

## *In Madrid with Picasso's* Guernica

sharp-tongued, afloat  
in the doorway,

the tongue-less will  
fringe and press closer.

we won't detect—  
never expect the electric,

bulbous candle of eye—  
nor the sect of bodies

to follow. the before  
and after. the planes.

the cilia numbers.  
a tally of dashes—a sty

for human, horse, bull—  
which breaks us?

abreast, we couldn't see  
digits. atone none

in the gray—black and white.  
as line and form, we're prone

to think this always over.  
neutral and not. dislocated

limbus, geometric  
is war. is smoke?

is what a broken neck  
or sword?

footfalls in the frame. first,  
the rush, vibratile

over wails, then a candle  
through the door.