

# PANAMA CANAL



The sky on the Atlantic side of the canal was covered with clouds, unlike the days before at sea, as we entered the breakwater dikes leading into the Panama Canal. The air was hot and heavy with moisture, obscuring the sun. It had rained the night before and the decks were covered with glassy slicks of water. The ship moved slowly and steadily through the channel, marked with oddly shaped buoys that indicated the way to

the first set of locks. Rain fell in an almost invisible mist that crept into every quarter and crevice, covering everything with a strange slipperiness. Incredibly thick vegetation came right to the edge of the dirty, still water. The silence in the air was awesome, save for an occasional screech of a bird in the far distance. Everything was alive and mysteriously soundless.

