

Chicano Time Machine

By Scott Russell Duncan

You jump on the time-machine. “Goodbye gringos!”

Back a hundred years.

Escape just before some ‘settlers’ string you up.

Damn. Two-hundred years.

Chicanos there say, “¿De Estados Unidos?”

Damn. Indignant, back to Aztec times, then. A future Mexica going home.

Everything ends in -tl. Nobody says you’re a god like in white stories about Indians. And think getting an affordable apartment in San Francisco is hard? Try Tenochtitlán.

Nowhere to go but the Mexpocalypse. The US Chicano future.

Flying cars. Flying everything. A Chicano in a glowing Muumuu hovers near. You say, “Hi!”

He looks down at you. “Pinche güero.”