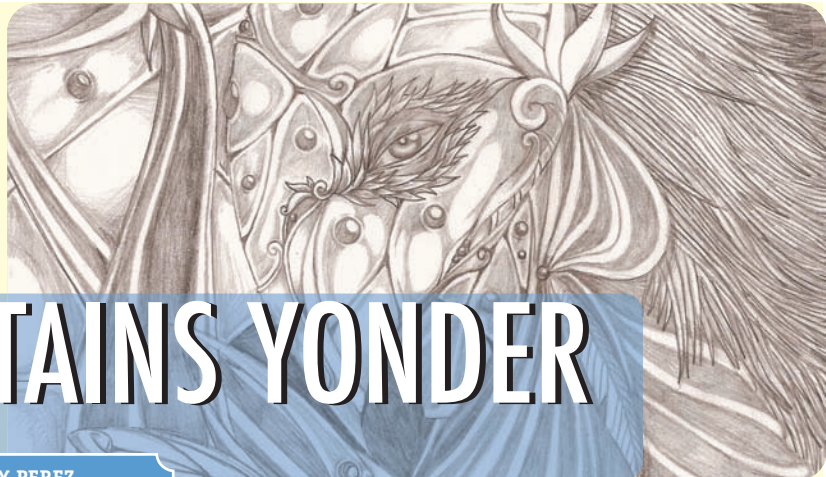


H·O·N·D·U·R·A·S

# BLUE MOUNTAINS YONDER

BY ROY PEREZ



As I walked through the door of the airport in San Pedro Sula, Honduras, the heat of the city blinded me. The temperature change from the air-conditioned airport to the 90° (F) heat of the city nearly killed me. I could not breathe. I felt the ancient drumming of long ago in my ears. After several minutes of disoriented trance, I realized that a large group of people were there, waiting. I recognized some of them — it was my family!

On the ride from the airport, I watched in awe from the window. Majestic blue mountains lined the sides of the city. They had an air about them. They stood proudly, yet not arrogantly. They were subtle, yet powerful; quiet, yet they spoke volumes of the history and life that they have seen and will see. I was totally

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transfixed by them and their beauty and simplicity. I felt drawn to them, as if they were my mother calling me to dinner, or a friend calling me to play. I felt at peace; tranquil yet vigilant. I studied whatever I could see of them; the foliage veiling a temple of our past.

I asked my mother and uncle about them and they said that savages lived on those mountains; large, unruly mountain lions that would eat you as soon as look at you. I was further intrigued by the wildness of the blue mountains. Were there really savages? Were they the ancestors of our blood — the ancient Mayas that ruled this land, but were now banished to live in the boundless beauty and mystery of those mountains, lost in time? The same drumming from before filled my ears. I looked back at the mountains and felt like I was staring into my past. I smelled the chili peppers, cocoa and amaranth that they grew. *Itzmaná*, the head god, seemed to dance in the leaves of the mountains.

The majesty of the mountains was overpowering to me, yet gave me a sense of connection to all that is nature. I felt a new understanding of my Mayan past, a rebirth. Soon the mountains were out of sight, but the raw beauty of the blue mountains is engraved in my mind forever.



Roy Perez is a junior at Central High School. He is of Puerto Rican and Honduran descent. Roy is very interested in writing; having written his first poem in third grade, which was dedicated to his mother. Roy aspires to be a best-selling author one day, as well as pursuing his other passions—drama, fashion and music.

Mientras caminaba a través de la puerta del aeropuerto en San Pedro Sula, Honduras, el calor de la ciudad me encegueció. La temperatura del aire acondicionado del aeropuerto cambio a 90 grados F. y casi me asesina. No podía respirar y escuchaba el letargo de tambores de años atrás en mis oídos. Después de algunos de confusión, me di cuenta que un grupo de personas estaban ahí, esperando. Reconocí algunas de ellas. ¿Era mi familia!

Durante el viaje del aeropuerto, observe por la ventana las majestuosas montañas azules que circundaban la ciudad. Había un algo de ellas. Se levantaban orgullosas más no arrogantes. Eran sutiles, pero poderosas; calladas y sin embargo, hablaban

volúmenes de historias y de vida que habían vivido y les quedaba por ver. Estaba completamente impactada por su belleza y simplicidad. Me sentí atraída por ellas como si fuera mi madre llamándome a cenar. Me sentí en paz, tranquila, pero vigilante. Estudie lo que podría ver en ellas y en el follaje como velo del templo de nuestro pasado.

Le pregunté a mi madre y a mi tío sobre ellas y me contestaron que salvajes vivían dentro de ellas acompañados de fieros leones me comerían inmediatamente de solo mirarlos. Indague mas profundo sobre los salvajes de las montañas azules. ¿Eran verdaderamente salvajes? ¿Eran ellas la sangre de nuestros antepasados? ¿Los ancianos Mayas que gobernaban estas tierras, pero que habían desvanecido para vivir en la belleza infinita y misteriosa de aquellas montañas perdidas en el tiempo? El mismo sonido de tambores lleno mis oídos. Mire atrás a las montañas y sentí que estaba mirando fijamente en mi pasado. Olí los pimientos picantes, el cocoa y amaranta que ellas producen ITZAMANA! El dios cabeza parecía danzar en las hojas de las montañas.

La majestad de las montañas me sobrecogió, pero a la vez me hicieron sentir conectada con la naturaleza. Sentí un nuevo entendimiento de mi pasado Maya. Un renacimiento. Pronto las montañas estuvieron fuera de mi vista, pero la belleza rústica de las montañas azules se quedó grabada en mi mente para siempre.