GAIL GOEPFERT

Kahlo Shape Shifter

I paint what is real— recording my body
myself a deer leaping pierced with arrows
because I am pigment on canvas shameless
so often a fist of organs a way to exist my eyes
alone my reflection still and always a refuge
because swelling luminous my eyes divine all
I am a revolution embryo open to
the subject in portraits— paint and pain the vortex
I know best mirrors and blood-love of indigo nights