**Dawson Freeze Up**

*March 28, 2014*

Don't Call Me One Winter Cheechako.

One Winter Wonder Sourdough.

I Always Win.

A Long Shot Winner.

Make Hard Ten.

Hold A Kicker.

Draw To An Inside Straight.

Hit Double Zero.

Called The Bluff Of Old Man Winter.

So What The Yukon Is A'Freezing Up.

So What The North Wind Blows.

Ne'er For Me The Ravin Caws. Croaks. Crows.

I Gambled With The Edes Of Fate.

Pushed My Luck.

Stayed Out Long.

Cleaned Up Late.

Bet. Ate. It All. My Whole Grub Stake.

Now I Race North Country Piper.

To Hit Dawson. Celebrate.

Claim My Yukon Gold King Crown.

Yukon River Barely Rolling.

Arctic North Wind Blowing.

Racing Deadly Grip Of Old Man Winter.

I Am Always. Now Will Be. A Long Shot Winner.

Gelid Sunset At End Of Day.

Freeze Up On The Way.

Perchance Therein Lyes The Joke.

Got A'Hundred Fifty. Stuffed Gold Full.

Sixteen Ounce Pokes.

Too Heavy To Pack Out.

Sticking With It.

Only Hope Is My Boat.

Yet. As Old Timers Always Said.

Gold. Ain't Much Good For Buying Hope.

My Mushing Dogs Are Run Off. Or Dead.

One Hundred Miles To Dawson.

Ice A'Freezing Up My Boat.

Drink. Food. Fixings.

Skillet Fillings. Busted. Dusted. Mustered Out. Winter Coming Down.

Better Make Dawson By Freeze Up.

Better Hole Up In Town.

Or I Be Mere One More Once Was.

Might Have Been.

One Winter Sourdough Wonder.

Dead One Winter Cheechako Yukon Clown.

Sun Is Heading South. Trouble Coming Round.

Odds Are Shifting.

Shell Ice Drifting.

I Don't Like The Sound.

Of Voices Of The North Land.

Whispering In My Head.

What Makes You Think.

You Ain't Froze Up Yet. You Ain't Yet Done For.

You Ain't As Good As Dead.

Trying Just To Make It.

Trying Just To Fake It.

Trying Just To Push On.

Mother Nature Pushing Back.

Doesn't Look Too Good.

Didn't Play It Like I Should.

Didn't Play It Right And Straight.

Tried To Double Deal.

Cut Marked Cards With Fate.

Hold Out. Clean Up.

Start For Dawson Home Too Late.

Crossed Harsh Code Of Cruel Yukon.

Slush Ice Running Awful Thick.

Hard Cryogenic Times Too Soon To Be Found.

Should Have Listened When Boys Said.

Wait Too Long.

Wind Up Dead.

All The Rice And Beans Are Gone.

Whiskey Jug Is Dry.

Caribou And Moose Have Moved Along.

No Ammo. Low Sky Sun.

Coffey. Tea. Done.

Two Months Ago.

Empty Smoked Out Pipe.

Hit Bottom Of The Wheat Bin.

Nothing Left For Sourdough.

North God Have Mercy.

On My Soul.

God. This North Wind.

Cuts Like A Knife.

God. This Brumal Wind Does Blow.

Kind Of Makes A Fellow Cry.

To Think Ahead What Lyes.

If I Don't Make It.

Before Ice Catches Me.

Think Of All Those Fools Who Got Caught.

Didn't Make It.

All Those Fools Who Died.

In My Mind Of Inner Horror. Fear.

I Look Back To Last Winter.

Froze In Bush Year.

Look Back To See.

My Winter Agony.

Froze Out. Locked In.

Cold Cabin Prison.

Ice Bound At Equinox.

Three Hours At Most Of Frigid Glow.

Sparse Daylight.

Dark Twenty One Of Night.

No Sun. No Candle.

No Lamp Oil.

No Wood In Pile. Shed.

Empty Cache.

