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## Starry night poetry

STAR WISDOM Shimmering, shimmering stars above, teaching me ancient ways, inspiring me with eternal love, throughout my days. Give me the Creator's bliss, your gift of light. He gives me a night kiss to take me overnight. STARS Stars, as well as jewelry, at night, cast their beautiful midnight bright. Topaz, blue and hazy red, myriad stars above my head. I stand in awe when I see them there, shining brightly in the air. Illuminated from the flame of the Creator's light, it burns all night long. STAR MOC Oh! The intensity of the star. How can he transport you far away? I hold my breath, with pure pleasure, and continue to gaze through the night! CALL OF THE STARS Whirling, swirling dots of shade, spread out after midnight blue. Inspiring me with words unknown, an internal challenge to come home! SILENT DRUMMER Silent drummer of the night, playing again for me as my soul takes to the flight, in perfect harmony. Play me a song about the starlight that takes me to the sky and keeps me floating all night as the galaxies pass! My NIGHT HOURS When the night has gathered, when the stars are shining brightly, it's the part of the day that's just mine. I sort all my thoughts, in my head, and gather them to me to go to bed. I'm talking about all my secrets, hidden so deep before I can go to sleep. I think about my thoughts, I had during the day, and say all the things I wanted to say. At night on a quiet night, I go out. I look at the stars I confide in. I tell them my joys and hope tomorrow. When I'm under their gaze, I forget all my sadness. The moon is another ally for me. He's mysteriously smiling at me. I bask in the glow of her friendly moonlight and remind me of a much more ancient time. In the peace of the night, under the stars, all shining and shining like a road full of cars. I stare in amazement, and I'm so glad I'm drinking in the nighttime majesty! Stars on a cold night In the freezing cold night air, I look at the sky, stellar, stellar is night, my heart gives off a scream. To see the stars shining brightly, a hundred thousand or more. There are so many of them than there were the night before. Flashing, flashing bright stars, I could look at you all night. You will catch my heart in unfamiliar words and fill it with joy. But soon the cold in my bones commands me to go inside, but soon I will be back in the freezing cold air and enjoying your brilliance again! The night hours when it goes down at dusk and the sun is no longer there, and I'm done with my busy task. And the moon brightens the evening sky, and all the stars in the sky, the wink of their eye. This is the time I love the most. When the whole universe feels at peace. And all the stars shine bright. Giving away their heavenly light! Meteor shower Tonight I looked up at the sky and saw a shooting star. So close I saw the dust. I thought my heart must be going to burst. A meteor shower in the sky. That looked like the stars that were flying. So before dawn first light, it will be an extraordinary sight! Planet Tonight I saw a bright star that gave off such a bright light. A planet above my head that dazzles white and red. I couldn't believe what I saw. I looked up at the sky in amazement. I thank God he put it there and swing gently in the air. MOONLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT STARS AND STARS, that's the view! You take my breath away every night when I look at the sky. The air is quiet and deep, like a blanket that is coming and reminds me that it is dream time! NIGHT TIME RHYTHMHMN The eerily beautiful sound of a fool as I look at the sky, tells the secrets of his dreams, with his heart-felt cry. Starry Night above me sings as my heart dances with the star. With my spirit, I fly with wings and travel far and wide. Every night I am filled with pleasur, because the smell fills the air, looks up to the stars and wishes I was there. That's how it goes at night, the stars, the sounds, the view, listening to the night times, every night! Deep in the quiet Deep in the quiet, I walk every night to watch the stars burn, their heavenly light. Vivid and intense, their spectacular display, in the heavens, in their gleaming field. Deep in the quiet, with nery sound, just me and the starlight, and joy all around. Watching the sky view. Deep in the quiet, night time passes. My field In the dark I go out, to my field; my refuge. And when I look at the stars above, oh, grandeur, their genius overwhelms me. When I enter my field, the darkness swallows me whole. And when I entered, I cast my eyes into the sky. And I forget the darkness, and all I see is the light! STARGAZER A sky full of stars, above my head, what could be better before I go to sleep? In the quiet above, a magnificent view, a sky full of stars, shining so brightly! In the quiet of the night I look at the sight of red, white and blue dots. I stare with wonder at the lights of heaven. I'm a mother by day, a stargazing man by night! The child of the stars in the dark, with the full moon in front of him, a few hours before bedtime. I look at the stars and I long to be free. How I'd like to travel through this great galaxy. STARSHINE It still burns brightly, in the morning light, but hidden from the sky, you stand still, oh, what a thrill when we drive around. Oh, a burning star, from a distance, if I could touch