Scorpion memories

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We waited by the rusted tracks,
the crumbling concrete pier.
Tarry hot black tarps covered us.
Honduras. La Ceiba. Or, no,
Panama. Changuinola.
Green bananas our ticket.

Carapaces rippled. To sting.
Deep. Not our choice. To kill.
Songlines. It saddens us. And yet,
the deed done, we sleep.
Deep.
In the paws of green bananas.
Bananas our ticket. We ride.

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