

“New Perspectives” by Mackenzie Burgess, Joliet

Wavy, brown hair
Carmel, like the crayon color
Had a sudden burst into vivid reality.
Carmel brown eyes
Average, ordinary, typical
Unfortunate, but tolerable
Because if you think about it
Ordinary can have different meanings.
The 5-year-old
Pulls out their brand-new crayons,
Clenching the sky blue
Scraping the paper ferociously.
Their mother’s gentle warning
Comes from in the distance.
Back and forth, back and forth
Gently
They grab the sunflower yellow,
Drag it neatly to the corner of the page,
Draw the sun and its elegant rays,
An ordinary summer day.
But art has a mysterious aspect,
Even ordinary things can become extraordinary,
In the snap of a finger.
It’s in the eye of the beholder.
The same child
Works on the stick thin body
Arms, legs, head
Reaches gently for the caramel brown
Hair, eyes
SNAP!

The tears begin to fall,
Their mother walks over
And what did she do?
She said no one ever told you
That broken crayons couldn't color.
The sniffles slowed, and they reached once more.
Tip of crayon, top of paper, new perspective.
New. Perspective.
Maybe ordinary isn't so bad,
And caramel brown can be more than typical.
Maybe, when we see dreary or broken crayons
In ourselves,
Others see art, beauty, masterpieces.
And our broken, blunt-tip features
Quickly revert to the brightest colors on the page.
Bright is not bad, unfortunate,
And it's much more than tolerable, it's extraordinary.