

Ready For Jesus

The missionary is only 20.

He's telling us that the people in Honduras have nothing---

he describes a family of seven
who live in a mud hut
with a dirt floor and a doorway
with no door so the animals wander in
and out.

They are ready for Jesus...

he says,

Their existence is painful,

so they're

looking for some meaning.

He tells us that they are the other race

in Honduras,

not the Latinos.

Hundreds of years ago,

a slave ship wrecked

off the coast,

they washed ashore

and never left, kept their language,

their culture,

stayed separate.

In my high school geography text,

a map demonstrated

the movements of the tectonic plates,

how the continents had once fit together as a single

mass called Pangaea.

I wonder if the Honduran coast

would match up

against the original home beach

of these people like

if it weren't for time, this

transplantation

would have been nothing

more than

a hike across the grassland.

The young man's eyes are wild

as he tells us he's broken

off his plans for Law school to do this.

I pick up my notebook,
and am about to write something
about how pain comes in going
from one thing to another
 too suddenly,
 being jolted even
 half-a-foot
 by a car from behind;
 or smooth skin made in an instant,
 two bleeding halves
 by a blade:
 the abrupt imposition
 of a foreign object
 disrupting the order..., when he
 asks for money.

The woman across the aisle from me
begins to dig in her purse
for the piece of Jesus she will
send.