



## FOR A LIGHTHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT LAKES

Walking on a crisp autumn day,  
a glimpse in the distance,  
between the trees,  
as if an abstract representation of a tree  
stands a beacon.  
Austere architectural touches  
in the middle of such haphazard  
lonely wilderness.  
The compulsion to enter is satisfied.  
An elegantly carved window  
halfway up  
the long climb to the top  
framing a scene of barren chaos  
and solitude.  
Anachronistic,  
yet strangely appropriate to,  
and an integral part of  
the seasonal fluctuations  
and rhythm of the island.  
In life or death  
as long as the bricks stand  
and the smooth angular symmetry of your body  
remains poised skyward  
in contrast  
to the rough hewn edges  
of the life around you,  
your presence will be  
regarded as natural  
and at home,  
as the maple,  
thistle

and seabird that glides about your chiseled features,  
which by weathering the seasons  
and elements  
have taken on a bit of the wilderness,  
and flawed beauty  
of the island around you.  
The years allow your presence  
to wear into the landscape snugly.  
Appearing to the seasoned eye  
as an escarpment  
or symbol of a bygone time,  
deeply set against the trees  
as you are.  
A lighthouse can add a graceful beauty  
to an already special place.  
Fallen into disuse your  
assured stance still serving  
a gentle cause;  
the spark  
that sets fire to the light of our imaginations.  
That place  
where childhood dreams  
still seem like reasonable possibilities.  
you are indeed still  
a guiding  
and inspiring  
beacon.

*By Mike Shannon*