

SENHOR EN DO CAFÉ DE LAGOS

He carried a cane though he had no trouble walking.
He wore a leather hat to keep safe his forehead,
But the sun was neither too weak nor too strong
Hemingway, I thought as I looked at him

Somewhere in those novels of sudden sentences and plain description
This man resides.
Among the fisherman and the soldiers
Among the bulls and the toreadors
He lived in the world.
His masculine, Portuguese *monde*.

We catch each other's eyes as the waiter delivers the beer.
We nod; only I smile.
With the first taste, his hoary mustache catches only foam
He mashes more than licks.
It is a perfect movement.

Somewhere in those novels, his world exists
But outside of them, it is dead.
And in far too short a time, so is he.