A Boat Ride to Caye Caulker

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A Boat Ride to Caye Caulker

Jon Dietzen

He's been here a thousand times before.
And he sits, in contrast to the bleached white
boat with his eyes closed as the winds of home
beat against his face.
And he is still.

We slap against the boat. Whooping and gawking
at the beauty surrounding us.
With every jolt of the waves...a scream.
With every new sight...a gasp
or an awe.

He's been shopping in the city today.
Taking home with him
a small stereo, a juicer, some black
& white roll-on tile for his kitchen floor.
A few possessions he will prize and
put through use the rest of his life.

And we stagger with the waves.
Pulling out our one-time use this, and
protection crème that. And
it is good that we are here.
Only for us, we are different.
Yet we sit with the boat.

His eyes slowly open with a
smile when one of us lets
out a scream of an unknown thing we've never
seen before.
We see it only through our difference-
And I bet he doesn't even need to open his eyes to
see what we are yelling to each other about.
But he does...

and he smiles.

And as the boat comes to rest in Caye Caulker,
he gets off with the remnants of that peaceful smile,
he nods to us,
as our sunburnt faces
wish him a good day...

He is a little ahead of us as he crosses the dock, but I hope
we will join him on the island.