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#### *About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

April 30, 1981  
1875 Kailani, Ma'ole  
Mauna Loa Shores  
# 704, Hilo 96720

Dear Drs. Degener,

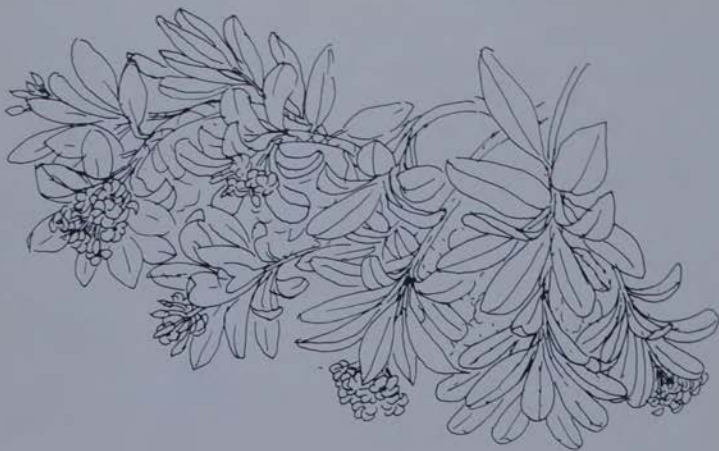
Your stimulating and wholesome presence at the little get-together last Saturday is worth "writing home about." Thank you for your adorning what proved to have been an already elevating elevated group of guests. From here on out, however, if you would extend the kindness of taking priceless time to meet at my "saloniere" "at homes", you ~~must bestow upon me~~ should bestow on me a great favor.

The Merrie Monarch Festival is the most dangerous festivity of the year of holidays, because such people as you ~~met at~~ <sup>met at</sup> my apartment are symbolically representative of the people who shall heed you, and not allow your lives' work to have been a labor of love, ~~lived in this, and that~~ lived NOT! in vain.

Ordinarilly, my "at homes" ~~are~~ consist of guest who have such in common: one night, musical performance; another night: poetry; ~~modern~~ <sup>modern</sup> evening; dramatists, et cetera. ~~So the company~~ assembled have ideas or techniques. ~~At other time~~ there may be scientist, and so on.

I thought twice before sending you ~~and~~ <sup>a card</sup> with a pun ~~in~~ <sup>on</sup> "weed" ~~wantonly~~ depicted on ~~the front~~ the front. But I prefer to send flowers than ~~anything~~ at all.

Well - enough scribbling. I dare to make so bold as to presume ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> of us - Isa, Otto, Mark, Harvey, Mrs. Price and company, ~~make~~ <sup>make</sup> of ourselves a pleasant and stimulating company. And when your schedule permits, please do be so kind as to attend my four little salon - ~~afternoon~~ <sup>afternoon</sup> as your ~~schedule~~ <sup>schedule</sup> permits. (over)



Our "theological" ~~convictions~~ convictions, though  
 irreconcilable and intractant ~~mean~~ not  
 prevent us from being human, together  
 As I am writing without ~~benefit~~ benefit of glasses,  
 and so must come to a close.  
 With Every Best wish to ~~you~~ grateful to  
 Abide, Yours, Sincerely  
 Harry Hess

JOHN THOMAS

"PLUMERIA BOUGH"

ink drawing

© 1980

MĀLAMA ARTS INC.

Post Office Box 1707

Honolulu, Hawaii 96801



Harvey Hess  
1875 Kulaniana'ole  
# 704  
Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720



Drs. Otto and Isa Degener  
P.O. Boxholder  
Volcano, Hawai'i  
96785

He may become important  
later botanically, he stated  
that about 10 Haw. Societies  
were depending on  
our books!!!!!!  
O.D.

