There are three - the tower, the wing, the tether. Without the tower, the wing tumbles; without the wing, the tower is powerless; without the tether, the two are separate.

A high-altitude crosswind power kite provides force, which is transferred to the power generator in the tower via the tether. The tower sends the power back to the kite, powering the LED illumination from within. Flying on the high-altitude winds, the kite - steered by the tower-based computer mechanism - can stay aloft indefinitely.

The concept has been tested and proved viable by several independent research teams, including NASA. In order to accommodate international maritime laws, a conventional lightsources is mounted on the top of the tower, likewise powered by the kite.

For afterwards

Para entonces

I want to die at the end of the day.
On the high sea, with no hope in the sky.

So there we go back, and I dream my own death.
As the wind and the sea call the end of the day.

I only wish for the days after come.

To die when the bright glow of lightning in passing
That lights the earth in the last half of light.

To die, and die young before the fire-tempered
That would be my wish, for the fire-tempered

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Quiero morir cuando decline el día en alta mar y con la cara al cielo

Para entonces

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On the high sea, with no hope in the sky.

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Manuel Gutierrez Najera

I want to die at the end of the day
On the High Sea, with my face to the sky,
When agony is but a dream far away
And the flight of my soul is a bird soaring by.

Let there be no tears as I draw my last breath,
at one and alone with the sky and the sea,
No sobbing, nor prayer, nor laments of death;
I only would hear the deep waves cover me.

To die when the bright glow of twilight is fading,
And catches the waves in its last net of light;
To be like that sun as its luminous shading
a bright shining thing that is lost from our sight.

To die, and die young before the fire-tempered
That would be my wish, for the fire-tempered.

To die, and die young before the fire-tempered
That would be my wish, for the fire-tempered.

When life can still say:"I am yours," but the void
Of a final echo tells us that death it has won.