

# Ocean Night Song

Laura Veirs

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 petals 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  
Swimming with my fallen blossoms  
I drink from the source above

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