

Ode to Frida

by Dylan Parsons

remember,

in the 5th grade,

we all laughed

at you?

what an ugly

woman,

what

is that caterpillar

on her face?

what strange

paintings, from

a deranged mind,

surely.

but every hair,

every brush stroke,

every thought as

revolutionary

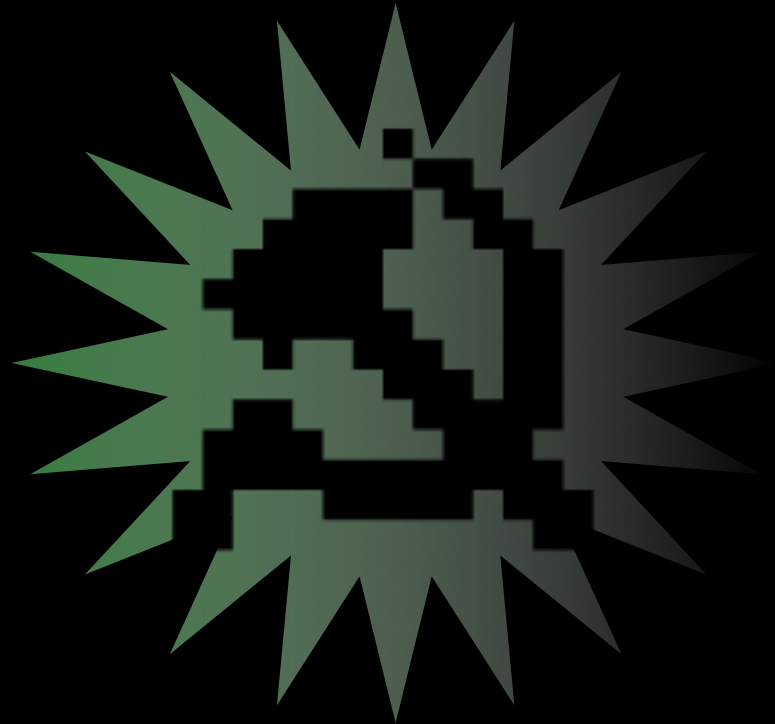
as the hammer

and sickle

draped over your

casket.

your broken columns



upheld your radical
femininity, free
as a doe in the meadow.

your spirit defied
the colonizer's beauty,
defined yourself as a model
of liberation,
wishing bread and roses
to the workers
and health
to the sick.

