

ICEBERG

Icy pearls, dazzling through the splashing waves, a slide of glacier drifting, round the deep blue ocean.

Crescent swirls curving over the mighty sea.

Elegant and majestic sounds rising from the ocean.

Bitter, harsh existence in the Arctic.

Emerging from the deep sea, creeping closer every moment.

Rigid cracks ready to form, from a glacier into floating ice,

Grand, home for polar bears, rivers like blood, non stop through the ice.

By Gracey Moyle