

## 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