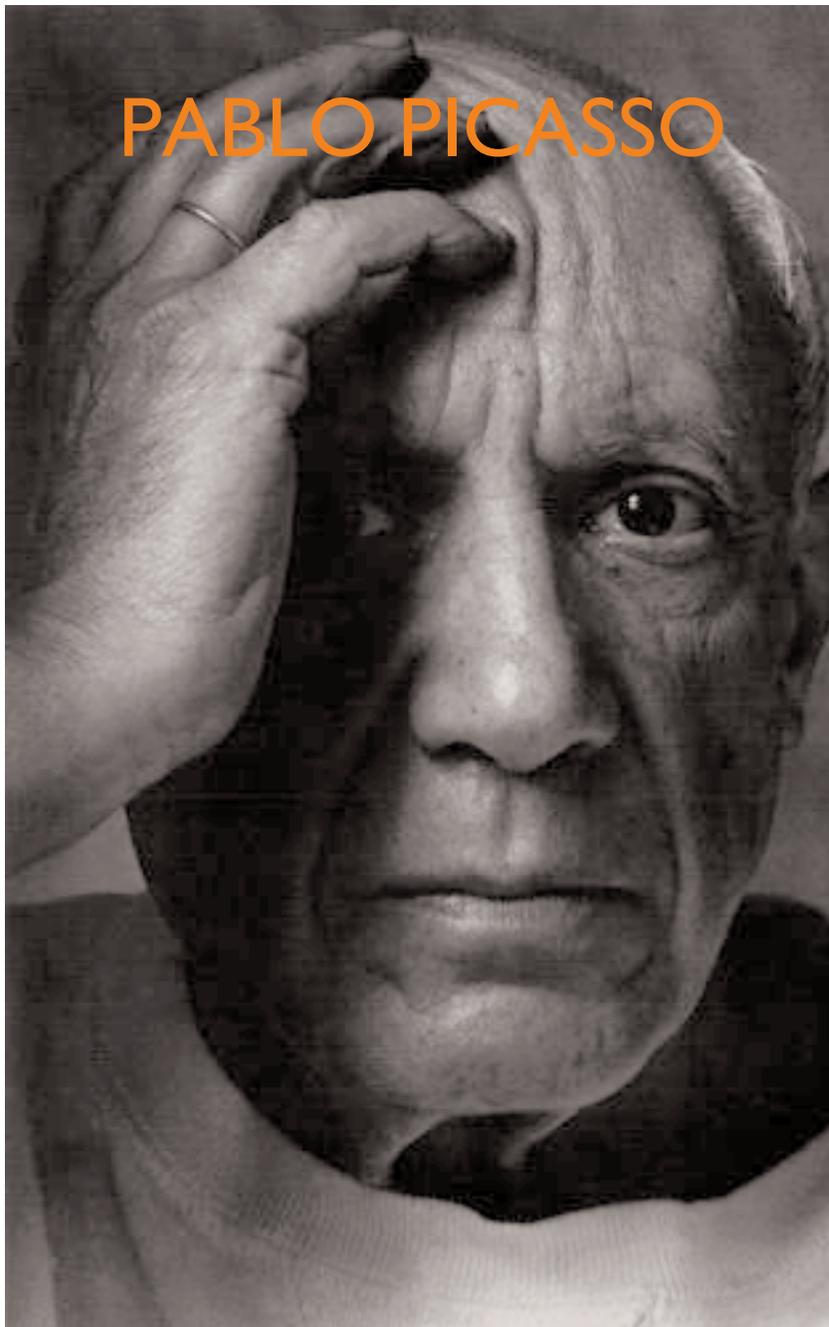


PABLO PICASSO



excerpts from  
THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ  
& OTHER POEMS

*excerpts from The Burial Of The Count Of Orgaz & Other Poems*  
Pablo Picasso

Translated by Jerome Rothenberg & Pierre Joris  
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EXCERPTS FROM

**THE BURIAL OF THE  
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EDITED BY  
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EXACT CHANGE, 2004

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2004

**JEROME ROTHENBERG: EXCERPT FROM A PRE-FACE TO PICASSO**

*I abandon sculpture engraving and painting to dedicate myself entirely to song.*  
Picasso to Jaime Sabartés April 1936

When Pierre Joris and I were compiling *Poems for the Millennium* we sensed that Picasso, if he wasn't *fully* a poet, was incredibly close to the neighboring poets of his time, and when he brought language into his cubist works, the words collaged from newspapers were there as something really to be read. What only appeared to us later was the body of work that emerged from 1935 on and that showed him to have been a poet *in the fullest sense* and possibly, as Michel Leiris points out, "an insatiable player with words ... [who, like] James Joyce ... in his *Finnegans Wake*, ... displayed an equal capacity to promote language as a real thing (one might say) . . . and to use it with as much dazzling liberty."

