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 lieShipwreck 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 ironSextant here for the heavenly bodies
Compass here but the needles shot
Magnetic deviation screws me upBreak 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 smileYou can always scramble to salvage a smile

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