

Solstice

Björk

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 its 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 the palm of hand