

LOVE LETTER TO A LIGHT

An early love come again, abides within,
uses every crevice of time long gone,
in memory still agile
for open, iron-tower steps.
Tower-wind certain as a song —
once known and loved in decades past,
the memories are pure joy —
They last, and last . . .

When decades grow to centuries overnight,
man's building is the tribute to the glory of the light.

Unfriendly, the message:
Go away, stay away
from this island, this point of land,
barely manned but purposeful,
lonely, too . . .

Then an early builder, artisan, artist
fashioned a cottage to include that tower.
This he affixed to one rounded corner nearest the waves.
Now a keeper could joyously acquire a mate and
produce a net-full of children.

Again and again, this became a home
in seasons of sunshine and storm.
Indomitable and dependable as iron,
monument of mercy
so long and strong,
True masonry, land-locked,
build to stand forever
with a message made
to treasure.

When decades grow to centuries overnight,
You, lighthouse of my life, tribute to the glory of the light.

*Poem by Thelma Shaw — age 98 — Owner of the McGulpin Lighthouse from 1937 to mid 1970's.
The McGulpin Lighthouse is located on upper Lake Michigan, near Mackinaw City.*

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