

# Vashti Bunyan, Against The Sky

whatever pulled the wind that night  
it had it bring a tree down  
untidy lime tree holding tight  
to the end of my last garden  
one of five against the sky  
an elegant surrender  
it broke the wall and bent the gate  
and warmed us through the winter

whatever pulls the wind tonight  
will have the roof slates fly  
but rows of chimney pots don't wave  
like trees against the sky  
the hill behind the old house  
I can trace it with my finger  
against the sky I see it still  
and draw it down on paper

whatever pulled me over here  
you were the main contender  
and with the tress against the sky  
another life's remembered  
some evening skies are yellow  
and over my head they're blue  
what happened to the green between  
it happened to me  
too