It was in early 1935, then, that Picasso (then fifty-four years old) began to write what we will present here as his poetry – a writing that continued, sometimes as a daily offering, until the summer of 1959. In the now standard Picasso myth, the onset of the poetry is said to have coincided with a devastating marital crisis (a financially risky divorce, to be more exact), because of which his output as a painter halted for the first time in his life. Writing – as a form of poetry using, largely, the medium of prose – became his alternative outlet. The flow of words begins abruptly ("privately" his biographer Patrick O'Brian tells us) on 18 april XXXV while in retreat at Boisgeloup. (He would lose the country place the next year in a legal settlement.) The pace is rapid, violent, pushing and twisting from one image to another, not bothering with punctuation, often defying syntax, expressive of a way of writing/language that he had never tried before:

*if I should go outside the wolves would come to eat out of my hand  
just as my room would seem to be outside of me my other earnings  
would go off around the world smashed into smithereens*

as one of us has tried to phrase it in translation.

Yet if the poems begin with a sense of personal discomfort and malaise, there is a world beyond the personal that enters soon thereafter. For Picasso, like any poet of consequence, is a man fully into his time and into the terrors that his time presents. Read in that way, "the world smashed into smithereens" is a reflection also of the state of things between the two world wars – the first one still fresh in mind and the rumblings of the second starting up. *That's the way the world goes at this time or any other*, Picasso writes a little further on, not as the stricken husband or the discombobulated lover merely, but as a man, like the aforementioned Joyce,

caught in the “nightmare of history” from which he tries repeatedly to waken. It is the time and place where poetry becomes – for him as for us – the only language that makes sense.

That anyway is where we position Picasso and how we read him.

#### **A NOTE ON THE TRANSLATIONS**

Unless otherwise noted, all of Jerome Rothenberg’s translations are from Picasso’s Spanish and all of Pierre Joris’s translations are from his French. Translators throughout are identified by their initials at the end of individual poems or of poems in series, with the breakdown between Spanish and French as follows:

##### SPANISH TRANSLATORS

pb Paul Blackburn  
 sjl Suzanne Jill Levine  
 rn Ricardo Nierenberg  
 jr Jerome Rothenberg  
 jw Jason Weiss  
 mw Mark Weiss

##### FRENCH TRANSLATORS

db David Ball  
 ah Anselm Hollo  
 pj Pierre Joris  
 rk Robert Kelly  
 dr Diane Rothenberg  
 cs Cole Swenson  
 aw Anne Waldman  
 lw Laura Wright

**Boisgeloup 18 april XXXV**

if I should go outside the wolves would come to eat out of my hand just as my room would seem to be outside of me my other earnings would go off around the world smashed into smithereens but what is there to do today it's thursday everything is closed it's cold the sun is whipping anybody I could be and there's no helping it so many things come up so that they throw the roots down by their hairs out in the bull ring stenciled into portraits not to make a big deal of the day's allotments but today has been a winner and the hunter back with his accounts askew how great this year has been for putting in preserves like these and thus and so and always things are being left behind some tears are laughing without telling tales again except around the picture frame the news arrived that this time we would only see the spring at night and that a spider crawls across the paper where I'm writing that the gift is here the others putting ties on for the holidays that we've already had it for the nonce and that it's just the start this time around if they don't want a centipede then it's the horse and bull that sticks it into him so that the lights will come on afterwards and in the papers everyday misleading pictures of the families who beat their kids so that they can be copied by the likes of me who paint and sing again because the blackbirds at this time of year have always been like that they straighten themselves out if they can manage one more time and so the world goes on and if it wasn't for their own self interest none of them would leave his house without first taking it apart as well they can and this time it's my turn that makes it worthwhile clobbering this worthwhile man who doesn't strut his stuff day after day and if he hits the jackpot this time it's not his to win but goes to those dumb boobs ahead of him and one more time he'll end up in the small boat like you know and see ya later cuz today's a holiday and they've cut out like they were looking one more time to yank the stick back from the man who made it so the chestnuts would be roasted and if not for that to pull them out again the partridges would all return on their own steam because it's all a mess already and if not just have them say how many times what's true has been a lie and if it's still not they should count from one to two and three to seven the result would always come out wrong albeit of pure gold and if it doesn't pass this time around he simply swallows which is good stuff for the navel as it always has been in his house and in his neighbor's who is there inside and afterwards they're fried up and we have to take the plunge so that we may be always friends like always and that once for always not just for today to make your mind up just a little if they ask and let them pick the thread up seeing afterwards the fans they're holding fade away

and it's raining all the green is wet but feels like it was made of fire and on their hands  
turned over tiles are jumping for pure joy and wringing hands with pinky missing on  
the one who made me – sorceress – and after let them come to me to say they have no  
time that we can save it for another day and it's now late and that again and then  
already well the soup is nearly ready and the spoonful that I have to take an hour  
before is loving me because it's certain also that they'll tell me then that I forgot it but  
this glassy air the raindrops on the window have their shadows upside down so that  
you have to paint  
them from the bottom up and if it wasn't so nobody would have made a single thing  
forever ....

