

Picasso's Weeping Woman

The sound of a key, my door opens
and there, wearing that same red hat
on her black rooted hair,
is the weeping woman.
Imagine my surprise.
I rise, introduce myself and offer a chair.
She stands. She sobs. She scrapes
her face. Her fingernails
leave blue streaks that freeze
into triangular tears.
Two tilted dippers spill her eyes.
She is unable to speak.
I ask, "What brings you here?"
She cries.
I stare.
Her expression is fractured and unclear,
scattered in the pieces of a fist.
She cannot be comforted.
I wonder what she wants,
if she expects me to repair the tragedy.
I begin to despise her.
Finally I have to tell her weeping bores me,
I will not cry for her.
I take her by the arm to show her out
and close the door.

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