

# Gourds, Honduras

In honduras cotton smoked and burned for days

To be outdone by guatamala

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