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