

Laura Veirs, Ocean Night Song

A handful of dream dust for my pirate
He can hear the pacific singing
The sea meets the light in his salt water eyes
Icy pictures of the water are captured in his frame

The paddles of night are unfolding
A mermaid's map floats by on the rolling green
Japanese fishing float carries my soul out to the whales
And out to the deep

I wonder about the herds of the sea
if they will hurt or if they will help me

Swimming with my fallen blossoms
I drink from the source above

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