[jr]

**15 august XXXV**

i am now here in the nest where the lamb and the bear—the lion and the zebra—the  
wolf and the panther—the fox, the winter and the summer weasel—the mole and the  
chinchilla—the rabbit and the sable weave in silence above an abandoned staircase  
after the party has washed the week and wrung out the handkerchief raining a  
perfume that wanders in search of its shape in a sad afternoon that has so many  
reasons to stretch into the oil blue of a silk duvet the corner of his eye rips drowning in  
shreds the landscape he sighed in the place where the beehive yearns to form its ice

[sjl]

**17 august XXXV**

a cup of coffee courts the aroma everlasting  
that corrupts the wing shaking a harmonium  
caressing her timid white flesh as  
kisses breeze through the window  
fill the room with goldfinch words fluttering  
in the ear soundless and singing  
and laughing crazy trills through his veins

[sjl]

**8-9 november XXXV**

bullfighter's  
jacket of  
electric light bulbs  
sewn with finest  
needle  
mist  
invented  
by the bull

[jɪ]

**10 november XXXV**

on the dining room table above a colossal carpet color of dry blood the ashtray  
packed with butt-ends looked just like a little death's head that stuck out its tongue at  
me today this very night november tenth a quarter after ten by now which with three  
more should make eleven by the clock which then will strike the hour

[r]

**12 november XXXV**

Young girl correctly dressed in a beige coat with violet facings 150.000 – 300 – 22 – 95 centimes a madapolam combination checked and adjusted with an allusion to hermine fur 143 – 60 – 32 a brassiere the open edges of the wound held separated by hand pulleys making the sign of the cross perfumed with cheese (Reblochon) 1300 – 75 – 03 – 49 – 317.000 – 25 centimes openings up to date added on every second day set into the skin by shivers kept awake by the mortal silence of the color lure genre Lola of Valence 103 plus the languorous looks 310 – 313 plus 300.000 – 80 francs – 15 centimes for a forgotten glance on the dresser – penalties incurred during the game – throw of the discus between the legs by a succession of facts which for no reason at all succeeded in making themselves a nest and in some cases transforming themselves into the reasoned image of the cup 380 – 11 plus expenses but the so academic drawing model for all of history from his birth until this morning doesn't cry even if one steps on the finger that points to the exit but spits out his nosegay with the drinking glass only the smell organized in regiments and parading by flag up front only if the tickling of desire doesn't discover the auspicious place to transform the sardine into a shark the shopping list gets longer only from that moment on without the inevitable stop at the table at lunch time to be able to write while sitting in the middle of so many mixed hyperboles with the cheese and the tomato

[p]

**14 november XXXV**

Eugenia fragrant  
little chapel of  
guitar  
strings  
clothed in  
poppy  
black  
carbuncles

[jr]

**15 november XXXV**

when the bull — opens the gateway of the horse's belly — with his horn — and sticks  
his snout out to the edge — listen in the deepest of all deepest holds — and with saint  
lucy's eyes — to the sounds of moving vans — tight packed with picadors on ponies —  
cast off by a black horse — and escaping now and rising like a butterfly — the  
mangled belly of the mare — a little white horse — sees inside the conduit which sings  
as the blood dances *trickling from a faucet in her breast* — a circus horse — stands upright  
on his feet rear end decked out with blue and silver — white and blue feathers set on  
top atop his head — between his two ears — and a pair of hands applauding —  
plucks his eyes out from in front — the team of mules that block his sight — that  
bounce and drag — his guts along the sand — and screws the eye of the photographer  
— somewhere above the banquet table — and pulls the wire out — a little at a time —  
into the out of doors — and winds it in a ball — then draws a likeness of his face so  
beautiful — onto a silver plaque — that spatters — clenched fist — clean — the sun

[jɪ]

**18 november XXXV**

this stupid old age fuck and phantom shoved between her skirts the farts that gnaw her nose with so much bullshit blissed out rights to left the truth distorted from the years of bending under the shameful weight of all you've known and learned by way of enemas from all those cook books that boil down the praises of their blackest sauces that have made the toilet overflow with just a single stroke of magic marker slowly growing silent and then shooting at the postman who takes a whiff of every letter and then holds it captive nothing more than looking underneath her skirts her spring night fragrance nothing more than bliss under her arm enough for dog to howl and eat a plastic bone and gobble up the night remembrance of a visit made to say that that that's the least of all my worries with those two now that it's nearly one a.m. today the 19th of this month november in the year of XXXV I'm going to unscrew this rotten light bulb teeth have closed around here on my bed so I can sleep a while and get up early and can send it flying with a well-placed kick with a bouquet of fuck it all skyscrapers

[jr]

**24-28 november XXXV**

tongue of fire fans the face inside the flute the cup  
that singing nibbles the blue knife wound  
lightly lightly  
seated in the toro's eye  
inscribed inside its head adorned with jasmines  
waiting for the veil to swell  
the crystal fragment  
wind wrapped in fold of cape two-handed sword  
caresses gushing  
handing bread out to the blind man and the lilac colored dove  
its wickedness crammed tight against the burning lemon's lips  
with horn contorted  
spooking the cathedral with its farewell gestures  
swooning in his arms without an olé  
a glance that blows apart the morning radio  
that in its kisses photographs a bedbug sun  
sucks out the fragrance from the dying hour  
and moves across a page in flight  
it tears the flowers into shreds and carries them away tucked in between a sighing  
wing  
and fear that still can smile  
a knife that jumps for joy  
right now this very day left floating in whatever way it wants to  
this exact and necessary moment  
at the summit of the well  
a cry rose-colored  
for the hand that casts it down  
a little act of christian love

