Fridas

We Fridas walking home
after another's art has make-
believed the scars away.
These wait at the next street crossing
devoted as dogs, belonging in ways
another's art can never be.

The night wind stirs our baffled limbs.
Walking home holds bodies
carved for stark relief.
Our scars are spun as tapestry,
rich running stitch at rib and breast,
crewel work chain from cunt to heel.
Only head and fingers stay true to form
and these we service to lofty aims.
Wind wrapped toss of lariat rings
from roof-top views, from cellar doors,
attempt to catch the crimpled boughs
sabina trees, a venerable kin.