

They Will Burn It All

after *Starry Night* by Vincent Van Gogh

Ashley Launer

Among eleven stars,
The twelfth
Shines brightest;
Watches over
The sleeping town
With its silver church
And steeple,
Like an antenna
Attracting evil frequencies to
The holy place.

Radiant white,
One angel explodes
On the very
Canvas.
Her glittering remains
Are plucked up
By mysterious whirls—
A confluence of yin and yang.
Peace to all.

Then—
Invisible at first—
Cypress trees,
They tower
Like looming cylinders
Of blazing
Shadow-fire;
The angel
Bids farewell,
Disappears
Beyond the distant blue hills;

By the brushstrokes
Of a desperate hand,
The paint weeps,
Oil feeds
Foliage of flame;
They
 will burn it all.