

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Alexandra Isacson

Frida

In a blue house in
Mexico,

Frida rips open
her belly on canvas.
Paints with the palette
of her corseted heart
cupping in her hands
the flame of a bird.
Tangled with torns,
she weaves her hair
like a peasant
running her hand through
the loom of life
out on a dusty street.