

Frida One

Frida smiles and winks at the camera. Frida
after surrealism after two abortions after 1925
streetcar
accident and iconic unibrow Arreguin sees as blackbird wings
I think after Diego and machismo in black yellow red tan dress *I*
am
not
sick she says shot by her lover in color never wincing as far as
I can see conditioning an image eternal for sainthood. *I*
am not sick – 35 operations – 2 abortions surrounded by skulls, pentidine,
morphine, *not sick* says she
broken.

Frida Too

Frida, let your hair down.
Frida, don't look at me like that.
Frida, leave Diego. Do not walk, bolt.
Frida, won't you steal the masculine hat of the accident
you called Diego and bury it behind Casa Azul?
Frida in living color.
Frida, festooned in Mexican reds
& blacks & tans, golds, yellows
y rosados y blanco rosas.
Frida, why was surrealism
a Mexican breakfast
while the feet of the wounded
table bleed and you paint
tendrils on your 1940
image and only the skull
smiles?

Frida, who let the spider
monkey loose to carry on
& live carnal dreams
alongside deer, turtle doves,
parrots – una familia
sustituta con el elefante
y la paloma, Diego y tu?

Dime Frida, de que color
es la flor
en que tus cenizas
esparcidas en la selva
se convirtieron?

Frida, tell me, what is the color
of the flower
your jungle scattered ashes
became?

3:04P – 3.28.07 and 1P – 3.29.07 –
Tacoma Art Museum