SPLIT ROCK LIGHTHOUSE

A steadfast regal guard on craggy cliff
Revolving rainbows flashing through the night,
And warning ocean ships and lowly skiff
Of death and dangers lurking out of sight.
What leads me to your promontory berth?
Nor siren's call, nor foghorn's ghostly groan,
'Nor gales of violent tempests of the earth.
But something brings me to your mighty stone.
For ninety years you've fought the trials of time;
Heard sailors cry for life and children play;
Enjoyed the best, survived the worst of clime;
Still you're serene and solid to this day.
Your light is clear; I bring my soul to feed.
Your spirit is the strength and peace I need.

—Martha Sias Purcell