

Picasso is doing another sketch.  
He makes my head a triangle and gives  
my face a crooked smile.

I wish he would use more color.  
I pose (again) without my socks and shoes.  
My bare feet in conversation with my blue suit.

Picasso loves the primitive.  
I loan him my jazz records.  
The music tells him to give up painting.

He draws another ear and refuses to listen.