Harvey Hess  
P.O. # 1200  
Hilo HI 96720

where the wild boar root  
one can tell the tree-fern's trunk  
is also its root

182

Harvey Hess  
P.O. 100 Hilo HI 96720

lehua stamens

shed on dew-stained red stubble:

Volcano sunset

Harvey Hess  
P.O. # 1200  
Hilo HI 96720

a morning glory,  
blown on naupakas, folds up --  
the ocean still roars

87C

Harvey Hess  
P.O. Box # 1200  
Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720

plains of cane orchids  
pale beneath the milky way:  
a high wave breaking



Harvey Hess  
P.O. Box # 1200  
Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720

after the earthquake  
water falls away off in  
uluhe fern-brakes

Harvey Hess  
P.O. # 1200  
Hilo HI 96720

whose lei, left to dry,  
on a Hala, a Screw-pine?  
City of Refuge

Many Halas, or Screw-pines, among many  
other endemic species, grow at Pu'u Honua Ō  
Honaunau, or City of Refuge.

10-8  
Harvey Hess  
P.O. 1200 Hilo HI 96720

the spring's first full moon -  
fallen from plumerias,  
circles of pale bloom

A Love Not As The Milo Bloom

Whatever, O my sweet,  
Dawns out of gold  
Ends in sanguine defeat  
And falls in mould.

Behold the Milo Blossom  
Whose dawn is gold,  
Turned red in sunset's bosom  
As it blows old.

Give gold to them that buy  
Blood's flesh and bone  
While we bud, you and I,  
Love's Blossoms all our own.

by Harvey Hess

P.O. Box # 1200

Hilo, HI 96720

Harvey Hess  
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Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720

a different path  
taken back in winter dusk--  
some white ginger, still

Harvey Hess  
P.O. Box # 1200  
Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720

almost moonrise mounts  
over winter's first snowfall  
on Mauna Loa .

*Pa Nipp*

Harvey Hess  
P.O. Box # 1200  
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96720

with milo trees, too,  
nothing doing, nothing new . . .  
and still, summer noon

Harvey Hess  
P.O. Box # 1200  
Hilo, Hawai'i  
96720

spot! some raindrops pop  
on taro leaves so long dry  
they have no more tops .

*Po Nih*

Resonant rains cease  
And high noon clears both the skies  
And the plangent peace  
Of my gate, shaded with vines,  
Where one white cattleya shines.

to accompany Suzanne's  
Cattleya

The newly mown lawn,  
By the fern-bed, seems as fresh  
As a sketch, just drawn;  
Across crisp-falling dusk's hush,  
Outlined oncidiums brush.

to accompany Java Gold Raceme

At Akaka Falls

Endless down vandas the rains,  
All winter falling . . .

to accompany any vanda

The niu's trunk seems smooth;  
Here, too, though, odd orchids root,  
Giving ferns spring bloom.

to accompany, practically,  
any small watercolor  
the tondo, specially

The shadow-perfume  
From green orchids and the sea  
Seem fair as shared bloom  
Of love's promises to me,  
Though night hid all that were seen.

to accompany a drawing

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*Issel poet*  
*At table with chq-zuke -*  
*He waits a moment . . .*  
*Its first bloom opened today,*  
*His hybrid orchid's green spray.*

The Ballad Of The Mejiro Bird, And The African Blood-Tulip Tree  
for Craig Christensen, on his baptism

Mejiro was joined to this land from Japan,  
Perhaps as a pet, and perhaps, stowed-away;  
And the cordial, exotic, wee birdy flits free,  
A local now, and here to stay.

From far Afric, Blood-Tulip free  
Flares floral flame that cups the dew,  
No bloom so sun-burst glory blazed  
In this land or where first he grew.

Now Mejiro just nestles inside the round bloom  
Of the blood-tulip's chalice'd glory  
To bathe and to preen and to pulse and to groom  
In dew-deeps sweetly chrismatory.

"Mejiro," begged the bloom ignited,  
The blood-bloom, water hearted, "Come  
To me to be my love forever;  
Make foreign flower's flesh your home!"

And Mejiro replied to the thrill-ruffling flame,  
"Why, since we are met from so far apart,  
I do believe love married us,  
As I just fit, I'll be your heart!"

by harvey Hess

*Harvey Hess*



*from the sunset sequence, Taken From The Dead of Winter*

For All Who Winter With Sisyphus

When memory becomes as burdensome  
To me as stone to Sisyphus, I find  
Hope in what seems infernally designed  
To rub one desperately raw or numb.  
Shouldering heavy memory, I come  
To what should be my journey's end, resigned,  
Though, that stone roll yet again back to grind  
Itself down, slowly, to a minimum.

