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Cover photo by John Kotula

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,
Lovers dance close,
A gray haired woman swims in the sea.
Essentially joyful.
Without the joy it wouldn't be Honduras.

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

I visit Honduras
In the same way that
Los sacerdotes oran el rosario,
Los gallos gritar a la madrugada
Palabras cruzar los labios y forman frases.
My visits are essential.
I make these trips to know who I am.

Gringo Time, Honduran Time

El tiempo del gringo
Es bien organizado.
It has a beginning, a middle and an end.
S! Dios quiete.
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.

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
Lisimopril daily.
Gringo time is patient.
It's all the same in the end.

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