

## Selection of a Place

Avey Tare

Rekindling then  
The passion flower that could never bloom again  
Those days what power  
Trip some outward  
Tripped some up  
Young ways, dead ends

You'll find a place  
Impressions of wet lips  
On a window's frosty lens

Relax in space  
Birds singing wise  
No race  
There is comfort for you

If all the people that you ever ran into along the way  
Had left the mark inside a case for tomorrow

Today it might sting  
And if somebody special ever ran away with  
What they gave you wasn't it a gift to touch for a second?  
I'm right beside you

Not thinking about the holidays  
Suddenly I wake up now  
Not thinking about  
All the work that must be done  
Suddenly I wake up now  
Not thinking about little letters on my phone  
Suddenly I wake up now