*the man with  
3 is felicitous*

Hope reckons not that wearing shall but demolish  
Memory to equivalents in sand  
Or dream bears down on cold, hard fact I bear.  
My hope is lapidary, that I polish  
My burden precious, which is not less grand  
Than Atlas's; this is a gem I wear.

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*Harvey Hess*

## ON THE EPITHETS USED IN NAHUATL POETRY --

## "FLOWER AND SONG"

"Flower-and-Song" is wisdom, in a word,  
A doubled parallel in metaphor  
Peculiar to bards (our either/or)  
Whose gold was plume of the Quetzál bird.  
The use of such a figure can afford  
The poet myth the sum of which is more  
Than either part, which union can restore  
Wing to wing in words which rarely had soared.

Or, if not soaring, then the unity  
Of love in love, "Flower-and-Song," incides  
In two one; no duplicity is meant.  
If I were making such hyperbole  
I trust that this, "Beauty-and-Love," elides  
Esthetic truth to vital sacrament.

'Awapuhi-a-Kanaloa

*For Kapa Maly*

In remote deeps you rise,  
As Mauna Loa does,  
Earth out of water, ~~skies~~ sky's  
The limit that still goes  
It seems, at least,  
Till something final is released.

Green floating in green,  
An orchid, all the same,  
However rarely seen;  
You bear the envied name  
Of deity  
And science, far as one can see.

Hawaiian, absolutely,  
In view of ice and fire,  
A paradox not cutely  
For paradise' attire,  
A true surprise  
That cuts fantasy down to size.

You are the Muse endemic  
To Islands of the Blest,  
A flowery polemic  
Against all guessed-at quest,  
Who says direct,  
"Hawaii's not what you expect."

You state in depth and power  
Beauty does exist  
Here, for the profound knower,  
Yet always shall be missed  
Unless one choose  
To love the measure of the Muse.

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Golden Orchid Experience In Hilo

Two pale egrets into a gray haze fade  
As dusk lends rainfall to the immense ocean.  
Heaven and man and earth seem all the same --  
How rarely in a life-time do hearts open?

Waiting on the balcony, with gold moonrise,  
I watch the boats till their faint oar-sounds fade.  
One moon's weight on the lake; one in the skies;  
I wait, friend, sure you are worth your weight.

Fragrance of the rare Stanhopea opens;  
The anise shadows flock as moons contend.  
So soon to fade, their moist orchid scent ripens  
While at the door, I hear your knock, my friend.

Your open collar's lapels -- wings, or petals?  
Night Herons' shrieks -- good muse, or bad, essayed?  
Sea, sandalwood and orchid odor settles  
On your gold smile, which image cannot fade.

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LVI

ON WHAT THE VANISHED MAYA LEFT

He left, according to the scientist,  
Abruptly and bequeathed no lasting reason,  
Nothing conclusive, why dispersion's season  
Came to arrest this chronic diarist.  
Merely his gem of art, his amethyst  
Remembrance, makes ignoring him a treason.  
His letter to the world, like love's, agrees on  
This -- to attend to love is beauty's gist.

His love, still lovely on the pyramid,  
Is what had meant his dignity; the veils  
Hiding his fate cannot conceal his art.  
Sappho is right. Beauty's reason is hid  
In what is loved, and what one makes reveals  
Treasures beloved of the maker's heart.

LIV

ON A CERAMIC SCULPTURE OF A MAN  
(WHO IS ALSO A FLAGEOLET) IN A MUSEUM

Molding nothing within a shell of mud,  
Mingling his spittle in if breezes rose,  
The Potter put his heart into the throes  
Mortals go through if mortals are to bud.  
His sculpture of a soul wants breath for blood,  
Wants life invisible which overflows  
The mouth; when breath enters its lips, it blows  
Blossoms of startling tones in a shrill flood.

