate  
                our sacred links,  
                those inner all-pervasive  
                channels of grace and revelation*

which  
enlighten  
illumine  
ignite us?

thank you,  
oh goddess,  
oh pele,  
for daring to remind us  
that we are more  
than surface  
more than stuck  
more than star-struck resistance  
and spectators twice-removed.

We are creators  
yes,  
We are movers and shakers,  
where it counts  
within  
only superficially encrusted  
only at our most shallow vulnerable  
unyielding uneasy junctures  
soon-to-be -set-free,

*do we curse  
you  
goddess,*

*do we fear  
our very ground  
ashen  
ascendant  
all-within*

*which*

*fires  
every  
sessile  
thing.*

\* \* \*

When I gaze at Brad's photos or stand on creation's doorstep with the scorching breath of earth tearing my eyes as fiery snakes of flame shake the cauterized ground beneath me, well...I find that power and stately self-reflection hard to reconcile with those old, pathetic portraits of a harpy diva raining tantrums on cringing natives should they fail

to douse her rocky mantle with sufficient gin or terrified propitiation. I know her better, this Mother Earth in the midst of making. And I know myself better as I attune to her.

## RAIN FALLS ON PELE'S TEARS

### *RAIN FALLS ON PELE'S TEARS*

*Pele weeps.*

*Searing  
puddles  
finger  
webs  
of  
radiant  
grief.*

*So many fear her.  
They run.  
They rail.  
They curse*

*the  
tender  
fragile  
goddess  
who  
is  
only*

earth-center,  
the very living heart,  
piercing  
staid skin,  
pouring  
molten  
love  
new  
fired  
desire  
and  
unsettled  
purity  
on  
sullen  
shackled  
kin.

Caressing  
from below  
within  
she showers  
beauty compelling  
cavorting  
light pirouetting,  
capering  
good will  
and earnest splendor  
on land  
never meant to  
unleap

unglow  
settle into  
done.

Some hillsides awake to Pele  
with  
hummingbird flames  
snapping joyfully,  
sky racing  
giddy revelation,  
graceful  
reckless  
ecstasy  
gorgeous  
erupting  
alight  
slow  
delicious  
incandescent  
blithe  
beauty  
born  
nobly and  
spent  
full  
and flowing.

Other turf  
rejects  
its mother,  
dams her luminous pith  
beneath  
earth's tattered skin.

*She broods,*

*sky-denied by  
carapace  
too stern for fissures,  
cold  
to creation's  
ardor*

*Then Pele weeps  
her mighty heart  
into the  
unwelcoming  
hold.*

*Sky*

*drips*

*cold*

*comfort.*

*Mist in Pele's realm.*

*magic*

*murky*

*mystic*

*Otherworldly*



*when*

*rain*

*falls*

*on*

*Pele's*

# *tears.*

\* \* \*

My first view of Pele, flying into the Kona Kailua airport, was awesome, forbidding. Ocean and lava: sapphire splendor embracing a scape I had never imagined: undulating lapidary terrain like blackened moonscape, glassy, peaty, caught mid-wave, fossilized undulation, sculpted, unending, and oh-so-silent. I drove my newly rented vehicle along the highway, a narrow two lane road, flanked by mile after mile of craggy crawling stark land, stunning, unrelieved stone, blackened, frozen in a flowy carapace, as far as I could see. Movement en-formed...but solid, implacable, barren beauty, and only that, as far as I could see, enskied in piercing azure. In the distance, mid-isle, loomed the peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, high snow-tressed mountains. If you'd read your guidebook, as I had, you would know, but scarce believe, that an eruption of Pele over one hundred years before had covered the land from the island's center to the distant sea; you would learn, as I did, that you now drive on a slim macadam over her hardened pulse, untouched, except at the very coastal fringe, and only recently, by luxury hotels, very few, very select, carved at cost, from her centenary flow. And you might, in the course of your stay, see a cinder cone or two. Cinder cones--today, benign rises and indentations--are the spouts from which Pele poured the land over which we've driven, no one's land, immense still, uninhabited.

Cinder cones--now dormant hollows, often covered with grass--look innocuous, uninteresting, impotent; a benign phase of an awesome cycle...Has-beens? Empty sets? Re-think! CINDER CONE

## CINDER CONE

*Cold  
empty  
hollow.*

*Old looking  
helpless  
clearly past it*

*No spark  
flare  
fury  
fear  
to unleash now.*

*This is where  
the mighty Pele  
once fired the sky  
darkened the sun  
scorched the land  
snaked to a distant ocean  
transfiguring it all*

*Quiet  
near the hole  
barren mostly*

no hint

of flaming Pele  
fire goddess  
molten transformer  
awesome catalyst  
of earth, air, fire, and water

Don't miss the point  
the beauty  
of Pele  
here  
now.

