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Origami Poetry Project

Honduras
 by **John Kotula**

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Cielo

In Spanish cielo means
 Both heaven and sky.
 It's a smoke ring word.
 Say it with a Cubano
 Between your teeth.
 A ring of cloud
 Floats toward the sky,
 Toward the heavens above.

Guillermo died in Honduras.
 I helped carry his coffin.
 His brother unscrewed the face plate.
 We said good bye through
 A plastic window.
 Reflections of clouds and sky
 Floated over his face.
 Cielo y cielo. Cielo y cielo.

In the dirt school yard,
 Boys climb the flagpole.
 Thirty feet up,
 They become
 Skinny silhouettes
 Against el cielo.
 As close to el cielo
 As a hungry ten year old
 Can get.

John Kotula was a Peace Corps volunteer in Honduras from 2005-2007. His claims to fame as a volunteer were:

- He was the oldest volunteer serving in Honduras at the time.
- He drew pornography as part of his official duties, the amorous adventures of two loving, but strangely mismatch characters named Platano and Tomate.
- He served with his wife, Deborah Drew. Anyone who knows Deb will understand why this reflected well on him.

John goes back to Honduras for a visit every year.

Honduras is Green

Honduras is green
 In the same way that
 Blood is red,
 Snow is white,
 The night is dark.
 Essentially green.
 Without the green
 It wouldn't be Honduras.

Honduras is joyful

Honduras is joyful
 En lo mismo manera que
 Kids kick futbols above the tree tops,
 Loves dance close,
 A gray haired woman swims in the sea.
 Essentially joyful.
 Without the joy it wouldn't be Honduras.

Honduras is poor

Honduras is poor
 In the same way that
 Babies cry,
 Drunks stagger,
 Dogs gnaw bones.
 Essentially poor.
 Without the poverty
 It wouldn't be Honduras

Gringo Time, Honduran Time

El tiempo del gringo
 Es bien organizado.
 It has a beginning, a middle and an end.
 Si Dios quiere.
 Gringo time falls on the beat.
 At best it waltzes.
 1-2-3, 1-2-3.
 El tiempo Hondureño baile la bachata.
 The feet execute a sexy little two-step
 While the hips elaborate.

But Honduran time is a
 Bromista cruel.
 Its jokes are merciless.
 The hours glow.
 The days rhyme.
 The weeks nap in their hammocks.
 The months pass in ciclos de sol y lluvia.
 But the years kill you.
 You are old at forty.
 At fifty you look seventy.

Before long,
 There is a tent in the street
 In front of your house.
 Your family weeps in rented folding chairs.
 A black bow droops on your door.
 Gringo time is a negotiator.
 (Even time knows that gringos are powerful)
 In the end it is all the same.
 Time has nothing to lose
 By relenting a little
 Here and there.
 Five years if you go to the gym
 Three times a week.
 Ten years if you take your
 Lismopril daily.
 Gringo time is patient.
 It's all the same in the end.