

Salvage A Smile

Laura Veirs

Dead eye from the wood of life
Hold the ropes and the rigging lines
Red-eye a.m. Here i lie
Shipwreck passing underneath
What of the sailor and her spinning wheel?
What was she thinking being
Swallowed by the water whole?

Red on the left, green on the right
You can see me coming in the morning light
Brass and glass and rusted iron
Sextant here for the heavenly bodies
Compass here but the needle's shot
Magnetic deviation screws me up

Break the glass from your hanging lanterns
Break the sea with your blackened anchors
And you might end up a floating junk pile
But you can always scramble to salvage a smile