

## Vincent

Angelo Kelly

Starry starry night,  
Paint your palette blue and gray,  
Look out on a summer's day ,  
With eyes that know,  
The darkness in my soul.

Shadows on the hills,  
Sketch the trees and the daffodils,  
Catch the breeze and the winter chills,  
In colors on the snowy linen land.

And now I understand,  
What you tried to say to me,  
How you suffered for your sanity,  
How you tried to set them free,  
They would not listen,  
They did not know how,  
Perhaps they'll listen now.

Starry starry night,  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze,  
Swirling clouds in violet haze,  
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue.

Colors changing hue ,  
Morning fields of amber grain,  
Weathered faces lined in pain,  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.

And now I understand,  
What you tried to say to me,  
How you suffered for your sanity,  
How you tried to set them free,  
They would not listen,  
They did not know how,  
Perhaps they'll listen now.

For they could not love you,  
But still your love was true,  
And when no hope was left in sight,  
On that starry starry night.

You took your life,  
As lovers often do,  
But I could have told you Vincent,  
This world was never meant for one,  
As beautiful as you.

Starry starry night,  
Portraits hung in empty halls,  
Frameless heads on nameless walls,  
With eyes that watch the world,  
And can't forget.

Like the stranger that you've met,  
The ragged men in ragged clothes,  
The silver thorn of bloody rose,

Lie crushed and broken,  
On the virgin snow.

And now I think I know,  
What you tried to say to me,  
How you suffered for your sanity,  
How you tried to set them free,  
They would not listen,  
They're not listening still,  
Perhaps they never will.