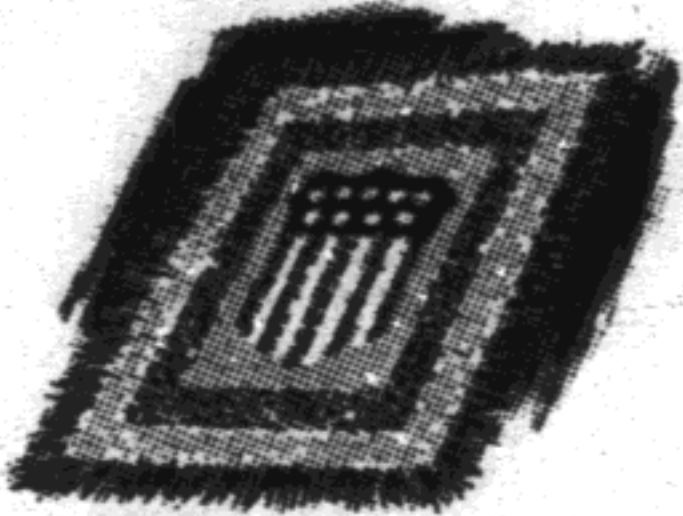


Poem—



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 soulstirring 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 me 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