



Photo by Alan Zolman

LIGHTHOUSE

Night fog
In black, unbroken cloud,
Pitch thick with shadow trail—
The Bay is but a sound!

Immensity of haze and night,
Green coils of sea grass
Radiant in flashlight glow,
White rim of foam
In wild uprush and slide . . .

Pale flare of light,
Lantern and star
In wax and wane,
Golding to flame
And gilded red,
Blaring to star
And sweeping cone—
Apocalypse in fog!

—Michael J. Moakler