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Van Gogh Swirls

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VAN GOGH SWIRLS

Jessica Lim

There is a blankness that rests in your eyes
There are times when the eyes can't see, when the mouth can't speak.
There is a blankness in your eyes, and a solitude within
There are times when you look up
And all there is are Van Gogh swirls
And the illumination of skies far away.
She looks at you and you don't know what to say
You look around and there is black paint splattered on the
walls of your heart
You look around and the ground your bare feet walk on is as rough as your calloused
hands
You look on
And in the distance lies the future you've always dreamed of reaching
laced with the unreachable, unattainable qualities of the naiveté you lost years ago.
You look on into the reflection in the water at the lies that have become your reality and
you saw everything as truth
And she looks at you still,
and yet your mouth has shut, stapled down by the incorrigible boy of you that knows
you have sinned.
And yes, you have sinned.
You have sinned.
And she wants to help. She looks at you
with the saddest eyes you've ever seen
And for once
You finally look at her and say
"I have sinned"
"I have sinned".