

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, emerged 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, Keshorna."*

—HOWARD ROCK