Van Gogh

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“Van Gogh”

One of the worst lies
I have ever been told
Is that Van Gogh ate yellow paint
To bring happiness to his soul
If the story is true- the reason isn't so quaint
The truth of the matter is he wanted to die.

At some point the depressed
Were sick of bring trivialized.
So they made their suffering look pretty
And now it is glamourized.
Now their art is open for the world to see
But the inspiration behind it still gets dismissed.

Sylvia Plath was seriously hurting
Critics didn't notice until publishing Ariel
Too little, too late
Two years after her burial
An unnecessary loss of a talent so great
Why didn't we realize before she took her life at thirty?

They love works about death
Somehow managing to focus only on the beauty
And ignore all of the pain
It couldn't have been clearer when Emily
Said she felt a funeral in her brain
But nobody knew up to her very last breath.

It's easy to romanticize darkness
If you've only known light
You won't understand
Can't relate to their plight
It's like drowning in quicksand
To ignore it is heartless.

They've turned depression into another aesthetic
Metaphors help keep it vague
Keep the suffering disguised
It's been everything from grey skies to the plague
But remember the darkness is not all we have to advertise
Joy can be just- if not more- poetic.