

PACHUCO

Pachuco,
a rich word!
not like "macho," which stays in the front
of your mouth,

shallow, sharp,
with no rhythm, no romance, just spat out
through your teeth;

Pachuco
comes from deep
in the depth of your belly, rumbling up
through your chest

Pachuco
shoots up
up through your throat and out of your mouth
pah-CHU-coh!

like an explosion,
an express train,
like young muscles and strong backs, and songs
del corazon,

pachuco;
and then you
laugh and eat and dance
with your girl and polish your car,
and who cares,

Pachuco!
Who knows
how it is to be neither this nor that, to belong
nowhere, no time;

Ah, *Pachuco*,
you only wanted

Lynn Root

to be yourself, a little of Mexico here
in America

and no one
to bother you
or mock your tradition or sneer at your
girlfriend,

Pachuco;
they better
know better than that, eh amigo?
Hay te watcho,

Pachuco...