

MARGARET WESSELING

Van Gogh

What he knew from the beginning  
was that the sun existed  
and without the sun, nothing else.  
Things could get confused in a storm:  
clouds walking down the fields,  
ditch mud backed up through turf.  
He drew the forms light makes bare:  
a naked woman—a candlestick.  
Then he saw he needed more.  
He needed light's hand, needed colour's  
touch. He walked south. But the  
sunflower fists turned green after all  
with envy. He died unable to paint  
the hand that drew him.