

Staring at the Night

Honor Moorman

Perhaps
he too
once stood
just here
head tilted
eyes licking
the orangey
crescent moon
exploding stars
flaming cypress
swirling silver sky

his imagination
suspended
in the silent city
beneath quaking
black mountains
secret recesses
of a tender
growing night

Van Gogh
whispering
to his soul
with furious
brushstrokes
as I cannot
with this
trickle
of words
he will
never
read

