



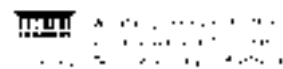
To the scientists and the photographers who share their magic worlds CS
To Dad the great adventurer who is made of the same stuff as Shackleton!
With much love JR

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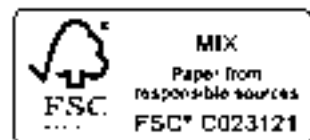
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ICEBERG

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ALLEN & UNWIN
SINCE 1892



In the final freeze of an Antarctic winter,
green tails wave across a star-full sky,
as if to farewell endless nights.

If this world looks empty,
look closer.
Those are penguin tracks
and beneath the ice orca roam.



In the pale morning an iceberg calves – shears from a glacier
and plunges to the ocean in a haze of sparkle-frost.
The iceberg is flat-topped, sharp and angular
and carries ancient weather in its layers of ice-clothing;
a coat for each year volcanoes blew
and black ash fell like snow.

If this world looks empty,
look closer.
Birds are coming.
They know about Antarctic summers.

The new iceberg bobs in the water
an unfettered island, its mountain hidden underneath.
Waves ripple away, away-o, to quiver at the pack-ice.
Cracks unshackle algae suspended all winter
and under-ice krill stir.
They know summer is near.

Leopard seals lurk
as a raft of penguins explode
like black and white rockets from an ice hole.
Fish-fat and sleek the emperors belly slap,
begin the inland trek to feed hungry chicks.
Adélie parents take turns to perch
as meltwater trickles past their rock-nests.

