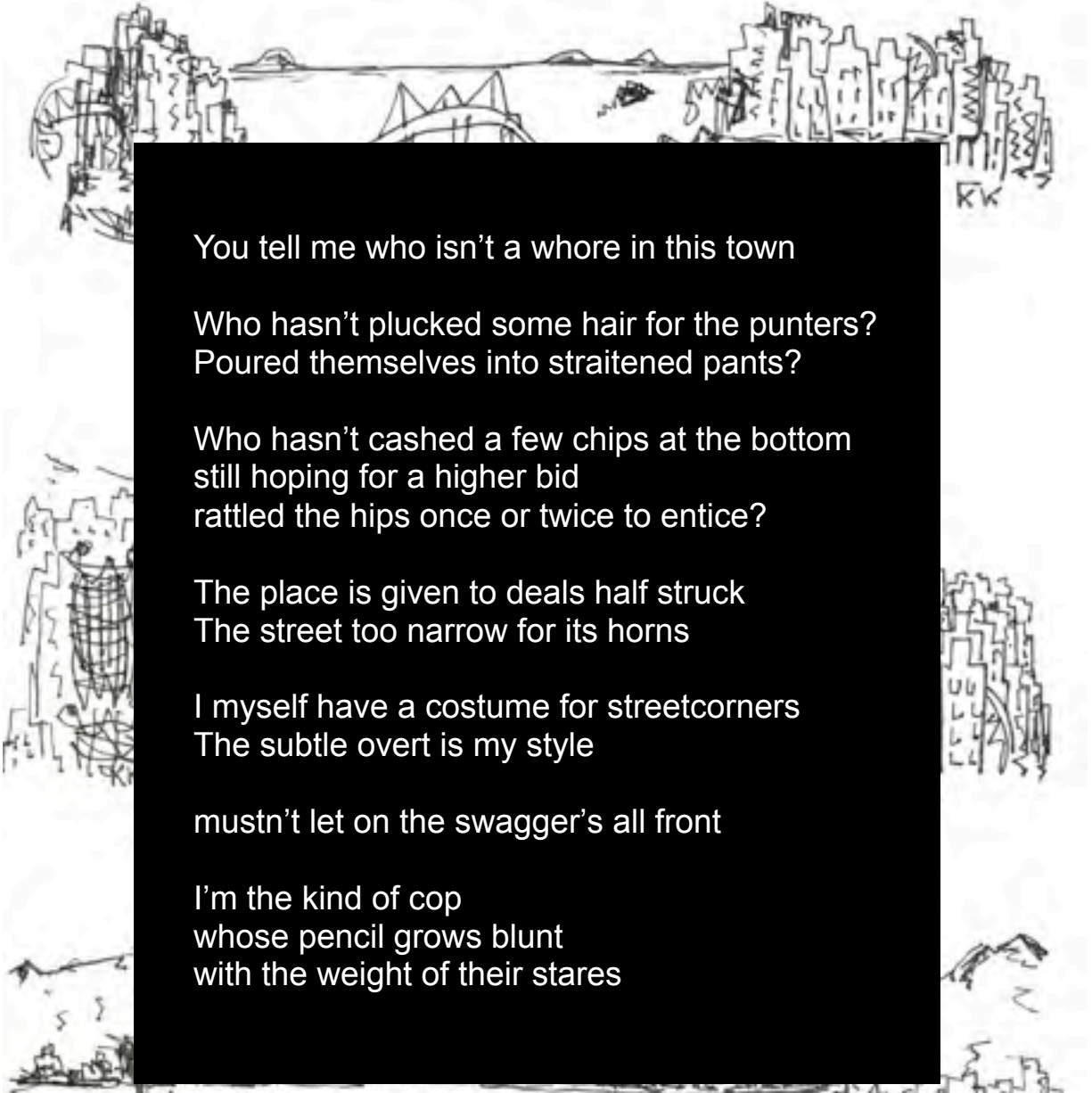


Holy Thursday, Rua da Porta

Christopher Kelen



You tell me who isn't a whore in this town

Who hasn't plucked some hair for the punters?
Poured themselves into straitened pants?

Who hasn't cashed a few chips at the bottom
still hoping for a higher bid
rattled the hips once or twice to entice?

The place is given to deals half struck
The street too narrow for its horns

I myself have a costume for streetcorners
The subtle overt is my style

mustn't let on the swagger's all front

I'm the kind of cop
whose pencil grows blunt
with the weight of their stares



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