

Moloka'i

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Overcome by lunar light, the glaring night is empty

Trade winds howl forever across the face of Moloka'i

No more hopeless fights with you, all our slack is used and through

What kind of life awaits us when I return from Moloka'i?

From the trembling island hopper, the sea was turquoise yesterday

The island mud bled blood red from old volcanic displays

Wouldn't wash, like searing words no one should ever say

All this landscape stained the color of our glances.

My body is a rusty cage, heart's blown out through the bars.

Tomorrow's spit like fire across this Milky Way of stars

Honolulu glows like embers coughed from gut-deep burning tars.

To solve this aggravation, as far as I can see,

I'm too far away from you, I'm not far enough from me,

This Pacific Island smolders with our anger.

Each plant sings its own song in the winds of Moloka'i

While geckos climb the wooden walls for blue Hawaiian flies.

Far below the eastern cliffs, Kalaupapa cries

And demonstrates how grown-ups solve their problems.

Maybe I've lost your wedding ring, maybe I've lost my own.

Maybe thrown away everything we learned that lovers own.

In my fist I hold two coral blooms bleached as white as bone

I found them washed up a deserted beach on Moloka'i.