

## Dark Skies

Emma Pollock

The light we see is from times unknown  
Put in their place the troubles we are shown  
We are the root, we are the branch  
We are the product of a million chances

Don't you love the way they dance  
Above you in dark skies?

They'll trip the sounds up in your mouth  
So that the words they don't come out right  
We could be anywhere in this kind of dark  
Oh let's be anyone, oh let's be anyone

And they gave us a stage  
To write our own page of history

And yet you still call this design now  
From the only one who knows  
I think I'll give the emperor back his clothes

Enoch, Neldricken, Valley and Glenhead  
Are all reflecting the stars overhead  
Like black glass the water holds our eye  
Not a movement, not a sign of a pitching

Leave me suspended like this  
While the world does its bitching

I like to keep my fairytales on shelves  
My Goldilocks doesn't need explaining  
Why can't it be just as simple as it looks?  
Don't need a sermon to balance these books

Staring up from the ground  
As the light it dumbfounds us

And yet you still call this design now  
From the only one who knows  
I'll think I'll give the emperor back his clothes