

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.