

*How Can You Say We Are Not Related* (Scurfpea Publishing)

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## **Points Of View**

by Suzanne Sunshower

My mom hated my first apartment  
perched high in the sky  
over dying midtown. She said

I was paying too much  
for a crappy view. For that rent,  
I should be able to see downtown,

and its bold path to the future;  
only losers dwelled on remnants  
from the discarded past.

There was simply no use telling her  
that I loved the place  
because my friends never tired

of peering out the window with me,  
to marvel at the old

Velvet Peanut Butter factory.

Empty and forgotten, it reminded us  
of a time when every kid ate  
Velvet; its hulking shell

helped us to see childhood fondly,  
and with a grace far more charitable  
than was probably deserved.

I also didn't bother to tell her  
when I finally moved out of there  
and in with a popular punk band.

She never would have understood  
that my life was big enough to hold  
whatever I wanted it to.