

Potato Eaters painted by Vincent van Gogh in 1885



Vincent van Gogh

Potato Eaters

<http://digitalarts.ucsd.edu/~gkester/Teaching%20copy/VIS%2022%20Midterm%20Exam%20Images.htm>

1885

Potato Eaters

Day crawls by slowly
in the hot, hot field.
Peanuts and cotton
are picked by the pound.

Night.
Cool breezes come.
Africans eat quickly,
burning their tongues
on potatoes

Oh, lovely potatoes
light the world for them.
Golden like a gold nugget,
casting wealth and joy.

Drab clothing Africans wear,
having their chests bare

to the elements of the world.

Weather-beaten skin that was hurled

Far away.

Plain and simple and loose,
they suffer, but they are happy.
Potatoes were eaten to boost
their stomachs to the core.

Back in the dry plains
where once a month it rains,
Africans were free,
free to be themselves.

The joy of play,
the children's laughter
that can be heard ever after,
is now replaced - potatoes.

Plain and white,
dirty and brown.
But good
and healthy.

Sweet, hot steam
rises from the white inside.
Black engulfs everything
except for the potatoes' bright-side.

Potatoes - the essence of life,
their only comfort.
Africans will gain the right
to be free
through the candle light.
Potatoes --
Hope from slavery.