

Starry Night - Vincent van Gogh



The sky swirls darkly,
wrapping its cloak of blue
around the radiant moon.
Stars whirl like dervishes,
bright blurs of gold and white,
while clouds join in a celestial chase.
The cypresses genuflect,
bending their boughs in awe.
Hills lie hunched in silent sleep.
Below, the village stands stiffly,
tiny houses for puny people,
insignificant in this universe.
The church stretches its steeple
skywards towards God
and the majesty of the starry night.

Margaret Hardy, 2021