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The Beacon

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THE BEACON

The Olympics break
in distance across the Sound.
The rigid lines never fade. They are hard
to get beyond. Still
I think west to Destruction
Island, an old station of light.
The tower looms dark with something I have
to remember. A hermit
lives there, tending the light.
I row toward him, pulling the weight
of my brothers, their hands
making easy trails in the phosphorus glow.

I confront the hermit alone.
He has been here since I was born
and his time is up. It is my job
to bring word of his replacement.
He shuts the door
in my face and I close my eyes.
There is no movement, the distance
heavy between us.