

## 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  
Clysthalised 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  
Clysthalised in a picture frame