

In Memorium-

Keshorna

How cold the sward about you

Keshorna,

*Glinting frosts, swirling drifts of snow,
Driven by unfeeling wind!*

*Then a brief respite of a single moon, whence
The great sun traverses the sky around,
Defying the accustomed horizon, nourishing
therefore,*

*A cluster of forget-me-nots that burst into a
soulstirring blue upon your simple Arctic grave.*

How slight and frail you were,

But you faced with humble courage

The unkind elements, that were your lot,

And, thus, emerging triumphant

With a generous share of love for your fellow man.

I was blessed with deeper love

You bestowed upon me,

Keshorna,

Love, divinely tender,

Love that seemed caressed with a touch of heaven.

Recollections fail me now,

You uttered no words of endearment,

But I remember well a gentle hug,

*Adoring light within your eyes that told me of love
more than ten thousand words.*

How cold the sward about you,

Keshorna,

*Glinting frosts, swirling drifts of snow,
Driven by unfeeling wind!*

However cold your resting place,

My heart within me whispers,

"Your rest is blessed in quiet peace.

Because you gave so well your love

To your fellow man and me,

A son to you, Keshorha."

-HOWARD ROCK