

Montauk Lighthouse

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The lighthouse is solipsistic
It chides mystery and invites the wayward.
Whipping white light in sweeping bliss
Infinite diameter surveying the horizon
Parallel at a point that stretches true
But rising above with beaming arms.
Yet stoic, unfazed, timeless, worn
Weather beaten by sea or wind
A beacon that beckons those alike
The weary traveler hungry for home
Spurning wrathful tremors of a tempest gale.