[jF]

**24 march XXXVI**

pot

saw

my lady

gay

laugh sand

[P]

**8 april XXXVI**

(I)

eyeglasses nailed by the arrows of love in its individual dance cell — fried the corsage of red mullets eggs and tomatoes in her hair the breasts shaft of her flag in oil its thyme smell transpierces me — fixes the hour and defeated in the skein of the raven's wing long rain drops — and with his fingernail pricks the infernal machine sewn with the flowers from the basket to the hem of her dress's desperate scream

(II)

each garlic clove nailed by the arrows of love an halo around the bonfire of the fried red mullet with eggs and tomatoes dance thyme flag fleeing the skein of long rain-drops in the raven's wing transpierced by the smell of the hour fixed by the scream of his fingernail pricked the flower basket by the machine's infernal hem

(III)

nail garlic love arrow of thyme skein flag long rain drops dance in its individual cell the halo of the red mullets raven fixes the hour and pricks at the center his fingernails

(IV)

skein of the red mullets of thyme dance the halo of the ravens long rain drops and prick in the center these fingernails the hour

(V)

the hour dances in halo — the skein of the ravens in the center of the long raindrops these fingernails

(VI)

long hours skein of long rain drops pricks horse in the center the fingernail's halo

[p]

**9 april XXXVI**

(I)

it's the almond green tone the sea to quaff laughter gillyflower seashell bean window  
pane negro silence slate corollary medlar buffoon

(II)

it's to sea laughter seashell to quaff gillyflower your almond negro bean window pane  
silence slate the green buffoon corollary

(III)

window pane negro silence sea slate green bean to laughter it's the gillyflower seashell  
buffoon your corollary

(IV)

negro bean silence green seashell slate your almond sea gillyflower the window pane  
corollary it's to laughter

(V)

corollary it's your laughter seashell sea gillyflower slate the green negro silence  
window pane almond

[p]

**6 june XXXVI**

in a goblet sleeves of a harlequin costume  
knotted around its stem the toro's head expires embroiled  
in the scent of verbena and candles stand on a drum  
balanced by a prism's deceptive stammer

[ah]

**7 june XXXVI**

on the curtain received from flying hands by the open sea's hair  
a verbena leaf perfume ladder attached by swallow chirps  
to geometric flight patterns of desire  
the galloping prism's beef stew flower weapon thrust into heart  
breathes out its indifference its garment powders the goblet  
shaped like an eagle's head  
snows music harlequin arrows false harvester of stars  
arms in embroidered blouse sleeves undo the nest of vipers  
in the tree of dormant candles  
cutting the scent of silence on the gentle lights  
hung from shutter slats  
drum summons to love's mathematical apex  
wings spread wide in the toro's astonished eye  
skinnydipping in the scent of blue  
wrapped round the neck of the sun as dust  
hiding under the jangling bed  
enveloped in whiplash shadow mumbled by anemic green  
curled up in a ball of memories tossed into the ashes  
at the very moment when the wheel  
balances chance

[ah]

**15 june XXXVI**

garlic laughs at its color of star dead leaf

laughs mocking at the rose the dagger that thrusts its color  
into the garlic of star dead leaf

laughs maliciously at the dagger of roses the smell of a falling  
star dead leaf

garlic on the wing

[ah]

**6 october XXXVI**

in the painting of 30 april canvas # 15 F. woman seeing herself in a mirror  
puts down a comb with some hairs in its teeth and some lice in her hair as  
well some lice and if possible some crabs in her pubic hair

(charming idea to add to the package)

[ah]

**10 october XXXVI**

(I)

flesh decomposing in its miserable shagreen accordion squeezing the love-torn  
 body rapidly spinning the wool bleeding so in the despairing place in  
 the crown of thorns nest of twigs at the sound of the tambourine awakened  
 by the miserable memory left by the vomit that smells of jasmine  
 glued to the back of the eye wearing cafe tables as sashes wrapped round her  
 neck sounding the alarm reproducing her image in all the mirrors  
 with all the blows struck on the cheeks of her bells the tralalala of the  
 tralalalettes biting the rainbow's neck the bra of the tempest caught  
 in a snare now whistles between the comb's teeth and twists in her hands  
 the mirror asleep on her breast abandoned to its fate

