

Ode to the East Coast (of Greenland)

by Paul Caffyn and Conrad Edwards

(composed in the anticlimactic days on the West Coast of Greenland August 2008)

Bring back the ice fjords, bergs, growlers and brash,
The sting off the ice cap, of the wind's frozen lash.
Bring back the sea ice, wide pans and flat floes;
We'll follow the leads, wherever they go.

Bring back the Kaps, bold headlands so sheer
Guarded by whitecaps, with so much to fear
Kayaks disappearing, in the depths of the swell
Lurching upwards to sunlight, from glimpses of hell

Bring back the skerries, snow-laden or bare
Sloping slabs in a surge, or boulders so rare,
Water for drinking, in rock pools up high
And maybe a flat spot for paddlers to lie.

Bring back the havns, sheltered waters so clear
The old umiak support stones, standing forlorn and bare
An ancient hut site, with grass green and lush
Fertilized with blubber from seal hunts long past.

Bring back the gletchers, shining rivers of cold,
Spawned from the ice cap, such a sight to behold;
The source of the icebergs, growlers and brash,
Calving suddenly seawards, with oh such a crash.

Bring back the pack ice, in close and tight
Search for the leads, in glare oh so bright
Sometimes to land on a floe, for its height
But anchor that kayak before it takes flight.

Bring back the icebergs, cold sculptors of blue
Tall spires and archways of magnificent hue
But dare not too close, tho the sight tempts you so,
To be caught in a calving, it's over you go.

Sung to *Kennet's Dream*, the tune used for *Farewell to Tarwathie*.