

# ***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 there-  
fore,  
A cluster of forget-me-nots  
That burst into a soul-  
stirring blue upon your simple  
Arctic grave.*

*How slight and frail you were,  
But you faced with humble  
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 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**