



"Huntsville"

Christina 77

The men of Huntsville proper
Leaped into the streets,
Through the town and up the slopes
To the Glacier's lower western fringe,
Where, kneeling in the summer moss to pray,
Faces towards an ever-present winter,
They pleaded for the child's life
And hoped the vision of John Jacob McKay.

Three days the search continued —
Long beyond the hopes of the Brigham men
To find the child alive —
And, on the morning of the third,
The men of Huntsville proper found her there —
Halfway down the Glacier's eastward face,
The ice a clear blue glass,
Just as McKay had said,
And beneath it
The naked body
Of an old and shriveled woman —
Blue, like the ice,
And dead.