

# Against the Sky

Vashti Bunyan

Whatever pulled the wind that night  
It had, it bring a tree down  
Untidy lime, tree holding tight  
To the end of my last garden One of five against the sky  
An elegant surrender  
It broke the wall and bent the gate  
And warmed us through the winter Whatever pulls the wind tonight  
Will have the roof slates fly  
But rows of chimney pots dont wave  
Like trees against the sky The hill behind the old house  
I can trace it with my finger  
Against the sky I see it still  
And draw it down on paper Whatever pulled me over here  
You were the main contender  
And with the trees against the sky  
Another lifes remembered Some evening skies are yellow  
And over my head theyre blue  
What happened to the green between  
It happened to me too

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