

rabbits & the Portuguese delight me

my low-odds allies, rabbits & the Portuguese.

a penny-stock i up-talk.

"phew, What a day," at dinner one evening. "The whole Portuguese navy is here. Feee! What men!"<sup>1</sup>

i can't but hear her doubly, i'm bi-phasic re these people. first, i'm over-literal; then i try to compensate by mythic imposition, thus Birgitta is the whore of all History, she is Helen. the Portuguese subdue her and she's fine with it, she profits yes but Feee! What men!

it's her come-on & rebuttal. a brow raised in pleasure at a broad-chested Oscar; & taunting as she leaves the clever novice, Dave Kapesh.

: implies he's such a boy, by comparison.

: a taunting as she leaves his clever novel.

i can't but hear her doubly; i thus hear all Portugal:

- first in, last out of Colonizer Empires
- Europe's edge, Oldworld yet avant-garde
- resisting immigration, resisting integration

a year after Rio, their flags still hang from the

Stockyards stoops. into Fall, they're tricking out their pickup trucks, wrapping hoods, taping tiny wavers to the side-views.

win or not, they're cruising Bloor, come in trains, in happy clans. regal-slow, they take in all they've conquered.

the Portuguese do not say Whoo.

now & then one yells PORTUGAAL!!

their flag conveys a Templar Cross and varies over Empire: from spare & Swiss, to gilded, layered & inlaid.

a tricky sketch, a TED Vexillologist is warning me.

their soccer flag is busy, it's perhaps in bad taste, but i like it, it excites me. it got me raging red when i learned about the rabbits in the smoky churrasqueiras and the laneway sheds; but now it makes me happy, can't explain it.

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<sup>1</sup> Philip Roth, *The Professor of Desire*, 1977

1. go to Wikipedia for best selling albums.

2. scroll past the Carol King, the Linkin Park,  
Mariah Carey -

all the way down to See Also.

last i looked, it links you to recordings mostly  
foreign, to the Best-Selling Albums by Country.<sup>2</sup>

last i looked, it links again at Portugal:

pls see List of best-selling albums in Portugal.

my point is this: Portugal is barely there! it's  
portal to another page, its own domain.

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<sup>2</sup> even under England: many names unknown. England is an empire isle! their pop invasions fill the globe, so hide from us their native likes, their many Kevin Donovans - bigger, there, than GnR, bigger than Madonna in her Like A Prayer year.

Ramsey Street, as weird as Ardangini in Hindi. thirty million viewers! an English pop i've never seen; rather like Full House, it seems.

England is like Portugal: global & parochial.

UNITED STATES OF PORTUGAL: a PKD hypnagogic wordflash.

a Dona wanders Bloor West. never dies or overhauls her dress. is sixty-one forever, her teen years somewhere in the era of Arena Rock yet she's the one who keeps in black the bonbonierres; who dons, still, a head-kerchief and walks to church daily with her next-door Siss.

in Portugal are shepherd-kids whom Mary could appear to convincingly.

SETI, there, is children sprinting home thru their village & Proclaiming.

