

In One Ear

Van Gogh's crows are above me,
speaking their language,
like children plotting
the takeover of an empty barn.

Contrast makes them bright,
pale sky behind the beating black.
And I, the charge of their murder.

Flint of caw upon caw,
throws careless sparks,
and the barn and half the field
go up in flame.

Thick strokes of ink on the page.
This is all I know how to do,
in the hope that certain thoughts
will stop repeating.

I did what I thought I was supposed to do
but, like Vincent in the asylum,
the urge to create put a match to it all,
music of color and line drawing me out.

"Ha Haaa! Ha Haaa!" the crows say
as my paper catches fire.
"You've got another forty years
to get it right."