

# Van Gogh Remembers Being in Love

“Let me see her as long as I can keep my hand in flame.”

*Van Gogh sleeps in fits in Saint-Rémy,  
tossing like Autumn gusts against the eaves.*

*Looking out over the grounds a mulberry tree  
twitches in the wind like a great flame rising.*

*Restless, he watches the flicker. He tastes  
the cascade shimmer, the cadmium yellow.*

*Leaves search the sky: seeking an iris  
in ultramarine. We're dreaming -*

*he says, to himself and then he knows  
that when he wakes he'll be alone again.*

*His hand, the heat, the fire's twitch.  
Her eyes, so blue, the burns.*

**Kathryn Hujda**