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Tree Root and Trunks (Van Gogh's last painting)

Abby Roberts

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Tree Root and Trunks
(Van Gogh's last painting)

Abby Roberts

I tried so hard to find peace with pastors.
Cast out by God's children,
I found I was better serving in pastures,
Wheat Fields even.
They likened me to a mad man
but I knew I had not yet reached the Starry Night.
Maybe that's why I hate the color white.
The mere sight of it would send me into a frenzy.
I was meant to live in color.
If I was meant to live at all.
I never painted mountains before,
I felt climbing them was enough.
Every wretched day walking the uphill,
knowing they would only lead to cliffs.
I painted a damned gray rock.
It gave me chills.
I felt more akin to foliage
Maybe like Tree Roots and Trunks
I was never easy enough to be a flower.
As little space as I took up was too much for people.
More often than not, they couldn't bear me.
just as well, I never asked them to.
I would survive off oil paint and easel chips
if they let me.
They never let me.
It was May when I left Saint-Paul-de-Mausole.
My feet could not carry me fast enough,
My hands could not be quick enough,
to cover what I had missed.



Hollow

Shane A. Meeks

I felt only absence.
I shot myself on Sunday
When God watched me drag my easel
I never understood how an empty heart
could feel so heavy.
I thought a bullet to the chest could not
be much different.
I was kind of right.
Maybe when they bury me,
I will find my friends.
Woven into the earth
gnarled and jagged
and beautiful
We will push trees from our bodies
like we were meant to all along
and then I will know peace.