

## The Wedding Fiesta

### I

In a native skirt, blouse and *rebozo*  
borrowed from the maid, I married  
Diego in a civil ceremony.  
Thinking it insane to choose a man  
old enough to be my father,  
Mother refused to attend the wedding.  
*Nothing will destroy my mood,*  
I thought, until I arrived at the fiesta.  
Ex-wife Lupe hoisted my skirt,  
ridiculed my limb crippled by polio.  
I knocked her off-balance.  
Diego pulled us apart.  
Dispirited, I drank like a mariachi  
and sang above the band  
while Lupe's tiger howl dissolved.

### II

*Nothing will destroy my mood,*  
I vowed, as I consumed oyster stew.  
Stimulated by mollusks, I eyed  
the multi-layered cake, a sugar-paste  
couple on top, white-icing doves  
lording over saffron rice, stuffed  
chilies, spicy *mole* sprinkled  
with sesame seeds. The alcohol  
and roar of trumpets dulled  
my senses. Above the balcony  
amid lingerie hung out to dry,  
an ornamental pennant flapped:  
*"Long Live Love!"*

### III

My marriage has always been  
wound tight like my art: *a ribbon*  
*around a bomb*, Breton said,  
magic and heartache blended.  
As the party ended, I appeased  
Diego by feeding him watermelon,  
thin slivers of papaya, the black  
seeds: temptresses luring him  
like wide-eyed brides-to-be.  
I thought nothing could destroy  
my spirit, but as days turned  
to weeks, I woke frightened  
at seeing life split open. Scorned,  
I separated into *las dos Fridas*.  
A heavy pall of smoke descended  
as the clock ticked down.