

If I were an artist I would paint trees
A grove of white Eucalyptus
Their straight patterned trunks
Drape of leaves against a blue sky
Discarded bark underfoot.
I would paint Cook and Norfolk pines
Their geometry on display.
Ironwoods dirty green weeping needles
Soft carpet and spiky cones below.
And the lovely Koa
Sickle leaves dancing, catching the light
At once green yellow silver.
Mahalo Ke Akua

If I were a dreamer I would dream a world
Where all had time to walk slowly
Delight in beauty
Where all thrive
Where there is abundance but not gluttony
Where work is in community
Where the lands feeds
Our bodies and our spirits
and we feed the land.
Mahalo Ke Akua

If I were a dancer I would dance to wind and waves
If I were a poet I would paint with words.

The time is coming soon
When I must paint
When I must dance
And write the face of dawn
Surprised by joy and beauty
Break open the soul
Delight in my mo`opuna.

But the dream,
WE have been building that all along
We create community when we greet our students
Hold them in the light
Support them on their journey.
When we bring our whole selves
Our imagination and hard work
To this place each other our students.
Mahalo Ke Akua
Mahalo to all of you.