

# 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