

Honduras

The Gourds

In honduras cotton smoked and burned for days
To be outdone by Guatemala
To be outdone by texas
With a pitchfork and a bell
Grubby little runners bring her news of me second hand
I won't tell her roaches eat my clay sculpture
I wanna tell her I am headless I am headless
She's walking on the great bloody dirt down there
Sleeping in the soft brown ring down there
Grubby little runners bring her news of me second hand