Flute-song reverberates florescent plan,  
Sculpture unearthed whose home once was a tomb  
But who, as art, blooms in undreamed-of city.  
Pity, then, this pitiless creature, Man --  
Musical potter who can flute his bloom  
In art: who makes art can, as well, make pity!

LXVII

THE ROSE AND THE ORCHID --

ON SEEING THEM BOTH IN BLOOM IN MEXICO

The rose is rooted in the earth, whose flower,  
Classic to love and beauty, blooms above  
(But with) a host of bee-like thorns (like love),  
But leaves us wishing her demise were slower.  
The lofty orchid, sacred to the hour  
When spirit entered man is, like a dove,  
Thornless. The orchid is divested of  
The earth and lives on breeze, on light, on shower.

I saw them both in bloom in Mexico,  
In ancient ruins -- roses in the ground,  
Orchids with architecture for a nest.  
Belovéd, if you wish so, we will go  
The floral road again (which we once found),  
Crowned with orchids, with roses at the breast.



XXXIX

ON THE EARTH -- THE STATUE OF KOCHIPILLI  
IN THE MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, MEXICO,  
AND THE CROSS AT ACOIMAN

Not in your strength, O Earth, subject to snare,  
Nor in your subtle woven nets of thought,  
Nor the snags caught in the gilded, distraught,  
Civilized worlds, snagged in their wise despair;  
Not in these will we find what makes you rare,  
Eden's cradle, whether or not they ought  
To make you so, but rather in that brought  
By love, which places you beyond compare.

Beauty perceived in love, embracing all,  
Enslaved in none, beauty perceived in love  
Is that, O Earth, which shows your rarity.  
And this is simply proved: imperial  
Of universal realms, the gods remove  
Themselves to you for love's emergency.



XXXIII

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY

ALIGHTED ON A SCULPTURED STONE FLOWER

The paint was worn away, mad butterfly,  
From this once splendid blossom years and years  
Before you flew this blooming vale of tears,  
Before you came from liberty to die.  
You almost dare to pose the question "Why?"  
By settling, long as my own gazing wears  
Stone down the more, on what no more appears  
As that which whets your kind's cupidity.

The bird called "Toh" which roosts on ruins, too,  
Who changed nature's plan is, also, a creature  
Stubborn, willful, perverse, unnatural.  
Perhaps Toh-birds could eat you, though you knew  
What nectar you, upon this sacred feature,  
Seem bound, determined, to make actual.

XXX

ON AN OBSIDIAN MIRROR

Nature gave the mirror-maker this black  
Glass which reflects museum visitors.  
But what is not before it, it ignores  
Blindly -- its maker's spirit, face and knack.  
We, too, are darkened and opaque, a lack  
Which iconic art in part mends, restores  
To us a fluent, crystal, maid source.  
Nature looks in, but Echo gazes back.

Echoes or icons, even those which prove  
Beauty and love exist, cannot complete  
The more-than-visions which they formalize.  
Fully revealed, truth must be seen in love,  
A new creation one must make concrete  
As one's own face mirrored in others' eyes.

XXVII

ON THE FRESCOES OF TEOTIHUACÁN SEEN AT SUNSET

For Jean Charlot

The artists painted concrete poetry  
On walls at Teotihuacán despite  
The well-known fact that even painted light  
Must set in time with walls' mortality.  
"What's a metaphor, in reality?"  
They might have asked and kept on with the rite  
Of gods in pigment till impending night  
Took them from symbols to eternity.

Here, where the dawning of the Occident  
Grew splendid in ascent, painters began  
To build the world a window with their painting.  
Now, as by fortuitous accident,  
I view their ruined Teotihuacán  
Where, in the west, a dusty sun leans fainting.

XXXI

ON A HUMMINGBIRD LOST IN A HIGH-CEILINGED ROOM  
IN THE "GOVERNOR'S PALACE" AT UXMAL

What blossoms or what new light lured the bird  
To leave profuse floescence in the out-  
Of-doors for this obscured, dank room about  
Which, now, it seeks an exit, ceiling-ward?  
(A bat would seem in place. The squeak I heard  
Out in the tronic shine, the tiny shout  
A guide declaimed, seemed bat-like.) The bird's route,  
An upward habit, leaves it quite immured.

