

**“it is not cezannes’ paintings but his anxiety  
about the problem which interests me”**

picasso

green and yellow life  
surviving the brown paste  
of a roman viaduct  
trickling by centimetres  
a life-giving stream  
above the deserted plain  
the town like a novel  
iridescent chiming with time  
how could war touch it?  
and by the houses and hills  
he paints the sand-covered  
lanes and thick green leaves  
among the light of time  
hanging blue and white  
on the insistent canvas  
always escaping