

THE JOURNEY BACK WAS A NIGHTMARE

The journey back was a nightmare. Monsieur Gerome was sitting on the veranda of “Sal sur Mar”. Monsieur Van Gough has begun an époque journey of the mind n'est par. He has already travelled from sanity to the insanity virtual. He is obsessed with the colours as if they controlled him by existed only in his mind. I hear him in the heat of the day forcing the paint onto the canvas as if time itself was rushing past him and crying when the lines, those tortuous lines seem to find new ways of tormenting him.

He has never been strong madam, since he was a child and he first discovered paints he has been like a soul possessed. He is my brother and I love him but ‘Mon Dieu’, how he suffers. I feel so helpless, I feel so helpless and I can only watch him taking this journey alone. Sliding back into the depths of his mind where his own demons live.

He cries out when he sees the endless fields of the ‘Fleur de Solieur’, because he cannot see the sky. He is always consumed as if he were living in the very fabric of the pictures he sees.

Monsieur Gerome, there is something you should know, he does not wash anymore when he dirties himself and he studies the deep red grapes in his glass for hours as if the very thought of drinking them would cleanse his mind. The last time he ate he was mixing the paint on his baguette and eating it as if to become the paint and flow with it in this newfound reality of his.

His journey is changing n'es par?

Le Museum de L'arte in Paris want four more paintings, but I fear they will never be finished. You know Tildi, he sleeps in the fields with the sun flowers, they seem to comfort him!

The silence was suddenly broken when Dr. Renard rushed, in out of breath to tell them the tragic news. Monsieur Van Gough has cut off his left ear!. I have stopped the bleeding but I cannot repair the damage to his mind.

Over the coming weeks Van Gough rests and dreams. A strange peace descends upon him “ Ma Mere sei toi?” he calls out. He was always afraid of the dark when he was a child and his nightmares would begin, but now he seems to know that his journey is coming to an end. He sleeps in the fields with the sun flowers wrapped around him like a blanket. His paintings finished , oiu c'est une miracle, n'est par?

His death came not as a surprise but as a blessed relief. He died at 4pm, sitting on the veranda with his brother Gerome and smiling as he reached out unseeing to the arms of his beloved mamma. Tildi, just continued rocking quietly in her chair until dusk fell and the chill of the evening brought a shiver.

“Oiu c'est fine Tildi.” “He is gone, and for him the nightmare journey is over”.

Joy Himsworth