

## Innocence Mission

### "And Hiding Away"

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And Hiding Away

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I prize the cloudy, tearing sky  
for the thoughts that flap and fly.  
For staying in and reading by.  
For sitting under.

I read a book of Madeline  
and her friends in two straight lines,  
in Paris, in a house with vines  
over its old face.  
Far, far is Paris...  
and the sky is dark with mystery.

Try, catch the thoughts that flap and fly  
in the cloudy, tearing sky,  
that touch and stir and won't be tied-  
and try to speak them.

I think of my old Flower Sky.  
Of us, when we thought we were spies.  
Of bobbing eggs in Easter dyes.  
Of walks in London.  
Try, try to hold my love for you,  
it knows no measure.

This is a day for hearing bagpipes  
somewhere playing.  
This is a day for hearing sarabands  
and hiding away.

Sky, I hold my tears if you do.  
Starling thoughts, go over me

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