

JEFF GUESS

ROOM AT ARLES

(after the painting by Van Gogh)

now that you have lost your sun
the small dark room
comes crowding in

remember arles
the summer you ran south
the yellow absinthe
on night terraces
the meadow poppies
dancing in your blood
the pulsing light
that drove you

mad

here

rising in the dark

to paint
in clumsy thickness
a gold god

