Riding with Memo’s cousin

by Kimberly Johnson

Rearranging baggage
standing
in a dilapidated airport vestibule
San Pedro Sula
international
waiting

A sultry Honduran
evening
ashy skies
of burning fields
bitter reality of sweet cane
waiting

Riding with Memo’s
primo (cousin)
alert in tired upholstery
mutual alienation
sutured with second-language small talk
waiting

Back road agony
created by revelations
extranjera, soltera, teacher (foreigner) (unmarried)
“someone will steal your eyes with spoons”
eternal blue-eyed apprehension
waiting

Visiting Suyapa
iron gates yield
wading through children
chickens
ten months of mail
waiting

Tiny dry limes
picked and squeezed
to weary liquid
the assaulting absence of breeze
longing for correspondence
waiting

Incalculable exhaustion
outside my apartment
Memo’s primo calls “Guardia” (security guard)
unloading school’s letters, standardized tests
unrobbed internet purchases
waiting

With water and mangos left out
I lock the door
and keep my eyes in
for sleep