

Tiny Flakes

Michael Nau

One, two, three

Orange leaves in a pile under the tree
Where a glow is hanging over
Where a glow is hanging over

All I see, and all I don't
Cast a net into the picture
Fish a momentary river

Of timeless times in endless spaces
Outside the lines and databases
Some good finds, some cold cases
The fruit of the vine in gold traces

Orange leaves in a pile under the tree
Where a breeze is tripping over
A breeze is tripping over
All I know, plus all I don't
Lying peaceful at the center
Every piece is stacked together

The lucky breaks and second chances
Rookie mistakes and major league advances
The tiny flakes and avalanches
The air that shakes the gold branches

Orange leaves in a pile under the sea
Where a glow is hanging over
And a glow is hanging over all I see