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**Farewell Face & One of Picasso's**

... *it is rather the form of the impossibility of fleeing.*

—Catherine Malabou, *The Ontology of the Accident: An Essay on Destructive Plasticity*

You like to drink

water from the neighbor's army-green hose  
because it still smells like summer hitting the hot ground. Here,  
you are whipped wind, a statistic, always one age: long before you  
can be at all a woman. Before dusk's late curfew  
sleepover or simply because Mom was pill-happy home with  
Dad, you boot-break her oval makeup mirror without anger, scatter its new  
scant face shapes into the far yard earth between a petting zoo of plants that  
needed to see sky's fresh violence...dirt-colored hair stuck to your cheek.

From the *d'Avignon* room

of one spectator, Mom tried, for her sake, not yours, to stop your bad  
side that seemed unstoppable, an inebriated sea breaking itself apart, the form  
of you, unrecognizable & disappearing over & over into summer's darkening  
olivine body of sand...Mother was always staring at her beautiful face  
in mirrors as if it might change.

Her rear-view one, half-cocked

back at her while driving, terrified me. Faces slowed or sped by us: back  
of a redhead, an apple's half facing forward, floating baby nose, eyes  
aligned with ears, or only sunglasses like twin poker cards, turned.  
Picasso knew so well what he had in front of him: women neither  
affirmed nor denied belonging. That's why his painting could destroy them.  
I really didn't know which Mother face was reflected in the windshield  
ahead, which bottle-blue eye was open on the moving road.