

*Fall River Fado**

Stuart Blazer

It comes from below
Not the usual head down
To mouth but rising
Through feet ass belly,
Male or female sex, surfaces
As what Lorca called “deep song,”
Iberian fireworks.
Something Italian here as well,
Southern, between
Opera & the blues.

Saudade is the weather
In the room whose contours
Exhale & contract, a bellows
Fanning flame.

People insist
Upon quiet, loudly.
There is the audible hush
Of well-dressed worker bees
Busily making honey.

Bird-of-paradise syllables
Take flight, hang upside-down
On branches of guitar.
And the Portuguese guitar
Is a rainforest.

We slouch & listen, human
Cigarettes burning in our seats,
Lisbon the woman praised
In the Song of Songs.

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Fadista! Her voice
Slits its throat
To bleed nectar
Inside us.

A god laughs in living Latin.

Silence opens its mouth
Then sings.