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.