

Senior Division, Poetry
Tommy Duggan, St. John's
Recuerdo

Walk through the gift shop
of the Reina Sofia
and you will find, sitting
inconspicuously on the shelf,

A Guernica puzzle
in a thousand pieces.
So that, if you haven't gotten enough
of Picasso's insolent lines,

Or long for more of the frenzied cries
of a woman –
her child limp dead in her hands,
you can buy it, for twenty euros.

Perhaps it might make
a good birthday present
for Hitler, or your mother,
who, working as a fill-in counsellor in La Scie,
spends a lot of time on jigsaws.
You can see her, the lamplight illuminating
the burning buildings as she
puts the pieces of the pieces back together.
She might frame it and think of you,
her loving son, as she hangs
the grisly grisé in her bathroom,
the shrieks of the horse –
speared through – impeding urination.

Or maybe you should keep it
as a memento for yourself,
of a trip to Spain with your girlfriend.
Three months from now you could sit
close on the couch and flirt your way
through the fragments and recollections,
dabbing away the chardonnay
when it spills, laughing and jostling
while the sun-eye, whether of God or Franco,
watches with terror as your hand slides up her thigh.

And if all this seems a bit too much
to fit into your carry-on,
there is a smaller version
in a plastic test tube by the register
and it's fifteen euros cheaper.