LIGHTHOUSE

Night fog
In black, unbroken cloud,
Pitch thick with shadow trail—
The Bay is but a sound!

Immensity of haze and night,
Green coils of sea grass
Radiant in flashlight glow,
White rim of foam
In wild uprush and slide...

Pale flare of light,
Lantern and star
In wax and wane,
Golding to flame
And gilded red,
Blaring to star
And sweeping cone—
Apocalypse in fog!

—Michael J. Moakler