From the treacherous coralline lips
  That pant for prey,
The life of a thousand ships
  They guide alway.

On the course of one vessel I know
  Shines only—one:
Yet the gleam of all others’ may fade or may go;
  —Mine, changes none.

The glow that it throws finds the near; or the far
  Wide wasting through.
Your love and your faith its keepers are:
  Its light is—You.