

## Matters of Perspective

Vincent, against the advice of his doctor, no longer takes his medicine  
He has come to appreciate the highs... and the lows  
They give life its depth, and the greater the depth the further the visionary sees  
So the Sunflowers of Arles shine bright on the gallery wall

A mother scolds her child, *the world does not revolve around you*, she cries  
When he comes of age, he runs to the holy mountain top  
Here he discerns the vanishing point of his ego lies  
Exactly where the microcosm and macrocosm intersect  
He declares we are each, indeed, the center of our universe

*Poetry is boring*, said the student. *I don't know what to say*  
*No, poetry is divination*, replied the teacher, *so let's it try anyway*  
You know Flannery O'Connor? She once said  
*I write - because I don't know what I think until I read what I say*

On the nursing home television set in 69  
With one small step for man and one giant leap for mankind  
Astronauts land upon the moon  
Aunty Lizzie looks out the window and seeing the sun shine  
Remarks, *at least they had a nice day for it*  
She's right, it's going to rain tomorrow

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Matters of perspective are like threads in the fabric of the universe  
Pull a loose thread. And that's how your life unravels