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The Lighthouse

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The Lighthouse

Cover Page Footnote

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THE LIGHTHOUSE

poetry by

KATELYNN SMITH

Here, grandpa,
I drew this for you.
"My lighthouse," he whispers,
"But where is its light?"
"It needs color," he said with a smile,
Along with a grimace.

He begins to wither like a dying flower.
His light continues to dim.
No use for chemo,
Wouldn't work this time.

I am faced with an imposter, whose
Eyes are sunken,
Cheeks hollowed,
Skin yellow like paste.

Every visit comes with,
"Color my lighthouse"
I will Papa, just give me some time.
Holding on is all I can do.

I tell him, "just wait until I get back."
"Then will you color my lighthouse?"
"Yes, when I get back."
One last glance,
Body pumped with drugs,
His light dimming.

I hear ringing in the distance,
It is dream versus reality,
Reality overpowers.
The voice on the other end tells me,
The light from his lighthouse,
Is no more.

There's an imposter before me,
I kneel in final prayer.
Beside his unfamiliar face,
His lighthouse is showcased,
Now with unrealistic color.



NEW JERSEY LIGHTHOUSE

AMANDA MARCHESE