

Return of the Ice:

The bentwood box of winter
Creaks open as
The Sky unfurls its bright blue canvas.
Mountains write their shadowed script
Along the horizon.

Icebergs bleached white
As ancient whale vertebrae
Nestle in the grass
At the high tide mark

Whales are spouting
As they cruise along the tide lines.
Clouds of steam
Curl over their heads like
Illuminated Question marks.

I squat next to my smoky fire
Watching the full moon rise
Like a chip of ice
Over the snowfields,
Shining through the pale afternoon skies.
What separates me from the Pleistocene?
From the time when people huddled unknowing
Next to fires
A humbled, frightened presence
Trying to make sense of the magnificence
Of this world?

So much has happened.
The Dark Ages
The Enlightenment
The Industrial Age
The World Wars
More Dark Ages.
Perhaps we are in one now.

So I watch the icebergs glitter and turn in the tide
Cracking and roaring as they break apart
Revealing a deep blue heart
Exposed to air for the first time
In centuries.
I pretend the ice is coming back.
Some days that thought comforts me.