

**Stephen Robertson**

**Reality**

*"I don't paint dreams or nightmares, I paint my own reality."*

*Frida Kahlo*

For the other Frida

That reality in which I live  
is likely different from the one you know.  
It is the space in which I must survive;  
It's through this land, this country that I go.

It's likely different from the one you know:  
to you, this is a dream in which I'm caught.  
But through this land, this country I must go—  
I'd paint it for you if I had the art

To you, this is a dream in which I'm caught  
Which, come the dawn, will surely quickly pass.  
I'd paint it for you if I had the art,  
Or maybe I should write it in a verse.

But now the dawn has come, it does not pass,  
this figment of my own imagination.  
Maybe I should write it in a verse  
with Frida as my muse and inspiration

This figment of my own imagination  
is the space in which I must survive,  
with Frida as my muse and inspiration—  
that reality in which I live.