

The Bear Quartet, Smallest

a walk across the ice cracks
I'm certain, days
turn their backs
faster on the houses
and lonely they
turn to themselves
as the night turns on everything else

wrapped up and hollow
the smallest day
can open up tomorrow

days turn their backs
faster for sure
they only knock and then turn at the door
hardly remembered
we're falling into ourselves
as the cold falls on everything else

the smallest day
nothing much at all
coffee and sparkling minerals