

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 appearing so deep because of the downward strokes of the actual sky interspersed with a violet that is almost black above the truly black silhouettes of the city buildings.

In the street people still walk. It is not so late. Quite a few sitting in groups at their 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 café. They all seem to want to gather under the yellow lamp, while the fat stars stand out in the cobalt night.



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