

# the starry night. van Gogh

*by* Jerry Ratch

Fortunately not all of the stars are represented in the sky, which is already filled enough with them, or their influence. Two separate swirling rivers of light are flowing into the picture as it is. And each of the stars and the crescent moon are pregnant and fat with light, which emanates from the heart of each one.

Iron blue and black and Prussian blue strokes of space intercede, keeping them away from one another so the worlds won't collide. And a deep red and dark green flame-like thing of a cypress tree shoves its way up into the living night, while the town sleeps below, with its roofs red and blue. Its church steeple rising above the valley floor like a simple needle out of the few lit windows of the village.

