

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 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
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