Farallon Light—1855

And now a flashing, jewelled tower crowned
These lofty, time-worn granite locks,
Across the cicling waters wide
The ever-coming fleet to guide.
And exiles, lone, a loyal band
(Fate wills for every task a crew be found)
Made their abode on this lonely strand,
Alone, 'mid jagged, towering rocks,
Wild haunts of screaming sea-bird flocks,
Beside bold seas of restless mood,
In bleak, sea-island solitude.

By Milton Ray