

faith

a portuguese man
who loves a man
is neither a man
nor portuguese
for he has been
too long away
that is what they say
yet they embrace pessoa
and shout he was their best
and erect a statue for him
on the busiest street
on the busiest hill
in lisbon, and when asked
why did sá-carneiro
succumb to strychnine
by his own hand
all they can offer is
he was an artist
haunted by his own soul
besides he lived in france
we are complex creatures
catholic miracles
pave our path
and we believe enough
to walk on our knees
and blame ourselves
when our beloved lady
of fatima passes us by
and we believe enough
in miracles like blood
raining from the sky
yet a portuguese man
who loves a man
is neither a man
nor portuguese