

*Geometric*

Meet my geometric shapes  
puzzled into others,  
a princess of Picasso regret,  
a cheek that meets north,  
a chin that leaves west,  
just segments of self angled  
in movement, not blurred,  
but penciled with precision  
and hard-bitten lines and if I  
can't see from but one side of one  
cheek, from but one eye,  
if I no longer understand  
what you ask of me, try  
to forgive me the way one  
might try to forgive Picasso  
or anyone who has the skill  
to fracture a body, a head, an eye,  
and still make sense, somehow,  
of parts, of breakage, of hearts.