

To the Editor:

This poem that I composed in 1981 expresses my concerns for Alaska and her people. It is titled A CRY FROM THE NORTH:

Golden Giants are marching,
Into this frozen land.
Soon the mountains of my home
Will be tiny grains of sand.

So I hear them marching,
Tearing at my grave,
Digging at the tundra,
Nothing will be saved.

I hear the reindeer screaming,
With the moose and caribou.
Running to the oceans' edge,
The giants in fast pursuit.

The riches beneath the tundra,
In the sea and even the air,
The wealth within this nation,
Is beyond compare.

They'll call themselves Alaskans.
As they buy, then sell, her name.
Marching over the tundra,
Nothing is the same.

Who will save this iceland,
From the giants' fierce misery?
From this grave, I can only whisper,
These giants are crushing me.

Thank you

Vikki Martin

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