Transient Ischemic Attack

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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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