

Poem—

North Slope Summer

Boxcars are flying
to eldorado;
metal monsters
flounder
on marshy tundra;
at Northwest Passage.

Mosquitos of steel
and rubber
suck up
through layers of frost
the black juice
of old reptiles.

Yet to the King
who watches
over our blue planet
one day is like another:
immune to oil fever
the midnight sun
snoozes among the derricks.

—OLIVER EVERETTE
Fairbanks