

## **The Lighthouse Ghost**

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There is a lighthouse on the coast,  
Watched over by a horrible host.  
Rocks jut out from the lighthouse's base,  
Encasing a crashed boat held firmly in place.  
Vines inch up its fading striped walls  
And mice scurry down its crumbling halls.  
But alas, the thing that matters most,  
A working light shining over the coast.  
This lighthouse has long been in disrepair,  
But its structure is not what you need to beware.  
Passing the coast is safe in the day,  
For you have the sun and it will show you the way  
But even with the houses' blinding light,  
No ship has ever made it at night.

In the tower lives a man,  
And his ship's crash is where this story began.  
It all starts 200 years ago  
When a boy snuck into a boat with the cargo.  
It was his first time away from home,

But he did not worry as he was not alone.  
Hundreds of people manned the ship,  
Which prepared to set off on its oceanic trip.  
Months at sea passed remarkably fast,  
They approached the coast, reaching it, at last.

Clouds covered the moon that night,  
And the keeper had forgotten to put on his light.  
So as the boat sailed into the pass,  
The captain realized that they would crash.  
The lighthouse now towered over the sea,  
But to the crew, there was no hope to flee.  
They had no hope of slowing down  
And the boat slammed straight into the ground.  
It easily cruised right through the docks,  
Suddenly the boat was one with the rocks.

Under the rubble, someone remained,  
His body restrained and his clothes bloodstained.  
He clawed his way onto the land  
And quickly collapsed against the sand.  
When he came to, he was in a bed,

In the lighthouse that made the water turn red.  
He needed others to understand his strife,  
So he rose from the bed and took the keeper's life.  
The boy spent the rest of his years by the coast  
Until he faded into a ghost.

He lives in the lighthouse on the coast,  
And he is the horrible host.  
When sailors approach in the dark,  
He uses the light to guide their mark.  
But he does not lead them safely to the docks,  
Instead, he guides them into the rocks.  
To make other sailors feel his pain,  
One survivor will always remain.

But few believe this ghost is real,  
Sailing into his deadly appeal.  
Now you have heard his tale,  
It is your decision when to sail.  
Hopefully, you will know your way,  
And before I go I will say,  
Passing the coast is safe in the day,

For you have the sun and it will show you the way

But even with the houses' blinding light,

No ship has ever made it at night.