

In Memory

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,

Deflying the accustomed horizon,

Nourishing, therefore,

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 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 endear-
ment;

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