

## CONTEMPLATION ON PABLO PICASSO'S "THE OLD GUITARIST"

Tracy Kalogeropoulos\*

Everyday  
Beneath the brilliance  
Of the Spanish sun  
The old guitarist  
Sings.

He sings –

Of the old days of Spain  
Of gold doubloons  
And Liberals  
And Revolutions.

And of young men  
Whose strong legs and ideals  
Led them through Catalonia and  
Into the Basque Country.

And of the young women  
Who danced the sardana  
And wept their songs  
Of love.

But when the day  
Dissolves into  
Another opaque dream

And the crowds have gone  
Leaving him to hide  
The few coins  
Thrown at his feet

And when the sky  
Presses her midnight  
Blue anguish into him -

He weeps.

He weeps  
For his father  
A young Liberal radical  
Killed in the streets of Madrid.

He weeps  
For his son  
Who left behind angry words  
And was lost at sea near Cuba.

He weeps  
For his feet  
Soulless and soleless  
Too pained to lead him anywhere.

And he weeps for Maria.  
*Bonita. Bonita.*  
Who arrives with the night.  
Wrapped in her sapphire sorrow  
She asks him to sing  
To her again  
While she cries her cobalt tears  
Onto his exposed shoulder.

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\* **TRACY KALOGEROPOULOS** has always enjoyed writing poetry and recently has begun sending her work to various publications. Tracy believes many poems are waiting to be found in everyday life and has discovered poems in such places as a morning coffee cup, while walking the dog, and during a morning commute. Although working full time and going to school keeps her extremely busy, she always makes sure she has time to spend with her two sons, Stephen and Alex and her husband, Dave.