SALVATORE SORBELLO

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.