Null  
is real.  
Spent is true.  
Why do you look for  
terror-filled action-packed telegenic drama,  
and not seeing that  
see nothing  
splendid?

Do you smirk to piss  
where the goddess of giving  
long seethed  
re-making?

Don't mistake her  
many forms.  
Never laugh  
at the spent force  
of silent wisdom,  
the heart spilled out  
with  
love

only  
and  
no low intention.

Why do you mock this urn of Pele's wrath,  
might's mausoleum  
softened  
and serene?

Those who fear  
their source  
turn  
on those who loved  
them  
with passion  
power  
depth  
and truth  
so evident that  
earth did rock  
and sky explode  
and horizon efface itself  
in smoldering possibility.

BITCH  
snarl those who  
fear  
love lavished  
as core must.

Never mistake the gentle face of Pele  
her utter silence  
peace

*withdrawal*

*as was*

*as not*

*as un.*

*For love waits  
to run through  
ready fissures  
and eager ocean  
breeds  
new land  
and  
tender sky  
fondles new peaks  
and birth scars  
speak  
of  
mother  
open loins  
and vaginal bliss  
of inner  
burst forth  
of deepest necessity  
scorned  
only by those,  
never scorched by real,*

*who would resist the turning of the earth,*

*inner  
and  
deepest  
truth.*

\* \* \*

## *GODDESS OF FLOWERS*

*crack!  
a whip of flame*

*whoosh!  
hot air meets a blue sky*

*pele flares.*

\*

\* \*

Track 19: Author's Introduction to PACKAGING PELE

When you venture to volcano country, you visit on Pele's terms. The Visitor's Center of the Volcano National Park: no longer there! Forbidding flows of hardened lava block the only road to celebrated views. Trails are modified by waist-high snakes of black glassy twisted stone; or by scorching fiery trespass, snapping with the heat of magma meeting tree, pith igniting, dreadful snap and cinder smell, green, tender, tremulous, breathing and then swack, gone, emulsified; or by earth-heart cruising asphalt when thwack, it sways, buckles, deranges mid-molecule; or by Pele greeting thick, high wall... hiss, gone, on she saunters. Land, streets and buildings: interrupted, reconstructed, obliterated...Highways, off and on, re-sculpted, impassable. Unpredictably. Sulfurous vog and unanticipated fireworks may enhance your visit. The next poem, PACKAGING PELE, was penned in tribute to the life in all of us that resists a plastic package, a slick sell...

Track 20: Packaging Pele



## PACKAGING PELE

*NO* Old Faithful,

*NO* Palace Guard,

*Pele will NOT* pose for photos  
on the hour;

*NOR* confine

*her pith*

*to velvet-roped grooves.*

*Will NOT*

*hold her*

*sulky*

*scalding*

*sultry*

*gush*

*at just the right spot*

*for capturing candor*

*or*

*glimpsing thigh*

*of goddess*

*doing her own thing,*

*OSHA notwithstanding.*

*A moving centerfold,*

*a furious subject,*

*Pele hisses to tourists:*

*Keep your distance!*

*Gorgeous I am,  
and more than show.  
So get a life!*

*Mind MY attitude,  
hang loose  
and dangerous,  
and*

*DON'T count on me  
to line your pockets.*

**DON'T**

*even  
think*

*it*

*to*

*yourself*

*not*

*even*

*once:*

*that*

*I am the type*

*to*

*show up*

*anywhere*

*anytime*

*dressed appropriately*

*for state occasions,*

*mass consumption,*

*nature shows,*

and scout assemblies.  
Take ME as I come  
or  
leave ME  
in MY

AWESOME  
UNSPEAKABLE  
MAJESTY.

Bliss I lavish.

Join me if you  
dare!  
taste fire in the wind;  
smell singed becoming;  
bathe in birth death  
beauty terror.

If that will not suffice,  
remove yourself  
lest I notice  
something dying  
in my kingdom  
that needs a spark from Pele  
to remind it of its origins.

She's a hot commodity,  
they say.

Too hot to handle,  
I counter,  
too free

to trinket in your stalls.  
This native knows no  
servantspeak.  
So move lively,  
and mind your manners  
around Pele!

Re-think MOTHER;  
re-feel NATURE;  
re-format HOLY TERROR

For PELE,  
centered stream of new-forged earth,  
cannot stop

**BEING WHO SHE IS**  
**UNAPPEASABLE GODDESS**  
whose earth-shaking majesty  
and fiery might  
shaped the very land  
on which you stand and marvel  
and by whose grace and bounty  
you are PERMITTED to remain  
for this instant unmolested  
by HER leave  
and at HER convenience  
only.

