

Starry Night

by Tim Young

I invited Van Gogh over for some drinks and a chat. I'm talking about Vincent. He, of course, brought along his brother, Theo. I didn't know Theo, which is why my invitation did not include him but Vincent is the kind of guy who always does exactly what he wants to do.

It was very pleasant at first. Vincent had just spent several nights sleeping in nearby wheat fields to "get a sense of color and texture," he said. Theo rolled his eyes. He said, "I think that's just one step over the line." Vincent ignored him, went over to my bar and refilled our three glasses.

Before either myself or Theo had the chance to sip from our freshly filled glasses, Vincent had already drained his and was headed back to the bar for another. I didn't mind but apparently Vincent's thirst was taking precedent over any conversation I was hoping to enjoy or maybe he was thinking he had to prime the pump, because after that glass and one more he sat down next to me and began to discuss his color palette and how late at night he would stare at the stars and imagine them all pouring into his eyes and floating around in his head.

Theo and I went back to the bar. Vincent smiled.

