

A Song of Brothers: A Duet

There is no end to sorrow.
— van Gogh

Heavy he is and swift
The current, sweeping us
Further out to sea;
Terrible, mysterious,
This hold he has on me.
Heavy he is and slow
The going, one stroke forward,
Waves drive us back. Sorrow
Sucks us down and down,
My muscles fail, go slack.
I have a child now of my own;
Brother, get off my back.

Heavy it is to bear
Such cargo, three souls held
Inside one breast: Vincent
That sleeps in the cold churchyard,
The other that might as well.
Heavy it is and far
The harbor; winds buffet
From every side; no star
Lights us home. I'll cut
The towrope soon, not long,
And then, Theo, you'll see it was
My weakness made you strong.

Brother, here, I give you freedom,
Spend it on your son and wife;
Brother, don't let go I'm drowning,
Your art gave my life life.