

# Self Alaska

*by* Bill Yarrow

A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us.

-Franz Kafka

Was there, he wondered, some parasite,  
some infiltrated germ, some totalitarian  
pest, asbestos fiber, cancerous  
particle, irradiated isotope, sliver  
of glass, peach pit, foam nugget,  
stray hair, impinged corpuscle,  
magnesium wad, metaphysical  
quill or arrant stalk moored in him,  
or what? Why was it so difficult to move  
toward anything? Was his will congealed?

His doctor recommends an Arctic cruise.  
He travels to a frozen stream, a frozen  
lake, a frozen sea. He photographs the awesome  
ice. A glacier calves inside him.

