

Ice and Silence

I breathe in cold—
air like a blade,
cutting sharp, carving deep,
winter itself slipping into my lungs.

A droplet falls—
from paddle to skin,
a shiver, a whisper,
the sea reminding me where I am.

Beneath my touch,
the kayak yields,
a vessel on the edge of control—
but here, control is an illusion.

The wind stirs unseen,
the waves shift, rise—
ancient rhythms,
untouched by human will.

Above, the sun breaks,
a splinter of gold on the water,
glare softened by tinted glass,
as the world blurs into dream.

Silence—
so deep, so whole,
until the earth itself shatters it—
a bellow, a breath, a life.

The great bull heaves,
scarred, unyielding,
his kind have seen centuries pass,
his kind will see centuries more.

Then, the water moves—
a fin, a shadow,
a presence too close, too real.
Pulse quickens, hands tighten—

Power glides beneath me.
For a moment, fear—
but fear dissolves into wonder,
and wonder swells into awe.

The orca leaps,
a black-and-white ghost,
water rising like shattered glass,
a heartbeat caught in time.

Ice towers on either side,
frozen cathedrals whispering,
groaning, shifting—
alive in their own slow way.

Nothing here is still.
Not the sea, nor the ice, nor time itself.
The old melts into the new,
everything returns, begins again.

And I—
adrift between ice and sky,
feel small, feel weightless,
feel free.

Maybe that's why I seek these places—
not to conquer, not to claim,
but to remember
what truly remains.

A world beyond comfort,
beyond softness—
demanding, raw, relentless—
and yet, breathtaking in its truth.

Here, beauty is not given.
It is earned.
It is felt.
It is endured.

And in that,
it is infinite.



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