(II)

comical alphabet letter stitched on hot coal drunk from wineskin hand  
 distance color deleted from the list of mortals sinks claws in the  
 saving copper of forehead against stone if life cooks great banquet hall  
 feasts of cabbage smell on its knees in a corner his stew of hopes sing  
 Carmen sing and you Cleopatra and mice on the big fishermen's bodies lined up  
 on the bank of the canal under the table open to the lie the chairs around  
 it rise and attach themselves to the walls of the director's office of the  
 young villa Marie-Rose waiting for the frog to lick clean the hours that make  
 the fabric of her pretty umbrella sticky and if the weather is clear  
 listen to the crack when in my chest breaks the perfume of the stick the  
 arrow painted on the fan tossed on the bed the luminous alarmed panther  
 sheen of her regard with an electric aroma a most disagreeable noise  
 spreading a dreadful odor of stars crushed underfoot

[ah]

**[11-17 october XXXVI]**

11 october XXXVI

flails crazy her bedsheets in flames hips flapping wings bedside  
 lady dove filled with clear water with liquid plumage lit by a lamp burning  
 beehive oil wearing tied around her neck like a scarf a bathtub filled with  
 boiling water in it swim tangled eels her body wrapped in the folds  
 of a young mirror wardrobe full of dirty laundry her waist held by the  
 dining room table set for lunch twisted around the small of her back shaken  
 by the sun's scissors striking right into the middle of the bouquet of dried  
 flowers hung from the middle of the ceiling in the cuttlefish bone of the  
 light through the window sing caressing the soft hair of jasmines  
 musical notes attached to curtains hung green and mauve against red brick  
 submerged in the ash that coats the rest of the scene eyes biting with all  
 the teeth in their jaw the lump of coal in the toothless mouth vomits her  
 hair into the jar full of milk set down on the bed whence the head thrusts  
 up open-mouthed leaving a trace of light clad in her pillar of salt robe  
 in the depths of the wardrobe mirror creased by her caresses a party  
 wall between the pile or face of reasons scratching her crabs or a feast  
 half fig half raisin summer eternalizes her tendernesses on the  
 astonished eye placed on the hand pierced by the quills of green dragons  
 launched by flaps of the tongue tedium tickles its ribs

13 october XXXVI

losing at every turn of fortune a piece of the Chinese robe hung on piercing  
 cries fine-tooth comb full of lice and a few hairs but here an exact  
 copy of the text "6 october XXXVI — in the painting of 30 april canvas # 15  
 F 'Woman seeing herself in a mirror' puts down a comb with some hairs and  
 some lice in its teeth — some lice in her hair as well and if possible some  
 crabs in her pubic hair" and in parentheses "charming idea to add to the  
 package" but what silence is louder than death says the cunt to the cunt  
 while scratching the front of his anus in an elegant manner I don't give  
 a shit I don't give a shit says the beauty orders from above gilded I  
 do a balancing act on the edge shit does not smell like roses it may  
 already be time to go to the table eat soup of curtains well-cooked then  
 thrown into urine stored in the cellar for six months and steeped in it  
 twenty-six dozen rosaries of mother-of-pearl coral ivory and of olive pits

and six hundred little rumps well-washed in salted holy water each one  
placed on a Brussels sprout and into a bag of bitter orange skin perfumed  
by a nun's big fart plus one thousand snail-forks tied together and heated  
to the point of melting plus some old missals a hotel ballroom curtain  
curtain rings set aside in a pale pink satin purse plus cut into small  
cubes the friendly hands that salute the procession

17 october XXXVI

passing inside the bar of soap farted out by the big dead crab on the  
deserted beach

[ah]

**THE DREAM & LIE OF GENERAL FRANCO****15-18 june 1937**

owl fandango escabeche swords of octopus of evil omen furry dishrag scalps afoot in middle of the skillet bare balls popped into a cone of codfish sherbet fried in scabies of his oxen heart mouth full of marmalade of bedbugs of his words silver bells and cockle shells and guts braided in a row a pinky in erection not a grape and not a fig commedia del arte of bad weaving and smudged clouds cosmetics of a garbage truck the rape of las meninas cries and outcries casket on shoulders crammed with sausages and mouths rage that contorts the drawing of a shadow that lashes teeth nailed into sand the horse ripped open top to bottom in the sun which reads it for the flies who tack a rocket of white lilies to the knots spliced in the sardine heavy nets lamp of lice where dog is and a knot of rats and hide outs in a palace of old rags the banners frying in the skillet twist in black of ink sauce spilled in drops of blood that gun him down the street soars to the clouds its feet bound to a sea of wax that makes its guts rot and the veil that covers it is singing dancing mad with sorrow a flight of fishing poles *alhigui* and *alhigui* of the moving van first class interment broken wings spinning in the spider web of dry bread and clear water a paella made of sugar and of velvet that paints a whiplash on its cheeks the light blocked out the eyes before the mirror that make monkeyshines the chunk of nougat in the flames that gnaws itself the lips around the wound cries of children cries of women cries of birds cries of flowers cries of wood and stone cries of bricks cries of furniture of beds of chairs of curtains of casseroles of cats and papers cries of smells that claw themselves of smoke that gnaws the neck of cries that boil in cauldron and the rain of birds that floods the sea that eats into the bone and breaks the teeth biting the cotton that the sun wipes on its plate that bourse and bank hide in the footprint left imbedded in the rock.

