

KATIE MURPHY

## PMS and Cubism

Pick the  
water glass

up from the table,  
examine its facets;  
how your hand  
through the

panes fractures and warps. A Picasso  
woman's fingers; now four, now six, now

none. Squeeze it until tips bulge  
white against the smooth; draw  
it to your shoulder, hurl it  
against the wall. The tiniest  
of explosions erupts  
over the carpet. Thrilling,

this deconstruction; like art. No  
one predicted tumblers ejected from  
this sunny hand, but there they are smashing:  
two, three, four glasses disintegrating magnificently,  
cascading to the floor. A mural of pieces!

Wheel around, lay those altered hands  
on something bigger—a chair!—put it through

the drywall, the window. Change some *shapes!*

Every crash flattens a feature  
—tongue to cheek—teeth to heart—get  
shallow: lose a dimension. Release  
yourself from depth, from how  
others see you. Come  
apart.

—Contort! Grab your searing heel.  
Stare at the shard embedded in flesh, at  
pearls of blood already  
beading and bursting.

Ink and oil. You could dip  
your bristles in it  
and twirl it  
over skin,

paint yourself inside out.

You'd love to feel  
brushstrokes, a clean white canvas, but you're  
squatting over thousands of splinters, can't feel which  
edges are yours.

