

RÁPIDO

HURRY UP

Hurry up in Spanish is *rápido!*
And here in Florionópolis it's happy do!
Rápido! Rápido! It's catching
and we take to chanting it with its hints
of a tune from South Pacific as our heels
slur up and down the dunes of the south Atlantic.
Rápido! Rápido! Happy view. Happy few.
Another *aula*, class, and our mantra modulates
to *rapidinho*. And our names for ourselves
in this, our *terceira idade*, old age, third stage,
soften too: *meu velhinho, minha velhinha*,
we murmur, *como está?* How are you
on this dusky, wind-thrumming afternoon in *Brasil?*
On the crest of the next dune, breathless
we pause, alight with *dúvidas*, doubts, but
aloft, like Daedalus, on something thicker, richer.
Do we use *tudo* or *todo*, we wonder,
no one to answer to but each other.
We shrug then, taking in the sureness
of our descent, the lift of this instant,
and just sing out *bem*
like a benediction.