[jɾ]

**[June] 1937**

inside the heart they pave the streets of the village and the sand that flows from the hour-glasses wounded on the front when they fell out the windows serves to dry the blood that spurts from the astonished eyes that look through the keyholes if the air asphyxiated by the stench escaping from the nostrils of the fatty papers trailing on the ground and the music hidden under the vine leaves does not keep the dance of death from effacing in one fell swoop the imprint of the voices hanging by their fingertips on the bread crusts marinating in urine

a brilliantly illuminated interior newly paved dripping with blood held up by hour-glasses filled with eyes seen through the key holes typefaces laid on a vine leaf effacing with its feathers the smell of bread crusts marinating in urine

the light paving with its blood the hour-glasses of the key hole of its eyes effaces with its feathers the smell of bread crusts marinating in urine

the mix of colors paving the eyes of the feathers torn from the bread crusts marinating in urine

[p]

**Mougins Vast Horizon****12 september 37**

at the end of the promenade jetty  
behind the casino the gentleman  
so correctly dressed so gently  
stripped of his pants eating his  
bag of fries of turds  
graciously spits  
the pits of  
the olives into the face  
of the sea  
threading his  
prayers on the cord  
of the flag grilling  
at the end of the swear word  
that illuminates the scene  
the music hides its  
maw in the arena  
and unnails  
its fright  
from the frame of wasps  
legs spread  
the fan melts  
its wax on  
the anchor

[P]

**2 july 38**

drop by  
drop  
hardy  
pale blue  
dies  
between  
the claws of  
green almond  
on the rose  
trellis

[aw, lw]

**9 December 38 [I] [II]**

[I] torch chair left lying in december sun one evening in the month of azure laughter  
coquette villa for sale all conveniences blind drunk to frighten - 10 bonfire posted on  
the ochre prison wall of azure blue sleeping in the hollow of her gaze flea carnival  
flames inside the castle palms of the skip of the opaline wheel galloping ropes hung  
round the neck of the sword clash orange desire body to body of [...]

entangling its neon shafts a.b.c. 3.4 radio 1 x 3 at the thrust on this day  
distant whistle fingers of the day that falls asleep rope cut loose falling to the bottom of  
crimson pits cage full of water boiling in the window hung from the blinds moon scent  
of shadow stung by swarms thousands of hostage wasps flower of coffee beans spilled  
out on the floor on the mauve scarf caught on pikes desire a thousand fleas devouring  
the bridge's skeleton suspended over two rivers of the night triangular field covered  
with dew with train whistles siren lips game for thirst so that I kindly give you between  
a hundred thousand to drink

[II] sky sky sky sky sky sky sky sky sky violet violet sky sky sky violet violet violet

sky sky sky violet violet violet sky sky sky sky violet violet violet violet sky sky sky sky  
violet violet violet violet sky sky sky violet violet violet sky sky sky violet green sky  
sky sky sky green green sky sky sky sky black green green sky maroon sky sky sky black  
black black black white white black green maroon sky sky

hands hidden in her pockets the night sky aloe flower cobalt sky of rope bedside book  
sky heart violet fan evening sky dress violet bouquet violet violet sky moon rock sky  
black green sky maroon wheel of fireworks pearl black yellow green sky black lemon  
tree scissors yellow shadow snow green snow maroon cream filled with brandy canary  
flight blue green black wolf sky sky sky yellow linen embroidered green night sky  
sulphur white silver plate ploughed earth sky sky white sky sky sky white sky sky sky  
white white sky blue blue blue blue

[aw, lw]

**25.12.39 [1] [11]**

[1]

the coal folds the sheets embroidered with the wax of eagles  
 falling in a shower of laughs the icy tangle of  
 the flames from the empty sky on the ripped skin of the house  
 in a corner at the bottom of the drawer of the wardrobe vomits its wings

clacking at the window forgotten on the emptiness  
 the ripped black sheet of icy honey  
 of the flames of the sky  
 on the torn skin at the house  
 in a corner at the bottom of the drawer  
 the eagle vomits its wings

on the torn skin of the house  
 clacking at the window forgotten at the center of infinite emptiness the black honey of  
 the ripped sheet by the icy flames  
 of the sky the eagle vomits its wings

at the infinite center of the emptiness on the ripped skin of the house  
 clacking at the window the naked arms of the honey of the  
 black sheet ripped by the ice of flames of the  
 stinking sky by the eagle vomiting its wings

the window forgotten at the center of the night shakes  
 the black sheet devoured by the ice of the flames  
 the eagle vomits its wings on the honey of the sky

immobile in the center of space  
 the ripped skin of the house  
 shakes the black sheet of its window  
 the eagle caught in the ice  
 vomits its wings in the sky

the black sheet of the window clacks on the cheek of the sky  
 carried away by the eagle vomiting its wings

torn from the teeth of the wall of the house the window shakes its  
sheet in the coal of the blue grilled by the lamps  
the fingernails of the shutters  
give up the fight its wings to chance

