After Monet’s
*The Port of Le Havre, Night Effect*

It’s a relief to finally be here, to at long last know the corners and the edges, symmetrical on all sides. Still, I may be inside here for a while, moving tar-like through each dark inch, through rotted roots and old memories that grew and grew into strange illnesses. Admittedly, the whole picture is chaotic, with brush strokes going in all directions, yet all somehow leading into darkness—even the flecks of colors are confusing: red should be anger, blue perhaps sadness, but in here they disguise themselves, switch positions, muddle the feelings. At times, it feels terrible to be taunted by the empty boats in the foreground, and the lights, pulsing on the horizon. Yet after being inside here for a while, one finds meaning, perhaps even purpose in these blue-black waters, this black-blue sky.