your light as I would be, so happy, and shine all night. DESTINY Destiny calls me as the starlight falls on me and the whispering wind strokes my skin. Oh, as I wonder, many nights I wonder who and what I really am. My fate awaits me, my soul captivates me, and I know I have a place in this world! SILENT OBSERVER An observer of the night, watching our souls in sleepless flight as we merge into the Milky Way, sometimes like a golden ray. Iradescent light of golden bliss, still a stellar midnight kiss. Cross paths with our counterpart, intertwined forever, through our hearts. Oh, my soul where do you go? Places I long to meet. Give me your mystery. Let me feel eternity! BLUE STAR KACHINA (name Hopi for sirius star system) Blue Star Kachina, star of the night, radiating beauty, crystalline light. Every night in the west, I look up and I see the blue star of the night shining on me. Dance of two stars Dance of two stars, time and space, as they beat with the melody of their embrace. Eventually, they bond, in one big explosion, the two come together. When they dance death, they touch and become one! DREAM WALKING I saw the Orion Belt, and sailed the Milky Way. I danced on the moons of Jupiter and touched the golden ray. I've been to Mars and Saturn, and everywhere I look at it, there's no place I wouldn't be in this whole big galaxy! MYSTERIOUS NIGHT The air was tight, the night darkness, and I could feel a spark in my spine. I can't explain the night at my fingertips, but as a force on earth. My domed cat, every night, is fed her food, with pure pleasure. But tonight she had no role and ran into the woods with an arrow. So I thought, what could be, he's lurking around, watching me. Mystery. I'll never know, because I went to my house! Behind my thoughts, behind my thoughts, behind the stars, it shines at night. Behind my strangest, mysterious dream, far there, behind the one seen. Beyond the planets high, beyond the sky. Beyond anything, out there, behind that sight. Alone at night alone at night, the stars shine on me, whispering low, their ancient secrets. Dazzling, and bejeweled, oh what a sight! I drink in their glory, every night! Alone at night, in a quiet quiet hour when one can feel God's mysterious power. Magnetizing, and stimulating, I feel it in the air, descending around me, like a sacred prayer. This spring I guest-wrote and narrated an episode of the Makers & Mystics podcast about the life, art and spirituality of Vincent van Gogh. Vincent, the son of a Dutch reformed pastor, was a lifelong seeker of God who, through his work, sought to convey the ubiquitous Divine in everyday life. Before becoming an artist, he was a missionary in a poor coal mining village in Belgium. His service was so incarnational—he lived as well as those he served—that the sending agency deemed him too undignified to be servants of the gospel, and interrupted his support. Vincent, wounded by his hypocrisy, left the institutional church but never abandoned his faith. But that belief evolved. His so-called evangelical period gave way to a discovery that allowed him to enjoy even deeper the mysteries of God and the ethics of Jesus - about which he often wrote in letters to his brother Theo. Despite personal suffering and acute awareness of the suffering of others, Vincent was very attuned to the beauty of this world and lived a life wide embrace. He saw the image of God in people and in nature, and he honored this image through his paintings, sunflowers, cypresses, olive groves, wheat fields, farmers and mothers and postmen, soldiers, doctors, café owners, and his own self. When he was hospitalized, he continued painting, as long as his health allowed, and some of his best works came from that period in Saint-Rémy, including Starry Night. (When all the sounds stop, God's voice is heard under the stars. Vincent wrote.) While some interpret the agitated brush strokes of his later paintings as evidence of inner confusion and instability, couldn't they instead express their view of the universe as alive, wild, pulsating with life and energy? It's a myth, after all, that Vincent painted in feverish states. As I did research for the podcast episode, I met many poets who responded in verse to specific images of Vincent, or more generally to Vincent's work, occupation and heritage. I chose three such poems from the second category, each serving as a wonderful introduction to man and his work-distillation of his essence, even. I am amazed at how all three poets use religious language to describe Vincent's paintings: hymns, psalms, prayers. I've compiled the pictures listed in the poems, plus a few other representative ones, in the teeming gallery below. To enlarge a photo and see more information, click its caption, visible by hovering over the bottom. Self-portrait with bandaged uch and tube, January 1899. Oil on canvas, 51 x 45 cm. Private collection, Chicago. +++ Dear Lover of Light by Abigail Carroll Dear Lover of Light, There lived a priest so in love with light that he drove him crazy. Color was his business. When he could no longer preach, he hopped on a train south, took a brush, turned zinc and lead and chrome into gaudy, wildly dissonated ambassadors of dawn. He slapped stars the size of brooches into the sky, danced crows through bowed wheat fields, promoted a bowl of onions, a bridge, a pipe, a chair, a bed. Postmen and prostitutes