

Standing along the rail
gazing at the vast miles of endless ice.
thoughts of home come rushing back
only to be blown away
by the next gust of frigid air.

It is strange, the feeling one has
on the polar seas.
There is adventure, loneliness, pride, awe;
but most of all time.
Time to think, to be aware,
to wonder and comprehend all that is nature.

Then, all too suddenly,
REALITY;
the winds blow,
the ice yields
and the work goes on.

The ship drives deeper,
on and on into this remote world.
Loved ones, left months ago,
are thousands of miles away,
and when this dedicated vessel returns,
the mission a success,
the loneliness will soon be forgotten.

Each man reunited and home,
will be proud,
for he is unique,
He is a Polar Sailor.

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