INFINITE SKY, horizon light
Encompass me. I’m losing sight.

Fair wind, luffed sails, can’t come about

Submarine rock, no warning shout

Listing larboard, absent belief

That God or man will veer the reef

That wrecks my hull, leaves me aground

The bar uncrossed, deep sea unfound.

Then soundings mark a safer draft.

Red triangle is hoisted aft.

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