YOU DEAR

You dear were
my idol Then came
the transformation
you be-
came a translation of the best-
ial Picassos
you studied
Your mud-
died face placed below
your waist
and an eye on each hand

(I might walk in-
to that picture
you said
Her breasts al-
most rise and fall See?)

Then to your fleshy can-
vas came ladies in beads to quote
you in columns To
you came stud-
ents who practiced writing
your name in Palm-
er hand

(yes
I elab-
orated
One can al-
most pinch her tit)

I blacked out
your name in Time
this week and told
your secret-
ary that
you mustn't come In me
there's vengeance ful-
filled (See?)
The Picassopoaster's curl-
ed around the tacks
you
yourself
pushed in

Elizabeth Pypa