

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 2 | Issue 2

Article 2

October 2022

Maybe One Night

Leah Umansky

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Umansky, Leah (2022) "Maybe One Night," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 2: Iss. 2, Article 2.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol2/iss2/2>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Leah Umansky
Maybe One Night

Maybe one night, Van Gogh came home to a pale
woman, naked in his bathtub.
Her red hair all wild and spreading;
wildly spreading along the top lip of the porcelain tub.
Her red hair, a thin stream of silt, skimming clear waters,
skimming her round shoulders; her round breasts.

Maybe one night they spoke French
in buttered tongues, smooth and wet.
Speaking French, in long whispers like twilight.
While she brushed her hair in his
small bathroom mirror. Each gentle stroke
like a ripple, in water. Like a flare in a flame.
Wildly spreading down the curve of her back.
Wildly spreading down those round, milky shoulders. Maybe
one night, it became too much.
And his paint couldn't dry fast enough.
Or his fingers got thick and clumsy,
losing their depth in her texture.
Maybe one night, he lost his mind
when she stopped coming round. Maybe
one night, he had enough.
And just sliced his ear off, with a small flicker
of a pocket knife. A small flit of a star.
Maybe he looked out from his window
and saw her luminosity turning the street corner,
knowing she was only his to paint. Maybe her laughter
spread wildly round his small blue room;
spreading on the walls like light.