

RISHMA DUNLOP

Lisbon

Waiting for you in the square—a singer beckoned me.
I followed her shadow along the stone walls
of the deserted abbey near the Tejo River,
as she sang her *fado*. I took my religion from the city,
on a night when I was poured out like water.

We slept holding each other's hands
in Stevens' paradise of imperfections, hot with
flawed and stubborn sounds, replete with dreams
of miracles—like a scene from *The Godfather*—
you tore off my feathered dress, releasing a flock of doves.