

Vincent

Deb Talan

sometimes I could see
how cutting an ear off might be
the most productive and satisfying thing to do

because sometimes I feel
my insides are heavy
as heaven must be on the sky

I paint a starry night
I seal my heart in the brightest colors
I hope someone finds it there
and it makes them feel the way I do
it could be that would be enough
it could be that would be enough

Wednesdays he feels
just like a lack-a-day
been trying too hard all week
but he's got no money to show

so he makes himself
squeeze into the pocket of a flock of pants
fits just like a rock inside a shoe
in everyone he falls right through

so he paints a starry night
he seals his heart in the brightest colors
he hopes someone finds it there
and it makes them cry
makes them want to take him home to dinner
like a long lost lover
like an only child
like his younger brother
it could be that would be enough
it could be that would be enough

sometimes when he feels
his insides are heavy
as heaven must be on the sky
he goes to the familiar
emptiness of a blank canvas
to fill it with the riches of a lonely poor man
he steals into his brushes
to make his life amend, amend

he paints a starry night
seals his heart in the brightest colors
he hopes someone finds it there
and it makes them cry
makes them want to take him home for dinner
like a long lost lover
like an only child
like his younger brother
like a soul unfurled
like his favorite girl
out of this cold cold world
it could be that would be enough

it could be that would be enough