

The Fat Man's Third Wife

by Katie Moore

I am the fat man's third wife.

El gordo. Panzon!

I was forever being
crushed beneath
the mountain of his lusts,
women and brush strokes ,
the revolution.

They say
it was like an elephant
married to a dove.

Imagine, me,
a dove!

Ridículo!

I am a brighter
plumed bird.

I am like Mexico.

It is a loud sadness,
one that smiles big with teeth,
drinks, dances, shrills
and stomps, whirling.

I wear colorful costumes
to *máscara de mi dolor*;
my skeleton is held together
by metal, and machines,
stitches, surgeons. I paint
myself in pieces and intact.

I paint the pain. I trap it
on my canvas
and make a face, stick out
my tongue. I paint myself
hairy like a little monkey.

I am beautiful, and hairy
like a little monkey.

He is like the world
I longed to see. It's not
the place to live
in peace. He is like
a revolution, a people
marching inside a person.
He can't be still, and it's not
his hands that do
the devil's work. It's the paint
and the *pinga*.
We connected
my Mexico to his world.
The bridge is built of love.
It's a small bridge.

