Some Say in Ice

Gracia Fay Ellwood

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Some Say in Ice
SOME SAY IN ICE

For Doris, Chosen

The exiled Florentine knew from afar
For all the smoke and glare of upper hell
The deep abyss burns breathless, hard and white.

A man plunged headlong down the snowdrifted world
And lay, boulder-heavy, still.
A wisp of cirrus breath, ice-lacy hair,
Crystalled eyes, frost-crusted flesh, fused bones
Then deep arctic night drifts down.
An I becomes an it, a man a stone
Unless one should come galloping, running, kneel
To hear a heart, to shelter the alone
With free radiant hands alive with Spring

He saved another from the conquering cold.  
Himself he cannot save.

Gracia Fay Ellwood