

Guest

Northern Lights whirl
into the stratosphere of
constant night, green
and eerie like the ice
fishermen's faces, slicing
a hole in the river,
under the milky band
of the milky way.

Every year they chisel the
Ice Hotel
with snaggletoothed saws
and augers, shaving slabs
of frozen water
from the river's womb.

They fish her out
with lines and shiny
hooks that snare, tear
into her long dead flesh.
Grayed and stiff and soft.

The lights of their warm
lanterns catch luminescent
strands of hair, billowing
just beneath the surface.
Dancing fire. Magma
under the ice.

Inside, her hair glows like
the fiber optic chandelier.
Blue and white and breaking
through the cracks of the cut
ice, as if to sleep in a prism,
in a beam of cool light.

Her skin beaded with
frozen sweat, Glittering
azure lips, violet skin,
like a regal robe
peeling off her bones.

A fur-clad sculptor notes
that she's the only one
who belongs.

A girl in an ice cube.
at the Absolut bar,
where the sculpted sculptors
drink vodka and whiskey,
and toast

To
the Ice Queen.
Checked-in, splayed out,
the rosy chilled out of her cheeks.
The temporary chisel of her chin
gathering droplets as she thaws.