

Christmas Card from Siple Station, Antarctica

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Awake all night where no night comes
she trasmits waves into the sky
from sixty feet beneath snow.
Some arc into the solar winds

where electrons sap their strength,
then smash into aurora borealis,
a suicidal blaze in Trondheim.
Others spin forever between poles.

Empowered by electrons, the strongest
surge on alone into the galaxy
silent for months until they send
strange whistles—*wish you were here.*

The ocean thrusts shores into frozen tusks
where she is the first in the world to see Christmas,
waiting in ice fog beneath the midnight sun
for one who left and was transformed.