

The Ocean

Ben Lee

If I could have chosen where God would hide his heaven
I'd wish for it to be in the salt and swell of the ocean
Carried by the currents to all continents' shores
Reaching into depths where the sun's light has never shown

Mixed with algae and coral, breathed in by sharks and dolphins
Sailed by tanker ships, private yachts, swam in by tourists
Working its way up through inlets, lakes, and rivers
Swamps, and estuaries, down through limestone into the aquifer

Purified by the county, pumped through pipes and out faucets
Filled into a glass to meet the thirst of our children

And if I could have chosen, I would have been born a woman
My mother once told me she would have named me Laura
I'd grow up to be strong and beautiful like her
One day I'd find an honest man to make my husband

We would have two children, build our home on the Gulf of Mexico
Our family would spend hot summer days at the beach together
The sun would kiss our skin as we played in the sand and water
And we would know we loved each other without having to say it

At night we would sleep with the windows of our house left open
Letting the cool ocean air soothe the sunburned shoulders of our children

There is an ocean in my soul
Where the waters do not curve