

GODREVY LIGHTHOUSE, CORNWALL

Philip Higson

A circling wall within which all is green;
Beyond it, rugged rocks and pounding brine.
Against their menace every night will shine
The beacon raised on that secure demesne.

That tiny Eden, fertile and serene,
Well fortified, secluded like a shrine.
A circling wall within which all is green;
Beyond it, rugged rocks and pounding brine.

There is a lesson we ashore can glean
From these sworn foes: the thriving, the malign.
Our frail hearts need a shield of wise design
Against life's wreckers, a protective screen,
A circling wall within which all is green.

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