

## NORTHERN MEN

They could not successfully penetrate her icy depths,  
for they knew not how to woo her.

They came, stomping,  
expecting heat to be provided,  
and brought none of their own  
save  
the cold lust to plunder.

Toy and tease though she may, she would not yield.

They, with unbending rods of steel pitted  
against  
her unfathomable cold  
ignoring  
that hyperfrozen metal shatters when  
touched  
with the slightest stress.

Her curves resisting their strait and engineered shapes,  
she would unfold herself only to those of her choosing.

The gentler reed, who could yield,  
and thus be yielded to,  
and who would fearlessly lay his head  
upon  
her loving bosom,  
comfortable  
with the snowy blanket provided,  
knowing that if he did not wake,  
her heat would give the next an equal chance.

Aye,  
though he may die,  
he  
knew it would begin again,  
and so he would never die,  
growing  
again and again,  
between shattered pieces of steel.

Scott Chisholm Lamont  
89-04-13