

DAVID TRINIDAD

SHARON TATE AND FRIENDS THE MOMENT BEFORE

Luigino Valentin, acrylic on canvas, 2000

Frozen, the seven of them, in front of the fireplace.
Mid-protest, Sebring reaches towards Watson.
His mod black-and-white-striped pants clash with the zebra rug.

Lamp-glow highlights the blade in Watson's right hand.
Highlights the white ceiling beams, Sharon's blonde hair

bra and panties. Her arms hold her bare pregnant stomach.
Frozen in fear, Frykowski, on couch, leans away from
the Longhorn revolver in Watson's left hand. Folger steps
unsteadily, Krenwinkel's outstretched buck knife at her back.

Atkins, clad in creepy-crawl black, stands tense behind Sebring.

Frozen, the ladder to the loft. Frozen, the American flag
(the reddest thing in the room) draped over
the couch. Frozen, the sheet music
beneath the upraised piano lid. Frozen, Sebring's foot
on the edge of the zebra rug. Frozen, in the windows,
the midnight glitter of Hollywood's ignorant lights.

The painting unpauses: the chaos and panic, the shooting
and stabbing, the bleeding and screaming and pleading, begin.

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