

# Laura Veirs, Salvage A Smile

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