Back and forth near the vaulted, narrow ceiling  
The Hummingbird blurs, chitters and bumps smack  
Against what it should not be headed for.  
A dove lost in a church instilled a feeling  
Much like this in me. And can I just hack  
Doors out and say, "Fly through, friend -- here's a door"?

From the sonnet sequence, dealing so far as with Meso-American  
thought, Tz'it'huacatl'can, Mayan, Chichimecan and (possibly)  
Olmecan, a work entitled, Rules Consequential

Considerations On A Jaina Funerary Figurine  
Of A Man Who Is Dancing--In A Museum

Artist (and who is not an artist?) gaze  
With fear and trembling on this paragon,  
This artifactor stancing on and on,  
Saved in the dance, oblivious of praise.  
Out of excellence the figure still prays  
For artists, though the tomb's mystery,  
That for which he was bent, is merely one  
Earthen audience his maker could raise.

Honor to them who, certain, none shall love  
The craft-consuming time and care they lavish  
On their work, work well with calm and content.  
Let the dancer be viewed or let him move  
Invisible, for true art first must ravish  
The gods; then, all find saved <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ their content.

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Harvey Hess

A Master Of The Dance And His Disciple

For Maiki Aiu

"Go to the Ti. Look at the Ti.  
Learn you the Ti all day.  
Dusk shall return you; we will see  
All that you have to say."

He saw, near dusk, a rainbow woven  
Of rain and shine -- straight creatures --  
Saw, then, contrary spirals cloven  
Into one Ti plant's features.

"Master, I must two wholes in one  
As poses dance the Ti!"

"Master you shall be, one day, son;  
Now, soon, shall moonlight dance the sea."

by Harvey Hess

*Harvey Hess*



HARVEY HESS

### ALOHA HAMAKUA

The water waves, as the waters fly by  
Where the sweet limu, strand on strand,  
Stays with the stone and feeds 'ōpae,  
Where I have loved to stay, 'ōpae in hand.

Remembrances are as the land  
The water waves—as the waters fly by  
To the blue sea and the blue sky—  
Yet stay with the green streams, 'ōpae in hand.

Streams that are homelands, here am I!  
And bearing off black grains of sand,  
The water waves as the waters fly by.  
Limu waves aloha, 'ōpae in hand.

### VOLCANIC PENTECOSTAL

Like the rushing of a mighty wind,  
Passions of lava, the stones tides  
Gush in unanchable gouts that blind  
The high noon with lightning that abides.

And then—in time—braided as mind,  
Once molten stone, cooled down, with flashes  
Of sun on glass, kind unto kind,  
Phoenix Bracken, thoughtful, unfurl from ashes.

CRAIG VOLK

### VILLIE AND US

"Willie Crawford, age 112, died  
peacefully in his sleep last night."

He was a boy again  
Few more sheep than people  
Filled his hands with wool.  
The sheep went over the fence.  
One last time, only to fall  
Fall off the far field, off the charts,  
Last one over was Willie  
Dreaming of yarn like yawns  
And finding only pools of moonlight.

Now it is the dark behind the flying crow's ou  
The evening of the savage  
Who plays pipes that wind whisper—  
You are golden,  
I am the ass,

ears of braying,  
ears of stubble.

Swallow black, swallow the night.

La Vita Nuova

The new life after lava flows  
Is a green spark that coolness grows  
In ferns' and lichens' kindling spread,  
And then 'ōhi'as' rosy tread,  
A tip-toe flame the dews propose.

After my life's twice-ended close  
Of lava throes, and each one froze,  
"There cannot be for me," I said,  
"The new life."

Yet, after verdant kindlings' done,  
You--O Lehua--followed those,  
With love's bloom passing passion's red,  
Cool nectar's flame in heart and head,  
That no molten stone knew--so rose  
The new life.

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*Harvey Kees*