

## Taxco

Here a little town climbs up a mountain  
To its square,  
To the pink church and its clanging bells  
And spasmodic noisy dog fights on the cobbles.  
*Turistas* pounce from silver shop to silver shop  
Conquest in blood.  
Small boys sell baskets.  
Pacho's Bar is cosmopolitan  
A melting pot of people.  
Dona Bertha plies her steady trade  
In such a small *cantina* where *fiesta* masks leer down.  
“*Tequila limonade* ... is it strong ... like brandy ... will it make me tight?”  
Down in a doorway crouches an artist, cool and blonde, intent upon her canvas  
The town swirls round her,  
People stop and stare.  
She paints.  
Big cars toll in with quick, attentive guides  
To take *Americanos* on the rounds,  
And in the little park, half slumbering in the sun  
An Indian or two wrapped in his bright serape  
Still as a stone.

I wish I might have seen this little town a hundred years ago  
With its red roofs and its pink church  
And its *burro* trains coming in by a single road.