

## LOUIS MAYER'S ICE PICTURES

*Sandburg, Carl, 1878-1967*

### "Icy Shores"

Why has the sea hurled itself on the land  
Now that summer is gone  
And winter is the big player?  
Neither is the winner.  
Both strugglers, sea and land,  
Are locked in a standstill.  
Only the ice is a victim.  
It happened to be caught between.  
So the ledges are crumpled. .broken playthings.  
They are equal to a toy town of blocks  
Kicked over by children  
Who are gone away.

### "Walrus Bay"

High banks with a hard feel to them  
Stand up from a slow splash of gray waves.  
Humped rocks too  
And looking twice at the humped rocks  
We see they are not walrus playing tag  
As we guessed at first.  
No life of blood, throat and nostril  
Runs under them; they are granite  
Heaved up years ago to companion the sea.

### "Solitude"

I can have this cool loneliness  
And you can take along what you want  
Here of this cool loneliness.  
It is not like prairie land  
Nor a single crag  
Nor a level of ocean.  
Little hills around it  
Keep off winter,  
The big rough player.  
A disc of cool loneliness,

I always ask it:  
What are you waiting for?  
It seems so sure somebody is coming.