Tina Modotti 'Roses' (1925)

Kiik Araki-Kawaguchi
The color receptors have been switched off
They are either roses or ash

If they are flowers
they have become blank and frightening

They are pressed too closely
There exists more vegetation than the frame
of the eye may contain

They are packt into a singularity
That is where the blackness of rose is heading

Their lack of odor overwhelms—
I expect to be assaulted by rank,

Crowded gas
And the ghost-mist of pollen

They are certainly threatening me,
I've determined
Unless they are asking for my help

Unless they were trying to claw their way out
In which case they are certainly ash