



DON'T FORGET TO LOOK UP
SOPHIA RIVERA - collage - 23x13"

THOUGHTS ON POST-IMPRESSIONISM

IVY EVANS - *poetry*

Van Gogh and his flowers never bothered me. Did they bother you, in all their glorified beauty? Van Gogh, Vincent, I went to your museum in Amsterdam and cried my eyes out on the second floor. If only you were there, you would have laughed and laughed that people could be so infatuated by oil. Van Gogh, Vincent, Picasso, Monet. Or was it Monte, Monte Carlo, names upon names, how do we remember all of them? I'd like to see a show, an art show, I have never seen any kind of art show before. I want to see a bullfight, so I can listen to the cheering as it charges through the ring. I wonder does it miss its mother? Does it feel pain? Violence upon violence, how do we remember all of it? All we can think of these days, over and over until I start to wish that I could crawl away. Maybe I can hide here, underneath your starry sky, make my home down deep, down deep to the underworld, like Hades or his fates, or Demeter, or Persephone, all those tiny souls. Van Gogh, I wonder if you wander the Fields of Elysium in your spare time, or amble through the Asphodel like Sisyphus, cursed to hold a brush for all of time. Van Gogh you look so saintly there, painting flowers upon flowers upon flowers.