

## Farallon Light—1855

AND now a flashing, jewelled tower crowned  
These lofty, time-worn granite locks,  
Across the cycling 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