Empty Salt Can.

Empty Sugar Box.

Way Past Fifty Five Below.

Twenty Five Feet Of Snow.

No Fire To Melt.

Can't Dig Ice Water Hole.

Creek Froze Down To Bedrock.

Saved Hands Feet.

Lost Two Fingers.

Three Toes.

Part Of One Cheek.

Half Inch Of Nose.

So North Country Goes.

Lost Flint. Steel. In Overflow.

Chewing Dog Trace Leather. Old Mukluks.

For A Mystery Meal.

Long Ago. Too Cold. Numb. To Feel.

Matches Long Turned To Mush. Wet.

No Good Way To Jump. Strike Out. Go.

Almost There. Not Dead Yet.

Mercury Thermometer Froze Up Tight.

Even Froze The Northern Lights.

Frost Bit My Mind And Soul.

Scurvy Took Away My Teeth.

Cold Crystalized My Bones.

Cabin Fever Got My Partner.

Bolted In The Night.

Wolf Pack Delight.

Left Me All Alone.

Hear Old North Country Jester Laughing.

Not Sure I Get The Joke.

Maybe It's On Me.

Maybe I Won't Make Dawson.

Maybe End Of Trail.

Maybe Dead End Road.

Hit The Mother Lode.

But Didn't Play It Right And Straight.

Played Shell Game.

Double Dealt To Fate.

Bottom Of The Deck.

Tried To Hit An Inside Straight.

Broke North Country Code.

Stayed Too Long For Clean Up.

Cared Too Much For Gold.

Twined Too Deep With Greed.

Hit Seventeen Against The Dealer.

Bet Against North Land.

Upped The Ante.

Raised The Stakes To Life.

Over Played My Hand. Over Stayed My Welcome.

Over Stuffed My Pokes. Looks Like Old Man Winter.

Holds A Straight

Flush.

To My Three Aces.

Trumps My Dash For Dawson. Indeed.

Rakes In The Pot.

Hits On Double Zero.

Busts Out Another One Winter Wonder Sourdough.

Gold Right Now Don't Mean. Much.

Won't Buy A Lot.

Can't Cash In.

Can't Trade It.

In North Woods Solitude.

Barter For Warmth. Food.

Bacon. Rice. Or Beans.

Even For A Spark. Coal. Fire.

Starve To Death On Gold Bonanza Dreams.

Ah. Thee False Prophet Gold.

False Promise Of Gold Self Wealth. Happiness. Health.

Thee Cursed Liar.

When Nature Calls Your Tab Due.

Puts Its Hoary Hand On You.

Arctic Clock Strikes Twelve.

Runs Out. Bell Sounds.

Says Pay The Pipers Toll.

Gold. Full Poke Of Nuggets.

No Matter Sweat. Blood. So Toiled And Moiled.

Won't Cut You Any Slack.

Dust Won't Have Your Back.

Won't Give You Any North Country Freeze Up Rope.

Won't Buy You Any North Country Freeze Up Hope.

Looks Like I Won't Make Dawson.

Spring Break Up Will Find Me.

My Precious Gold.

Cold. Dead. Body.

Flesh And Bones.

Swept Out To Sea.

Rejoin River Of Their Destined Yukon Home.

To Meld With Spawning Salmon .

As They. As I. So Dye.

Looks Like Ice. Cold.

Old Man Winter.

Coming Out The Winner. Got Me.

Froze Up My Spirit.

Froze Up My Heart.

Froze Up My Mind.

Ice Locked My Soul And Boat.

Froze Up. Ice Bound.

Looks Like I Won't Make Dawson.

Looks Like I Won't Make Town.

Won't Claim My North Country.

Gold King Crown.

My Gold Won't Break The Ice.

My Gold Won't Float My Boat.

Looks Like It Is North Country Over.

Old Man Winter.

Called My One Winter Wonder.

Cheechako Bluff.

Emptied Out My Good Luck Poke.

Looks Like That's All She Wrote.