

Big Picture

Vernon, Nan

The photograph you left behind
Is rippling and yellowing
A momentary laps was all
To cause the fall of the sun
Coming up close to check you out
Something pure I could never name
Clystalised in a picture frame

Glide over me in your mercury machine
I'll wave "Hi" as you touch the sky
And I won't be afraid 'cause we know
That we'll be there in the big picture

The razor marks the final cross
Closer to a brighter flame
"One more for the last hurrah luck of the draw"
He used to say
Coming up close to check you out
Something pure I could never name
Clystalised in a picture frame