

## Picasso's Checks

**By Tom O'Connor**

through the door frame to square city grass  
\*  
walks this man made of wire whose heavy companion rises  
\*  
from the park path like an unsatisfied ex-lover—  
\*  
she eclipses the evaporating petals a fountain's wet sprouting stone  
\*  
as bare tree limbs misbehave like children swinging their arms  
\*  
above the man gone wrong his razor's verge—  
\*  
her lips hang like a framed check on a cafe wall