

## STILL FLYING THE JUNEAU ICEFIELD

Down there  
has the look of silence, a mother lode  
of loneliness. But I know  
that Arctic leftover creaks under its sheets,  
cracks louder than rifle shots.

Down there is untracked infinity. Cold  
is a visible being, life support for glaciers  
ringing the flats, keeping them hardy  
enough to attack mountains, slough off  
bergs the size of battleships.

Since you left me,  
similes and metaphors gain weight daily,  
sharpen on altitude and bleak beauty.  
You took my life support with you.  
I should have guessed something was stirring  
molten red beneath your whiteness—  
the same way, miles below sight, earth seethes.

On the surface, living is forgotten.  
Under their granite scars the Nunataks groan,  
patient chess pieces castling the corrugated board  
where queens and pawns are lost.

Bush pilot bard, gabbling aloud and alone  
like a snow goose-- the only bird here,  
my shadow-wings slide across crown-jeweled jags  
as kings and bishops stand blue-gray watch.

And far beneath their reign over pale ruin,  
an ancient glaring restlessness  
ponders its own antithesis.