

XXIII

Picasso
 you give us Things
 which
 bulge:grunting lungs pumped full of sharp thick mind

you make us shrill
 presents always
 shut in the sumptuous screech of
 simplicity

(out of the
 black unbunged
 Something gushes vaguely a squeak of planes
 or

between squeals of
 Nothing grabbed with circular shrieking tightness
 solid screams whisper.)
 Lumberman of The Distinct

your brain's
 axe only chops hugest inherent
 Trees of Ego,from
 whose living and biggest

bodies lopped
 of every
 prettiness

you hew form truly