

PICASSO'S OLD MAN

Wretched, decayed prematurely.  
Squeezed into a corner  
Burdened with misery  
With only a guitar for a friend  
And no voice with which to sing.  
A poem in black and white  
A caricature of what remains  
When most is gone.

What luckless story have you  
Which has so eaten away at your spirit  
Distorted your frame  
Emaciated your mind  
Made bitter from sweet  
Remorseful from rejoiceful  
Left you wasted, abandoned  
And in pain  
Devoid of hope  
Waiting to greet death  
Bow down and kiss it  
As a saviour.

