

Ricardo Pau-Llosa

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.