

Frida's Lips  
By Albert Difilippantonio

I held in my hands  
letters written by Dali.  
I saw photos of him at a cookout,  
found in a box, in a basement in Spain.  
I never imagined Dali grilling steaks.  
I can see the slabs of meat melting  
over the edge of his plate.  
The table levitating above Caribbean blue.  
His feet multi-colored fish,  
big toe lips puckering.  
Toenail eyes

I held in my hands  
letters written by Frida Kahlo.  
Caressing each word slowly,  
kneading them gently as I would her breasts.  
She spoke of Diego in passing.  
Spoke of her pain remorsefully.  
Spoke of her artwork, late as usual.  
Spoke to Julian, one of the vast crowd of lovers.  
Her red lipstick lip prints  
sending her passion, so easily spread.  
I was stopped as I brought  
her young mouth of seventy years ago to mine.  
"This is priceless, stop."  
Before I let go of the paper,  
the tip of my index finger floated  
to her red lips.  
I became her lover  
through time, space, death.  
This index finger dirtied by brown paint  
I slapped on yesterday  
in the burning sun  
devoid of a lover.