

Buckminster Fuller

Nerina Pallot

Last night I dreamt of him:
Buckminster Fuller
The force that drives the flower brings
Grace to caterpillars
Slowly creeping
Drunk with meaning
Things unseen are not unmade

And I am just a little thing
Made like all others
Humble as a bumble bee
My heart set on the moon
Full force feeling
Here is meaning
Things unseen are not unmade

How was it, how is it, how was this great world grown?
Things unseen are already there

Slowly creeping
Drunk with meaning
Things unseen are not unmade