

Picasso's Bowl

NATASHA MARIN

Today I am a belly full of blue water
because he had an argument with his girl.
She is always coming around here, trying
to change him. *Pablo*, she says, *why*
can't you paint something nice for a change?
And then it's me again, full of purple silt
watching him dip and shake heavy clouds
into my gut. I don't think she really loves
him – not the way I do. When he puts his
palms against her waist she is warm
instead of smooth. When he pours soap
along her back, it is because her skin
is pinking at the edge of October on the sill.
When he puts her to his mouth, she is only
lips, not vinegar-soaked potatoes, hot onion
soup, or fresh peaches.