Ode to a fossilized ivory bow sled runner from gambol on St. Lawrence Island

April 7, 2014

A Millennium Or So Before Christ Child Graced The Earth.

Thee. Crafted Fine Shape Of Thy Own Grace.

Thee. Thy Creator So Faithfully Served.

Throughout That Distant Cusp Of Time And Space.

Through Snow Sleet Ice Storm.

Cross Vast Gelid Realm Of White Silent Bed.

Of Arctic Ever Shifting Form.

Steered Faithful Life Force Sled.

To Freight To Home And Brood.

'Mongst Algid Winds. Leads Flows Hoary Glacial Swells.

Sustenance. Clay Vessel Shells.

Of Seal. Fowl. Bear. Whale.

Thy Very Whiskered Tusked Friend.

From Out Whose White Ivory

Now Turned Gold With Age.

Carved. Covered. Lashed. With Sinew.

Hand Cured Fashioned Hide And Ulu Touched Skin.

Thee Pilot Of Ice Craft Arose.

Oh. Wise. Fossil Bow Of Northern Land Ship Of Snow And Ice.

I Contemplate. Meditate. Ruminate.

Upon Such Spirit. Power. Grace. What Flows Cross.

This Trilogy Of Ten Ten Ten Years.

Still Carries Thy Load Of Spiritual Sustenance. Home To Me.

From Frozen Grave So Entombed.

Relic Of Survival.

Phoenix Of Mans Will To Live.

Gift. The Tides Of Time Now Yield. Give.

Now Disgorged.

So Sprouts. Blooms.

With Coin Of Courage.

Tenacity. Wisdom. Rife.

Vision Of Ancient Enduring Art.

Weathered Mirror Of Struggle.

To Preserve.

Unending Life.