**UPHEAVAL** is the only poem written in my own  
voice.

## UPHEAVAL

*Pele*

*Pele*

*I am ripped*

*by violent truth*

*deeply shaken*

*quaking beyond all reason*

*miscarried of order*

*flowing around me all my heart's marrow*

*while nerves slither*

*once neatened parcels.*

*I am a fire*

*devastated*

*expelled.*

*Oh Pele*

*Pele*

*Pele*

*where is the sky I wrote my future in?*

*who snatched the dreamers' stars,*

*and stripped pliant orchids from my breast?*

*ripped*

*goddess*

*I am*

*darkness*

*singed*

*I am*

*bleakness burning*

*I am*

*flight denied...*

I am  
the new becoming  
I spit forth.  
Heart-ripped and coreless,  
I ash courage  
while hope  
a thousand  
frantic fugitives on smoldering breeze  
escapes me

Oh Pele  
how do you do it?  
flare in the night  
and spew creation  
from center unmolested  
by timidity  
and involution?  
Teach me,  
Pele,  
lavish me yet again  
with recall scorching and resolute  
of inner cycles  
wracked renewal  
and emergent essence.

For I have lost perspective,  
Pele.  
And flee this night of burning soul  
and order ripped from heart

*never fully flowing.*

*And  
much as I admire you,  
goddess mentor,  
I shrink before  
the roar  
I fear  
to birth.*

Track 23: Author's Introduction to Concluding  
Poem: FULL CYCLE

**We come now FULL CYCLE**

A literary cycle is a “series of poems or songs on the same theme.” Electrically speaking, a cycle is “one complete period of the reversal of an alternating current from positive to negative and back again.”

Greg Ward writes: “Western visitors to the volcanoes have tended to see them as purely destructive, while the ancient Hawaiians, whose islands would have never existed without the volcanoes, were much more aware of their generative function, embodied in the goddess, Pele. It may take longer to create than to destroy, but lava is fresh in nutrients, and soon life regenerates on the new land. On a single visit...it's impossible to appreciate the sheer rapidity of change. What's a crackling, flaming, unstoppable river of molten lava

one day may be a hiking trail the next; come back twenty years later and you could find a rich, living forest...Kilauea--literally 'much spewing'--has been in a continuous state of eruption since 1983...its lava tends to flow consistently in the same direction, down towards the ocean. Between 1983 and 1995, it added well over 500 acres of new land to a nine mile stretch of the Puna coastline. In a single hour in 1984 it let forth enough lava to pave a highway from Honolulu to New York."

Adds Scott Cunningham: "Pele is often thought of as a cruel goddess. This is untrue...Pele exists. She's a tangible physical presence in the volcano area of Hawai'i. The ground is scorched, cracked, and blackened with lava. The scent of sulfur hangs in the air and irritates the throat. Steam eerily rises from the earth. During major eruptions, lava flows scorch the earth and, at the shore line...molten lava pours into the sea, causing tremendous explosions and mountains of steam...We know Pele as a true mother goddess who creates new land with every violent outpouring of lava into the sea. She is also at work some miles off the coast...where the seamount Loihi steadily and slowly grows from the mountain floor. Eventually it will be the newest Hawaiian island." A biological cycle is "a recurring series of functional changes or events."



With gratitude, fellow spark, I leave you...FULL  
CYCLE.

Track 24: FULL CYCLE

*FULL CYCLE*

*Pent  
she's been.*

*Pensive.*

*Seething  
stuffed deep  
inside.*

*Yearning to breathe sky-blessed air,  
cavort with new sprung meadows,  
couple with the sapphire ocean*

*I've been held in too long*

*Pele fumes*

*Let me out*

*I need to roam.*

*I've been held down too long.*

*Above is still,*

*stiff,*

*overgrown.*

*I feel it.*

*Feel it:  
pressure  
surge  
pressure*

shiver  
am  
pressure  
shimmy  
yielding  
steam  
and tumult  
steamy  
natural forces  
have their way  
and  
rip  
melts mountains  
crack cauterizes night  
flame  
fondles placid sky.

All is transformed.

She fire  
red gold electric mesmerizing  
beauty  
fury  
ardor  
encroaching enriching  
passion  
and loin spill  
heart juice  
sacred  
and creative.  
Molten torrents  
Pele's hair

free fall  
arced  
fully glowing  
not to be denied  
into sapphire stupid depths and wonder  
moody implacable ocean  
wise  
and  
all receiving

passion dancing

now  
they meet in steam  
and couple  
light  
and bathe  
each other.

each yielding difference,  
otherness dissolves.

fire gets steamy  
wet gets hot  
air mists  
flames pound  
and surf sizzles  
Such communion cycles epic grandeur...

Look there beneath the surface:

new earth,

*fire poured and water cradled,*

*quickens.*

*Life cycles.*

*Feel it. Revere it. Take it in:*

*surface stillness*

*nestles*

*beauty molting  
trembling  
undulating*

*in*

*the*

*depths*

*all becoming*

*as befits*

*every living thing.*

*Pele*