

Group poems written in the Interchange Professional Development Workshop at the St. Louis Art Museum, April 28, 2010.

Writing Activity – Focus on Voice and Metaphor.

Painting used: Self Portrait by Frida Kahlo

Group One:

I AM FREE

*A Self Portrait of Frida Kahlo*

I am a pink flamingo  
fluttering in confusion.  
I am a lioness,  
ferocious,  
prowling for prey.  
I am the purr  
of a mischievous kitten  
and I am the leaves  
changing to many colors  
in the fall.

Group Two:

FRIDA

I am a hot pepper.  
I am a parrot  
surviving in the Mexican adobe.  
I am screaming on the inside  
like the chirping cicadas.  
I am an egg boiling hot  
in a yellow stone pot.  
I am Frida.

## A Questioning Response to Ledger's Lounging Lady

I see toasted brown pasta scrolling from her head like an adding machine tape produced in reverse - or is she perhaps just thinking about food too much?

Can I hear the kitten purr, or is it a fat woman's stomach rumbling in grief about a long lost lunch?

Does the cushion wonder what it will see once its heavy burden is hoisted up and air once again fills the inside?

Do I in my blindness feel for the cushion like a bloated piece of geography that has already been claimed by this seated regent in concrete repose?

By Michael Haas

## The Storm

By: John Reed II, The Black Rep

Randall and his crew members were separated by the tumulus sea waters. As he was in his little sailboat, his only mean of protection after being separated, he noticed the waves crashing down around him with loud slaps, one right after the other. The now broken and busted sailboat he was in was being tossed around like a little rag doll by the ferocious sea waters. Although the rain had not started, the icy cold winds had begun to take effect on his half naked body. He then noticed four violent and hungry sharks closing in on their prey, which was him....