

The Poem

I WANT TO FEEL VAN GOGH'S NIGHT

Laala Kashef Alghata

Like swirls wrapped tightly around me
and how comfort can be blue,
and black spikes are not always evil,
I want to kiss the night.

Like his strokes, so crude
and the city, so quiet,
I want to merge crude and noisy.

The stars, so yellow,
each its own sun
and how his night is light,
but the people sleep.

I want to feel Van Gogh's night,
I want to sleep bathed in light.