

SAMANTHA MARIE DANIELS

Keep This Carefully

Theo van Gogh

La tristesse durera toujours, said the man
bleeding on his deathbed's sheets. Heaven,
find him, make room for him, welcome him in
at eternity's gate, prove forever can
be big enough for both misery and—
and what? What did you want? Thirty-seven
years wondering, wandering, losing sense of—Heaven,
keep him carefully. His blood-soaked hand

saw melancholy douse landscapes in bright,
staggering color, heard yearning in silent
faces, tasted love in lead paint, swore
he'd reach the stars he made too big. Tonight,
the earth spins slower trying to find you—Vincent,
tell me if this is what you've been looking for.