

# 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.