

Old Guitarist, the poem

Picasso, you dipped the scene in blue
with no solace from its icy hue
An old man, the color of worn jeans
light blue, dark blue, aquamarine
his bony body droops in song
like wilted houseplants long gone wrong

You could have given him more space
for Cezanne's tulips in a vase
or Renoir's dashing little maids

You could have entertained him fine
with Hartnett's table of fruit and wine
Toulouse's rowdy chorus line

Guitarist, ever to portray
gloom, despair and disarray
Why is it the blues you play?

Emily Thornton Calvo
www.emilycalvo.com