

# *In Memorium—* **The Ash of Man**

The ice upon the arctic pond  
a prism reflecting life  
imbedded deep the ash of man.

Man that once walked here,  
man that once yelled "mush",  
his voice now an echo silent o'er  
the tundra.

An image moving in the dimness  
of the day  
the wind his voice,  
the sky his map,  
the arctic pond his eye,  
the past has come to stay.

A mound of snow hard and firm,  
a home  
from the cold a shield.

Smoke from a primus stove,  
melting snow.

Tea sweet and warming, seeping  
into the marrow of the bone.

The dogs curled in the drifting  
snow,

mounds of life depended upon.

The morning brings a mirror of  
of the night before.

The stars and moon  
a reflection, and the way is clear.

The dogs straining at their har-  
ness,

home they know is near.

Smoke in the distance,

the dogs pulling harder,

the sled seems to fly,

the brake is still.

Home a silhouette against the  
sky,

a shack close to an Arctic bay,

a castle in the twilight of the day.

The door opens and life unfolds.

The smell of bread and meat and  
fish.

The aroma of the Arctic.

The perfume of the Arctic man.

The spring comes.

The fowl are plentiful.

The fish fill the creek.

The pups are small balls of fur.

The rifles speak.

The ice cellar is full of meat.

The seasons pass as before.

The ash of man at our door.

The green is white upon the  
ground

tracks in the snow.

Fox, ermine, lemming, wolf, cari-  
bou,

the cycle of the Arctic man,

the signs of life profound.

Years of frozen and melting snow

the fleeting water of time,

the life of man floating to the  
sea,

the ash of man returned to me.

The wind a thousand diamonds

carry drifting to and fro.

The ash of man upon the sea.

The ash of man below.

The heat of life in the sky.

The heat of life to you and I.

The ash of man will never die.

Flecks of life forever frozen.

Memories of him.

—OLIVER D. MORRIS, JR.