Olde Cape May Pointe Lighthouse

Soft,
I lay my hand against this ancient brick,
Crumbling,
Red dust,
Sifting into the crevices of life,
Like tears,
Sliding down an aged wrinkled face,
And time,
In its relentless pace,
Eats away,
And waits . . . and waits.

Gentle,
The morning breeze,
As spring caresses thee,
And curls respectfully,
Round thy circled sphere.
Bird's songs,
Orchestrate thy majesty,
Thus crowned so heavenly,
The ruler here.

Footsteps of the past echo,
And re-echo,
Deep within they spiraled soul,
And windowed eyes,
Look out o'er the shifting sands,
To the sea,
Still taking its horrendous toll.

Lonely sentinel,
Though proud,
Guarding the edge of eternity,
How many hands have tended thee?
More than a century,
Came they all here,
Keepers, wives, children,
Dedicated family,
They would live with thee,
To shape thy history,
In bygone year.

I also stand and wait with thee,
Sentinel of eternity,
I could not love thee any more,
Wert thou build upon my heart,
And not the Jersey shore.

Let this be said of me,
That I . . . in touching thee,
Knew destiny . . . history . . . eternity.
The winds and tide from years of yore,
The joy and sorrow generations bore,
Crashing waves upon the windswept shore,
Oh, Olde Point Light,
Shine o'er the Atlantic . . . evermore.

by KATHERINE VON AHNEN
a Cape May Poet