

**JONA COLSON**

**Las Meninas II (Maribarbola)**

After the painting, she plays hopscotch,  
shy, sugar-colored legs vaulting in sudden sun.

The princess watches, her petite laughter  
boring through Maribarbola's dreams like a dung beetle.

High up, in another world, clouds cluster and obstruct  
sunlight—a *mariposa* rises from a fire-striped tulip,

dragoning down to the fall of an undersized foot,  
Maribarbola topples over—shock of bruise—snap of bone,

the *mariposa* darts from the earth-twitch, only to tell  
a berry finch how the little girl fell

and how the princess laughed.