lightship would arrive with supplies.  
A welcome sight to the secluded family, it also brought the inspector.  
Anne vigorously cleaned the cottage, dusting every lamp and sweeping away every cobweb to make the house and lighthouse presentable for him. No matter how difficult the job of lighthouse keeper was, though, it provided security and time with family - until the light was automated.

I grabbed the wax and struck the match to light her way. The flame wanted to flicker out from the breezes I left in my hurried wake. The smells of strawberry and vanilla were refreshing, but I didn't have time to savor them. I lit the last one and ran to the door. A quick hug and a thanks and I turned to go. We went our separate ways, automated. No longer allowed to be the team we once were, we tread these unfamiliar waters. But I will never forget protective shell that enclosed the house when we lived together: lighthouse and keeper.

I see a face stare back at me  
Expressionless and cold it seems  
Too cruel world she that surround  
A long last look without a sound  
Her tired being begin to drown  
Among the worry weigh her down  
Her whisper float from silhouette  
Of dream forgot and all regret  
Life of death and death of death  
Even in her last gasping breath  
Hope is not what I remembered  
Not in the face or eye of her  
Mahogany, oak, or pine maybe  
Her comfort cloak of destiny  
I hear not her voice any more  
Myself I wonder what in store  
To any room a mirror be  
I run so fast to look at me  
The thought maybe the face of her  
Tear blind the eye and vision blur  
There I do see a face stare back  
But not of cold and feeling lack  
Here life of life and death deceive  
There is true hope alive in me