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Home away from Home: Austin, Texas

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Once again upon the bench
Frozen with approaching Winter
Cold as fists clenched
Around an absence
Myself alone now
You have gone
And left me under a single cloud

A single snowflake falls and dies
Upon the harsh wet ground
Another solitary descends on me
I hold it in my hand without a sound
And then the stone-gray sheet above me is opened
Tens of millions of tiny crystals kissing my face and hands
I watch them fall through the neon of the closest streetlight
I look up and I'm flying through space
I remember you in my fall consciousness now gone
I'll be waiting for your kiss upon my face

I keep your whisper next to my keys
It's as soft as the summer breeze
Coming to melt the snow and bring you back
Springing my fall consciousness upon me again

Tim Winterstein