

Four Days on the Equator  
The Morning's Last Hours

I'm sitting at the "Herbal Tribe" café on a sand patio under a Rastafarian colored canopy of red, green and black. It's Sunday morning. Reggae music is blaring out of two large, old speakers in wood cabinets facing the beach and the sea, competing with the constant drone of surf breaking the reef and the wind blowing steadily from a horizon void of anything but water. The streets are empty, the tiny beach deserted. The Rasta waiter with his locks and Rasta hat sings to the reggae music as he busses plates of mostly eaten eggs and empty coffee cups from customers who have since disappeared. A black man with brilliant white hair and an unbuttoned shirt sits silently in the shade against an old stone shed with his bicycle cart waiting for the next boat-taxi to arrive. The sun fades in and out of morning clouds and shadows meander the island like tourists will meander when they first get here. My time on this tiny island has come to an end.

The wind will still blow, the sun will still shine. I will be gone but this ocean side reggae café, this sandy road, this poverty, this beauty- will remain. Time doesn't move this place, man. The only measurable passing of the day is the sun rising and the sun setting and the constant hum of surf breaking on the barrier reef half way between me and the horizon.