

“Who Walked Here?”

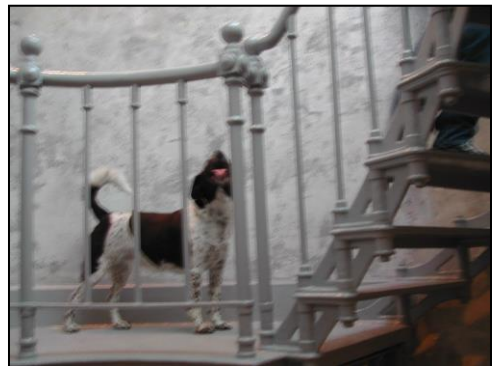
Someone walked here, so long ago—
An old lighthouse keeper, very steady and slow;
He didn't want to spill the precious lamp oil,
Nor trip on a loose tread and create more toil.

Someone walked here, in the past's early dawn—
To greet the lightkeeper, as he gave a big yawn;
His wife, so devoted, carried coffee and some cake
To please her dear husband when she got awake.

Someone walked here, after church or after
school—
Checking on the keeper or carrying his tools;
A lighthouse child who loved to climb the stairs
And sit on all the steps as if they were chairs.

Someone walked here on silent soft feet,
Someone with whiskers and a taste for bony treats;
A ready and true friend to the keeper and his kin,
The lighthouse dog was always welcomed in.

Now, I walk here, so curious to learn
What makes the light so brightly burn;
I'm a lighthouse keeper in my heart and mind;
I wonder, at the very top, what I'll find???



By **Lighthouse Pooch**