

James Jared Ford

The Iceman's Last Night

Tongues curl and spar in a circle of stones,  
Dancing with smoke over blackened cave teeth.  
While goat fat stew simmers on charred, gnawed bones,  
A grizzled beard grows an icicle wreath.  
Obsidian leaf glimmers from embers,  
Edge painted once more, like red remembrance.  
Greying hairs on the neck wake from slumber:  
Soft snow crunch, and a soul's guilty shudder.  
Scabbed knuckles miss their axe, moving thoughtless,  
And panicked, the iceman's good hand searches.  
A dart from behind leaves no time to wonder  
Whom his guest is with one less quarrel in quiver.  
Shadows among snowdrifts seek revenge for a slight,  
Drawn as moths to the moon to the last watch of night.