

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Lee Evans

I could break my spine,
Looking up at the sky—
But to what avail?
No more Heaven is there,
Than when I look down
At this world on the ground.

Not everyone knows
This truth, I suppose:
My countrymen drain
Their fossils, and strain
To evolve as a race
That commands outer space.

Would they but explore
“In the deep heart’s core,”
They could see the whole earth
They give such slight worth
Revealed in bright rays
Each Independence Day.

For down would be up,
And bottom be top—
All things being due
To one’s own point of view,
That sees low or high
From where its thought lies.

The shock might be such
To tax overmuch
Their self esteem, though,
And cause them to glow
With colors more true
Than red, white and blue.