

WILLIAM WRIGHT HARRIS

TO VAN GOGH ON  
HIS STILL LIFE

A tablecloth hiding the wood be  
neath it, painted in brown and  
yellow to make the viewer's eye  
perceive an almost beige tint.

A candle burnt low—the only  
light your eyes felt at night, a  
novel to distract you from the  
constant empty ache of existence.

A Bible—open to a page that would  
ultimately never save you from  
your  
self.

