

# OLGA CONFRONTS MODERNISM

CARMEN GERMAIN

“As for me, I have no fear of art,” Picasso said.

But how was it when she first saw *The Bathers*,  
the concave yellow of his lover’s hair,

how every oval offered a vagina, every  
cabana the Minotaur’s lair?

Near salt water, the sun  
spread its red scarf

on a giantess and her sisters, thighs  
massive as pylons of a wharf,

and from a mirror of many colors,  
a girl with a belly of moon gazed at a man.

So you can paint with whatever you want—  
hooks and nails. The hearts of women.