



The Lighthouse

*Keep the lanterns burning brightly
Trim the wick; refuel the lamp
Tending light from dusk till midnight
Seen for miles from mariners standing
Or dashed to shore if light should fail
The keeper walks the winding stairs
For circling beams of golden light
Polished metal and plate glass windows
A constant vigil in the night
Seagulls glide over silver waves
In windblown world of rocks and fog.*

—By Elaine Sheen