

"The Ravine"
Vincent Van Gogh



By our hands
Tied into knots
are the strings that are twisted
compassed
and turned into
The led lonely self
under rocks -
Freeing the climb
Belongs life,
The ravine.

Behind,
lies the forest fled field,
in its cage
Does the delicate stream
that is led in the fire
Eating bush,
Raised in the sensitive wave,
Belongs Love
Before,
The ravine.