

The Scream, by Edvard Munch

Poem of *The Scream*

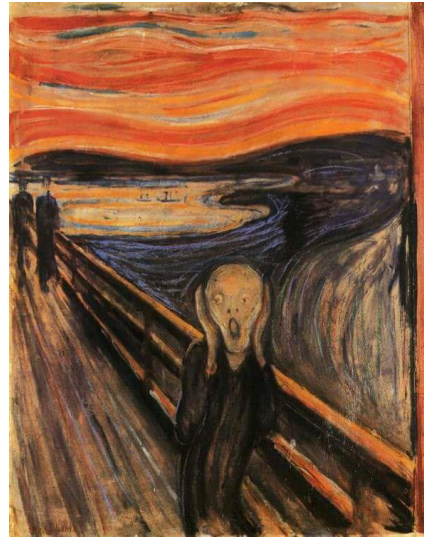
By J'Vonte Burrell

The Scream...

As you watch, he always stares,
with inner troubles in the atmosphere.
Without a blink or sudden move,
the painting sets a certain mood.
With the people walking by,
still no one hears his helpless cry.
The boats never looked back to shore,
and the people pretend he wasn't there before.

As he looks with nothing but terror,
you can't help but see a body that's rarer,
with twists and turns his body bends,
like a snake without an end.
As the setting sky gets darker,
The boy was still on the bridge by water.

As he was consumed by fear,
No helpful people ever appear.
There he sat while all alone,
as his screams had only raised in tone.
No one knew when he would stop,
But still they hoped he soon would drop,
The Scream.





Finding Comfort

Rainbow Butler

So much feeling, so much pain
How just this oil painting seems to explain

Her broken heart on display for the world to see
“No point of trying where people will only disappoint me”

Down her dress drips blood
From the separation of her once loved

A mirror image of Frida before and after
But it will emerge yes a new chapter

Representing her internal conflict, appears stormy clouds
Will it ever end? I'm sure Frida had doubts.

But a comfort in the holding of hands with her imaginary friend
A hope in the near future where this will all end

Circle of Life

By Amitees Fazeli

So alive yet without a pulse

Some awakening for journey and life

Some longing for youth and vigor

Many blossoming and glittering in sunlight

While others dangle down from the weight of life

Desiring to be young and fresh again

The new with petals erect as the alphas of bouquet

While others wither in dismay, weary and fatigued

As if there is hierarchy in the world of flowers that one does not see

Certain ones drawn to the eye with joy and merry

While the jaded resemble the wisdom of time

Some chosen and some left behind

Such is the circle of life



Van Gogh-Oil painting

Vase with Fifteen Sunflowers, August 1888



"Washington Crossing the Delaware" - By Emanuel Leutze

On the Delaware's icy waters,
Boats start to teeter and tauter,
Washington is out to kill Hessians,
He makes a leading presence,
He will lead his people to freedom,
And he knows that with confidence.

He stands strong in the light,
knowing the value of this fight.
Grey gathers around,
As they go to take the British down,
And they will defeat the British,
And be free of their controlling crown.

The flag of his country behind him,
The soldiers will soon begin firen',
After the attack they will leave,
Knowing they have made history,
And that they did make,
On that cold Christmas eve.

The other side looked blue in the morning light,
His men are rowing with might,
So that they can start the ambushing,
And soon they will be free from the king,
Because they will win,
And to freedom, the people will sing.