

Frida

There sits a symbiotic connection through the
perception of separation and its effects on the body.

On the heart and the spirit sits a cloudy
Judgment. A small token from pain is all she holds

in her hands. A token that will be on display
in a museum one day. Divorce from Diego

subjected to public observation makes
anatomy of life a patchwork

of expression. Then and now, held on
between the tips of their fingers, they are connected

like the brows above her eyes, yet disconnected
in the same moment. Why is it

that in a past full of pain
there is brightness? There is color.

Diego was the dawn of a new life, a blank
Canvas, begging for brightness in Mexico City.

What lies beyond the blue house for Frida?

Crippling grey times left her lying, a prisoner
to her bed and to memories of the man she loved.

Uncompromising, are her oily experiences.