

## Turning Backs

Vashti Bunyan

Indifference is the hardest blow  
It is the wind and icy snow  
That falls on green shoots as they grow  
In winter when the spring's too slow

Indifference is the coldest hand  
It is the wave that clears the sand  
Of castles built by baby hands  
Before the gulls come in to land

Indifference is the hardest ground  
It is the stony silent sound  
Of plainsong echoing unfound  
Until the voices have left town