

**A LETTER TO
JACQUELINE LAMBA**

by
FRIDA KAHLO

a script for a woman reader

Letter:

Since you wrote to me,
on that clear, distant day,
I have wanted to explain to you
that I can't get away from the days,
or return in time to that other time.

I have not forgotten you --
the nights are long and difficult.

The water.
The ship and the dock and the parting
which made you appear so small to my eyes,
framed in that round port-hole,
and you gazing at me so as to keep me in your heart.

Everything is untouched.
Later, came the day's news of you.

Today, I wish my sun could touch you.
I tell you,
your eyeball is my eyeball,
the puppet characters
all arranged in their large glass rooms,
belong to us both.

Yours is the huipil with magenta ribbons.
Mine the ancient squares of your Paris,
above all, the magnificent Place des Vosges,
so forgotten and so firm.

Snail shells and the bride-doll, is yours too --
I mean, it is you.

Her dress is the same one she wouldn't take off
on the day of the wedding to no-one,
when we found her half asleep
on the dirty sidewalk of some street.

My skirts with their lance flounces
and the antique blouse I always wore
xxxxxxxxx pain the absent portrait of only one person.

But the color of your skin,
of your eyes and your hair change
with the winds of Mexico.

***(The next sentence is struck through
in the original printed text. I'll leave it up to
the performer as to how to vocally translate that--
perhaps by muffling voice with hands?),
as well as the xxxxxxxx above and below.)***

The death of the old man pained us so much
that we talked and spent that day together.

You too *know* that all my eyes see,
all I touch with myself,
from any distance, is Diego.

The caress of fabrics, the color of colors,
the wires, the nerves, the pencils, the leaves,
the dust, the cells, the war and the sun,
everything experienced in the minutes of the non-clocks
and the non-calendars and the empty non-glances, is *him*.

You felt it,
that's why you let that ship take me away from Le Havre
where you never said good-bye to me.

I will write to you with my eyes, always.

Kiss xxxxxx the little girl ...