

Like Picasso

by David Kozatch

You'd look good in one of those French striped shirts

Scooped neck

Blue and white, and blue

Like Picasso

And you'd wear it

not because of Picasso

but because you think it looks good on you

And, you'd take it off for me and,

lying back on inviolable sheets, your breasts spread apart like a
child's open hands

you'd look up at me and smile

Because they are yours

And they are mine too (you would tell me this as I held them in my
own imperfect hands)

And you'd laugh

and forgive me

For loving you too little

or too much

Like Picasso,

and like Dora Maar

I'd be left with only a picture of you

lying there, not thinking of anything at all

