

## FASTNET ROCK

I write a log In this lighthouse,  
Autumn waning, Winter coming.  
Wind from the north  
Gelid blowing;  
Sun cloud-shadowed,  
Shortening days.  
Ships wave-battered,  
Ploughing ocean;  
And every night  
Migrant birds calling.  
Spindrift sprayed  
The tower windows;  
A time of change  
That's my log.