[II]

good evening monsieur good evening madame and good evening children big and  
small damasked and striped in sugar and in marshmallow clothed in blue in black and  
in lilac mechanically malodorous and cold pug nosed one-eyed irascible and filthy on  
horseback on crutches potbellied and bald made of sentimentousness sliced very fine by  
the machine to make terrified rainbows just good to be thrown in the frying pan tell  
me my dears my loves my little piggies have you ever counted by holding your nose  
until 0 and if not repeat with me the list of losing of all the lotteries

[dr]

**[1 january-7 june 1951]**

***Françoise's Album***

Vallauris 1 january 1951

Yan minou and the others and the turtle and the doves and the fire of the stove that's working well and *las torrijas*<sup>1</sup> brought this morning by Arias and the hazelnuts and grapes that Agard brought us before going to lunch at his brother-in-law's and mr. and mrs. Ramié with her box of cakes from chez Rohr in Cannes so welcome and the husband of the dentist of Vallauris brings his best wishes and an invitation to have coffee at his house and the false exit to go to work in the factory and returning before enjoying the road preferring to stay home with my three great loves

P.S. I had forgotten Tonin's after lunch visit bringing us as present a bottle of wine from our grapes from la Galloise and with my opinel pocket knife scratched Valsuani's botched bronze this first day of the year 1951 here in Vallauris

Vallauris Thursday 7 june 1951

we're in the sun

I hear paloma crying in the garden

I see the tip of my foot stretched out on the bed and the fireplace the little radio the books the newspapers the letters Rousseau's portraits of his wife and himself this afternoon at twenty past 4

and I see the armchair and the white jersey that I wear at night and the blue jersey bought in Paris at Old England and on the wall Goya's engraving: *lluvia de toros* (a rain of bulls)

and in the mirror the upside down world of the landscape and the room

and on the bed the plywood board the sketchbook the Zola novel *Abbé Mouret's Lapse* the box of color crayons the slip-cover binding with pencil of Françoise's book in which I draw and the miniature sword offered by A. Castel last year in Nîmes on a day of bullfights

and the sun coming in already tiring leaning on the door stretching its legs toward the fire-place

Paloma's voice very soft and the noise of wooden toys on the sand bruising the wheels whose scream? tearing the stretched canvas of the screen and that drawing on the same day at a \_ past 10 in the evening for whom?

[P]

SOME NOTES FOR THE PRECEDING: Yan minou = Picasso's dog. Arias = Picasso's hair-

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<sup>1</sup> French Toast

dresser. Agard = potter at the Madoura pottery works. Tonin = M. Michel, the gardener. Valsuani = Picasso's founder. A. Castel = an organizer of bullfights.

**today 23 february 1955**

*for Don Jaime Sabartés on his saint's day*

I

my grandmother's big balls  
are shining midst the thistles  
and where the young girls roam  
the grindstones whet their whistles

II

the sausage that you shove  
up the ass of your señora  
feels like a passion fruit  
and the chokes of estremadura

III

the cardinal of cock  
and the archbishop of gash  
are a couple of well hung boys  
with an eye for garlic and cash

IV

from the chairs on which the nuns  
and the sacristan dropped their pants  
hot honey sizzles their buns  
till they cross themselves and dance

[jɪ]

**THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ*****opening & closing sections***

6.1.57. Cannes A.M.

- 1 here there's nothing but some oil and shredded beef.  
 2 son of a bitch bitch wise guy double wise guy gash rheumatic wolf and ragtag owl  
 0 flower child with eyelids fluttering and yakking on the top of makeup box bent nai  
 pried open with a knife point.  
 2 mickey rat dressed like a priest who sheds the skin from rags of darkness.  
 1 so having gotten the open envelope without a stamp it could have been eaten by the  
 mailman or his grandmother and not responsible to anybody happy days.  
 2 but just hold on there! seeing what must be done is to unwind and bind the bundle to  
 the ball and pluck the wind out of our sails.  
 1 old itch and cravings to break doors and windows down in heat or cold to start in  
 taking shots and partridges and lions  
 0 skyhigh fringes.  
 2 the two thieves.  
 1 and so the hustle bustle of a binge.  
 2 with broken pots to make a soup of pinks and roses in gazpacho trembling points of  
 light to take a count of everything and make a chain of every egg they lay.  
 0 and nothing more than any evening at the bull ring seeing nothing more is lacking  
 not so much as thanks but no thanks.  
 2 i don't say that what i don't say i don't say by saying i don't say it.  
 1 a mess of i-say and a mess of say-it-to-me and a mess of say of don't-say like a mess  
 of castanets all praying with their torches and their fried eggs lightly lightly.  
 2 most likely things here aren't meant for nudes and showcases not in museums nor the  
 larger fashionable boutiques – because that's the way it is.  
 0 nothing more than a glowworm hanging from the ceiling lighting up the danceinside  
 the chandelier.  
 2 dog with so many heads so skinny and so paunchy.  
 0 anyone would say that you have never seen him fighting bulls and seen the peoples  
 come up heads or tails so that you don't know where you're going or where you're  
 coming from while clipping coupons and vignettes all made into a lottery and all the  
 starry engine into a game of ball.  
 1 because you're already such a joker what with all those faces that you carry with  
 you painted one atop the other melted and already dry and framed and hung on every

