Lisboa, Lisboa

Barbara Varanka

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Abstract
Lisboa, Lisboa

has arms that reach for you. What is left of its lemon-stand girl? Deep like a spoon you dig for the city’s last breath.

Keywords
poetry, Portugal, metaphor, geography
Lisboa, Lisboa

by Barbara Varanka

*Lisboa, Lisboa*

has arms that reach for you.
What is left of its lemon-stand
girl? Deep like a spoon you dig
for the city’s last breath.

Like Caravaggio’s Judith,
you are the bright gash and the sword,
the wine and fig
divided.

Dark bride of the desperate
rasp, you are the fat dripped
from a wrung accordion, a street
song drunk and stumbling,
a hundred ribcages

humming,
a belly full of
sofrimento

(To Amália Rodrigues and her Portuguese guitar)

Barbara Varanka is a student in the Creative Writing MFA program at the University of Missouri – Kansas City. She likes to listen to Portuguese fado music at full blast with the windows open.