

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



## Frida Kahlo & Self-Expression

Let me take you on a trip down memory lane.

A baby screams as she's born. Life is joy but also pain.

Her dad German, her mama \_\_\_\_\_ and Spanish,  
\_\_\_\_\_ would paint her \_\_\_\_\_ on the canvas.

Then she got sick, got \_\_\_\_\_ when she was only six,

Bullied for having a limp, bullied for having interests that were so advanced,

Society told her that a girl can only have certain dreams.

It made her want to scream.

Pero Frida no era una cualquiera,

Su arte representaba su vida y su bandera.

Años después, conoció a Diego Rivera,

Que pintaba un mural en su escuela, la vida buena.

Todo cambio en un momento con un accidente.

Era tan joven, sólo tuvo sus diecinueve

Años, y los doctores no tenían fe,

Pero fuerte fue su alma, y desde la cama,

Pintó su famosa cara.

I used to think I was the strangest person in the world,

But then I thought,

There are so many people in the world,

There must be someone just like me.

(x2)

She reunites with \_\_\_\_\_, and they are wed.

While painting and traveling, she learns she is pregnant with a kid.

What a blessing! Her heart is full,  
Until she has a miscarriage, and the pain is unbearable.  
She can barely take it. A bus accident made it  
So she can never bear a child. Frida is devastated.  
She handles the brushes and begins a self-portrait.  
She paints her pain with a style beyond our orbit.  
She blends Mexican folk art with religious \_\_\_\_\_  
And \_\_\_\_\_, things that go beyond reality.  
What does it mean to be a woman or to be Mexican?  
What do we do when we're wounded? Do we rise up again?  
She sees life and death through this prism,  
So she gives her compositions different \_\_\_\_\_.  
These are the \_\_\_\_\_ she explores as she goes on tour  
To \_\_\_\_\_ in Paris and in New York.

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Con los años, se puso mas mala de su salud.  
Infecciones en su columna, era dura su actitud.  
Extrañando su juventud, virtuosa y tan sagrada,  
Tuvo grandes funciones, y llegaban con alabanzas.  
Apasionada, hasta una vez llegó en una ambulancia.  
Dió todo por su trabajo, mujer potente con la fama,  
Pero todo se acabó y perdió su pierna entera.  
1954—falleció, vivió una vida llena.  
Dejó sus palabras tan famosas que eran, “viva la vida.”  
Mujer querida, trató a la gente como familia.  
La celebramos cada día. Era arte y alegría,

Visitando a todas partes, inspirando con su arte,  
Ejemplo para la gente, símbolo de los tiempos.  
Y gracias a Diego, La Casa Azul se hizo museo,  
Algo bello para el mundo celebrar una artista tan atrevida.  
Fue una de una, y la conocemos como Frida.

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