

Child of the Ice

*In like a white shadow or a mist,
There plays a child, a toy in fist.
With wondering eye he does glance,
with a cry of joy his worlds enhanced.*

*The cloud I see, or the mist could
be. The glow from a small oil light,*

*the only thing that gives him warmth
in the cold of a long northern night.*

*The child he plays within one room.
The toy he has, has his time consumed.
I feel the love within the glow.*

A child of the ice, I do not know.