

The Glacier

Geoff Davies

The desolation, like the surface of a dying planet
suffering the ravages of time.

The deep scarring crevices, like the hard worked skin
of an old man.

The boundary of rock and ice with running water
as if we were witnessing the ebbing life of a giant.

The little streams and waterfalls with sparkling ice cold
waters giving the whole an appearance of youth and life.

The running waters flowing and falling into deep, dark
chasms
that conjure up visions of power and mystery.

The ebullient rivers, yawning vertical caverns and the
unknown
hide potential hazards.

But sanctuary can be found on the plain scarred with ugly
black mounds, a reminder of what lies beneath.

The whole: massive, reaching up to touch the sky,
yet curving down to meet the land where man has made his
mark destroying the beauty of this world.

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