Picasso’s Checks

By Tom O’Connor

through the door frame to square city grass
* walks this man made of wire whose heavy companion rises
* from the park path like an unsatisfied ex-lover—
* she eclipses the evaporating petals a fountain’s wet sprouting stone
* as bare tree limbs misbehave like children swinging their arms
* above the man gone wrong his razor’s verge—
* her lips hang like a framed check on a cafe wall