

Lisa Cay

**A cloud of sadness luminates her day.
Blinking beacons daily mourn her brave Mariner,
passed away.**

**You can find Lisa Cay on a secluded beach or hidden bay,
it's that place where the sky turns from azure blue to ashen gray.**

**That's why there's no sunshine here.
Never.
Nary one lousy ray.**

**Just another long, lonely wave spraying salty tears
o'er the misty emerald isles of Lisa Cay.**

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Inspired by the aura of John W. Hoogerwerf Jr., 12.23.1925 – 4.22.2001