

Kari Bremnes, Coastal Ship

I carried that dream as a girl,
Dreaming by a fjord so deep,
That my destiny called
From the coastal ship far out at sea.

Always at evening,
That's when that ship called out to me,
Saying she heads north
As I ran to the harbour to see.

A feast coming in,
An Arabian night with a taste of salt,
Fond good-byes and Good Lord! There you are!
These boxes with cats, these eggs that must not be broken,
These sailors' cries and rope thrown down
On the dock for tying,
Seeing the world itself arriving.

Made of steel and fairytales.
What a sight!
The Captain's black uniform with stripes gold and bright.
Happiness coming in.
Happiness coming through the dark.