ANAGRAM-SESTINA
(for Pablo Picasso)

Anthony Etherin
The cubists paint the looming astral plane, a torn plateau. Pale nothing stitches limbs to planate space—to slash light, burn in time the regal plans that motions built in space, that multiple abstraction, song-line, shape, that tragic spine: the point man labels ‘soul’.

A primal tone can light, best paints, the soul, its shape but this long-learnt atomic plane. In mottling blue, Picasso learnt that shape. In rose, the taut pleats hang Platonic limbs—a blatant premise, thought on, in still space, as points to help glance basal Truth in time.

That stolen pigeon calls a paintbrush time: Grant main the plane! A bottle chips its soul… So, halt that trouble planning: time is space, all things abrupt to that one seismic plane, all separate paths one night cut into limbs, one mulish, abstract glint: potential shape.
In Guernica’s still lamp, that too-bent shape, a battle haunts horse-clapping lost in time, then too-tall paper statues, chaining limbs, collapse in threatening baptism. That soul, that battle springs malicious on the plane; its night-lamp boils to haunt eternal space.

The Minotaur, ‘Bastille’, tonight plans space. The beast, pulling a cart, its moon-lint shape about to slip, retains the calm night’s plane. Then, bathers lag: Points pull a coast in time—that beach a still appointment, Ingres’ soul (that plain, that scope) in long, austere limbs.

Close-plait guitars, that neon pan, the limbs in trail, the plant, smooth but a single space…. Plain talent meant the bright Picasso soul (to mull) a plastic Einstein: both grant shape to change, to lanterns, publish spatial time, both aim at—sculpt their song—a silent plane.

Can’t night, our limbs—a palette lost in shape—repaire that song in space? Lull, as both time, soul, marble this, the poignant, static plane?
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