

PICASSO

A Picasso of myself since we collided
In an expression of unsaid explosion.
I saw you, a moment, was undone
You saw me and I was your undoing.
Fragments of colour and misshapes
Jigsaw together in pleasure, in pain.
We embraced then resisted, futility
Of gesture to morally appease, a try.
But inevitability cannot be thwarted
We are fractured together, you and I.

Lisa Hawkins