Spoons, My Favorite Page

Home from the library
I put my book beside the table lamp
The day now forgotten
I feel the world around me slip away
Now to be replaced
By an open page...
My favorite page

Caught in each chapter
I hesitate, afraid to lose it all
So this time Im not budging
Im staying right here in this paragraph
I tear the pages free...
The ones I choose for me

I have my favorite page
An uncharted island
Where we will walk every beach
Word for word
My favorite page
A warm destination
Im going to be there some day
Totally