

## **The Guiding Light**

Standing regally on Kilauea Point,  
The white lighthouse, with his  
Benevolent beacon adorned with crimson crown  
Seemed to be in command of the pounding surf  
Who roared in vain below him.

The surging blue waters had been reduced  
To a sea of white foam at his feet.  
Sea gulls perched in giant evergreens  
Sat as fascinated spectators to the  
Eternal battle between man and sea.

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