

Picasso: The Guitarists

Blue and green and gold the muted three
muted of guitar the threefold chord
broken now the puzzle is
why black and white
and red all over
a newspaper of course and its obit
read who died hear who died know
and what was once the sky the earth the day
harmonious and lovely eased
the rough edge of our living which needs any balm
of beauty or of mirth
this chord is cut
and black and white blood-red all over
leave but the single note
behind my head
not chord of lovely trinity but
one
 the others slashed by day
 sharp as a knife
 that cut the pilot's wings
 and thus his life.
Picasso painted them and I
repeat repeat repeat

Sybil's Kitchen

She flies in the window, motorized,
Her black eyes frown as she sees the dish
in the sink,
I didn't have time to clean up, she says.

She turns up the 1940's radio
to the news,
What's happening?

She disdains the pile of newspaper,
the old pocketbook tossed on the floor,
flings back the keys and a dark lipstick,
Why don't you water my plants?

There are many of them,
geraniums on the window sill,
a dusty rubber plant,
some indestructible ivy
climbing the curtains
which are made of feathers.

The shelves display Italian pottery,
On one, stands
the faded portrait of a
young marine in full uniform,
 his stick,
 his gloves
 a picture of his plane.

That's all I'm taking, she says.

The World of Grief

We follow

The slow-swimming Fish

Striped black and gold

As He moves

Solemnly

Under

Water.

A monster picks

Its dainty way

Along the floor

Of memory.

Actinia,

surreal of the sea,

grows from

eye sockets.

The Fish

Glints dimly

In the wavering.

we

are

unafraid.