

One Lineage of Ice, Ravened

I
By moonlight, we skate on the lake's glass surface
on New Year's Eve 1968. My boyfriend orders
oysters on a half shell on a bed of ice.

II
Babe the Blue Ox is alive and well
in the frozen North. Ice hotels
have two-generation waiting lists.

III
Looking for the ice shelf in refrigerators, ice moves indoors
while thousands join the parade for the dead guy
who believes/believed in cryogenics.

IV
The Breidalblikkbrea glacier disappears,
more famous for spelling than ice. Along with snapshots
of Houdini submerged in ice, photos are circulated
of the last ice cubes in scotch on the rocks.

V
Overhead, black wings larger than myth flap
while an iceberg flows up the river of death.

VI
Prayers for ice rise with the planet's temperature.

VII
The Norse god, Odin, has one raven
on each shoulder. One for thought,
one for memory so the lineage of ice is not lost.