

The Heart of Fado



Some people call fado Portuguese blues.
These poems are dedicated to
Amalia Rodrigues,
the beloved Queen of Fado.

Nancy Jasper

Nem As Paredes

Not even to the walls
can she confess
who she loves,
but it is public knowledge.
The old women
on the beach
know all about it.
Their mouths press in,
towards the salt
of someone else's
fado.

Tudo Isto É Fado

*Dedicated to Ana and Jose Vinagre
and their dog, Binnie*
The fado singers have a dog.
They tell us
everything is fado,
nothing
is beyond the reach of fado.
So the dog must be fado,
too.
The singing of fado is stylized and passionate.
Gestures with dark shawls,
generational tides
of longing.
The dog waits outside the tent.
He is good.
Then he is not good.
He runs onto the stage.
His heart
cannot be contained.

Amalia In Fox Point

Yes, Amalia
visited Fox Point.
She muted her charisma.
She took a walk
in this small neighborhood,
not too far from the water.
She went to Friends Market.
It was stocked
with everything she remembered.
She paused for a picture
with the owner and his wife.
Even now,
she's not that far from us.
This morning,
on Ives Street,
Joe cues up
Amalia
on Pandora.
The fadista,
that veteran of distances,
slips into the room.

Solidão

He extends a melody
on the piano
and offers it
to Amalia.
It's not a performance.
It's what comes before.
Two solitudes,
quiet
and collaborative.

for Amalia's composer, Alain Oulman

Please recycle... to a friend.

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(Coimbra guitarra)

Origami Poetry Projects™

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Donations Greatly Appreciated

The Birth Of Fado

They tell us
fado was born
in the heart of a sailor.
He remembers
the generosity of earth.
Leaves, flowers, fruit.
A woman.
Amalia
loves this sailor.
She loves him
because he gives himself
to fado.
He lets it
come through him
entirely.
All he has
is memory
and a voice.
He had not known
his voice was beautiful.

A Malasada Is Not A Doughboy

In the church garage,
the women are assembling
flour, sugar, eggs, and tricks
their grandmas knew.
Malasadas today,
after the Mass.
I want to get them bem quente,
right from the oil.
The sign on the garage reads:
Malasadas/Doughboys.
A malasada is not a doughboy.
Malasadas
have melismatic
turnings of flavor.
They don't give everything away
at the first bite.
Taste: the pleasure
will glide away from you a little,
like Portuguese vowels,
like a word sung by Amalia.