- leaf and feather duster.
- 0 no don Juan either
- 1 don't tell me that you're not not telling me that yes it all will be explained to you by  
Minuni and Paco Reina.
- 2 hard harder than a stone and fresh like lettuce.
- 0 chapter 31 by order of the king and times long gone between a rock and hard  
place settled and unruly full of wind and from the other side a crackling sound of  
lightnings tripes and snails and blood puddings not in the least pissed off at having  
left the sack of calamares at the station in the middle of the river curdling up.
- 2 thanks a lot and give a ribbon to the goat and to the kid and to the pigeons seeing  
how the wheat is shooting up.
- 1 so don't tell me any more go scratch
- 2 if what i'm waiting for is you to sing so that you take the scales off of the sun.
- 1 don't get dressed up in gold or sequins if you're cold put on the garb of nakedness  
with grape leaves and begin to dance because today is Sunday.
- 0 i'm not saying anything you know already what i'm saying i'm not saying any more  
you know already what i've said.
- 1 one knows what one knows one knows what is known the known what isn't known  
already is what's known and then forgotten what is known and isn't lived what's  
seen and barely seen what isn't ever seen and wanted both to see and to be seen  
within a wine stain on a table top beneath the empty glass beside a knife and littl  
scraps of bread.
- 2 i have believed it to be so again the light is fading out if you should light the light  
would not need light to see light clearly.
- 1 don't you be talking nonsense dance and sing you big capuchin monk and don't  
you tell me any stories.

### THIRD SEGMENT

there did finally arrive the card announcing the festivities on monday night and next  
morning at dawn there were fires and worms up every ass hole and sugar palms  
appeared in every window  
the stars with pink and green cockades showed off their black hair to the sun down on  
their knees beside the well and touched and then retouched their makeup looking at  
the half moons on their fingernails and on the tiles with verdant clusters of black

grapes in profile on the swarming blues the blue striped t-shirt and the greenish blue the sugared blue slapped on the pink the purple diaper of the lilac bunched up in the nest of the celestial purple of the blue omphalos of the camp bed straightened up with sunny smells of she goats and of he goats on the bank of some old mountain stream with such good spirits and no laughs or cries – at six began the dance of all the old retainers of the houses castles railroad stations taverns bakeries and tailor shops and priests and barbers servinggirls for fancy ladies nursemaids road gangs – all the girls from two weeks old to forty-something years decked out with roses and carnations jasmines spikenards handed out the ritzy french toast to the young guys and the higher ups – the sister of old Montserrat and La Pamela hit the jackpot and took off beaming to the olive grove. Then Don Augusto Manuel the shameless got soused up and sopping wet out on the Andalusian’s veranda. Thanks be to the presence of the Mayor’s spirit nothing came to pass but things were ugly for the next six weeks not counting holidays and sundays.

Here there was no one more in charge than me said Señor Rumansos pegbox de oficio and oldest brother of his kith and kin Juan Pedro and Gonzalo de la Merced and Julia and Rufina. Left without a father from the age of two days and a half good form and cleaved from head to toe they totaled up a million hundredweights and then the knackers lugged them down there on their backs – the baby of the bunch got married at age eighty something and gave birth at month’s end to a burro the other one got married to a crippled sandal weaver and she gave her husband ten blind rabbits and a partridge. The humungus woman stayed a widow well before she had the pair of watermelons that her husband owner of the flea ranch got for her one night back at the saint’s fair in the plaza hidden in the little boat – the children – Pedro little Pedro we won’t speak of him no more seeing how he acted flashy Manolete-like and wound up down and out tough shit and no one in his family would say hello to him he ended like a doorman in a whore house in chinatown – Janete was a half a cretin but was very shrewd he acted like a jerk when he would play the lottery and won the big one – he got married with some babe the bastard daughter of the priest they said who cheated on him and gave birth from a young dimwitted bull who in the Siguenza bull ring was knocked off by El Pelao on February 13<sup>th</sup> 107 and they had to deck him out with twenty-nine pairs of fire shooting banderillas – Gonzalo went to war in Africa he went and nothing more was heard from him he didn’t marry and he had no children. This family is like a paragon even today a lot of things are told about them true or false we have to factor in to our account of the corrida of this primitive humanity recorded on a post card.

The melon slices and the scraps of blotting paper upside down and snookering the surf that licks its chops over a half a watermelon its wheel barrow rattles in the whitish foam of someone's linen laid out on the roof – the smooth silk of her body lunges at the nacre and the sword hilt thrust into the honey bun of where she dances – the refrain that makes the jasmine twinkle on the vine sings of a light that blows in from the garden warm with love and with a pinch of blue that dangles from the grapes – the rosy evening flavor whistles up its snail shells in its arms it rocks a drop of dew erupting in the lambkin's fleece  
an onion unwinds its strings inside the caramel awakening of the moon – the silver lace the pigeons raise up making light of their sad plight

[jF]

