

Notes on Surviving the End of the world, Again Jamaica Heolimeleikalani Osorio, Monday
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On the morning you wake to the end of the world

take your body back to the kai
to the place our kūpuna taught us life began
first pō, then coral, then slime
then a whole universe fitting into a space smaller than a grain of sand
then Ea rising through the ocean
pulling the tides that make mountains
valleys, and the rivers that cut through them
Remember our 'āina
for all the ways that she has fed us
in the quiet darkness
before the blast
dive yourself back into the depth of creation
recalling all the times your world has ended before:

Call out the names of all the violence that has come
While calling itself protection
All the ways we have been left
To gather the shattered pieces
Two island cities in the corner of the pacific
Flattened to caricature
Names rendered meaningless,
Carved over and over again into the binding of our textbooks
Just enough of their shape remains to call foul at our hubris
But does nothing to slow the arrogant push of "progress"
In their toxic wake
Came our "Imperial Lake"
Our grand Moana Nui Cut wide open

So on the morning you wake to the end of the world,
Chant all of the names of our dead and dying
Refuse to forget:

Kaho'olawe, Mākua, Pōhakuloa, Mokoli'i

And then look to the horizon
Call upon the memory of hundreds tests
Carried across our oceanic backs

Bikini and Ānewetak,
Kiritimati and Kalama,
Meralinga and Emu,
Moruroa and Fang ata ufa

And all the unnamed caught choking downwind
Epili Hau'ofa's beautiful Sea of Islands vision perverted into a sea of toxic waste
The enduring gift from our American, British and French "protectorates"

So on the morning you wake to the end of the world
Remember,
we have lived this ending before
Each bomb of history its own strike
The coming of ships
The spreading of death
The taming of industry
The carving of land, crosses, and cultures
Until all that was left
Is what could be packaged and sold back at a premium

All because the men with the plans called power
Promised us "security" behind the barrel of a gun
Cut a fortress out of a breadbasket and called it "productive"
Warships, cannons, and Gatling guns pointed at the palace
Then fixed into the 'iwi of our mountains
For "protection"
None of it
Will save us the violence that will continue to come
Bullets only beget more bullets
Bombs only beget bigger bombs
And in the end, all we are left with is this waste,
Waiting.

And still all this death
Is not enough to force our forgetting
Our water, our moana, has a memory
And we are made in her image
Together
Meaning
we are
intimately connected
and infinitely powerful
so who but ourselves can hold us accountable?
When none of what has been built will save us
From what cannot be called back

Remember
This mo'olelo:
The ea of change is heat
The ea of life only rises from 'āina and kai
There is no part of you that is meant to survive
When the cost is this place