

Vincent

Izzy Bremner

Cradles the moon in one hand
 Strangles the sun with the other
 Hunched between eternities
 Wrapped around the restless sky
 Etches stars into the air
 With a worn finger.
 Breathes.

Tugs the clouds
 Chokes them
 Then hurls them into oblivion.
 Arranges the darkness
 Until it glows
 Washes out the horizon
 Until only stars stand,
 Choking in tenebrous blue

Waltzes the moon to the right
 To the left a bit
 Kicks the town down
 Wrenches the hills to their haunches
 Collides paint
 With a wave of self inflection
 Dragged under
 Drowns

Rolls up on the tide
 Later
 In history
 When they wake up

And they see past the stars
See him cower in the darkness
Take his hand
Lead him forwards
And he's bathed in his own moonlight
On that Starry Night.