**WHITEOUT**

Broke Spike Camp At Four Am

Stars Bright. Northern Lights Dance.

Clear. Crisp. Cold. Again

Boots And Coat As Stiff As Pasts.

Sure. So Sure. One Knows It All

One Knows

Nothing To Be Told.

Heard Passed The Cot A Day Ago.

Seems Right. Dance In Each Chance.

Kill What Makes One Bold.

Sensed The Bottom Falling Out.

Wind Was Up And Rising.

Forty Below. No Matter All The Packs About.

Should Have Watched In.

Held My Ground.

Yet Chicago’s Song

Of What Would Be.

Showered The Words Of Wiseman.

Now. Mines Sixty History.

Blowing Steady Go.

Whiteout.

No Wood.

Wish I Wish

Wish I Could

Turn Day Around

Do What I Should

Shit The Bed

Lice In The Tent

Radio Is Dead

Never Signed Up

For This Test

Rough Stuff

In My Head

Voices Coming

Round

Try Not To

Heed Their Scolding Sound

Compass Froze.

Mercury Heading Down.

Looking Awful Iffy.

Still Got Five Fingers On Each Hand.

Last Count Got Ten Toes.

Cheeks May Have Joined Old Ancient Friends.

Think I Got A Nose.

Hope Like Hell I Make The Dawn.

Just Got To Keep Moving.

Jerky Cold As Arctic Iron.

Water Froze. Body Dry As Desert Sand.

Still Alive Just Because.

Still Living Cause I Can.

Still Got Hope. Do You Suppose.

Ill Once More Taste Old Sol.

Or. Old Winter Cold And Certain.

Will Smile His Smile That Never Smiles

Drain Me In To His Dark Black Hole.

Drop The North Woods Curtain.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 10/28/2008*

*Memories North of Pass Atigan*

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