

## Ma‘alaea Harbor, Father’s Day

My sister and I sit on rocks, watching sails and glass-bottom boats, but you are nowhere, so we wait.  
Waves glide slowly toward us, crash,  
then run away, carrying the unstrung lei  
we made for you this morning,  
little white buds of plumeria, gardenia.  
We will stare until they fade, when  
we remember more of you and the sea  
you loved, what you carried in your pockets:

cloudy shells, hazy beach glass. On our visits  
every other weekend, you led us to the beach,  
retrieved pebbles, pieces of driftwood,  
lifeless angelfish, frail as ashed paper—  
whatever the water had enough of, spit out.

Once, a whole bottle, salt-etched green, unbroken,  
let sunlight spark a fire in your hands. Over  
our young heads—a faint flash—today’s sun, falling  
fast into the waves, your lei still floating  
toward a horizon pierced with the night’s first stars.

—Brandy Nālani McDougall