

Dark Matter

Björk

When your eyes
Pause on the ball
That hangs on the third branch from a star,
You remember why it got dark
And why it is getting light again.
The Earth (like the heart) leans back in its seat
And, like that, it travels along an orbit
Drawn in the darkness.
Unpolished pearl In sky-black
Palm of hands
Flickering sun-flame.
You remember
That you are yourself a light-bearer,
Who receives her radiance from others