

Spring 2000

Frida's Favorite Aztec Hairless Dog: Senor Xolotl

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Recommended Citation

Suarez, Virgil (2000) "Frida's Favorite Aztec Hairless Dog: Senor Xolotl," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 53 , Article 12.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss53/12>

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FRIDA'S FAVORITE AZTEC HAIRLESS DOG, SEÑOR XÓLOTL

when he moved in the middle of the night next to her bed,
in his eyes the lights from the outside shone, and she pondered
how death would finally come to her, in mirror image,

a woman with crow's wings for eyebrows, bruised like ripe
plums, scars from so many surgeries like muddy rivers,
swift, sea-bound, and when she ached with the pain

of forgiveness, Diego in her mind, *sapito hechisero, hers,*
and the dog yelped several times until it found its groove
on the piece of carpet on the floor. *Feo,* she whispered,

feito lindo, her attraction to exotic animals helped
her get used to the idea of an other-worldliness, Xólotl
climbed over the edge of her bed to be petted, licked

her hands, and she thought of his tongue as one giant
brush with which she painted the canvas of her nights,
a world ablaze with crimson, purple, pulsing colors

like those she saw the first time she made love, so long
ago, when the world, lighter, lifted her skyward,
an angel's azure wingfeather-she sighs, the dog barks.