were his friends- so too were irises, almond trees, windmills, clouds. Francis, if you think a painting is a kind of song, the sun's stale, too. Vincent enthusiast! This poem appears in A Gathering of Larks: Letters to Saint Francis from a Modern-Day Pilgrim (Eerdmans, 2017) and is reproduced here with the permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. Dear lover of light is from a collection of verse-style letters addressed to Francis of Assisi, a 13th-century monk who was in love with Christ and creation, called animals, natural elements and celestial bodies brothers and sisters, as in his famous Canticle of the Sun, and is said to have preached to birds and tamed the wolf. Abigail Carroll sees Francis as the kindred spirit of Vincent, who, she says, has also state the sun. Vincent's paintings are like songs of praise. Instead of words, he used color – and his favorite was yellow (yellow ochr, cadmium yellow, zinc yellow, chrome yellow), which for him represented life, energy, happiness, hope and friendship. When he could no longer preach refers to Vincent's let go of his village sermon post religious advice that deemed him too unsatisfactory and too radical. He moved to The Hague, where he befriended a pregnant sex worker named Sien and her daughter Maria, where he gave them shelter in his apartment and supported them as best he could with his own meashy funds. From there he went to Nuenen, where his compassion for the working poor manifested itself in many earthly images of this period, including his first great work, Potato Eaters, which showed a family gathered around the dining table enjoying the fruits of their labor. After two years in Paris, Vincent needed a respite from the city noise, which led him to Arles in southern France, where he actually began to consider himself an artist. He was captivated by the way sunlight flooded the Provençal landscape, making them radiant. Carroll's poetic descriptions of Vincent's paintings — dancing crows, stars like gems, tidy wheat — capture his sense that all creation is alive to God, filled with arched. Vincent found great joy in observing what bloomed around him, from rises that grew outside the asylum, where he committed himself to an almond tree, which he painted as a gift for his newborn nephew Vincent, whom his brother named after him. And Vincent saw the sacred beauty not only in the natural world, but also in everyday articles and objects, whether it was dined in the mud or on the empty chair of his friend Paul Gauguin. +++ What happened when he looked away from Marilyn Chandler McEntyre His miners are made of earth, his sowers so close to the color fields, only a wide hat, bag, outflung arms holding them from fading into wheat. But sometimes, he found, the earth itself turns to water. Mountains roll like rapids, waves curl, blue, roar, and jump like Psalmist mountains clapping their hands. And the water turns into air. How life turns to breath. The sky grows heavy with the sun and draws everything into its wild embrace, urging matter upwards and home where the energy of the earth begins. And then there's the fire. When they're alive enough (or we are), the bushes burn. If you see it, you go winding home along suddenly you know it is temporary and can evaporate or start a pinwheel around the star, taking you with it for deeper and deeper blue, into yellow, which melts into the core of a dense, transparent white where love burns day and night to fuel the fallen seed. This poem appears in The Color of Light: Poems on Late Paintings by Van Gogh (Eerdmans, 2007) and is reproduced here with the permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. This poem is structured around four classical elements, understanding as the material basis of the physical world: earth, water, air and fire. Marilyn Chandler McEntyre notes how in Vincent's paintings, these elements take on each other's qualities: for example, in olive trees in mountainous landscapes, hills surge and flow like water, and in the Soothsayer of 1888, the air burns like fire. In this second image, Vincent said he wished to use the yellow sun as a symbol of Christ's presence, a kind of halo that covers everything he touches. (See also letter

673: I would like to paint a man or woman with it is ne sais quoi eternal, whose halo used to be a symbol, and which we strive to achieve through the glow itself, through the vibrancy of our coloring.) The soothsayer shows the connection between the early and the eternal, the two inter00s intert0e empires. Sky... draws/everything into your deep embrace, urging/affair up and home, writes McEntyre. Vincent saw, in the famous words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that the Earth is teed with heaven, / And every common bush fire with God. A reference, of course, to the burning bush in Exodus 3: Now Moses held the flock of his father-in-law, Jethro, the priest of Midian, and led his flock to the western side of the wilderness and came to Horeb, the mountain of God. And the angel of Jehovah appeared to him in the flame of fire from the midst of the s bushes. He looked and behold, the bush was burning, but it was not consumed. And Moses said: I will turn away to see this great sight, why the bushes are not burned. When the Lord saw that he had turned away to see, God called out to him from the bushes: Moses, Moses! And he said, Here I am. He