



From a Lighthouse Keeper

You must know how to navigate the different kinds of darkness. Not to trust the moon: though brilliant, she is faithless. You must need very little sleep, and write long letters. Sometimes, the Pacific insists on being cadmium. What derivatives would you take then? So you play solitaire and sing lullabies with the wind. You think those buoy lights are a god's stubby fingers. Very good. Now become something other than fallible. Accept that waving the lost home is, at the moment, best done without men. We find the mirrors able to concentrate better without being gazed at, and the kerosene, left on its own, will sweeten and effloresce. You must know how to navigate the different kinds of darkness.