

Frida wonders if there's a better way

by Tina Barry

to paint a heart than blue-veined and honest in its ugliness. She's changed leaves to emeralds. Worn a shawl of inked birds' wings. Yet Diego dreams: a tangle of porcelain arms. Brittle twigs weaken in a plaster tomb. Paint the truth, Frida. Hearts are deaf to incantations.

