Mark Island Light's spiral staircase,
Like steps of mortal man,
Leads upward toward horizons
He can ultimately scan.

Halfway up the stairway
He cannot see the start,
Or not quite yet the finish
Because they're far apart.

Step by step we clamber,
Without the stairway showing
From where it was we started
To where it is we're going.

We cannot see the tower,
As to its top we rise;
Or know what far horizons
Will startle and surprise.

BY JAMES RUSSELL WIGGINS