Sky Dance

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Cover Page Footnote
Sky Dance
After Vincent Van Gogh’s painting, The Starry Night, 1889

The colors of the midnight sky, mesmerize my being.
Beside you on my back I lie, galaxies are fleeing.

I long to touch the swirling hues, deep, dark, and unending.
The town below, a mix of blues, we are here pretending.

The moon himself is reaching out, beckoning us to dance.
Where stars and moonbeams twirl about, beyond all circumstance.

Electric stars in soupy night, reflections in our eyes continue penetrating sight, until this midnight dies.

--Sarah Crimmins

Song of Gue
Inspired by Pablo Picasso’s painting

Our leader betray us with his bombs that dug trenches in our land, ripped the walls from our houses, left mothers without babies to feed because they lay dead in their broken cribs.

Our leader destroyed us with the bombs that slaughtered our livestock, broke our backs as we did in the fields, and left us in darkness and smoke.

Franco sent foreigners to do his dirty work, and he did not see our faces and he did not hear our babies’ hearts stop or the orphans cry for their fathers or the mothers cry for their sons.

But, Pablo heard our cries, he saw our eyes when the bombs hit.

--M.