



Old Lighthouses

Silent soldiers standing guard
Lonely in their vigil
Light long gone from out their eyes
They harbor, no ill will

Ghosts of keepers on the steps
Repeat their daily climb
Hear the ships call from the sea
Forever lost in time

Once their lights kept sailors safe
A brilliant white road home
Now they stand in nature's light
Silhouettes, watching foam

By Arthur H. Isaacson