

The Wounded Deer

After Frida Kahlo's

Arrows pierce her body,

10 sharp arrows

Like knives breaking through her thick skin

Stabbing through dark fur.

The body of a deer

And the antlers of a stag

Yet human

A girl's face staring back

With piercing eyes

Understanding that this is how it is

How it has to be

As she bleeds from her wounds

Screaming to her abuser—

Her hunter,

You're making sport of the weak

Someone incapable of fighting back

Her blood sheds at the wage of your words:

Your need for power,

Stealing her hope.

With nowhere to run from your arrow,

Nowhere to escape your words.