

Breaking the Ice by Robert Lewis Miesen

There's a place that's always flowing
Even in the dead of Winter
When all is still and silent
Your heart will be filled, your cup overflows
Walls cannot contain the merriment and laughter

When the Yukon River is iced over
And the water secretly creeps beneath the crust
The bathroom taps spurt a cold trickle from the depths below
Like a primeval spring
Constantly circulating
Even in this long dormancy, nothing is ever still

Warped by time, and shifting permafrost
Witnessing untold freezeups and breakups of the River
This old, cavernous redoubt
Is holding out
A refuge for the soul

We congregate at this drinking hole
For our cordial communion
A stiff shot sears our throats
The burning sensation heats us
Gets the warm blood flowing

Pints of Ice Fog
Shake off the Wintertime blues

Rekindle our spirits
With fire and ice
We come back to life
Like the River breaking up
We are freed from our cold white shell
Bolstered by fluids and flowing taps
We pick up our icy exterior and cast it downstream
Overflowing even the strongest barriers
Freeing our essence
With a crashing victory

We retell the sagas of heroic times
Like legends in a mead hall
The Pointer Brothers, and others, smile down upon us
Radiating warmth and benevolence to all
Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life
Spirits chase away our isolation
New friends flow into our lives
Another round flows into our cups

This Pink Temple of Dionysius
Revives us, inspires us, entices us
Memories, visions, prophecies,
Are cast around the room

Through the endless Rivers of time
That have flowed over this place
How many lovers have met?
Lives have crossed paths?

Hearts have been stirred?

How many futures were made?

How many minds were made up?

The mirth flowing through conversation

Cannot be quantified, only observed

By the time we have to leave, the night is just beginning

From here,

Where will we go?

No one knows

Anything goes

In this liminal space

Between one world and the next

The stream of consciousness flows into the ocean of time

In the end, we all eventually return

Just as all the rivers run into the sea

Recirculating, back to this old haunt

And the cycle begins again

We all know how to get back to this source

Just follow the footsteps in the snow

For all roads lead to the Pit