

## BEACON

It doesn't seem two years  
ago, those small corkscrews  
of fear in my soft spots:  
My father tried to ease  
our worry with a surge  
of singing, nudging me  
to chime in, nodding toward  
my mother staring aft.  
We'd drifted off our course;  
the inboard sputtered once  
and quit two hours before.  
Our sail was limp, encased  
in fog. No buoy belled,  
no horn resounded deep  
like drowning tuba players  
we once joked about.  
Our little catboat yawed  
in offbeat bias waves  
that swayed us sullenly  
without a trace of progress.  
We seemed like flotsam stuck  
inside puree of gray.

But unseen currents moved  
us slowly toward a sight  
I won't forget: A flash,  
a stab of white that pierced  
our dull cocoon. The tide  
was bringing us to port  
just as my father knew.  
That welcome brilliance, tall  
and sure, that lighthouse made  
for sailors lost in soup  
is memorable. Of course,  
the real light was my dad,  
and his unfailing song.