

## Lighthouse

by rayn *Tuesday, May 17 2011, 10:39am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

standing high  
over the sea  
the lashing wind  
howls  
around my neck --  
hundreds of feet  
above crashing waves  
and surging foam  
i watch

it's a bitter night tonight  
yet people continue to race  
over the precipice of reason

from my solitary vantage  
standing firm  
against the prevailing wind  
and stinging spray  
a beacon,  
a house without inhabitants  
a shape, a silhouette  
that manoeuvres mindless  
hordes plunging to their deaths  
unaware of their falling

vacuous expressions bereft of light,  
toneless bodies devoid of vigour  
dead eyes lacking  
a soul to enliven them

i peer heavenward  
at the stars  
flickering in a  
black sky

warnings and cries  
fall on deaf minds  
unheard  
muffled by the howling  
and crashing night

frantic motions,

desperate gestures  
ignored, unseen  
by a sea of humanity  
pouring over the edge,  
plummeting silently  
to oblivion below --  
the mute dance  
of slaves and fools

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2507.html>