

Sidewalk Cafe at Night:

van Gogh

by Jerry Ratch

The heart of those stars is a dab of yellow light.

The darkness of the blue night appears so deep
Because the downward strokes of the actual sky
Are interspersed with a violet that's almost black,
Above the truly black silhouettes of the buildings.

In the street, people still walk.
It is not so late. Quite a few sitting
In groups at green tables, attended by
A waiter in green. The yellow light under
The awning ignites the terrace,
Though no one sits at this end of the cafe.
They all seem to want to gather under the yellow
Lamp, while the fat stars stand out in the cobalt night.

