

Bjork, Solstice

When your eyes pause on the ball
That hangs on the third branch from the star,
You remember why it is dark
And why it gets light again.

The Earth, like the heart, slopes in it's seat
And, like that, it travels along an elliptical path
Drawn into the darkness.

An unpolished pearl
In sky-black
Palm of hand
Flickering sun-flame.

And then you remember
That you, yourself, you are a light-bearer, a light-bearer
Receiving radiance from others

Flickering sun-flame.

Unpolished Earth in palm of hand.