

## 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".