



# Vincent

There is no road out of the fields of crows;  
there is no making pretty the madness  
that gave the world sunflowers  
exploding luminous gold  
from your tangerine hands.

There is no lover lazing in your empty chair.  
We just look in and see  
daubed in an austere room a spartan narrow bed.  
Was it easy to dream in the candescent yellow house in Arles?  
Always intense, always creating,  
and when not dying,  
you paint twirling Prussian blue skies  
as brilliant and brooding as your searing eyes.

The reaper waits with a host of ravens  
tearing down the skies,  
destroying the just along with the unjust.

You have lost all control.

Is it painting  
or seeing  
that consumes you?  
Crackling in feverish gyrations,  
you disappear from the peach-flesh earth  
and luxuriate the world with an obsession of color.