

# Papermill, Paper Boat

sailing quietly, no icebergs heaving into sight  
only slightly worried over the waves  
but as they rose, they fell, true to their name  
sailing quietly, happy, trusting, serene

was my radar broken? it did not spot  
any of those torpedoes approaching near  
running there for weeks, months, even years  
with broken masts I lie on the seabed to rot

if you're still willing to read my words  
you can write this down, pin them on your wall

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