

wheat field with cypresses. van Gogh

by Jerry Ratch

There's no sky like that, with twisting clouds shot up into by cypress trees that are so like dark green flames, leaping out of the earth as if a dark green oily pool were on fire underground, and this was all that could escape, was its essence.

And all across the bottom a plain, a ripe wheat field bent this way and that with riffs of the wind, the wheat so ripe by now as to be directly edible.

The rest, some blue and purple lumps for hills, not too different from some clouds. And then green spinach, and a gnarled tree or two that have known the earth and fear the sky.