said: Do not approach him, or it is only about what he says. take your sandals off your feet, for the place on which you stand is holy ground. (emphasis of mine) McEntyre named this poem What Happened When He Looked- that's what happened when Vincent, like Moses, looked with intent at miraculous relics that go unnoticed so much. What happened was that, like Moses, he heard God speak. What happened was that he had a mystical connection to something in College - unimaginable, 'terribly unnamed'. which is higher than nature. Vincent's art was a respectful act to see and testify about. The last line of McEntyr's poem refers to Jesus' of the fallen seed that life aows after his death—the image of the promise of resurrection. The sun, or white-hot love for God in Christ, is generative, the energy that lifts us out of darkness and fuels our growth and flourishing. Vincent's paintings radiate this love. During his time as assistant preacher under the Rev. Thomas Slade-Jones in Isleworth, England, in the summer of 1876, Vincent wrote to Theo that I was still far from what I wanted to be, but with God's help I would succeed. I want to be bound to Christ with unbreakable ties and feel these bonds. Be saddened, but always rejoice. To live in Christ and for Christ, to be one of the poor in His kingdom, submerged in a kveze, filled with His spirit, insumbered by His Love, resting in the Father [ . J. ]. To become one who finds peace in Himself, who desires nothing but Him on earth, and who remains in the Love of God and Christ, in which we are zealously bound together. Although Vincent would later give up Orthodox Christianity, he retained his love for Christ and his sense of reverence in the face of infinite active here and now. +++ Van Gogh by Jeanne Murray Walker Well, I love him for the way he painted Vermilion! Orange! jagged as screams, and when no one bought them, no one even heard him, shouting louder, Sunflowers! Self-portrait! and a few years later, not one sold, he cut off his ear. Then he had to bring him back to the canvas hundreds of times, in the brass swelling of the bell that summoned him to dinner, in an intricate iris at the end of the asylum route. Think about how he bent down at a foreroad when he could see the stone ear, how the human heart, once he knew what he needed, would find him everywhere, as in the curve of his finely padded cell one starry night he must have muttered everything he ever wanted to say directly into the ear of God. This poem appears in The Charter to Light (University of Illinois Press, 2004) and is reproduced here with the permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. If McEntyre's poem is about looking and provoking others to look, Jeanne Murray Walker is about wanting to be heard, and takes the ear as his central image. Vincent, of course, is known for a psychotic episode that culminated in him cutting off his left ear. (His self-portraits show bandages on his right eye because he painted them by looking in the mirror.) Walker then imagines him seeing the shapes of his ears everywhere in nature - fine curves and cavities - manifestations of his desire to listen. Vincent's paintings are prayers, suggests Walker, who went straight into the who holds all our joys and sorrows in love. Others didn't hear Vincent, but God did. I mention it's a myth that Vincent never sold a painting in his lifetime. True, he sold little – his most notable sale was Red Vineyard, bought in January 1890 by Anna Boch, while Vincent was recovering in a psychiatric hospital—but still, writes Rainer Metzger in Van Gogh: Complete Paintings, the fact should not be over-emphasized; After all, Vincent was so willing to give his paintings as gifts that many would-be buyers never had to say goodbye to a penny (566). And sometimes he would do his paintings. It is also false that Vincent died without ever receiving credit for his work. In fact, he was a rising star in the art world. Avant-garde circles in France and Belgium recognized his talents before his death. It was exhibited several times and received a great review in January 1890. Several fellow artists spoke favorably of his work, and of course his brother Theo, an art dealer, was a tireless champion, even supporting him financially for years so he could paint. It wasn't easy to find, and yes, there were a lot of people along the way who didn't see the value of what he was doing, but Vincent kept doing it. He was still in his early career when he died on July 29, 1890, aged thirty-seven. After his death the audience for his work, and thus recognition for it, grew exponentially, thanks in large part to his sister-in-law, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger, who edited, translated, and published all 652 letters from Vincent that she had held, lent her paintings to various exhibitions, and supported his work in other ways. But on a personal level, Vincent was often overlooked, known as something eccentric, crazy for which he was often teased and tormented. In fact, one theory about his death, dating back to the 1950s, but popularized by Pulitzer Prize-winning biographers Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith in his book Van Gogh: Life, is that he was shot by teenage bullies. (The Van Gogh Museum rejects this theory and declares his death a definitive suicide.) Vincent struggled with mental illness: during his life he