

Picasso's Minotaur

He didn't begin life as a monster, but
now, he's thickheaded. Sprouting fur and horns,
and even a loopy tail. He drips
semen and wonders if his carnal
stink will wake her. She blindly
sleeps spread
with her perfume of youth
in a sprawl of circles.
Young skin, young hair.
Her smooth boneless
fingers splay like starfish
swimming in a salty ocean.

He drives away the useless
harlequin, crushes the matador waving his
futile sword, and sends the idiot
nobleman away on a screaming horse.

Olga, Dora, Fernande, Francoise,
Marie-Therese
and Jacqueline; consumed.
He knew he was the monster, licking the plates,
spinning in his labyrinth.