

This is the face of Max Pechstein
red and black and yellow and green.
Nazis would carve up his appetite
cutting it into little chips of colored night
but we shall remember Max the yellow nose
the green chin the white tongue the eyes of rose.

ben pleasants'

PLEASANTRIES

Derain was always working in the rain
in the beginning. He saw pure cobalt
shadows in the forest and the umber
tears of spring that clung in fragments
to his breathing. All that in 1907-1910,
then the harpy of solidity caught him
like an icebox in his fatness and
drew him down toward death.