

Wheatfield 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 wheatfield 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 that different from
clouds. And then green spinach**

**and a gnarled tree or two that have known
the earth and fear the sky.**

