

A thesis on the Ko'olau Mountains

1. Preface.

In all my life  
I have never seen  
such  
huge,  
proud,  
green  
before.

An optical optimism:  
“This land belongs to you  
and your children,  
as far as their eyes can see”

2. Data collected.

Autonomous entity of the eye –  
Love  
at first sight patterns:  
a repetition of folds,  
ridge upon ridge upon ridge,  
a series of spines.

Home,  
an architecture of choice.  
Home  
clutched to bone.

The curtain sways sideways like light rain,  
like wet mist around a giant wrinkled fruit,  
like growing from a diet of rippling stone,  
like a burgeoning geometry,  
like distended consonants  
on the edge of falling.  
The mountain attests to all this (and more).

What if all I can see is a mountain?

My word against a mountain's.

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### 3. The limits of this study.

run a way to run down earth my way down or run earth my root my run down to  
my bone my this or home grabs a muscled heart run out and this green a pouring  
ruin a pouring ruin not mine

### 4. Conclusion.

An optical optimism:  
“This land belongs to you  
and your children,  
as far as their eyes can see.”

(Until you lose your vision  
and all you have left  
is your staggered  
love.)



Fig. 1: Aiko Yamashiro, *Ko'olau Mts*, 2010, photograph, courtesy of Aiko Yamashiro.