

25¢ One Dollar Tuesdays  
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In this city of LA where you  
can walk sidewalks  
paved with stars  
and get fresh tacos and  
sad stories of failed  
celebrity on just about any corner,  
image rules rain or sun-  
day afternoons and riding  
the bus just isn't cool.

I rode the bus again today  
home across Sunset  
The whole time watched a roach,  
who'd obviously been stepped on,  
linger—  
Twitching fighting toward his next meal  
the discarded Pollo Loco bag on the floor.

Days off are all like this somehow:

There's a run on dryers  
at the goddamn laundramat  
in Silverlake;

My clothes are waiting for  
fifteen minutes of speed queen dry time,  
a spring softener supplemental,  
ready for a quarter dollar tumble.

It's my laundry day.  
Fresh spring day.  
It's Taco Tuesday.  
Taco Tuesday.

I've got two chicken dollar soft tacos.  
In a little grease spotty bag  
two corn tortillas filled  
with chicken & guacamole happiness  
gonna set me up  
set me up bueno, baby!

Power tacos; taco power;

Taco Tuesday. Dry the laundry

I need a quarter.  
I check my pockets.  
Nothing.

It's four.  
I go next door to the 99¢ store parking lot  
to pickup up the pennies I  
heard hung out there;

You wouldn't think that I  
would meet my future wife  
at the parking lot of the 99¢ store—  
you'd be right,

but 27¢ and a red bic lighter later  
I am ready to dry and burn things;  
I am ready to cry 'I'll learn to sing—  
Taco Tuesday. Taco Tuesday.';  
I am ready to rely on what brings  
the power  
to me  
today—

two dollar soft chicken taco delta tacos  
that lay laundra-nestled in paper sack safety  
behind the black basket of my clean  
wet clothes that sit on the folding table  
beneath the free soap sign—'Jabon gratis'.

It's time  
Taco Tuesday  
it is time.

For a Taco Tuesday pick me up  
powering my future hours today up  
my 4:15 taco fix  
My tummy love taco kiss  
my tacos, my tacos,  
my tacos,  
are gone!

When I was 7,  
Declared it waffle Wednesday  
and while getting juice from the fridge  
our misnamed dog, 'Muffin',  
ate my whole plate of waffles.

At 15—Fish Stick Friday  
Cory Callen pulled the fire alarm,  
hid under the monitor's desk, while  
we all froze on Wisconsin November  
ice slick sidewalks, he, warmin up,  
ate, 7 lunches including mine,  
by the time 'All clear' was declared.

Oh, where oh where  
Oh where is the justice?  
Should we all just sit down, discuss this?  
Where is the power?  
My Taco Tuesday two taco power.

Oh god, I am lost, lost and cursed here!  
This is the worst Taco Tuesday this year.  
Taco Tuesday.  
Taco Shakespeare

Versed in King Lear,  
'You may appear to have lost everything,  
but as long as you can say,  
"This is the worst.";  
it is not the worst it can get.'

Taco Bandits, Cory Callens  
Waffle Dogs will always be  
trying to hog our special days  
into their thieving victories.

Through ancient poet  
and feisty roach I now see,  
there's worse than losing the  
'Taco' of your 'Taco Tuesday',

Though you've been crushed  
by the unkind foot of fate,  
twitch on, fight, kick on  
toward that pollo loco sanctuary.

For there it is warm and  
gentle breezes of cilantro  
blow away the harsh monotony  
of other days  
and all your enemies  
and the great taco god sends  
the taco saints and angles  
to sing among the people,  
and it is Taco Tuesday  
everyday!