

I LIKE TACOS...A LOT

Here I stand
black, brown, tan
at a reception
with more than one
conception
of
La Virgen
de Guadalupe.

"Do you like
Mexican food?",
he's asking me.
Me, in my mood
answers
"Why, yes, I do".
"I like tacos a lot."

por que no hablas espanol?
"Why don't you
speak spanish?",
she asks.
"Or at least
spanglish?"
The zero accent
on my tougue
begins to reek.
I close my mouth.
Pienso,
'mi gente, mi lengua-
donde esta?'
Otro vez, ella pregunta
"por que no hablas espanol?"
"You are Mexican,
aren't you?"
"Si y no",
I smile
and mutter.
"But, I like tacos
a lot."

"MEZA"

Mi nombre,
you see.
She says,
"MESA"
correcting me.
M-E-S-A
sides so steep
plateau up high
I reply,
"M-E-Z-A"
loud and distinct
ZZZ...ZZZ...
"Zee, I like tacos
a lot."

Disrobing me
he's asking me,
"Are you really
Mexican?"
"Shoudn't your skin
be darker?"
He wants a rosy
dusty
brown
a saucy
olive
tan
against the
glowing
soft
white
of his thigh.
All I can do
is beam
proudly
and say
"But, I like tacos
a lot".