

Name _____

Starry Night's Magical Journey

In a small town, where houses slept,
A starry night began to wept,
A painter named Vincent, so bold and bright,
Captured the stars with his brush that night.
With swirls and whirls of blues and gold,
The sky on his canvas, a sight to behold,
The moon's gentle glow, the stars so bright,
In his painting, they danced with all their might.
As he painted the church, with its spire so tall,
And the cypress tree standing straight and tall,
The village below, in its quiet repose,
Vincent's heart, with wonder, it chose.
But as he painted, his mind took flight,
Into the heavens, through the starry night,
He dreamed of swirling galaxies, so vast,
And wondered about the universe's secrets, at last.
The stars whispered secrets in his ear,
Of galaxies far and galaxies near,
Of planets and moons, in endless array,
In Vincent's mind, they danced and swayed.
He painted with passion, his heart all aglow,



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As the night's magic continued to flow,
He felt the universe's embrace so tight,
In the depths of that starry, enchanting night.
And as he finished his masterpiece grand,
He knew he had touched a celestial strand,
For his painting was more than colors and light,
It was a portal to the universe's flight.
Now, when you look at the starry night sky,
Remember Vincent and his painting up high,
For in art and in dreams, we can take flight,
Into the wonders of the starry night.

