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Boat Poem

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BOAT POEM

Someplace under these strewn skies I own a boat.
You see, a sailor learns to hide beneath the sky; but I just wanted to look down into the mysterious green that could've been our blood. I also wanted to find out what was still afloat on this earth:

One morning after a storm and before the sun a drunk fisherman said—
If you're no damn good you sink; if you're good, you rise later.