

## Frida and Wet Nurse

You do not nourish me, though you offer your breasts,

*A wet nurse,*

while my real mother gives birth to a sister.

*I do my duty. I sacrifice*

Your milk bitter as oleander, I call you Nana.

*a suckling infant at home,*

I'd rather press my lips to clouds drizzling

*shedding tears*

over a maze of leaves, engorged veins

*buoyant as breath.*

feeding insects, giddy with song. Newly born:

*Wiggling, you turn from me,*

a praying mantis, a monarch sucking fluid from stalks.

*obsidian eyes, empty.*

Estranged, I refuse to knead your chest,

*Disheveled universe,*

releasing drops into my half-opened mouth.

*crack open this shield.*

Indian woman, why won't you remove your mask?

*Reorder this life*

As moon candles the stars, cradle me

*saturated with providence*

so I can fold back time and dream my mother

*among splashes of rain,*

nurses me, her milk—consecrated by a kiss—

*spilling from a holy font.*