

*JD Debris*

## NUDE SKETCH: VALLEJO

A splinter in his muse, tweezers  
in his brown hand trembling  
like the sign of the bent cross,  
tongue outside his mouth  
in concentration. The hypnotist  
looks on in disgust, he's got  
spells to cease Parisian gunfire,  
he keeps a malarial elixir  
in a cloudy glass tube. But  
Vallejo never breaks his silence,  
never breaks his concentration.  
He breaks through his muse's skin  
with rusted metal as he mouths the words:  
*A splinter, a splinter.*