

HARBOR TOWERMAN

Every ship that leaves this place
sails with ghosts on the hull. Some
try to come back, but the sea don't
remember kindness. The fog out there
don't whisper stories—it eats them.

I used to count the vessels. Knew
each one by the groan of its anchor
or the pitch of its horn. Now? I just
count the ones that don't return.
That number grows louder than bells.

No one down there ever looks up at
the tower. They think I'm part of the
steel. A bolt, a window. Nothing
breathing. Nothing listening. But I
hear it all—midnight cries, stolen
cargo, the splash of something thrown
overboard that ain't fish.

And I saw it. That black crust on the
water. Creeping up ship hulls like it
had a purpose. Like it was looking
for something. No one believes me,
not even the captains. But it's
spreading. The Falls are choking, and
the tide is turning black.

One day they'll beg the tower for
warning. One day they'll wish they
listened to the man in the rafters.
But by then? It'll be too late.

So I'll keep the light spinning. And
I'll keep watch. For what's coming
in... and for what we're too proud to
admit we already let out.
