

Wheatfield with Crows (2014)



Vincent van Gogh, Kornfeld mit Krähen

**Call me Vincent, and feel free
To ask questions. – Why are there
No people? Well, I had them on
My mind and really on the canvas,
When came that storm, so what I did,
I disappeared them into crows.
Jesus was first – wanted to spare him
Another miracle – he had been sitting
On that mound, complete with pipe
And bandaged ear, ready and set
To hold his sermon, Matthew five,
Yes, Jesus, on the left there. If
You don't see any trace, that's just
The painter's art. Correct, he's now
One of the birds, don't ask me which,
The others, if you count them, are
The twelve apostles, plus an unknown**

**Number of followers and Jews,
Circling above the field of wheat,
Which was in fact originally
Lake Tiberias in Galilee,
Parts of, and likewise agitated.
It's yellow now, that's true, which shows
Once more the virtue of oil colours.
The path, you ask, that lane between
The fields? Oh well, that's for the lad
Carting home his crop of wheat
And quickly so before the storm.
That was the plan I set out from:
A rural scene in the Midi
With country folk and all the rest.
But once you have a reputation
Of being Vincent and quite mad,
You'd better pop first inspirations.**