

“Reflections on the Lighthouse, Piney Point”

a poem inspired by Jeff Smallwood’s photo, *Reflections on Piney Point*
by George Miller

If you focus, you may see
a mirror above the beacon.

If you squint, you may discern
the photographer's reflection in the mirror.

If you listen, you may hear
the camera shutter snap open,
snap closed.

If you breathe, you may smell
brackish water in the air.

If you lick your finger and raise
your hand above your head,
you may taste the breeze
shift from sea to land.

If you close your eyes, ghost ships may appear:
skipjacks, blockade runners, paddle wheelers.

And if you're lucky, you may glimpse the photographer
fold his tripod and trudge back to his car.