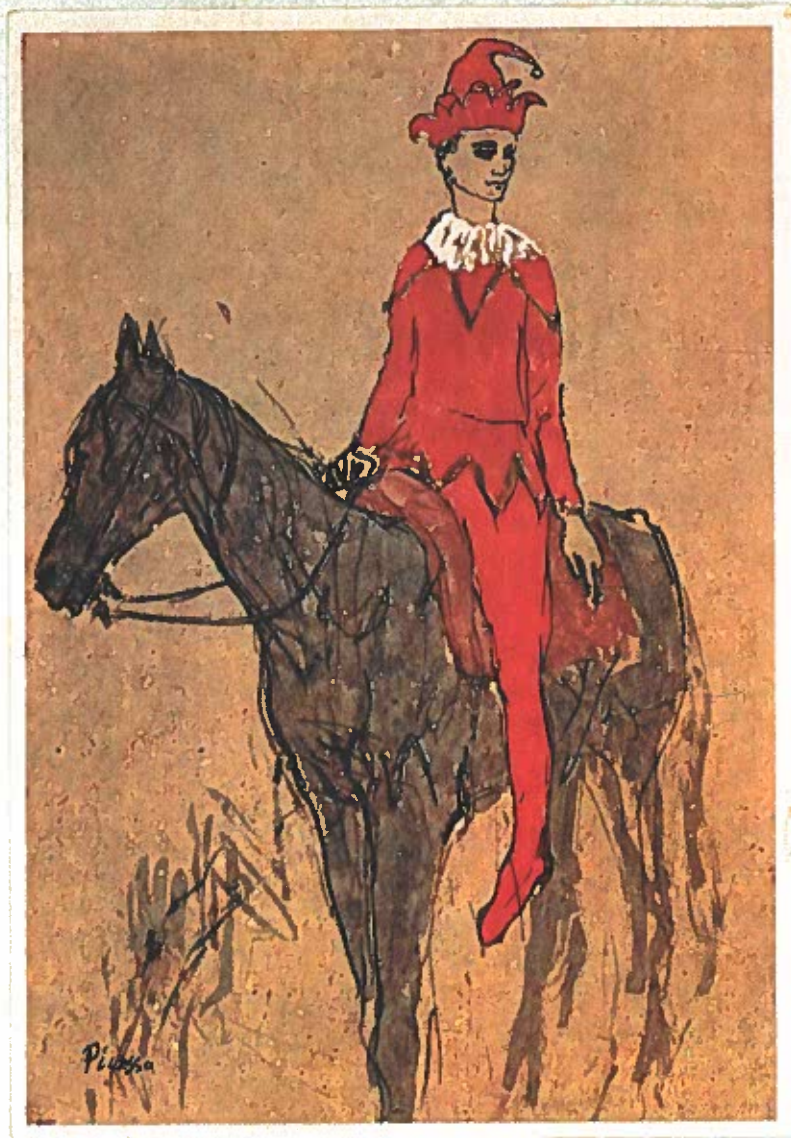


Harlequin on Horseback
Pablo Picasso



Saddled is man with his reins
Tied to the mouth checked to turn
Away from the visible fortune left;
He sits as a clown on his horse
Awaiting the gain giving show.
But calmed by the show is his force
That's twisted to destiny rate
While vanished has all from behind
Where the vacuous thoughts' restrained.

Oh, jest,

Map the mind as its' bred
Of the meal
That falsity empties attains.