

## *In Memoriam—*

# 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 thousands 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