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AFTER ROBERT DOISNEAU'S PHOTOGRAPH,  
"PICASSO AND FRANCOISE GILOT"

Already she is turning  
into his beast,  
her hero. Metronomes  
wreck the world,  
dry-dock sense,  
blur grain, shade, the minute  
bells of weight balancing  
in air's trough.  
Note how he holds his head  
up with his right hand,  
doric arm grounded in the black knee.  
How he scores  
his stilled dance  
at the edge of the bed.  
Three renditions of her,  
like a wardrobe of halos  
or explanations, are pinned  
to the wall above him.  
The black on white stripes  
of his sweater defy  
the painted lines  
which curve her amphoric  
face into a lit body.  
He sits in defiance  
of the New World eagles  
marching on the blanket.  
She is of him and hopes  
to be of herself, too.  
But such is failure—  
always the crash  
of some hope that wasn't  
provided for nobly.

Check the books on this one.  
Young girl melts  
before the idol of weather.  
Can you blame him?  
Can you honestly say,  
This minotaur and that meticulously  
frail creature—it had to be?  
Is there not also a lust  
to surrender? We have  
the paintings and the liberation  
of the woman to console us.  
Where there is appetite,  
there also will legends gather.