

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