The Angelic Smile

The boat leaned hard against the tide,
Then turned its painted belly wide.
An archangel crossed the hull,
As if the sea had cradled him.
A painter set his final stroke,
While seven stars broke through the smoke.

Oh, look, the water keeps the sky,
The drowned bright arrows falling by.
The tourists stand with open mouths,
While winter gathers round the clouds.
A box of brushes, rags, and paint
Lies by the shore where waves retreat.

A little girl points at the scene,
Her voice cuts clean across the gale:
"Oh, look, it's just like Daddy
With Mommy in the evening."
The painted angel turns his smile,
Then winks as if he heard it all.

Oh, look, the water keeps the sky,
The drowned bright arrows falling by.
The tourists stand with open mouths,
While winter gathers round the clouds.
A box of brushes, rags, and paint
Lies by the shore where waves retreat.

The boat is still, the stars are gone,
The paint is dry, the night moves on.
One small hand still points ahead,
One painted eye has left the dead.

Oh, look, the water keeps the sky,
The drowned bright arrows falling by.
The tourists laugh, the girl runs home,
The painted angel winks alone.
A box of brushes, rags, and paint
Waits by the shore where waves retreat.

The boat pitches, the sea turns blue,
The angel winks—and looks at you.

Chantell Gasp