

A poem written beneath Shackleton Bjerg, Northeast Greenland

– An attempt to explain the effect of such a place upon me

By Malcolm MacMillan

Staring beauty;

Me staring at it, helplessly moved,

It staring through me, unmoved.

Fish-scaled sky sliding into quiet, distant ice.

No separation or boundaries –

Just one single spectrum through snow to sky.

Want to step into the spectrum; squeeze under the sky -

Be part of that beauty that rests in my eye.

But I can't.

So I sit, silently watching

Silently crying

Not understanding

Inside.