

Camille Lendor

THERE ARE *TWO FRIDAS*

Two Fridas
holding hands
and a house
centipede stuck
to a glue trap
have more in common
than recurring dreams.
The Fridas are not
watching you.
The Fridas are gazing at
the centipede,
waiting for it to escape.
They hold their
archaic quarter-smiles,
waiting to let go of
each others' hands only
when the writhing insect
matter-of-factly
rips off an eleventh
hind leg
to break free—
to dauntlessly continue
in a newfound,
deconstructed form