

FRANK KELLAWAY

ARCTIC LATITUDE

Lady, in a suburban attitude
you look absurd.
On your sharp tongue, a frightened platitude
seems an outlandish word.

We tread in peril, concrete canyons
on sliding feet
wandering after lost companions
through frost and hail and sleet,

but you and I have crossed here in the teeth
of desperate gales.
Love in a flash has withered fear and grief
as in the fairy-tales.

Here in the moment's throat our minds have met,
opposites arced.
After we're swallowed what use to regret
waste life, perfection marked!

I beg you in your crescent hold
my shadowed face;
banish the graveyard's neutral cold
for a last breathing-space,

and in this dangerous arctic latitude
this warring place,
let us enact one last beatitude
in a serene embrace.