

Anna Wostenberg

Free Verse: Frida Kahlo Photo

Each insult you throw, a nail
puncturing my skin;
somewhere different every time
but somewhere, nonetheless.

These white straps, a bandage
holding my very being together;
inside I'm a jumble of organs,
my stomach tied in many small bows.

Your presence, the column
inside my body;
my posture taller, stiffer
when you're around.

These tears may find their way
dripping down my face,
but strength is my crutch
and you won't keep your hold on me.

