

# Searching

Hanne Hukkelberg

I was a lovely hunter  
With just fingers and a palm  
I'd hunt a dust through a gentle breeze  
And grab it with the point and thumb  
I raised a dust, started the search  
The more I tried the harder it became  
But when I sat down, it fell into my hand

I was a lonely hunter  
Bow and arrow on my back  
I couldn't see, had to count on my heart  
Then I knew I would find the one  
I tried the best I could  
But got lost in the woods  
Searched all night, but couldn't see  
But now that I can see  
My man will come to me

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