

Name _____

The Scream of Existence

In Edvard Munch's painting, a scream resounds,
A figure stands on a bridge, profound,
The sky aflame with shades of red,
A sense of dread, a world in his head.
The figure's face, contorted and white,
Eyes wide open, a haunting sight,
A silent scream that pierces the air,
A soul in anguish, a heart laid bare.
The landscape twists, as if in pain,
A world askew, an unhinged terrain,
The trees reach out with twisted limbs,
Nature itself, in chaos, swims.
The figure stands alone in despair,
As if burdened by life's heavy wear,
The weight of existence, a crushing weight,
In this painting, it's a dreadful state.
The swirling sky and the barren ground,
A sense of doom that hangs all around,
The scream of existence, a primal cry,
In Munch's painting, it reaches the sky.
As you gaze upon this masterpiece so bold,
You may feel the dread that's been foretold,
The scream of existence, a universal theme,
In Edvard Munch's art, it finds its gleam.

