

# First Sleepover

*A Night with Van Gogh and Picasso*

Victoria Johnson

I stood fixated on a painting  
of the night sky, and I traced  
the moving wind with my fingers.  
It's just a painting, my friend said.  
She pointed at one of a woman  
with yellow lips who seemed  
to be in all places at once,  
and she laughed.

But as I lay in her foreign bed,  
I saw the swirling stars, wind,  
and sky surrounding me.  
The woman pointed her finger  
at me, beckoning me to look,  
see, and feel her colors.

In the once quiet darkness  
of her room, I felt my knees  
buckling although I wasn't  
standing: greens, yellows,  
creams, and dark, dark blues.

A thirst kindled in my throat  
and a tang ripened on my  
tongue for shapes and patterns.  
I breathed in the motion around me  
and fell asleep in a thick dark blue.