

## Fisherman's Boy

Heather Dale

Fisherman's boy with a bucket of water  
goes walking each day on the shore  
Looking in tide-pools and crannies  
for fish that were stranded  
Sure-handed he'd gather them all  
Throwing them back to the ocean  
Back to the living once more

Soon he was throwing the nets like his father  
And hauling them back to the shore  
Taking the time to be careful and sort the unneeded  
from those he would store in the hold  
Throwing them back to the ocean  
Back to the living once more

He went down in a storm near the rocks of Point Cleary  
They searched 'til the night drove then home  
But in the morning they found him, alive and unbattered  
Where shattered wood littered the stones  
He'd been thrown back from the ocean  
Back to the living once more

Fisherman's boy with a son and a daughter  
goes walking each day on the shore  
Looking in tide-pools and crannies  
for fish that were stranded  
Sure-handed they gathered them all  
Throwing them back to the ocean  
Back to the living once more