

Solstice

Björk

When your eyes
pause on the ball
that hangs on the third branch from the sun

you remember why it got dark
and why it's getting light again

the earth like the hearts
slopes in its seat
and like that it travels
along an elliptical path
drawn in the darkness

Unpolished Pearl
in the sky bright palm of hands
flickering sun flame

And then you remember
That you are yourself
You are a light bearer, a light bearer
receiving radiance from others
flickering sunrise