

Picasso

Robert Meyer

Picasso stares from the wall
 he looks at our bodies
 rearranged and tangled
 on the bed.
 He is taking my eyes
 and stretching them
 around the sides of my head.
 You now have 3 breasts,
 2 noses and
 only 1 eye that I can see.
 We lay entangled
 in a heap
 breathing together rhythmically
 we touch in many places
 some places we can't
 get to at all.
 Picasso turns his gaze away
 and smiles.