

Van Gogh

It is scary the way I am dreaming of flowers
obsessed
like Van Gogh by the dizzying light of the south.
Against February sky
only marriage looms:
we bear the sleepwalking expression of the weavers;
we lie awake at night with desire;
we think it is the good who are married
who dwell in some visionary south
of innumerable petals
pear blossoms
irresistible sun.

We stab a potato, snap beans, watch the desert wane
feel shame and know this is our fate
which we must find less bitter than it seems.

Plenitude!
people arguing by a fire, domesticity, a cat...
Something gay and tender always comes back.
Just scratch the soil a little to get closer
to the source
of the seasons.

I tear the book open like a hungry animal his bone.
Lights, colors flow in!
I lay back my head, dream
of olive-groves stretching,
of the painter who put the light
under the roots
into the leaves that autumn morning. . .

. . . And, of long black lines of miners going to work in snow
lovers bright, frozen;
the tender glow
of olives in their cheeks would turn
the fiery red of the mine's inferno.

Going deeper into earth
from southlight
through a shaft
shoulder-to-wheel
yet not hell.

To come home to a lamp's murky yellow glow;
to bend like crude animals, yet gods, over a plate of potatoes.