PMS and Cubism

Pick the water glass
up from the table,
examine its facets;
how your hand through the
panes fractures and warps. A Picasso
woman's fingers; now four, now six, now
none. Squeeze it until tips bulge
white against the smooth; draw
it to your shoulder, hurl it
against the wall. The tiniest
of explosions erupts
over the carpet. Thrilling,

this deconstruction; like art. No
one predicted tumblers ejected from
this sunny hand, but there they are smashing:
two, three, four glasses disintegrating magnificently,
cascading to the floor. A mural of pieces!
Wheel around, lay those altered hands
on something bigger—a chair!—put it through
the drywall, the window. Change some shapes!
Every crash flattens a feature
—tongue to cheek—teeth to heart—get shallow: lose a dimension. Release
yourself from depth, from how
others see you. Come apart.
—Contort! Grab your searing heel.
Stare at the shard embedded in flesh, at
pearls of blood already beading and bursting.
Ink and oil. You could dip
your bristles in it
and twirl it
over skin,
paint yourself inside out.

You'd love to feel brushstrokes, a clean white canvas, but you're
squatting over thousands of splinters, can't feel which edges are yours.