Sky Dance

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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 Guilt
Inspired by Pablo Picasso's paintings

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.

--Manuel

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