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Some Say in Ice

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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-crustled 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