

PORTRAIT OF INNER SPACE

If one wondered
at the hidden principle
behind Picasso's brush—
feathers of blue across the canvas,
a smirk on his face
like the flick of his wrist
were an inside joke—
what would they miss,
even if they found it?

The voices in my head
are distracting sometimes—
unless I turn them into
blue brushings of imagination.

Mystified by the inner,
I put it into the world
as a moving sculpture,
and become one with it.

Nothing is hidden.