

UNMANNED LIGHTHOUSES

Philip Higson

Our beacons still shine on but they are dead
Like stars now posthumous or Nietzsche's God;
Life struggles on unseen, a lonely plod,
In the cold phosphor-glare that corpses shed.

We are the sad ignored, the sad unled,
Distrustful of the ways our forebears trod;
Our beacons still shine on but they are dead
Like stars now posthumous or Nietzsche's God.

Rule by the lifeless seems to spread and spread:
Taped phonelines prate, insensate as the sod;
We drive around in pressed steel, robot-shod;
We yearn for manna but remain unfed.
Our beacons still shine on but they are dead.

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