

Lighthouses

By

George E. Merrick

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

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.

