



My Canaveral Lighthouse

By Canaveral Rose (Tucker) Koontz

*My Canaveral Lighthouse, keep shining for me,
And bring back the memories of my used-to-be.
Like a guardian angel to ships out at sea,
You led me to dreamland and watched over me.*

*At night on my pillow, I'd never count sheep,
I'd just count your beams and go right off to sleep.
But the place of my childhood is closed, now, to me,
So Canaveral Lighthouse, you're all I can see!*

*I wonder, do the strangers who now keep your light
Love to watch while you're sending your beams into the night,*

*Like the slow-turning spokes of a gigantic wheel?
Do they watch with the reverence that I used to feel?*

*Since the rockets and missiles have come to your shore,
Am I never to climb up your stairs, anymore?
You are all that is left of a fond memory,
So, Canaveral Lighthouse, keep shining for me!*



Canaveral Rose Tucker was born at Cape Canaveral in 1925 and named for her birthplace. Her poems and stories express the love for Cape Canaveral of the people who lived and worked by the seashore and the Lighthouse.