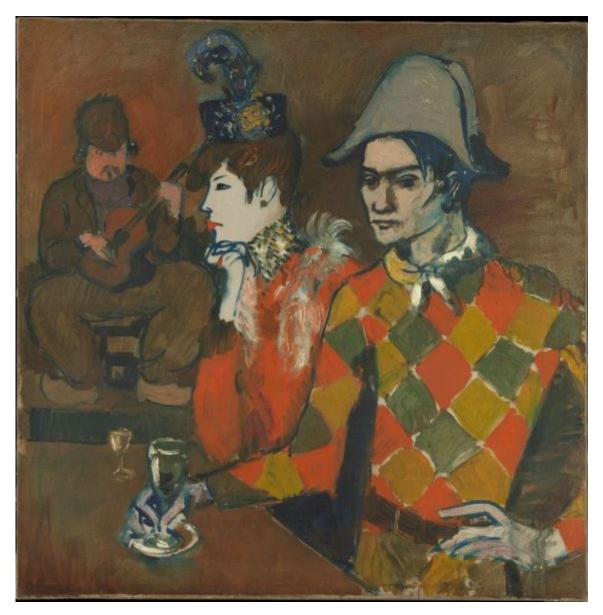
## The Illusion of Love

by **Boyd Cathey** (October 2018)



At the Lapin Agile, Pablo Picasso, 1905

She was mine from the very first, Or, so I thought in my proud mind's eye, Awakening in my loins unslakened thirst Of desire and longing, and muted sigh.

But her one and twenty years And my forty and five, thus doubled, Spelled for me severest tears And untold trouble.

Oh! What I desired from her She would not deign, And what she desired of me, alas, Was just my brain.

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