A Lighthouse In The Storm

On the granite edge, where the black waves break,
An old tower stands with a sealed-up wake.
A hundred cold years in its stone-sunk bones,
No lamp, no keeper, no prayer, no home.

She came through the foam with the salt in her hair,
A bride of the sea with a hard, wild stare.
Bare as the tide, with the night around,
She climbed that spine of the weathered ground.

She pulled the dark close like a stolen shawl,
Pressed her mouth to the stone, made the silence call.
Then the dead lens shivered, the rust flaked free,
And the locked-up room began to see.

Bride of the sea, come in
Bride of the sea, come in
Hold up your flame in the rain
Bring the lost ships home again

Bride of the sea, stand tall
Bride of the sea, stand tall
With your arms like white sails wide
Wake the drowned bells inside

Her hair lit the stairwell, gold against gray,
Spun through the cracks where the cold ghosts lay.
She warmed the walls with a living breath,
Fired the broken glass up from death.

The lamp-eyes opened, one by one,
Thin as a vow in the waking sun.
And the coast went listening, mile by mile,
To the bride in her cloak of foam and brine.

She sang to the rigging and the keel-up masts,
To the timber and the iron of the storm-torn past.
“Come close, come close,” through the roaring sea,
“Come home through the dark to me.”

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Bride of the sea, come in
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Wake the drowned bells inside

Far off, the capsized hulls heard her name,
Broken ribs in the swell, leaning toward the flame.
She lifted her arms, and the breakers bent,
As if the whole black ocean had been sent.

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Bride of the sea, come in
Hold up your flame in the rain
Bring the lost ships home again

Bride of the sea, stand tall
Bride of the sea, stand tall
With your arms like white sails wide
Wake the drowned bells inside

Bride of the sea, lead on
Bride of the sea, lead on
Through the foam and the driving dark
You left your mark in the spark

Chantell Gasp