

Honduras

by Jason Lee Norman

In Honduras they say a prayer that sounds like screaming at the top of your lungs. On the second Wednesday in September the citizens lie on the asphalt and shout at the sun in unison. Their skin sizzles like bacon in a pan as they scream their prayer in the afternoon heat. The prayer that sounds like screaming at the top of your lungs is a prayer of thanksgiving. The people of Honduras are thankful for the trees and the thousands of birds that share the island with them but they are most thankful for having been discovered. They had been waiting around for as long as anyone can remember, just waiting for someone to come and say hello and get some word of mouth going. Honduras is alive with prayer. Honduras is alive with people screaming at the top of their lungs.

In Costa Rica they do not pray. Instead they eat scallops rolled in lemon pepper and skewered on the barbeque. Sometimes while eating they hear the sounds of screaming brought in from the ocean breeze. In November they have a festival but it usually rains so it is poorly attended. Later in the month many inhabitants leave to follow the trade winds. Whatever that means.

In Newfoundland the arctic terns rest in the snow banks on the last leg of their journey back to the North Pole from Antarctica. They are the most tired creatures in the entire world. They huddle together to shelter themselves from the wind. When it blows it sounds like people screaming at the top of their lungs. Terns hate being alone. They hate it as much as wind, and sea lions, and albatross. Newfoundland is an angry place and will devour the terns if they stay even another hour. They fly blindly into the blowing snow.

Back in Honduras they drink tea over ice to soothe their throats. In the evening some of them will go out to dance, others will have sex. The night air smells like grilling scallops.

