Taco Truck

I raise my hand for veggie tacos
He knows me, I been asking
He says, “I make for you.”
No one else will eat them.

On the bank steps people go around
If I want to sit
Where you going, mami?
You got to be somewhere?

Not today and not tomorrow
I wait with the still hot air
The Santa Ana winds
Will blow September back.

And there you are, in a blink, in a flashing,
In my eyes there, stinging with the bistec smoke.

Will your fingers be in the spiral wind
To draw the hair from my face?
Will your breath be in the halo moon
Tapping at my window?

We huddle by the scorching carne
Crowding black umbrellas
A cruel and cloudless sky
Rainless, searing haze.

Just an old old megaphone
Mounted on the hood.
No La Cucaracha
No Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A feedback beep, another one
Don’t got no city license
He will come and park
Until it is time to go.

And there you are, on the edge of a glance,
Behind my ear, along my cheek.
Thea Cervone

I feel you in the boulevard heat
In the rustle of the bearded palms
In the smell of the acid air
Beneath the burning mountain.

I raise my hand and move aside
To gaze and remember on the steps of the bank,
To crumple oily paper into my fists
As people go around.