La Nuit étoilée

In *La Nuit étoilée* [The Starry Night], *les touches* [brushstrokes] are profound, dancing from the left side of *la toile* [canvas] to the right and spiraling clockwise. *Les tourbillons* [whirlwinds] give a semblance of motion, movement, and progress. The cascading *montagnes* [mountains] in the scene provide an illusion of impending doom, evident through the incoming *ondes* [waves] incoming over *le faubourg* [suburbs]. *Le cyprès* [cypress tree] inches towards the top of the image, reminiscent of a fairytale from childhood: “Jack and the Beanstalk.” This story contains mystical elements of beans that sprouted, growing bigger and taller until reaching the sky. It can be imagined that a little boy read the story and ventured off on his own, climbing, to discover his own new world.

The young boy, after being inspired by the fleeing from *le faubourg*, races through town. He sprints past *l'église* [church] and stares up at *le clocher* [belltower], taking one final glance at the life he will be leaving behind. He catches a glimpse of *la lune* [moon] and *les étoiles* [stars], aspiring to become as significant as those celestial bodies.

The young boy’s climb up *le cyprès* is not without misfortunes. The tree bark was rough on the skin, making the journey a challenge. As he reaches the peak, he peers up and notices the most monumental issue of all: *le cyprès* does not reach the top of *la peinture* [painting] or to the sky. It approaches near, but never truly stretches far enough. The boy, hugging the tree over one hundred feet above the ground, begins to panic. Climbing back down would signify defeat and he cannot not advance any higher. Ultimately, an idea comes into his mind: he decides the next course of action is to embrace *le cyprès* until it grows. His youthful rationalization surmises this to be his only option.
As he lingers for years for the tree to flourish, he ponders about his choices. He misses the relationships he had with his parents and friends that he left behind. He recognizes that he could never recreate this with la lune and les étoiles. He accepts that the superficial experiences he was seeking above are unrivaled by his family. He begins his descent back down. As he reaches the ground again, he catches sight of the people observing and waiting for him. Finally, he makes eye contact with his family, his friends, and then his dog. He darts over and embraces them in a gigantic hug. While he rekindles these relationships, he recognizes the dangers of impulsivity and the true value of human connection. Furthermore, he learns a lesson of appreciation and treasuring what he has instead of trying to solve a non-existent problem.