was diagnosed with a form of epilepsy that causes seizures, hallucinations and manic depression. While he befriended in every city in which he lived, his illness tended to cause cracks, sometimes permanent. Sometimes he but to Theo about how lonely he was. So even as Vincent began to get professional recognition for his art toward the end of his life, he still felt at times unwanted and misunderstood. There's a big fire burning in me, but no one's going to stop to warm up on it, and passers-by can only see a little smoke. He wrote this line in June 1880, but it's a sentiment that would emerge in his letters through ten-year idea that people are not interested in the gifts they offer, whether they are relationary or artistic. Walker's poem captures that mixture of trust and doubt, self-confidence and vulnerability, hardness and softness, and above all the dogged persistence that characterized Vincent. he cried out his soul to the canvas and to the world, which in many circles had re-entered its ears. And he muttered it to heaven, where he was received openly, caringly. +++ To learn more about Vincent van Gogh, here are some recommended sources: the aforementioned Vincent van Gogh podcast episode (Creators & Mystics Artist Profile Series #28) breaks down Vincent's art and faith in less than twenty minutes. The largest collection of van Gogh's works in the world is at the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam. The museum has excellent websites that include high resolution photos of 200+ paintings and 500+ drawings, plus interactive Stories on topics like Nature and artist. Inspiration from Japan and Brotherly Love: Vincent and Theo, in which you click through piece by piece to see art, archival photographs and quotes associated with short storytelling - very engaging! (Kudos to whoever designed the interface.) You can even take a seven-video virtual tour of the museum in 4K, see how all the galleries are set. Free website Vincent van Gogh: Letters contains scans, transcripts and translations of all van Gogh letters by his brother Theo, his artist friends Paul Gauguin and Emile Bernard, and many others. They are heavily footnoted and contain sketches and other cabinets, and the website allows for universal search! I can't afford the official six-volume, complete illustrated and annotated print edition from Thames & Hudson, but I own the Penguin Classics edition, Letters by Vincent van Gogh, a generous selection presented and editorialized by Ronald de Leeuw and translated by Arnold Pomerans, which is mostly what I quote from this article. A short book like this could be a good place to start if you're unable or unwilling to invest a lot of time to start talking about full correspondence, some of which are boring or disparate. Van Gogh's paintings have fallen victim to really poor quality reproductions that circulate on the Internet. The full-color Van Gogh: The Complete Paintings (Taschen, 2012) was indispensable to me because I researched the artist because he documents his entire catalogue of paintings (note: not drawings) with high-resolution photographs that capture the coloration and texture richness of the works as accurately as possible. These are arranged by period and contextualized with essays. The award-winning HENI Talks produced a seven-minute video called Van Gogh's Olive Trees, which is beautifully filmed and covers more than just the titular theme. Movies? I really am The 1956 biographical Lust for Life starring Kirk Douglas-characterization seems to me a spot-on, and overall it does a great job with historical accuracy-and oil-painted animated feature Loving Vincent from 2017 [previously]. I wasn't too excited about the recent Eternity Gate starring Willem Dafoe. There are many spiritual biographies about Vincent van Gogh, or books on religious impulse for his art: At Eternity gate, published by the Eerdmans in 1998, was the first of its kind and is still probably my favorite; The author has advance degrees in both religion and art history and does an excellent job claiming that Vincent's spiritual life was necessary to develop his artistic vision. Carol Berry's teachings from Henri Nouwen and Vincent van Gogh, though, would probably be my best recommendation for those who just want to dip their toes and engage Vincent's story in a less academic, more personal way as Berry, an art educator with a background in Christian service, mingles the lives of Vincent and Henri with a personal memoir-excellent gift book. My Tweets Architecture Dance Fiction Film Music Other Poetry Theatre Visual Arts Archive Select Month December 2020 November 2020 October 2020 September 2020 August 2020 July 2020 June 2020 May 2020 April 2020 March 2020 February 2020 January 2020 December 2019 November 2019 October 2019 9 September 2019 August 2019 July 2019 June 2019 May 2019 April 2019 March 2019 February 2019 January 2019 December 2018 November 2018 October 2018 September 2018 August 2018 June 2018 June 2018 2018 May 2018 April 2018 March 2018 February 2018 January 2018 December 2017 November 2017 October 2017 September 2017 August 2017 July 2017 June 2017 May 2017 April 2017 March 2017 February 2 17 January 2017 December 2016 November 2016 October 2016 September 2016 August 2016 July 2016 June 2016 May 2016 April 2016 March 2016 February 2016 January 2016 2016

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