Pick Me

What if writers didn't have to worry about choosing the right word; what if the words just jumped up and down, waving their little syllabic fingers in the air, yelling, "Pick me!!" I'm quite sure sometimes they do just that.

Pick me, a word you'll like Carrot, whimper, tickle, ice I don't care if I'm wrong, I belong in your song Pick me, pick me, pick me

Pick me, on a whim Could be them or her or him Mi hermana, ma soeur, corazón o coeur Pick me, pick me, pick me, light my feu

Pick me, you know I'm right Not too short and not too bright If you're not quite fond of me, find a syllable or three Add it onandonandonandon, pick me

I'm intention or just fate - Hear it?(Listen!)
Just one word in the world waiting to unfurl ...

I'm flotilla to your fleet Crunching forest 'neath your feet Every ratchet of the sound, every patch of groaning ground Gloating grinding growling pick me

I'm your heaven or your hell Broken dream or wishing well Wish me well in this song; here's where I belong You picked, you picked me!

I'm intention or just fate - Hear it?(Listen!)
Just one word in the world waiting to unfurl ...

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