

Pearl Beneath the Pacific Sky

A poem of formation and vocation | Pearl Stowers

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At three thirty-three beneath Honolulu's afternoon sun,
I entered a sky I would spend a lifetime learning to read.
Matāli'i keeps its cluster of lights above the ocean;
the thin moon leaves room for what I cannot yet see.

Across Sāmoa and Aotearoa, I carry no claim
that the stars have written my fate.
They give me a compass for remembering:
the light I receive, the people who formed me, the work in my hands.

In the Workshop, I learned to open those hands.
I may tend the garden; I cannot command its harvest.
I will build what is entrusted to me, then rest,
and never raise a city from my own blood.

I am a pearl made slowly beneath unchosen waters.
The wound was never the treasure.
When the door opens, let me carry the light onward
and leave the path kinder for the next traveller.

Inspired by Pearl Stowers's personal Pacific sky imagery and The Hymn of Surrender, the vow included with Officina Dei. The celestial imagery is personal and poetic; it does not present a historical Samoan astrological chart.