

THE SPOON RIVER Poetry Review

David Bond

My Wife as Lighthouse Keeper

Solitary she stands
upon an exotic rock
Cape Bonavista
Execution Point
Grindstone
Prince Shoals perhaps

prefers northern extremes
lonely desolate inhospitable
welcomes snow squalls
lucid artistry
of frozen plumbing
words like growler

verglasblack
loves chopping wood
if wood is there to be chopped
also the factual content
of outhouses
locked land and

the way ice
burns in sun
translates the indistinct urges
of turbulent emotion
to objective form
a constant bellow

of twin diesel generators
just above wind
we won't even mention
speaks eloquently of danger
frostbite drowning
falling down long metal stairwells

from a cliff's slippery slope.
My wife reads
lighthouse books
decorates with
lighthouse wallpaper
lighthouse towels lamps etc.

combinations permutations
recites rosaries of early lighthouses
Corunna Genoa The Colossus of Rhodes
which may or
may not have been (what?)
a lighthouse

as may the myth of Cyclops
originated too from
ancient lighthouses.
She'll give you details
as you sidle past
the murette of cast iron

copper dome like a small mosque
parabolic contours of the beehive
of Fresnel lens much better
she'll tell you than the old
catadioptric system.
Solitary practical vigilant

gazing down
from a tower of eddystone
watches the breakwater
black with waves
watches surrounded
by light glorious radiant light

a flamboyant goddess
watches until she glimpses me
adrift in a smudge of blackbrown fog
bewildered graceless
wing and wing with a thundersquall
poor swimmer in a too-small boat

hoping she's forgotten all about
the last small argument engendered
by my laundry detergent purchasing error
brand x instead of brand y
hoping she'll keep on doing her
lighthouse keeperly duty.