



Starry Night

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STARRY NIGHT

Brittany Blake

The day God created her,
there was no mold,
no precedent,
no standard.

She was a muse
created by the artists
and in this golden light
slipping through the clouds,
he can see the masterpiece she is.

Her eyes are Monet lilies,
sparkles dancing through the bright blue.

Da Vinci made her mind,
but Chagall filled it.

Her soul Degas crafted
to dance in every form of light.

Picasso gave her courage,
Manet gave her strength.

But her voice,
as she opens her mouth
and breathes his name,
that's pure Van Gogh,
swirling with passion and wonder
as her mouth curls around
the letters.