

Playing Parts by George R. (5ths)

I insist I still wish to put paper to pen
When I look at my shelf and I see it again:
Blue Era Picasso, unfinished, my cope
I played "Artist" once, but I found him too floppy

So moved on to "Cook" who died in the tabs of
Paper reminders in cookbooks I have

Dust coated, up next to that Old Blue Guitarist,
White-from-the-waist-down, dismembered, unvarnished

This seen, the part of the writer will cry
"I am not like the others, I do not want to die"

But I know that in no time to rhyme will seem vulgar
I think I'm gonna rip this up now