

"Blue Nude"

H. Matisse

Blue nude - what a twist
When I saw you I knew
you're as different as poets, a grow,
in your charm
Is the difference which claims
That now
Is the premature glow
For what would remain when you shed
The blueness as clothes?

It's a woman you're destined to be
seen from within

The blue
as others are left without -

Behold
your thigh has but captured the eye
your breast from a pillow to rest
and your arm waves - a fellow come here
But your blueicity
raises the sky.

...

Love

To the woman created
in you.



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